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WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, 45, GEORGE STREET, EDINBURGH ;
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PRACTICAL NOTES

MADE DURING

A TOUR IN CANADA,

AND A PORTION OF THE

UNITED STATES,

IN 1831.

BY

ADAM FERGUSSON, Esq. of Woodhill, Advocate

DEDICATED, BY PERMISSION,

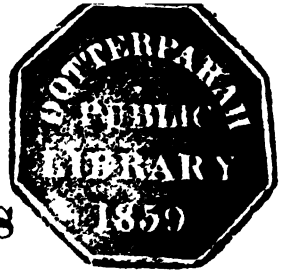
TO

**THE DIRECTORS OF THE
HIGHLAND SOCIETY OF SCOTLAND.**

“Vide.”

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LACKWOOD'S

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No. CCIII.

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THE PORTUGUESE WAR.

THE state of our relations with Portugal has become so anxious, so much perplexed by contending factions, and likely to involve this nation in such embarrassing consequences, that we believe we shall gratify our readers by a general and fair outline of the question. In this matter we take no side. The competitors for the Portuguese throne are equally indifferent to us, the errors or crimes of the parties are not within our estimate. We have no intention of involving our readers in the mazes of Portuguese law; and as little of entangling ourselves in the web of Portuguese partisanship. Dom Miguel and Dom Pedro are to us the same. Yet we may deeply regret the circumstances, whether arising from chance, caprice, or necessity, which have placed England in all but a direct position of war with so old, so faithful, and so important an ally as Portugal.

The state of the Peninsula, since the close of the French war, has been marked by perpetual disturbance. Hating the French as masters, a large portion of the Spanish and Portuguese population eagerly adopted them as teachers. The strength of public loyalty was in the proprietors of land, the nobles, gentry, and peasantry. The strength of disaffection was in the petty traders of the towns, the minor and unemployed

classes of the various professions, the disbanded officers, and a few nobles speculating on the prizes of revolution. Both parties were powerful; but the party of the ancient institutions was distinguished chiefly for its passive strength. The party of change rested its hope of success on its restless appeal to popular passion, its activity in taking advantage of public reverses, and, above all, in the living and inexhaustible Jacobinism of France. But, for the purpose of accuracy, we must go a little higher.

In 1807, the King and royal family of Portugal sailed for the Brazils. Portugal had been for the last half century an object of French and Spanish intrigue, and the project of abandoning the uneasy sceptre of the House of Braganza in Europe, for the noble, secure, and flourishing empire of Portuguese America, was more than once conceived. There was a strong temptation in thus re-establishing the Portuguese name in one of the most extensive dominions in the world, a territory equal to the *entire of Europe*, and still more powerful by its extraordinary capabilities, its forests of rich woods, its inexhaustible fertility, its singular salubrity, its fortunate position for commerce in the centre of the New World with the Trade Winds blow-

ing the commerce of the Old into its harbour mouths; and its peculiar possession of the largest gold and diamond mines in the globe.

In the Spanish invasion of 1761, the emigration was strongly proposed, and under the advice of Pambel, the ablest minister that Portugal ever possessed, and one of the most intelligent public men of Europe, it was on the point of being carried into effect. But the invasion passed away. The natural indolence of the Portuguese, the reluctance of the nation to see their government transferred to the mountains and forests three thousand miles off, and the equally strong reluctance of the Allied Powers to see Portugal left open to seizure by Spain, broke up the project, and abandoned the Brazils to their original solitude. In the commencement of Napoleon's power, Portugal became again the object of a French and Spanish intrigue of the most extraordinary kind. About the period of the Egyptian expedition, when French affairs were declining every where, and Suwarrow threatened a march to Paris, there appears to have been some intention on the part of the Spanish government, centred in the person of Godoy, to make common cause with the victorious allies. The old monarchy hated the young Republic; the Spanish Bourbons equally hated the French Jacobins; and there was a lure for the nation's vanity, in the recovery of the national honours, which had been a little tarnished by the French victories among the Pyrenees in the commencement of the war.

But Bonaparte came back from Egypt, the tide turned, the triumph was all on the side of the obnoxious Republic; and the Spanish cabinet, rejoicing that it had not yet plunged into open hostility with its formidable and vindictive neighbour, instantly laid aside all its preparations for war, and laboured, by the most humiliating subservieney, to win the favouritism of France. This was suffered for a while. Napoleon, now First Consul, was satisfied to appear a dupe, and Spain paid the this fancied triumph of subdety, by being robbed, beaten, and degraded in every quarter of the globe. She had given herself, hand and foot, into the grasp of France, and France

treated her as she has always treated the submissive. But deep as the veil of Napoleon's hypocrisy was, it was not deep enough to conceal his perfect knowledge and perfect memory of the projected alliance. Godoy, conscious that when the visitation came, it must chiefly fall upon his own head, now endeavoured personally to conciliate Napoleon by a project of seizing on Portugal, always obnoxious as this little country was to France, from its close connexion with England. Napoleon had already conceived bolder views; but, for the purpose of blinding the Spanish minister to the ruin that he was hourly gathering round Spain, he adopted his profligate and treacherous design in its full extent, and ordered an army to march for the seizure of Portugal. In the partition of the conquest, Godoy was to be put in possession of the Alentejo, one of the most valuable of the Portuguese provinces, with the title of Sovereign Prince; and he was thus to be secured from the possible results of his growing unpopularity in Spain.

It was now that Napoleon began to make himself felt. His army for the Portuguese invasion was stipulated at 20,000 men; it amounted to 40,000. Its line of march through the Spanish territory was marked out by the secret treaty. It moved where it pleased, in scorn of the Spanish remonstrances; and when at length the Spanish cabinet began to tremble for the consequences of its own folly, Napoleon suddenly involved it in the disputes of the royal family, plunged it into such an abyss of perplexity, fear, treachery, and folly, that it instantly abandoned the government, and surrendered Spain entire into his unhallowed hands.

The history of that most memorable of modern wars, has been already written in the brightest page of our national glory. Napoleon there received the retribution of his long career of treachery and blood. The invasion of the Peninsula is the true date of his downfall. But while his main battle was turned on Spain, Portugal was not forgotten. Its seizure had now become only a part of his grand scheme of ambition, but it was instantly and indefatigably pursued. The troops which had ori-

ginally been directed towards that quarter, but called off for the moment by the pressing necessity of overwhelming Spain at once, were now poured back upon its frontier, and put under the command of Soult, the most sagacious and successful officer of the army.

But tyranny has its fears like meaner guilt, and some expressions of Soult awoke the jealousy of Napoleon, now Emperor. It was rumoured in Paris, that Soult might avail himself of his power, to resist the Imperial plans of subjugation, or even make himself independent. The rumour was probably untrue, and only one of the thousand instances of that perpetual suspicion which haunts the usurper. But the command of the force destined to seize Lisbon was suddenly assigned to Junot, a bold soldier, but too indolent for suspicion, and too amply satisfied with dependence on his master, to think of crowns and sceptres five hundred miles from the Parisian theatres. Junot now marched direct on the capital. This movement had been long foreseen by the British cabinet, and the Portuguese monarch had been sedulously supplied with proofs of the determination of Napoleon to seize and subvert his dynasty. But nothing could overcome the habitual apathy of the Portuguese court; the King was not to be persuaded by any thing short of the sight of the French army, that a hostile force would ever have the audacity to march in at the undefended avenues of his city, or seize his ungarrisoned castles. Lord Robert Fitzgerald was the British envoy at Lisbon at the time. This minister has derived an unfortunate celebrity from his being the brother of the late Lord Edward Fitzgerald, the miserable rebel, who, in violation of his duty as a subject, and of his oath as a soldier, attempted to revolutionize Ireland *à la Française*—the most impotent attempt of the most impotent mind; a Jacobin *bagatelle*, which even its chance of massacre could not render an object of consideration in the eyes of any man of common thought; but which brought to a speedy and disgraceful fate, this contemptible compound of fashionable absurdity and giddy treason.

The Envoy had, from ill health, or some other reason, returned to England, leaving Lord Strangford, the Secretary of the Embassy, to transact affairs in his absence. No crisis could have been more disastrous for the one, or more lucky for the other. In mentioning Lord Strangford, it is but just to the honour of literature, and the memory of a good King, to say, that to his literary efforts he was indebted for the commencement of a career, which he has since followed with distinction. At an early age he had written poetry, and among the rest, some sonnets purporting to be translations of Camoens, but which were in fact but pretty paraphrases of the Portuguese poet. But they were *poetry*,—were on graceful subjects, gracefully expressed—were pleasing and popular, and in the course of their popularity they reached Windsor Castle. Diplomacy, or the army, are the usual roads of the nobility who pursue public employment, and the coincidence of those Portuguese poems with a vacancy for a Secretary of Legation at Lisbon, induced the good-natured King, George the Third, to fix upon the young poet for the appointment. Such at least was the story of the day.

The absence of the envoy naturally made his secretary the instrument of all the communications between the British government, now anxiously labouring to awake the Portuguese to its danger; and the Portuguese, alternately frightened and rash, doubting every thing, and daring every thing. The impossibility of defending the country by its native force was strongly urged by the British agent, and the project of carrying off the whole government to America was proposed again, as the only hope of preserving the King from a French prison, and the country from remorseless slavery. The tardiness of the Portuguese government, on this occasion, was one of the most extraordinary instances of the inaptitude of understanding that results from long neglect of its exercise. At length Napoleon, in a burst of that arrogance which so often overthrows the subtler contrivances of the proud, proclaimed that "The dynasty of the house of Braganza had ceased to reign." The secretary, armed with

this formidable auxiliary to his advice, hastened to the palace, where it produced instant alarm, and the order was given to prepare for the voyage to the Brazils. But the national spirit was not yet exorcised from those fluctuating and somnolent councils. The French were not come, the palace was not fired, nor Lisbon paying a forced loan to Napoleon's Field-Marshal; and satisfied with this, the preparations paused again. Napoleon's avidity was the notorious cause of his final ruin. But we must have a deeper knowledge of the history of his vivid and triumphant career, to know how often he who overreached all others 'overreached himself; how often he married his own successes by furious rashness and violent cupidity, and how keenly he paid the penalty of grasping at all things, with a contempt alike of the common decorums even of triumph, and an insulting confidence in his own fortune. He would have been master of Portugal and its monarch, if he had kept every soldier of France, for a year to come, a hundred miles from its frontier. He threw his troops into the country, and from that moment it was his no longer; he seized the capital, and found that the only result was the escape of the King.

At length the news was brought that the enemy were not only in Portugal, but hurrying on at full speed; and that the next twenty-four hours would see Junot in Lisbon. The court were now fully roused at last. Orders were given for conveying the royal family, the court, and all their property, on board the fleet in the Tagus. On the 29th of November 1807 the embarkation was effected, with all the tumult, loss, and misery that belong to excessive haste and a fugitive throne. But it *was* effected; another day would have made the difference to the King of Portugal between sovereignty and a dungeon. The French dragoons arrived while the fleet were still within the Tagus, and the last look of the King shewed him the French flag waving on the hills above Lisbon. But he was escorted by the British fleet; and Junot, outrageously disappointed, was forced to be content with having driven a dynasty from the Old World to the New.

On the 17th of January the first intelligence was brought to Rio de Janeiro that the King and royal family had left Europe, and were at hand. The Brazilians were delighted with the prospect. They saw in this arrival the commencement of freedom of trade, of general opulence, of public improvements, and, above all, the high gratification of their pride in becoming a kingdom. From the first report of the good news, the whole sea-coast was in a state of excitement bordering on frenzy. Every hand was busy in preparation, every eye was turned to the telegraph which was to announce the first symptom of the royal fleet on the horizon; houses were furnished for the illustrious guests, palaces were cleared of the murkiness of a century; the masters of such mansions as were likely to be required for the accommodation of the court, were called on to surrender them, which they are said to have done without a murmur. Such was the eager loyalty of the time; all Brazil was in a ferment with anxiety, expectation, and rejoicing, that at last they were to see their monarch among them.

The royal squadron followed the intelligence in a few days. Its passage had been rapid, and on the 17th of January 1808, it was signalled as off the coast. But the public disappointment was proportionably great, on learning that this arrival was confined to a single ship, containing some of the ladies of the court. The fleet had been dispersed in a storm a month before; and as the dispersion was complete, fears began to be entertained for the safety of the King. But the Brazilians were resolved to have a fete at all risks. The day on which this single vessel appeared was the feast day of St Sebastian, the usual illumination of one day was prolonged to three, and at the same time the churches rang with supplications and ceremonies for the royal safety. This suspense continued an entire month. At its close the public fears were appeased by an express from Bahia, announcing that the fleet had reached that port in safety, and all was exultation once more.

The Sovereign, whom I have hitherto called King, was nominally

but Prince Regent until the year 1816, his mother, the Queen Donna Maria, dying in that year, and the Prince even then deferring the proclamation of his accession to the throne till the year of mourning was at a close. He arrived in his South American empire evidently willing to conciliate the people. His first act in landing at Bahia was to issue a decree worthy of a King. It was a declaration freeing the Brazils from all the fetters of the exclusive Portuguese system, and opening to them the commerce of all nations. The decree was received with universal rejoicing. The Regent then re-embarked for Rio de Janeiro, to the great sorrow of the Bahians. There he arrived on the 7th of March 1808, and was received with all the plaudits and honours that could be heaped on a popular monarch by a grateful and zealous people. The arrival of the court was a matter of eminent importance to the prosperity of Rio; it brought a conflux of the Portuguese nobility, who, of course, quickened expenditure in every direction; the court festivities not only enlivened the people, but excited their industry; foreigners began to visit the port, and before the expiration of a few months, several opulent and active foreign establishments were formed in the capital. The government seconded those favourable incidents with praiseworthy assiduity. Early in the same year Dom John proclaimed the right of every Brazilian to exercise trade, profession, and pursuit, according to his free will. The old restrictions which the jealousy of the parent state had, for nearly three centuries, laid upon the activity of this great province, were thus totally abolished. In the language of the decree, "The government, desirous of increasing the wealth and prosperity of the Brazilian people by manufactures, agriculture, and arts, and thus increasing the number of productive hands, and diminishing the amount of that vice and misery which result from idleness and poverty, have now fully revoked every prohibition which still exists, and hereby encourage and invite all faithful Brazilians to engage in every kind of manufacture to which they are inclined, on a large

or limited scale, without reservation or exception." The next step was one of extraordinary daring for Portuguese legislation. It was the establishment of a newspaper. The forty-first birthday of the Prince Regent was made memorable in all the future records of Brazilian literature by the appearance of a royal gazette, published at a royal printing office! The spirit spread, and in a short period newspapers were propagated throughout the entire country.

The government, encouraged by the popularity with which its new measures were hailed on all sides, now pursued its manly and wise progress with double activity. It had actually to lay the foundations of the whole system of public prosperity, for hitherto this magnificent territory had known nothing of civilized rule but its monopolies, privations, and oppressions. The coarsest manufacture had been forbidden; the attempt to print a page of any thing, much more a newspaper page, would have sentenced the unlucky innovator to the mines. But now all the privileges of rational freedom, which amount, in their highest and happiest state, simply to the permission to every man to follow the bent of his own abilities without injury to others, and with protection in the fruits of his industry, were accorded to the population. A national bank was next formed, an essential expedient to quicken and direct the national industry. A royal treasury was then established, with a council of finance to regulate the public expenditure. Then followed royal schools of medicine, lazarettoes, royal powder manufactories, commissions of justice, ordinances for the Indians, &c. Vaccination was introduced soon after, a great blessing in a country where the small-pox still amounts to a frightful pestilence. In the rear of those important and necessary provisions followed the arts of enjoyment. In 1813 the Theatre of St John, so called in compliment to the Prince, was opened on the birthday of his son Dom Pedro. The higher donative of a public Library was given in the next year to Rio. The royal library having been saved from the grasp of the French, and conveyed with the fleet, it was now put under

the care of two learned Portuguese, and opened to the public. A new Treasury and Mint were built. Foreigners were invited to reside in the cities. Indian villages were raised. And the whole fabric of constitutional and patriotic activity was consummated by a royal decree of the 16th of November 1815, declaring Brazil to be elevated to the dignity of a kingdom; thenceforth to form with the European dominions of the monarch, the "United Kingdoms of Portugal, Algarves, and Brazil." The proclamation was received with a transport of national joy. All the towns were illuminated. Deputations and addresses poured in upon the palace, thanksgivings were offered up in all the churches, and in the midst of the tumult of festivity and gratitude the national constitution was born. On the 5th of January 1818, the Prince Regent, Dom John, was proclaimed and crowned first King of Brazil, or, in the ancient phrase of the Portuguese constitutions, "Royal, royal, royal, the very high and powerful Senhor, King Dom John the Sixth, our Lord."

Dom Pedro, whose reverses, activity, eccentricity, and present enterprise, now occupy so considerable a space in the eyes of Europe, was born in Lisbon, on the 12th of October 1798, the second son of Dom John VI., and of Carlotta Joaquina, daughter of Charles IV. of Spain. By the early death of his brother, Dom Antonio, he became heir-presumptive to the throne. His frame was feeble, and he seemed to be of a sickly temperament. In the first alarm of the Portuguese court, it had been intended to send the young heir to Brazil, for the purpose of securing him from French hands. But the rapid advance of Junot's troops made a general movement necessary, and the Prince was embarked along with the court. He was at this time ten years old, had acquired some education, and exhibited considerable intelligence. His quickness of mind and body on the voyage gave favourable symptoms of his future career. He occupied himself much with the working and machinery of the ship; and, when not thus engaged, was often employed in reading Virgil at the foot of the mainmast, comparing

the voyage of Æneas with his own. The fleet had put to sea in too much haste to provide the due accommodations for its multitude of passengers. Among other things, the stock of royal linen ran low, and the young Prince landed in shirts made of the sheets of his own bed. On the death of his tutor, which occurred at an early period after his arrival, the young Prince considered his education complete, and thenceforth pursued knowledge in his own way. He had a natural dexterity of hand, and became a turner, made a billiard table, a model of a man-of-war, and other ingenious things. He became a first-rate billiard player, and, by a better application of his tastes, an excellent musician, a performer on several instruments, and a clever musical composer. His feebleness of frame had now disappeared, and he exhibited himself as a capital horseman, a daring rider through the forests and precipices of his untamed country, and a charioteer of the highest breed of Jenu, distinguished for "driving furiously."

The time was now come when he must undergo the common fate of princes, and marry a wife of the ambassador's choosing. The bride selected was the Archduchess Leopoldina, daughter of the Emperor Francis the First, and sister of Maria Louisa, the Queen of Napoleon. The Marquis of Marialva had the honour to be the official lover and husband on the occasion. This marriage by proxy was celebrated on the 13th of May 1817; an auspicious day in the royal kalendar, as the anniversary of his father's birth, and his grandmother's accession. The Austrian princess was received at Rio with great popularity; her florid face and light hair looked captivating in the eyes of the Brazilians; and her honest and good-humoured manners, which gave at once curious evidence of the rusticity of even the highest German life, and of her genuine good-nature, made her instantly and universally popular.

But other thoughts than marrying and giving in marriage were soon to try the wisdom of the government, and the energy of the Prince. Oporto, the headquarters of liberalism in Portugal, raised a riot, which it called a

national movement, and constructed a Jacobin theory, which it called a constitution. On the arrival of the intelligence in Rio, two parties were formed;—a party for change, at the head of which was the Prince; and a party for keeping things in their old position, at the head of which were the ministers and the King. The Prince was speedily ejected from the Council of State; but this affront he was not disposed to bear meekly. He rushed into the Council Chamber, attacked the ministers in an indignant harangue, and having threatened them with the vengeance of a deceived people, and an angry posterity, rushed out again. The old King was an honest and harmless man, but he was not born a hero. This explosion of his son's politics terrified him, and the next act of his Council was to promise the Brazilians a constitution, accompanied by the wiser expedient of sending his too energetic son to tuck over the subject with the philosophers of Operto.

The man of the south always lives in a state of conspiracy; and it is next to impossible to discover how far the most striking catastrophes are due to the course of things, or to private treason. The Brazilian is the genuine descendant of the Portuguese. While the Council were trembling at the prospect of being called on to perform their promise, and the Prince was probably contemplating with equal dislike a voyage across the Atlantic, which was palpably but a contrivance to expel him from the seat of government for the time, on the 24th of February 1821, the capital was thrown into sudden alarm by an insurrection of the troops. A brigade of Portuguese infantry, and guns, which had been brought to the Brazils four years before, for the purpose of suppressing the insurrectionary movements at Pernambuco, and had since been suffered to idle away its time in the capital, had taken up arms, and was proceeding to take the law into its own hands. Robbery and the new constitution were the stimulants, and these legislators proceeded to define the rights of liberty and property bayonet in hand. All soldiers, but the British, consider themselves as the supreme race of the nation; and the Portuguese brig-

ade were in the habit of treating the Brazilians with consummate scorn. The native troops shared the contumely; and it was even carried so far, that they demanded that every Brazilian above the rank of captain should be dismissed, and his commission given to a Portuguese! As they now spread through the streets, with arms in their hands, and ready for any excess, the populace were rapidly wrought into equal irritation; and to avoid a general massacre, the Council hurried together.

The decisions of men in a hurry are always foolish, and the Council established the maxim. They offered to concede every thing to any body, public or private, that would ask any thing. The Prince left them no opportunity to retrace their steps. Riding to the square where the insurgent troops were drawn up, he first informed them of the King's submission, and then arranged a deputation of the soldiers and populace to wait upon himself, and demand the dismissal of the ministers, and the proclamation of the new form of government. Armed with the will of the populace, he returned to the King, and, having obtained all that was requisite there, appeared at a balcony in the square, with the list of the new ministry in his hand. He then swore as follows to the insurgents:—"I swear, in the name of the King, my father and lord, veneration and respect for our holy religion, and to observe, keep, and support for ever, the constitution, as it is established by the Cortes in Portugal." This triumph of liberty by the pike and musket was, of course, hailed with prodigious acclamations. The next demand was, that the old King should appear before his loving people. The King dared not refuse, and he got into his carriage to visit the square where the troops were still drawn up. But another specimen of popular ardour was still to teach him the spirit of the time. The mob stopped the carriage, and, whether for the purpose of doing him peculiar honour, or of simply indulging their newly-discovered faculty of doing what they pleased, they insisted on drawing the vehicle. The old King, in the midst of the contention, was evidently alarmed for his personal

safety, and probably with no slight reason; he fell back in the carriage, and nearly fainted. In the language of the writer who has furnished those details, "the horrors of the French Revolution were before his eyes, and he expected that the fate of the unfortunate monarch, who resembled himself in irresolution and goodness of heart, would be his own." This grand revolution was rounded with an opera! Such are the weighty movements of foreign freedom. The birth of the new constitution would have been nothing without a ballet. At this opera the populace commanded the King to make his appearance. But even the popular command cannot make the sick well. The old Monarch was in his bed, sick with his late alarm, sick with disgust, and probably to the full as sick of the liberty which, beginning by popular insurrection, threatened to close in royal massacre. From that bed we may date the resolution which so soon led him, by an extraordinary effort of decision, to abandon the Brazils to their orators and philosophers. On the 7th of March following, a proclamation appeared, announcing the royal determination to embark immediately for Portugal, there to hold the Cortes.

It is difficult to ascertain who was the chief director in those popular movements; but it seems a striking circumstance that the King's announcement of his thus leaving the Brazils to struggle for themselves, produced no tumult of any kind. Yet no measure was more likely to have roused the people to violence, or would have more unquestionably roused them a few months before. By the return of the royal family to Lisbon, the Brazils must become again a subordinate government,—their deputies must attend the Portuguese Cortes,—their country must lose the rank of the seat of the monarchy, and their capital the advantage of the large expenditure of the court and nobles. But the populace, hitherto so turbulent, were perfectly tranquil on the occasion. It was perfectly clear, that whoever had pulled the strings of the puppets before, now pulled them no longer, or were pleased to let the puppets remain in a state of quiescence. However, the

natural feeling began at last to make its way. A meeting of the electors of the deputies to the Cortes had been summoned to the Exchange, to take cognisance of a plan of the constitution proposed for the future direction of the Brazils, in the absence of the King. This assembly rapidly proceeded from the dull routine of discussing principles of government to the business that came home to men's hearts and bosoms, the departure of the Royal Family. It became at length a matter of discussion whether the money which the King was about to take with him should be suffered to go out of the country. One orator stated that the King was about to carry off the funds of some of the charitable institutions; another moved that measures should be instantly adopted to prevent the sailing of the squadron until they were searched; and orders were actually sent to the forts commanding the bay to fire on any ship of the squadron which attempted to sail. It was clear that, if this spirit of oratory were allowed to spread its wings even so far as the next street, a rising of the populace would be the next thing, and the King and his ships would have put off their voyage together *sin die*. But though the national feeling was strong for detaining the King, there was a private and personal feeling, equally strong, for getting rid of him as fast as possible. And the distinction was, that the national feeling waited for a leader, and was therefore ineffectual; while the personal feeling waited for nothing but the first opportunity of gaining its point. The debates of the assembly at the Exchange had awakened its jealousy, and a determination was adopted to give those embarrassing debaters an early lesson, which should teach them the hazard of impeding the will of their superiors. The sitting had been prolonged on this occasion till midnight, and the hall was still crowded, when the tramp of soldiery was heard, and a whole Portuguese regiment, without farther question or explanation, poured in to the hall. To the astonishment and horror of every body, those miscreants instantly levelled their muskets, and began a regular fire upon the unarmed electors. A scene of

horrid carnage followed. Those who were not killed by the fire, were charged with the bayonet. As resistance was impossible, and the doors were blocked up, there was a general attempt to escape by the windows. The firing was mercilessly and wickedly continued while this desperate attempt was made, for few could even thus escape, as the windows were high; and some who leaped down were mutilated or killed by the fall, and some who reached the ground comparatively unhurt, were so much under the impression of being still pursued, that they ran into the sea and were drowned. When all were either driven out or dead, the murderers proceeded at their ease to plunder the corpses. They carried off their watches, money, and every thing else worth carrying, then stripped the room of its plate and rich ornaments, and having done their work completely, they left the spot. Thus closed the session of an assembly lawfully constituted, called together by the King's authority, and convened by the Ouvidor, or High Sheriff. As the details of this most atrocious affair transpired, they produced additional horror. Individuals were slain who had no share in the deliberations of the assembly, be those wise or foolish. One was a clerk in an English mercantile house.

It happened to a man near the door, and standing up on hearing the bustle, saw the muzzle of a musket pushed close to his breast. In the next moment the musket was discharged through his heart. Another was a young man, who, tired with the length of the sitting, had fallen asleep. As he was stretched upon one of the benches, he was fearfully awoke by the thrust of a bayonet, which was driven through his back into the bench on which he lay, and which pinned the unfortunate man to it. About thirty persons of a certain respectability were found dying or dead within the hall; others disappeared and were heard of no more, probably being drowned; and many others were hurt in various ways.

The massacre had its intended effect. It completely frightened the people. There was now no further debating on the royal departure; that point, at least, was fully secured.

The fleet was now ordered to be in instant readiness, and the King embarked on the 24th of May, with many of the nobles and moneyed men. They were wearied of the perpetual fluctuations of their revolutionary fellow-subjects; still more fearful of the insecurity of property, which is involved in all experiments on constitutions; and probably still more reluctant to exchange the old quiet government of their peaceable King, for the irregular *activity* of his successor. Dom Pedro was left behind as Prince Regent, with a council of three ministers, and, in case of his death, succession in the Regency to the Princess Leopoldina. There was now no further question of the money carried on board, though it was accounted at fifty millions of crusadoes, (the crusado is about half-a-crown,) a formidable deduction from the circulating coin of the new state. The massacre had settled all.

To whom the ultimate guilt of this spurious exhibition of power was to be attributed, has never been ascertained; it was charged on the mere spontaneous wickedness of a pampered soldiery, glad to take the opportunity of safe robbery and murder. The popular feeling denounced the Conde de Arios, the late Governor of Pernambuco. Others charged the Prince Regent. But no satisfactory evidence was offered, and all that can be now said of it is, that it precipitated the King's departure. Yet though the popular voice was frightened into silence, the national disgust and abhorrence have never subsided. The hall was never entered afterwards by the merchants, for whom it had been built, by whom voluntarily furnished, and with whom this new Exchange had been a most favourite resort. The smell of murder and treachery was in it, and they could not be prevailed upon to enter its polluted walls. For some time it had remained in the same condition as on the night of the massacre, the walls and floors marked with bullets and blood. At length, to remove the palpable evidence of a fact which was equally a disgrace to the government, and an insult to the people, the hall was repaired and put into the same order as on its opening. Still the merchants would not

enter it; and after being left in this state of contemptuous desertion and disgust for some years, it was finally converted into a store-house for lumber. The building was suffered to go to decay, and the vaults and offices were tenanted by beggars and negroes.

The departure of the King was the signal for a total change of measures. The popular outcry which had been so summarily extinguished, was again as summarily raised, and a demand was made of total independence. The Cortes of the mother country felt this demand as an act of rebellion, and orders were haughtily issued to break up the government, put the country into the hands of a provisional government more amenable to the will of Portugal, and, as an essential measure, to send the Prince Regent, without delay, to Europe, "to travel for his improvement," the well understood phrase for royal disgrace and exile.

The Prince's situation had now become one of delicacy. Open resistance to the decree must have been followed by his denouncement as a revolter. Acquiescence must have closed his career as the sovereign of a great empire. But he was soon extricated from the dilemma. The frigate was scarcely ordered to be ready for sea, and the Prince had scarcely announced his "dutiful submission to the will of his illustrious father," when an uproar arose from one end of the Brazils to the other. Newspapers, now for the first time called into activity, popular meetings, provincial riots, the general convulsion of men and things, commanded the refusal of the ordinance of the Cortes, the creation of a sovereignty, and the stay of the Prince in the country. The newspapers led the way. The *Despertador Brasileiro* (Brazilian Awakener) was filled with eloquent diatribes on the subject. It pronounced the measures of the Cortes, "illegal, impious, and impolitic. Illegal—because decreed without the co-operation of the Brazilian representatives, and consequently without any manifestation of the national will. Impious—as shewing the contemptuous indifference with which the Cortes disposed of their existence, as if they were a band of miserable slaves, erected to

be subject to the caprice, and abandoned to the will of their masters; and not a coequal kingdom as they were, more powerful, and possessing more resources, than Portugal herself. Impolitic—because it was precisely at the moment when their union was likely to be most advantageous to the mother country, that she chose to fill them with disgust, and to render in the eyes of the world their separation a matter of both justice and necessity." This strong language was echoed by all voices. A still more direct denial of the authority of the Cortes was couched in the address of one of the Andrada family, men distinguished for their abilities, and their successive high employments under the crown. "How dare those Deputies of Portugal," says this bold manifesto, "without waiting for the concurrence of the Deputies of Brazil, legislate on a matter, involving the most sacred interests of the entire kingdom? How dare they deprive Brazil of her Privy Council, her Court of Conscience, her Board of Commerce, her Court of Requests, and so many other institutions, just established among us, and which promised us such future benefits? Where now must the people apply for justice in their civil and judicial concerns? Must they once more, after enjoying for twelve years the advantages of speedy justice, seek it in a foreign land, across two thousand leagues of ocean, among the procrastinations and corruptions of Lisbon tribunals, where the oppressed suitor is abandoned by hope and life. But the more pungent part of the address was an appeal to the Prince, to know whether he would allow himself "to be led about like a schoolboy, surrounded by masters and spies." The Camera presented an address expressed in the same terms, which was readily answered, "that since the Prince's remaining seemed to be the general wish and for the general good, he would remain." The declaration was received with great popular triumph. The usual exhibition of an opera commemorated the day, the Prince and Princess appeared in their box, to receive the homage of the audience; and the national hymn, written and composed by the Prince

himself, was sung with extravagant applause.

But this determination was in immediate hazard of being roughly changed. The Portuguese battalions, which felt themselves still strangers in the land, murmured loudly against what they termed rebellion to the authority of their country, and threatened to seize the Prince's person, and carry him on board. They assembled round the theatre for the purpose of their seizure, but the Prince escaped. They next took post upon a hill, with their guns pointed down on the city. A civil war was all but begun. Yet the discipline of the Portuguese was baffled by the rude zeal of the people. The popular force continued to pour in during the entire night,—arms and ammunition were brought from considerable distances on mules and horses, and by daybreak the Portuguese battalions were astonished to find themselves besieged by five thousand suddenly armed soldiers, hourly increased by the population from the neighbouring districts. The battalions soon made another and not less formidable discovery, that in their preparations for war, they had forgot the essential of provisions, and that if they remained but a little longer in their position, they must be starved. They had now no resource but to surrender, which they did, with the Prince's stipulation that they should be sent to Europe. But the transports not being ready, the troops were suffered to encamp on the opposite side of the bay, until preparation was made for them to put to sea. But yet when the time arrived, the troops again refused to move. Dom Pedro now acted with the necessary promptitude. He ordered a division of Brazilians into their rear, to prevent their march on the city, and at the same time moored two frigates in their front. Going on board one of them, he declared to the commander of the Portuguese, that he gave him but till the next day to make up his mind on the subject; and that if he was not ready to embark at that time, he would order a general assault by sea and land. Suiting the action to the word, he displayed himself on the quarter-deck, with a lighted match in his

hand, declaring that if it were necessary, he would fire the first gun. Within the stated time, the Portuguese were all embarked, and sailing out of the harbour. In the entire of those anxious transactions, Dom Pedro had continued to raise his estimation among the people. No excellence in a King will compensate for the want of energy. The public instinctively connect decision with power; and the monarch who exhibits himself fluctuating, or fearful, unequal to casualties, or apprehensive of results, instantly falls from his high estate in the general mind. By the mere fact of his being a monarch, he is prohibited from the irresolution which might be pardonable in an inferior grade; he is placed on the throne, for the express purpose of *command*. Dom John, with all the qualities of a paternal sovereign, had rapidly forfeited the public respect by his indolence, timidity, and indecision. Dom Pedro threw a veil over all his unpopular qualities, or rather eclipsed them, by the new lustre of his one great quality for a troubled throne—decision. During the struggle with the turbulent troops he was every where, he hazarded his ease, his throne, and his life, hourly; and by his conduct in this trying time, he shewed the people that he possessed all the title to their obedience that could be deserved by personal intrepidity.

But when he had thus gained the steps of Empire, he was soon compelled to learn, that even the most successful ambition has its penalties. The new spirit of independence which had lifted him to supreme power, suddenly began to spread through the provinces, and Maranhao, the Minas Geraes, and several other of the chief divisions of this enormous empire, each equal to an European kingdom, began to claim the right of separate legislation. The policy of the Portuguese Cortes promoted those divisions, with the idea of keeping the revolted government in check. The standard of independence was actually hoisted in the great province of Minas Geraes, and a provisional government appointed. As this was the province of the principal gold mines, and one of the most powerful, populous, and

intelligent of the empire, Dom Pedro resolved on striking at rebellion there, without delay. Leaving the government of Rio de Janeiro to his friend, Andrada, and ordering troops to march on all sides in the direction of Villa Rica, the capital of the insurgent province, he took the manly resolution of setting out in person, and actually preceding the troops to the centre of insurrection. The daring nature of this action was the source of its success. The insurgent army had marched out to fight the troops whom they expected to meet on the road to their capital. They met only the Prince, and whether astonished, or corrupted, or captivated, they received this solitary opponent with shouts, put themselves under his command, and marched back to Villa Rica. Insurrection hid its head at his approach, or rather was turned into sudden loyalty, for the independents joined the deputation which came forth to welcome the sovereign. Dom Pedro had the good sense to be satisfied with the submission, declared himself, so far from hostile to independence, that he was its warmest advocate, congratulated them on having, like himself, burst asunder all fetters, and gave a *brava* for the constitution, religion, honest men, and the men of the Minas. No punishment was inflicted, except the politic suspension of a few of the leaders from public employment. He then turned his horse's head, galloped back to Rio; on his arrival went instantly to the Opera, announced there to the shouting multitude the submission of the province, and thus showily closed a campaign of thirty days, during which he had accomplished a journey of a thousand miles, through forest, mountain, furious river, and trackless wilderness, continually in peril, and accomplished the still more hazardous object of appeasing and reconciling a remarkably daring, turbulent, and head-strong portion of his people.

His popularity was now unbounded, and it was dexterously made a ground for a new advance in power. The 13th of May, the anniversary of his father's birth, was singularly chosen to consummate the usurpation of the son; but it was a holiday,

and that was enough for the Brazilians. On that day, a deputation of the Camera waited on him with the proposal of the title of "Constitutional Prince Regent, and Perpetual Defender of Brazil." The next invitation was, to call a general council to deliberate on the affairs of the kingdom. This was equivalent to a declaration of independence; and the actual declaration was soon to follow.

The Portuguese Cortes, like all the modern makers of European constitutions, were Jacobins, and, of course, at once blunderers, impostors, and tyrants. With the Jacobin, in all countries, personal cupidity is the sole impulse, and the extinction of every man and thing above himself the sole object of his success. Generally flung out of the natural and honest ways of acquiring character, he is poor and characterless; and he knows, or will adopt no better way of balancing his ill luck, than by sinking every honest and better man to his own level. Universally a personal profligate, heartless in his private intercourse with society, without allegiance to God, or fidelity to man, he becomes an advocate for every extravagant claim of popular passion; is a clamourer for the independence of all religions, in all their forms, which all, in all their forms, he equally despises; devotes himself to the cause of license in every land, under the insulted name of liberty; and with every element of scorn for all human rights, interests, and feelings, utterly contemptuous of human nature, and looking on the people but as a tool—fraudulent in all his dealings, and false in all his protestations, he proclaims himself the champion of popular rights throughout all nations.

The Portuguese Cortes acted in the full spirit of this character. The slightest claim to equality of privileges was scoffed at. The Brazilians were pronounced rebels, troops were sent to coerce them; and while the rabble of Portugal were giving law to the throne, the halls of the Cortes resounded with the bitterest taunts of the members against the fair claims of Brazil, seconded or dictated by the most furious clamours of the mob, which were suffered to

crowd their avenues and galleries. The few Brazilian deputies vainly attempted to reason; they were put down by uproar. The Brazils, a territory as large as Europe, and hourly rising in wealth, population, and general acquirement—an empire, whose smallest province was larger than the whole of Portugal—were treated as the toy, the slave, or the victim of the rabble legislation of Lisbon; and orders were sent out commanding the Prince's return to Europe within four months; and denouncing all the military who continued to obey him, as traitors to Portugal. But this act of violence was equally an act of folly. The blow was too late. The Prince, on receiving the dispatches, virtually consigning him to a dungeon, decided at once on resistance. After contemplating them seriously for a time, he drew the natural conclusion, that on his decision turned the question of personal sovereignty or chains. He exclaimed, "Independence or Death!" The exclamation was caught like a Roman omen—was repeated on all sides; and from that moment the Brazils were free. The town of Piranga, where this event occurred, is still commemorated as the cradle of Brazilian independence.

The next and natural step was the formation of a legislature. By the advice of the Council, a general assembly of Deputies from all the provinces was called, to assume the functions of a Parliament. And the first act of the nation, thus established in its independence, was to shew its gratitude by proclaiming Dom Pedro its sovereign. On the 22d of October, he was publicly shewn to the soldiery and the people, in the Campo de Santa Anna, as "Constitutional Emperor, with the unanimous acclamation of the people." The tinge of republicanism thrown over this high acknowledgment, was destined to colour the whole future history of this brief sovereignty; but, for the time, all was confidence, triumph, and perhaps sincerity; and whether with the tacit object of marking the popular influence on the occasion, or in the mere captivation of a sounding title, the Saint lost her rights, and the Square was thenceforth named the Campo d'Acclamação.

The Portuguese garrison and fleet

at Bahia now became the points of public attention. Dom Pedro displayed his habitual activity on this occasion, collected troops, engineers, and ammunition from all quarters, and made a still more important accession in the person of Lord Cochrane, whom he put at the head of the Imperial fleet, and instantly dispatched to Rio. The enemy's fleet was strong, amounting to thirteen ships, with 398 guns, while the Brazilian amounted only to seven, with 250 guns. But their commander's name was a tower of strength; he found the Portuguese hauled out in order of battle, and instantly attacked them. But his ships were worked by inexperienced Brazilians, and by Portuguese, who could not be relied on. He yet forced the Portuguese line, but he found himself so ill seconded, that after some firing he was forced to retire. On returning the next day to the attack, he found that the enemy had been frightened under the guns of their shore batteries; he therefore blockaded them, and urged the blockade with such vigilance, that the garrison were speedily on the verge of famine. But a blockade was not sufficient employment for the stirring spirit of this officer. He determined to enter the harbour, and surprise the fleet. The English commodore in the Bay, well acquainted with the style of the gallant blockader, advised the Portuguese Admiral to take some precautions against a night attack. But the Portuguese thought himself safe, and, like a true son of the south, left the rest to fortune. He was dining on shore with the General, when a fire from the bay at ten at night told him that the Englishman was not mistaken; Lord Cochrane had attacked the fleet at anchor. Under cover of the night, he had hove his ship into the midst of the fleet, and was already alongside of the Admiral's vessel. The wind had brought him thus far, and in a few minutes more his boarders would have been upon the deck of the Portuguese. But by one of the changes common in that climate, the breeze died away at the moment, and the assailant found himself powerless in the midst of the enemy's fleet, and, what was of much more importance, under the guns of their batteries. There

was now no resource but to escape as silently as he could, and this reluctant alternative was carried into execution with admirable presence of mind; knowing that the concussions of a single shot might extinguish the remnant of the breeze, not a shot was fired; he dexterously availed himself of that remnant, and unmolested, made his way back to his station off the harbour. The attack on Bahia on the land side was next attempted; but, after a long conflict, the Brazilians were repulsed. The indefatigable spirit of the Brazilian Admiral was again displayed in the preparations for a second attack. But an accident, by which his ship was set on fire, and in consequence of which many of his crew were drowned, postponed this enterprise. It however soon became unnecessary. The Portuguese General, exhausted with perpetual alarms, and hopeless of succours from home, determined to abandon the place. In 1823, he sailed out of the harbour of Bahia, with a fleet of thirteen ships of war, convoying thirty-two sail of transports freighted with all his troops, stores, and public and private property. Lord Cochrane was instantly on the alert, put to sea, hunted them across the equator, took one half of their transports, totally dispersed the rest, and then returned to capture the few Portuguese who were left behind in the country garrisons. They speedily surrendered, were sent to Europe, and the new empire was finally freed from the stain of a foreign army. All was now calm, and the rites of the civil dignity had time to be solemnized. The 1st of December 1823, the anniversary of the deliverance of Portugal, under the Braganzas, from the yoke of Spain, was chosen to set the seal to the final independence of the empire. On this day, Dom Pedro was crowned.

In the wrath of the Portuguese at this assumption of power, some of Dom Pedro's letters to his father during the Regency were shewn, and severally commented upon, as involving treachery and even perjury. "I supplicate your Majesty," says one of these letters, "by all that is sacred in the world, to dispense with the painful functions which you have assigned to me, which will

end by killing me. Frightful pictures surround me constantly; I have them always before me. I conjure your Majesty to let me as soon as possible go to kiss your royal hand, and sit on the steps of your throne. I seek only to procure a happy tranquillity." Another letter is thus expressed. "They wish, and they say they wish, to proclaim me Emperor. I protest to your Majesty, I will never be perjured; I will never be false to you. If they ever commit this folly, it shall not be till after they have cut me into pieces, me and all the Portuguese; a solemn oath, which I have written here with my blood, in the following words: 'I swear to be always faithful to your Majesty and the Portuguese nation and constitution.'"

But before we charge any man with so heavy a crime as perjury, we should consider the circumstances. These letters were written in September 1821. The coronation did not take place until December 1823. During this period, the authority of the Cortes had continued to grow more imperious, until the throne was absolutely a cypher, and the old King little better than a prisoner. Two years of this progress might justly make a very serious difference in any man's contemplations: during all this time, too, the fury of the Portuguese mob, who were the actual masters of both King and Cortes, was boundless against the people and government of the Brazils. The latter dispatches of the Cortes were equivalent to an actual sentence of exile, or the dungeon, which would have been not far from an equivalent to death at any time in Portugal. A prince and father might well have weighed probabilities before he threw himself and his children into the hands of a rabble of furious zealots or brutal assassins. In the alternative of security in Brazil, or insult and possible death in Portugal, there could be no doubt in the mind of any rational man. No pledges could bind him to deliver himself, much more his family, to popular ferocity; and if the breach of faith existed at all, it must be laid to the charge of those who rendered compliance with its conditions totally impossible.

The death of the Empress, in the

next year, was a source of great public sorrow. She died in child-birth, after having been the mother of six children, two sons and four daughters, the eldest of whom, a son, died at an early age, and the youngest, Dom Pedro d'Alcantara, born December 2, 1825, is the heir. Donna Maria da Gloria, of whom we have heard so much as the intended Queen of Portugal, was born April 4, 1819.

The habits of the late Empress were unfortunately but ill adapted to secure the affections of a royal husband, peculiarly among the loose and capricious moralities of a southern race. When she first appeared, she attracted general admiration by her fairness of complexion, and her blonde hair, which were novelties in the eyes of the sallow Brazilians. But after a short period, whether from natural indolence, displeasure at her husband's coldness, or possibly through some growing fantasy of mind, she began utterly to neglect her appearance. In a country where every woman spends half her income on the decoration of her feet and legs, which are remarkably delicate, this honest daughter of Austria always appeared in clumsy boots; where half the day is spent in curling and braiding the hair, she appeared with her locks hanging loose down her shoulders; instead of the *bastinas* and *mantillas*, the most graceful of all dresses, and without which a Portuguese lady would as soon appear as without her head, the Empress was wrapped up in a man's great-coat; and to complete the whole absurdity, she rode *astride*, a custom common among the peasantry in the provinces, and for that reason the more abhorred in the capital. And all those gross and repulsive habits were displayed in association with Dom Pedro, a man proverbially and punctiliously attentive to appearances, delicate in his tastes, and refined and shewy in every thing that related to costume. The unfortunate result was, that the Emperor soon found others more attentive to their equipment and his tastes, and the Empress was left alone. But her general kindness of heart, her affability, and her charity, made her popular; and though she

must have been the most repellent of all spouses, she perhaps answered all the general purposes of a Queen.

Her illness excited all the resources of Brazilian piety, such as piety is in the lands of Popery. Masses, processions of images, and visitations of shrines, were adopted without number. But among the rest was one honour, conspicuous above every thing of human homage. The unfortunate Empress was *visited*, as was announced in the public document, "by the wonder-working and all-glorious image of the Virgin, Nossa Senhora da Gloria." As the Empress had paid particular attentions to the saint, the saint rightly judged that this was the true time to shew her sense of those attentions. The image accordingly came to her bedside. "The people," says the historian of this event, "could not see, without the strongest emotions of piety, her image, which had never condescended to issue from the temple before, on this occasion, for the first time, and even under a *heavy shower of rain*, visiting the Princess, who had never failed on Sundays to be found at the foot of her altar." The condescension was unhappily useless, for after a short illness, borne with great fortitude, the poor Empress died, December the 11th, at the age of 29.

The return of Dom John the Sixth to his native throne was hailed with national exultation; and for a month he felt himself entitled to rejoice in the royal spirit of enterprise which had led him to cross the seas. But with the month the self-congratulation approached its end. He found that he had left only one shape of disturbance for another; "that riot in Portugal was as turbulent as riot in the remotest shore of the Atlantic; and that wherever he turned his steps, he must prepare to face the new philosophy of revolution. Patriotism is a high name. But true patriotism is not to be learned but in the school of honesty, honour, and the domestic virtues. The larger portion of foreign patriotism has been trained in another institute. Voltaire has been the legislator, infidelity the religion, and the deepest

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personal corruption the morality. Jacobinism, like the plague in Turkey, never dies. It shifts its quarters, it may shift its disguise; it may at one time flourish under the grand pretence of national rights, at another it may be the petitioner against national injuries, it may be the reclamer of ancient privileges, or the ostentatious creator of new freedom, but in all the robes of the masquerade the masquer is the same. Its motto is subversion. Its success is overthrow. Its principle is a hatred of all the existing forms, properties, and classifications, of men and things. It not merely refuses the aid of experience, it disclaims experience; its province is the untried, the hazardous, and the desperate—projects endeared by their mere extravagance, and triumphs the more congenial for their being deeper dyed in plunder, profligacy, and blood. The inveterate activity of this pernicious agent was let loose on the Peninsula. The copies of Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, and the whole host of the guilty literature of France, poured into Spain and Portugal, amounted to hundreds of thousands. The general fretfulness of the popular mind in every state of the Continent infected the multitude, and under the symbols and name of Freemasonry, every town of the Peninsula had its Jacobin club. From the Pyrenees to the Straits of Gibraltar, all was ramified with conspiracy against the throne, the property of the higher orders, and the ancient government of the nation.

At last the insurrection broke out in Spain. The King, relying on his army alone, was deserted by his army, and made prisoner. The government was broken down. The insurgents were masters of the kingdom. Never was a conquest more easily achieved, or more wretchedly sustained. The new dynasty of Jacobinism was instantly found incompetent to the simplest duties of sovereignty. Their power was in harangues; their wisdom in exposing the nation to domestic feud and foreign hostility; their policy in stripping the throne, until they raised first the suspicion, and next the scorn, of every throne of Europe against their feeble presumption. The friendly Powers remonstrated,

advised, implored in vain. Moderation was an offence to the dignity of this mountebank government. They refused all compromise, defied Europe, invoked the tutelary genius of Revolution throughout the world—and fled at the first shot; swore to bury themselves under the ruins of their constitution, and at the first wave of a French banner, scattered themselves, with a contemptible love of life, through every hiding-place of the globe.

Jacobinism had been not less active in Portugal, but its chief force had been exerted in Spain. The grand experiment of the new order of overthrow was to be made there; and Portugal was thus saved from the direct convulsion. But if it was not within the actual crater of the volcano, it was fully within the range of its clouds and ashes. Masonic clubs were established every where in Portugal. The populace were every where stimulated to suspect the King, insult the authorities, and depreciate the ancient forms of government. The King was intimidated into a change of ministry, and his new ministers were dictated to him by the masonic lodges; extravagant innovation was running the round of the kingdom, and the kingdom must have soon sunk into anarchy or a republic. The danger was excessive, and its excess roused the higher ranks from the habitual indolence of the foreign nobility. A strong party was formed, with the Queen at its head, for the protection of the throne and constitution; but the innovators were already in possession of the whole power of the state, the King, and the kingdom.

It is a characteristic of the hasty revolutions of the Peninsula, that they have been exclusively the work of the army. Disbanded troops are bad legislators, and ill-paid armies are worse. The war had impoverished the finances of the Peninsula; the soldiery took the law into their own hands; and the Spanish army in the Isle of Leon hoisted the standard of revolt in 1820. A regiment in Oporto followed its example in August of the same year. They demanded a Cortes. They were seconded by the sudden outcry of Jacobinism throughout the Peninsula and Europe. The populace were told to expect release

from all burdens—a golden age—and they gladly echoed the cry. The King was terrified by the uproar, and the Cortes were established, with the code of Cadiz of 1812, totally hostile as it was to the ancient institutions, and breathing the spirit of republicanism in every line for their acknowledged model. The Cortes continued its control for nearly three years. Its folly had long signed its fate. The Queen and the nobles saw that it was sinking; and they determined that it should sink thoroughly. The eldest son of the throne was in Rio de Janeiro; they put the second, Dom Miguel, at the head of a small body of troops on the 27th of May 1823, at Villa Franca, some miles from Lisbon. There he published a proclamation, declaring the uselessness of the Cortes; and there he was joined by the King. The nation, weary of the burlesque of liberty, received the proclamation with a burst of joy, and the King was once more a Sovereign. The Cortes followed the example of their brothers of Spain, swore to shed the last drop of their blood for liberty, and ran away with the oath on their lips. Some fled outright; about sixty signed a protest, and fled after them. The rest made their submission. Dom Miguel, then a boy, was appointed Generalissimo by the King in sign of royal approbation.

But the measure was imperfect. The King, still alarmed by the menaces of the defeated revolutionists, took the measure of appointing a minister hostile to the Queen's party. This was felt to be an insult, and the same daring experiment of force was again tried. On the 30th of April, Dom Miguel, as commander-in-chief, ordered a body of troops to parade in one of the squares of Lisbon, and sent detachments to arrest the ministers, Pamplona, Palmela, the head of the police, of the customs, and some other obnoxious heads of departments. But the alarm had rapidly spread, the palace was roused, the ambassadors of the foreign Powers hastened to protect the King from what they conceived to be a revolution. The troops were sent to their quarters, and Lisbon remained in a state of formidable excitement. The excitement rapidly increased, until John the Sixth cou-

ceived that his life was in danger. The French ambassador then proposed that he should retire on board the French fleet until the disturbance was appeased. The offer was curiously characteristic of the land of compliment; there was no French fleet in the Tagus. A letter was dispatched to their squadron in Cadiz. But in the mean time the British ambassador had offered the King an asylum in Windsor Castle. The King went on board, and published an edict, censuring the late transactions. Dom Miguel, on the 10th, was admitted to the royal presence for the purpose of vindicating himself; and, in pursuance of the order for his appearance, he was not suffered to reland. A letter was published, as written by him, and evidently dictated under duress, apologizing for his errors as those of youth; and "fearing that his presence in Portugal might afford a pretext to evil-minded persons to renew disturbances and intrigues, very foreign to the pure sentiments which he had just uttered, requesting his Majesty's permission to travel for some time in Europe," &c. This letter was dated the 12th, and on the same day the Prince was sent on board a frigate for Brest, thence to be transmitted into the care or custody of Prince Metternich at Vienna. During his absence a Court of Enquiry was formed for the express purpose of investigating the guilt of all persons concerned under the orders of Dom Miguel. The commission was busily employed during a year and a half. No evidence could be procured of any culpability in the Prince, beyond that of the forcible arrest of the ministers. And at the end of that time, the King, wearied with the uselessness of the proceeding, or alarmed at the open expressions of the public disgust, dissolved the tribunal.

At Vienna, there can be no doubt whatever, that the Portuguese Prince was a prisoner. He was treated by the court with great civility; but he was not suffered to have any correspondence with his country. All Portuguese were prohibited from approaching him. Though constantly about the person of the Emperor, he was not suffered to go with him on his Italian tour, notoriously from the

facility of escape from the Italian ports, but was sent to travel in Hungary. The fact of duress is confirmed by the subsequent acknowledgment of a stipulation on the part of Austria, "not to let loose Dom Miguel, to oppose in Portugal the execution of his brother's decrees."

In the mean time, the old King John the Sixth had died, and the crown had been offered to Dom Pedro, on condition, of course, of his returning from Brazil, and answered by the following Imperial declaration, at the opening of the Brazilian Chambers:—

"On the 24th of last April, the anniversary of the embarkation of my father and lord, Dom John the Sixth, for Portugal, I received the melancholy and unexpected news of his death. The keenest grief seized upon my heart. The plan which it was incumbent on me to follow, on finding myself, when I least expected it, the legitimate King of Portugal, Algarves, and the dominions thereof, rushed to my mind. Grief and duty alternately swayed my breast; but laying every thing aside, I looked to the interests of Brazil. I clung to my word. I wished to uphold my own honour, and deliberated within my-self what could promote the happiness of Portugal; what it would be indecorous for me not to do. How great must have been the agony that tortured my heart, on seeking out the means of promoting the happiness of the Portuguese nation, without offending Brazil, and of separating them (notwithstanding that they are already separate), in such manner as that they may never again be united! I confirmed in Portugal the regency which my father had appointed. I proclaimed an amnesty. I bestowed a constitution. I dedicated and yielded up all the indisputable and inalienable rights which I held to the crown of the Portuguese monarchy, and the sovereignty of these kingdoms, in favour of my much beloved and esteemed daughter and Princess, Donna Maria da Gloria, now Queen of Portugal, Maria the Second. This I felt bound to do for my own honour and that of Brazil. Let those still incredulous Brazilians, therefore, know (as they already ought to have known) that the interest of Brazil, and the love

of her independence, are so strong in me, that I abdicated the crown of the Portuguese monarchy, which, by indisputable right belonged to me, only because it might hereafter implicate the interests of Brazil, of which country I am the perpetual defender."

The constitution to which the speech alludes, was the memorable one so unaccountably taken charge of by the British minister, Sir Charles Stuart, and which Dom Pedro had compiled within a week; one half, as is alleged, copied from the French constitution of 1791, and the other half from the new Brazilian code. Why the Brazilian Emperor should have promulgated a republican constitution is not to be reasoned upon. According to some, it was to secure popularity with the Brazilians, who are all amateurs in legislation; according to others, it was from an ambition of making a government on his own plan. But in Portugal it was received with infinite disgust by the whole influential part of the community. The pride of the nation was equally irritated by the rejection of its crown, and by its disposal. The ancient sovereignty of Portugal seemed thrown into contempt by its being thus summarily given to a child. The men of property were alarmed by the revolutionary turn of the charter. The patriots felt that the long minority of the little Princess would virtually render Portugal but a viceroyalty in the hands of the Regents appointed by Dom Pedro, and the kingdom but a province of Brazil. The spirit of insubordination rapidly spread; it grew too strong to be checked by the feeble government of the Infanta, who had been appointed to the Regency on the death of the King; and in the month of September 1826, a regiment quartered at Braganza, under the Viscount de Monte Alegre, proclaimed Dom Miguel, and marched to the Spanish frontier, where they were joined by a number of soldiery and some civil functionaries. At the same moment, in the Alentejo, nearly all the regiments proclaimed Dom Miguel, and protested against the charter. The insurrection became general, and the Regency was on the point of being forcibly extinguished. In this emergency the

British Cabinet interposed. The arming and recruiting of the insurgents in Spain, gave Mr Canning a ground for asserting that Portugal was invaded by a hostile force.

The British troops sent hastily to Lisbon repelled the danger for the time. The insurgents retired into Spain, where they were disarmed by the government, and the Princess Regent was once more in safety. But it was obvious that this state of things could not continue. British troops could not keep perpetual garrison in Portugal; the national feeling could not be continually coerced. The Infanta's government must finally give way; and for the double purpose of tranquillizing the public mind, and ensuring the connexion of Portugal and Brazil, another expedient was resorted to, the marriage of Dom Miguel with his niece, the daughter of Dom Pedro: a disgusting and criminal alliance, but of which there had been examples in the royal line, the late King himself having been the offspring of Queen Maria the First, by her uncle Dom Pedro.

Dom Miguel had now been three years and a half under Austrian surveillance. He was now twenty-five years old, and it would have been difficult to keep him a prisoner any longer, without bringing down strong European animadversion. The Emperor of Brazil, on the 3d of July 1827, had also issued a decree, in which, after pronouncing an eulogium on "the good qualities, activity, and firmness of character" exhibited by the Prince, he appointed him "his lieutenant, with full powers to govern in conformity to the provisions of the charter." This decree was communicated to the British court and the Austrian. On the 6th of October Prince Metternich communicated to Dom Miguel the intelligence that he might return to his own country, with a proviso that he should *not* return through Spain. Dom Miguel insisted on his sailing in no other than a Portuguese vessel, as his country would feel itself offended by his returning under any other flag. Prince Metternich expressed some displeasure at this determination, and informed his prisoner that if any farther obstructions arose, "he *must* await at Vienna the

orders of Dom Pedro." After this specimen of his free-will, the oath to the charter was administered to him, and the civil contract of his espousals with Donna Maria was celebrated.

He was now let loose; he came to London, as we all recollect; was received graciously by the late King, and, if we are to believe general report, distinctly pledged himself to his Majesty and his ministers, to the observance of the charter. He reached Lisbon on the 22d of February 1828. The national outcry was instantly and unequivocally raised for his assumption of the throne.

The dispatches of the British ambassador, Sir Frederick Lamb, give full testimony on this point. It is first stated, that "on the days immediately succeeding the landing of the Prince, cries of 'Long live Dom Miguel the First,' were heard." The second dispatch, March 1st, states, that "his Royal Highness was incessantly assailed with recommendations to declare himself King, and reign without the Chambers: further saying, that it depended entirely his will to do so, as the Chambers would offer no opposition, and the measure would be popular with the great majority of the country." The public feeling on this subject continued to increase. The novel constitution of Dom Pedro was so hostile to the habits of the country, that it was received with universal displeasure. In the ambassador's dispatch of March 23d, he distinctly says, that "no party of any consequence appeared to attach the least value to the charter." The national feeling being thus declared, and the whole kingdom being in a state of angry ferment, Dom Miguel, as Regent of Portugal, convened the Cortes, by decree of May 6th, 1828, "for the purpose of deciding on the application of certain weighty points of law, and thus re-establishing public order." The mayors and municipalities were directed to proceed to the election of delegates, &c., "according to the form *already fixed* in the previous elections," and thus to renew the Cortes. The Cortes met, and their "public and solemn award" was as follows:—

"The national opinion, declared at various periods, and according to

divers events in our history, excludes from the right of succession to the crown of Portugal, the actual first-born of the distinguished House of Braganza, and in his person, as in law obviously acknowledged, *all his descendants*. A foreigner through choice and preference of his own, a foreigner by treaties, the laws of Lisbon exclude him, in accordance with those of Lamego. Deprived of present, future, and, morally speaking, all possible residence in this kingdom, he was, in like manner, excluded by the letters patent of 1642." The document closes with declaring, that "the laws, with all the Portuguese who love and respect them, award to the *second son* the succession to the crown, from which the laws themselves had so justly excluded the first."

In pursuance of this award, the Three Orders of the State signed the following declaration, July 11, 1828.

"The Three Estates of the Realm finding that the most clear and peremptory laws excluded from the crown of Portugal, previously to the 10th of March 1826 (the time of the late King's death), Dom Pedro and his descendants, and for this same reason called in the person of Dom Miguel and his descendants, the second line thereto; and that every thing that is alleged or may be alleged to the contrary is of no moment, they *unanimously* acknowledged and declared in their several resolutions, and in this general one also do acknowledge and declare, that to the King, our Lord, Senhor Dom Miguel, the first of that name, from the 10th of March 1826, the aforesaid crown of Portugal has justly belonged. Wherefore all that Senhor Dom Pedro, in his character of King of Portugal, which did not belong to him, has done and enacted, ought to be reputed and declared void, and particularly what is called the Constitutional Charter of the Portuguese Monarchy, dated the 29th of April, in the year 1826. And in order that the same may appear, this present act and resolution has been drawn up and signed by *all* the persons assisting at the Cortes, on account of the Three Estates of the Realm."

This document is unanswerable as a proof of the national opinion. The

palpable fact is, that the Portuguese, looking upon Dom Pedro as for life the monarch of a distant land, and equally convinced that any government delegated from him to his daughter, who was still a child, as to a regency, would be nothing less than turning their kingdom into a dependency on the government of the Emperor of Brazil, determined that the ancient honours of Portugal should not be humiliated, and thus determined that they would have a king of their own. Dom Pedro had already in the most express manner declared the separation of Brazil from Portugal, and his resolution to resist by the sword any attempt to renew its dependence on the mother country. His proclamation to the Brazilians on the 10th of June 1821, two years *before* the death of his father, was "to arms, Brazilians. Independence or Death is our watchword." This was followed by a declaration, that he had *identified* himself with the Brazilians, and was resolved to share their fate, "whatever it might be." No man could have more utterly cut down the bridge between himself and the succession. His sitting on the throne of Brazil was in fact a *rebellion*, which extinguished all civil rights in Portugal.

As the Cortes of Lamego has been adverted to on both sides for the Portuguese law of succession, its history is worth stating.

Don Alonzo Henriquez, the first monarch, was proclaimed King by the army and people, and the choice being referred for confirmation to the great authority of the time, the Pope, was by him confirmed. The Pope, was the celebrated Innocent the Third, the general distributor of European crowns. The election was made at a period still memorable in Portuguese history, the vigil of the famous fight of Ourique, in which the Moorish invaders were totally defeated. This event was nearly half a century previous to the memorable meeting at which the law of royal succession was finally settled. The Cortes of Lamego, summoned in 1143, declared the crown to be hereditary in the line of Don Alonzo; the crown to descend by primogeniture; females to inherit, on condition of their marrying subjects of Portugal,

but with a perfect and perpetual exclusion of *all foreigners* from the throne.

From the original possessor the crown descended through eight princes of his line, the last of them, Ferdinand the First, leaving no children. The law of the Cortes of Lamego had not sufficiently provided for this case, and the three estates of the realm, the Cortes, were summoned to meet at Coimbra in 1383, to deliberate on the new emergency. The first process was to prove the throne vacant, which was done in the usual forms by the Chancellor Joao das Regras. The next was to provide a possessor, which was done by proposing that the sceptre should be given to the Grand Master of Aviz, for his gallant services in the war against the Spaniards, as well as in consequence of his royal blood. The act set forth, that, "Seeing that the kingdoms, as well as the government and defence thereof, have become vacated and bereft, after the death of King Ferdinand, the last in possession, and being without king, ruler, or any other defender whatever, who can or ought by right to inherit the same, we all agreeing in our love and deliberation, &c., in the name of the Holy and Undivided Trinity, do hereby name, elect, and receive in the best and most valid manner provided by law, the aforesaid Grand Master, and solemnly professed of the Cistercian Order of Aviz, Senhor Dom Joao, first of the name among those of Portugal, and illegitimate son of Peter the First, as our King and Lord, as well as of the aforesaid kingdoms of Portugal and Algarves. And we grant unto him that he should call himself King, as also that he may be able to do and command for our government and defence, as well as for that of the aforesaid kingdoms, all those things, and each one of them, touching the office of King," &c. &c.

By this prince a connexion was formed with our country. Dom Joao, after he was released from his vows of celibacy as Grand Master, marrying Philippa, the daughter of the Duke of Lancaster, an undisputed though varied succession followed. The Prince Duarte, his son, ascended the throne at his death; then Alonzo the Fifth; then John the Second,

who, dying childless, left the crown to Emanuel Duke de Beja, son of Edward the First, notwithstanding the competitorship and nearer claim of the Emperor Maximilian, in 1495. The crown now descended to his son, John the Third; and from him to Sebastian, the grandson of the late monarch. The crown next fell into the possession of Cardinal Henry, son of Emanuel. Then began the evil days of Portugal. On the death of Henry a crowd of competitors started up; among whom was the relentless and bloody Philip the Second of Spain. Before the master of the New World, and perhaps the most powerful sovereign of the Old, all opposition hid its diminished head. Philip seized on the Portuguese crown, and held the people in merciless thralldom.

The Spaniards profess an ancient scorn of the Portuguese, which the Portuguese have returned by an ancient hate. The antipathy of the master and the subject was felt in perpetual quarrels, but it was not till after the lapse of more than half a century that the chain was broken. The eyes of the nation had long been fixed on the Duke of Braganza, a brave and popular nobleman; the public irritation was roused into fury by the extortions of a tyrannical and insolent Viceroy, Vasconcellos; a meeting was held of noblemen, in which it was determined to shake off the intolerable yoke of Spain. The determination was promptly executed; the palace guards were surprised and disarmed; the Viceroy was thrown out of his chamber window; the Spanish authority was declared to be at an end, and John Duke of Braganza was proclaimed King.

To confirm this fortunate revolution by a public act, the three estates were summoned to Lisbon in 1641. The perils of a contested succession had been bitterly felt in the sixty-one years of suffering from which they had but just escaped; and the first object of the Cortes was to state, with a clearness which should preclude all future doubts, the law of succession. The form of this proceeding was by petition of each of the three estates to the throne. That of the People prayed, that "Resolutions might be passed confirming those of the Cortes of Lamego, enacted by

the glorious King Alonzo Henriquez, the founder of the monarchy; and that it should be so ordained, that the throne may never again be inherited by any foreign king or prince whatsoever; so that the sovereign who is to be such over this kingdom of Portugal, be a natural and legitimate Portuguese born in the kingdom, and held bound to abide and dwell personally therein," &c. &c.

The petition of the Nobility prayed, that "a law be passed, ordaining that the succession of this kingdom shall not at any time come to a foreign prince, nor to his children, notwithstanding they may be next of kin to the last King in possession. Further, that when it happens that the sovereign of these realms succeeds to *any larger kingdom* or lordship, he shall *always be bound to reside in this*; and having two or more male children, that the eldest shall succeed to the foreign kingdom, and the second to this one of Portugal."

The third estate, the Clergy, adopted the same sentiments, declaring that "experience having shewn the injuries which result to kingdoms from princes, who are not natural born, succeeding thereto, they submitted to the King the expediency and fitness of putting an end to those grievances," &c. &c. The King, John the Fourth, immediately acquiesced in those petitions; his answers confirming their requests were embodied into letters patent, and the law of the Cortes of Lamego, thus reinforced, became once more the law of the land, by decree of the 12th of September 1642, signed by the King.

The state of the question having been thus given from acknowledged documents, the conclusion is inevitable, that whoever may have the right to the Portuguese throne, Dom Pedro and his descendants have none. His right is nullified by the ancient laws, by his own direct acts, and by the national opinion. If he cannot govern Portugal in his own person, he cannot govern it by a delegated authority, let the name be Donna Maria, Count Palmela, or what it will. At this moment there is not the slightest evidence that he has any valid portion of the national will on his side. He has been a twelve-month in Europe, and not a single province of Portugal has declared in

his favour; he has been nearly three months in Portugal, and notwithstanding proclamations, and the lavish distribution of money, no portion of the people have joined him; no man of rank has come over to his side; he has seized on a single strong position, and in that he is besieged. In that position, too, he is sustained altogether by foreign succours, for if he were left to his Portuguese resources, he must surrender within a week. His provisions, his ammunition, his arms, his troops, come from foreign countries. His recruits Poles, Swiss, French, English—every thing but Portuguese; while his adversary is surrounded by all the influential classes, traverses the provinces with a couple of grooms, is every where received with triumphal arches, feasts, and congratulations; and fights his competitor's foreign brigades, at the head of a native militia. This settles the question of public opinion; and if Dom Pedro is to be made Regent of Portugal, it must be by the bayonet.

The personal merits of the competitors can be a matter of but little import to us. They are, probably, nearly on a par for good and evil. The brothers are both brave, and possibly both disposed to use their authority as men born under arbitrary governments are in the habit of doing. Dom Pedro has been already expelled from a throne for alleged unconstitutional and arbitrary conduct. Dom Miguel has, at least, the advantage of him in this point, for he has not been so expelled; and the nation even plunge into foreign war to keep him on the throne. He has been called a tyrant; but it is clear that he has not yet earned the odium of his country. That there may be men in Portugal who love the charter, and hate the King,—that there may be real lovers of liberty, who prefer the constitution of Dom Pedro to the ancient forms of government,—that there are many Voltairists, French agents, avowed atheists, and conscious Jacobins, who would prefer any change that gave them a chance of general rapine or revenge,—that Dom Miguel may have imprisoned open repugnants to his authority, or hanged soldiers mutinying under arms, may all be true; but as neither the attachment of the

one to the charter, nor the corruptions of the other, can prove that the rule of Dom Pedro is the national wish, so neither the imprisonment, nor even the death, of the individuals in question, can stigmatize the government with the name of tyranny. Unquestionably his reign has not exhibited any of those sweeping executions, that love for indiscriminate vengeance, that passion for a fierce and bloody exercise of power, which deserves the name of tyranny. There has been no one instance of the death of a man of rank or fortune on the scaffold,—there has been no death, even of the lowest order, so far as we have heard, without a trial,—there has been no arbitrary confiscation, certainly there has been no systematic public plunder, violence, or vindictiveness. And yet the throne has been perpetually in a situation which might have offered strong temptations to severity. Surrounded with incentives to the most violent exercise of power; party, whether right or wrong, busy, for the last four years, against the possessor of the throne; conspiracy incessantly sowed in the provinces; correspondence with foreign and hostile courts sedulously sustained; a rival sovereign going the rounds of Europe, and canvassing commiseration from every people; Dom Pedro holding an integral portion of the realm in actual possession, and fitting out from it an expedition against the royal authority; attempts of all kinds made to rouse the populace to revolt, to corrupt the army, to shake the credit of the throne with foreign powers, and, finally, to drive its possessor to the last extremities of personal disgrace and ruin;—if personal vengeance could be justified, it might seek its justification in circumstances like these. Yet this vengeance has never been detected. We in vain at this moment ask if there is on record a single authentic charge of cruelty against the possessor of the Portuguese throne. The English newspapers, undoubtedly, have decided otherwise. There is not a Radical journal, from the *Land's End* to the *Orkneys*, that has not sat in judgment on him, and summarily pronounced him to be a monster. The Radical orators in the House, the echoes of the Radical journals, and

who dare not be any thing else, have followed this high authority, and blackened him with the most sulky physiognomy of despotism. But if we demand the facts for our own guidance, we still are answered by mere declamation.

The charge against Dom Miguel of having violated his oath, a charge which has earned for him the angry animadversions of the successive Foreign Secretaries, Lords Aberdeen and Palmerston, is of a more serious quality. Our business is not to vindicate him; but let us know the exact state of the case, before we fasten upon a prince the charge of perjury more than upon any other man. The only known and formal declaration on the point is his oath to the charter taken at Vienna. That oath was, unquestionably, taken under circumstances in which no oath should be demanded of any individual. The Prince was *not a free agent*—he was *under duress*. He had been sent a prisoner to Vienna—he had been kept there in *surveillance* for three years and a half—he might have been kept there during his life, if it had answered the policy of Austria. At the end of the three years and a half an oath was tendered to him, notoriously opposed to all his opinions. Who can tell but the refusal of that oath would have been the sentence of his exile or imprisonment? Who is there now to tell us the distinct features which might have made an oath of that nature no more valid than an oath extorted by the pistol of a highwayman? All is cloudy still. On this point we have no materials for decision. Common justice must wait for clearer information than any that has reached the world.

Dom Miguel's presumed pledges to our King and his Ministers, have not yet been presented to the public knowledge with even the feeble and imperfect formality of the Vienna oath. Whether they were delivered as promise, opinion, or conjecture; whether they were solemnly given, or simply expressed in the laxity of conversation, or extorted in the shape of hopes or fears, remains to be told. This only is certain, that at the time of Dom Miguel's brief sojourn in this country, the late King was unfortunately in a state of health which nearly precluded all public business;

and of the Foreign Secretary it is enough to say, that he was Lord Dudley, a nobleman whose condition of mind then was nearly as eccentric as it is now. With a Sovereign racked by pain, and a minister proverbial for the ramblings of his mind, we must require more evidence than has hitherto transpired, to decide that any pledge was given which could convict the giver of a deliberate intention to deceive.

But let us suppose that he did intend to deceive—that he was dipped in the deepest stain of tergiversation—what is that to the English people? Where have we acquired the right of bringing foreign princes into judgment, let their veracity be what it may? The point is altogether personal. It involves no breach of national treaty, it has perfected no national offence. It may be a matter for the Portuguese nation to consider. But it is evident that they have not considered it to be worth their attention; and what right have we to declare to Portugal that she shall not have a King according to her own choice, because he broke his oath to his Austrian jailer, or beguiled the wandering intellects of an English Secretary? To put the extreme case—if Dom Miguel were personally guilty of every crime that could degrade the human character, we might scorn and hate the individual, we might pronounce him unfit to sit upon a throne, if we will, but the arbitration does not rest with us. The Portuguese nation, fully acquainted with the man and the character, have chosen him for their monarch. And which among our most red-hot settlers of nations, will venture to say that they must wait for the approbation of England on the matter? if they have chosen ill, the ill be on them. But the choice can be no more an affair of ours than the calamity. The Portuguese have shewn that their choice was spontaneous; they have since shewn that they adhere to their choice; they are at this hour holding out defiance to the two most powerful nations of Europe, England and France, in assertion of their choice; and in the name of justice, freedom, and common sense, what right have we to say that they shall not have the King whom they have chosen? In these remarks we

have no idea of charging the English councils with any factious and intermeddling ambition. They may have been involved in the dispute by the original weakness of Mr Canning's intervention-policy, and by the new system of flattering the French government. We speak of the whole transaction, *not* in the spirit of party, but in the common sense of everyday life. With the Portuguese choice of the sitter on the throne, England has unquestionably no right whatever to interfere.

But in one point we must beware lest we are, however unconsciously, drawing a degree of guilt upon ourselves; and that point is, the present practice of raising soldiers for the Portuguese contest. No man has a *right* to shed the blood of man but in self defence, or for the protection of the weak, and this latter only in extreme cases. The soldier fighting for his country, fights virtually in self-defence. But who can place the recruits that are going off daily to fight in Portugal, in the list of self-defenders? We are not at war with Portugal as a nation, yet do we not sanction, by this winking at the act, the crime of men going to shoot Portuguese for their pay? The same rule which now leads the British recruit to fight in Portugal, would sanction murder on the high-road. The highwayman shoots men for what he can get by it. What personal feeling can the British half-pay officer, or the common soldier, have in the quarrel between two Portuguese princes? His feeling is, notoriously and simply, a desire to be employed, to get pay and promotion, and for that purpose he sheds the blood of Portuguese officers and soldiers; strangers, whom he would never meet but for thus seeking their blood; and with whom he has no more national or personal quarrel than with the man in the moon. Beyond all doubt, this act of utterly unprovoked and unnecessary aggression in the individual, is murder—murder in the eyes of God and man. In this statement, we advocate the cause, no more of Dom Miguel than of Don Pedro. Embarking in the service of either, the British officer would be equally criminal. Our government may not be able to prevent the entering of private and mi-

litary persons into the quarrels of foreign countries. But over its half-pay list it has a hold; and if it shall suffer a single individual to raise men in this country for either of the parties, it, beyond all controversy, puts itself into a position of belligerency. On this head we shall rejoice to see our policy retracted. If the Portuguese princes will continue to present to Europe a spectacle unprecedented among all the frightful, disgusting, and guilty spectacles of later times, two brothers seeking each other's blood; let the British take the only part suitable to a wise and moral people; let the British nation distinctly refuse to be an accomplice in this hideous exhibition; or, if we must exert our power, let us exert it to conciliate and appease, and put forth our intervention to stop a contest which outrages every public interest, every principle of humanity, and every command of religion.

The exact state of the question is this. Before the death of the late King John the Sixth, Dom Pedro had, by an act of direct revolt, declared Brazil independent of Portugal, and himself Emperor. On the death of the late King, in 1826, the Portuguese nation, notwithstanding the revolt, offered their crown to Dom Pedro, on condition of his returning to Portugal, which, by the ancient laws, was essential to his possession of the throne. The throne then, by those laws, came to the second son of the late King, but that son was a prisoner in Austria. A regency was appointed in this emergency, by the influence of Dom Pedro, at the head of which was his sister, the Infanta, which regency was suffered only in consequence of the annexed condition, that on the second son's arriving at the age of twenty-five that son should assume the regency; a provision which notoriously pointed out Dom Miguel, he being twenty-three at the time, but incapable of the throne by reason of his being in captivity. But even with this proviso the national discontent grew so violent, that it produced the insurrection and invasion, which were put down only by the British troops sent out by Mr Canning, on the pretext that, as coming from Spain, they constituted a Spanish invasion. It was thus found necessary to release Dom Miguel, and appoint him Regent in

order to quiet the public tumults, and preserve any shew of dependence on Dom Pedro. But with this nominal Sovereign the Portuguese nation were not content. They considered a regency to be an acknowledgment of dependence on a power which had constituted itself altogether a separate and foreign state. With a perfectly justifiable national feeling, they refused to suffer the colony to become the disposer of the parent state; and they, in 1828, proclaimed Dom Miguel king, for the mere object of national independence, and in undoubted consistency with the spirit of their whole code of laws referring to the throne. Dom Pedro now, for the purpose of shaking Dom Miguel's succession, transferred to his daughter, Donna Maria, a right which existed no longer, he having already alienated it from himself, and set her up as a rival to the prince of the national choice. The Portuguese nation, still considering that the government of a child must be but a contrivance for keeping the country under the jurisdiction of the father, and being justified by the laws of the Cortes, rejecting the foreign King and *his descendants*, refused to receive her as their Queen; and have armed in defence of the sovereign whom they chose, certainly without any intervention of foreign aid, for whom they are now fighting, and whom they have hitherto shewn no tendency whatever, under all their temptations, to abjure.

It is evident that Dom Pedro, without his foreign brigades, and his foreign money, could not stay an hour in Portugal; it is equally clear that Dom Miguel is fighting with no other strength than the force of the country. It is equally clear that a continuance of the struggle can only alienate Portugal from England, disturb Spain with fears of revolution abetted by England, and, as the result, make them both listen to the first overtures from Austria and Russia as conservatives of the old European system, in case of that war which now seems to menace Europe. The character of the individuals is comparatively unimportant to the question. The only point for England to consider is, whether she can have any right to dictate the choice of a Sovereign to an independent nation.

TOM CRINGLE'S LOG.

CHAP. XVII.

SCENES IN CUBA.

Anchor. ————— Safely in harbour
Is the King's ship.—In the deep nook where once
Thou calledst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still vexed Bermoothes—there she's hid.
The Tempest.

THE spirit had indeed fled—the ethereal essence had departed—and the poor wasted and blood-stained husk which lay before us, could no longer be moved by our sorrows, or gratified by our sympathy. Yet I stood riveted to the spot, until I was aroused by the deep-toned voice of *Padre* Carera, who, lifting up his hands towards heaven, addressed the Almighty in extempore prayer, beseeching his mercy to our erring sister who had just departed. The unusualness of this startled me.—“As the tree falls, so must it lie,” had been the creed of my forefathers, and was mine; but now for the first time I heard a clergyman wrestling in mental agony, and interceding with the God who hath said, “Repent before the night cometh in which no man can work,” for a sinful creature, whose worn-out frame was now as a clod of the valley. But I had little time for consideration, as presently all the negro servants of the establishment set up a loud howl, as if they had lost their nearest and dearest. “Oh, our poor dear young mistress is dead! She has gone to the bosom of the Virgin!—She is gone to be happy!”—“Then why the deuce make such a yelling?” quoth Bang in the other room, when this had been translated to him. Glad to leave the chamber of death, I entered the large hall, where I had left our friend.

“I say, Tom—awful work. Hear how the rain pours, and—murder—such a flash! Why, in Jamaica, we don’t startle greatly at lightning, but absolutely I heard it hiss—there, again”—the noise of the thunder stopped further colloquy, and the wind now burst down the valley with a loud roar.

Don Ricardo joined us. “My good friends—we are in a scrape here—what is to be done?—a melancholy

affair altogether.”—Bang’s curiosity here fairly got the better of him.

“I say, *Don Ricartibus*—do—beg pardon, though—do give over this humbugging outlandish lingo of yours—speak like a Christian, in your mother tongue, and leave off your Spanish, which now, since I know it is all a *ham*, seems to sit as strangely on you as my grandmother’s *toupce* would on Tom Cringle’s Mary.”

“Now do pray, Mr Bang,” said I, when Don Ricardo broke in—

“Why, Mr Bang, I am, as you now know, a Scotchman.”

“How do I know any such thing—that is, for a certainty—while you keep cruising amongst so many lingo’s, as Tom there says?”

“The *docken*, man,” said I.—Don Ricardo smiled.

“I am a Scotchman, my dear sir; and the same person who in his youth was neither more nor less than wee Richy Cluche, in the long town of Kirkaldy, is in his old age *Don Ricardo Campana* of St Jago de Cuba. But more of this anon,—at present we are in the house of mourning, and alas the day! that it should be so.”

By this time the storm had increased most fearfully, and as Don Ricardo, Aaron, and myself, sat in the dark damp corner of the large gloomy hall, we could scarcely see each other, for the lightning had now ceased, and the darkness was so thick, that had it not been for the light from the large funeral wax tapers, which had been instantly lit upon poor Maria’s death, in the room where she lay, that streamed through the open door, we should have been unable to see our very fingers before us.

“What is that?” said Campana; “heard you nothing, gentlemen?”

In the lulls of the rain and the blast, the same long low cry was

heard, which had startled me by Maria's bedside, and occasioned the sudden and fatal exertion which had been the cause of the bursting out afresh of the bloodvessel.

"Why," said I, "it is little more than three o'clock in the afternoon yet, dark as it is; let us sally out, Mr Bang, for I verily believe that the hollo we have heard is my Captain's voice, and, if I conjecture rightly, he must have arrived at the other side of the river, probably with the Doctor."

"Why, Tom," quoth Aaron, "it is only three in the afternoon, as you say, although by the sky I could almost vouch for its being midnight,—but I don't like that shouting—Did you ever read of a water-kelpie, Don Richy?"

"Poo, poo, nonsense," said the Don; "Mr Cringle is, I fear, right enough." At this moment the wind thundered at the door and window-shutters, and howled amongst the neighbouring trees and round the roof, as if it would have blown the house down upon our devoted heads. The cry was again heard, during a momentary pause.

"Zounds!" said Bang, "it is the skipper's voice, as sure as fate—he must be in danger—let us go and see, Tom."

"Take me with you," said Campana,—the foremost always when any good deed was to be done,—and, in place of clapping on his great-coat to meet the storm, to our unutterable surprise, he began to disrobe himself, all to his trowsers and large straw hat. He then called one of the servants, "*trac me un lasso.*" The *lasso*, a long thong of plaited hide, was forthwith brought; he coiled it up in his left hand. "Now, Pedro," said he to the negro servant who had fetched it, (a tall strapping fellow,) "you and Gaspar follow me. Gentlemen, are you ready?" Gaspar appeared, properly accoutred, with a long pole in one hand and a thong similar to Don Ricardo's in the other, he as well as his comrade being stark naked all to their waistcloths. "Ah, well done, my sons," said Don Ricardo, as both the negroes prepared to follow their master. So off we started to the door, although we heard the *tormenta* raging without with appalling fury. Bang undid the

latch, and the next moment he was flat on his back, the large leaf having flown open with tremendous violence, capsizing him like an infant.

The *Padre* from the inner chamber came to our assistance, and by our joint exertions we at length got the door to again and barricaded, after which we made our exit from the lee-side of the house by a window. Under other circumstances, it would have been difficult to refrain from laughing at the appearance we made. We were all drenched in an instant after we left the shelter of the house, and there was old Campana, naked to the waist, with his large *sombrero* and long pigtail hanging down his back, like a mandarin of twenty buttons. Next followed his two black assistants, naked as I have described them, all three with their coils of rope in their hands, like a hangman and his deputies; then advanced friend Bang and myself, without our coats or hats, with handkerchiefs tied round our heads, and our bodies bent down so as to stem the gale as strongly as we could.

But the planting attorney, a great schemer, a kind of Will Wimble in his way, had thought fit, of all things in the world, to bring his umbrella, which the wind, as might have been expected, reversed most unceremoniously the moment he attempted to hoist it, and tore it from the staff, so that, on the impulse of the moment, he had to clutch the flying red silk and thrust his head through the centre, where the stick had stood, as if he had been some curious flower. As we turned the corner of the house, the full force of the storm met us right in the teeth, when flap flew Don Ricardo's hat past us; but the two blackamoors had taken the precaution to strap each of theirs down with a strong-grass lanyard. We continued to work to windward, while every now and then the hollo came past us on the gale louder and louder, until it guided us to the fording which we had crossed on our first arrival. We stopped there;—the red torrent was rushing tumultuously past us, but we saw nothing save a few wet and shivering negroes on the opposite side, who had sheltered themselves under a cliff, and were busily employed in attempting to light a fire. The holloing continued.

"Why, what *can* be wrong?" at length said Don Ricardo, and he shouted to the people on the opposite side.

He might as well have spared his breath, for, although they saw his gestures and the motion of his lips, they no more heard him than we did them, as they very considerably in return made mouths at us, bellowing no doubt that they could not hear us.

"Don Ricardo—Don Ricardo!" at this crisis sung out Gaspar, who had clambered up the rock, to have a peep about him,—"*Ave Maria—Alla son dos pobres, que peresquen pronto, si nosotros no pueden ayudarlos.*"

"Whereabout?" said Campana—"whereabouts? speak, man, speak."

"Down in the valley—about a quarter of a league, I see two men on a large rock, in the middle of the stream; the wind is in that direction, it must be them we heard."

"God be gracious to us! true enough—true enough,—let us go to them then—my children." And we again all cantered off after the excellent Don Ricardo. But before we could reach the spot, we had to make a *detour*, and come down upon it from the precipitous brow of the beetling cliff above, for there was no beach nor shore to the swollen river, which was here very deep, and surged, rushing under the hollow bank with comparatively little noise, which was the reason why we heard the cries so distinctly.

The unfortunates who were in peril, whoever they might be, seemed to comprehend our motions, for one of them held out a white handkerchief, which I immediately answered by a similar signal, when the shouting ceased, until, guided by the negroes, we reached the verge of the cliff, and looked down from the red crumbling bank on the foaming water, as it swept past beneath. It was here about thirty yards broad, divided by a rocky wedgelike islet, on which grew a profusion of dark bushes and one large tree, whose topmost branches were on a level with us where we stood. This tree was divided, about twelve feet from the root, into two limbs, in the fork of which sat, like a big monkey, no less a personage than Captain N—himself, wet and dripping, with his clothes besmeared with mud, and shivering

with cold. At the foot of the tree sat in rueful mood, a small antique beau of an old man in a coat which had once been blue silk, wearing breeches the original colour of which no man could tell, and without his wig, his clear bald pate shining amidst the surrounding desolation like an ostrich's egg. Beside these worthies stood two trembling way-worn mules with drooping heads, their long ears hanging down most disconsolately. The moment we came in sight, the skipper hailed us.

"Why, I am hoarse with bawling, Don Ricardo, but here am I and *el Doctor Pavo Real*, in as sorry a plight as any two gentlemen need be. On attempting the ford two hours ago, blockheads as we were—beg pardon, Don Pavo"—the Doctor bowed, and grinned like a baboon—"we had nearly been drowned; indeed, we should have been drowned entirely, had we not brought up on this island of Barataria here.—But how is the young lady? tell me that," said the excellent-hearted fellow, even in the midst of his own danger.

"Mind *yourself*, my beautiful child," cried Bang. "How are we to get *you* on *terra firma*?"

"Poo—in the easiest way possible," rejoined he, with true seamanlike self-possession. "I see you have ropes—Tom Cringle, heave me the end of the line which Don Ricardo carries, will you?"

"No, no—I can do that myself," said Don Ricardo, and with a swing he hoove the leathern noose at the skipper, and whipped it over his neck in a twinkling. The Scotch Spaniard, I saw, was piuming himself on his skill, but N— was up to him, for in an instant he dropped out of it, while in slipping through he let it fall over a broken limb of the tree.

"Such an eel—such an eel!" shouted the attendant negroes, both expert hands with the *lasso* themselves.

"Now, Don Ricardo, since I am not to be had, make your end of the thong fast round that large stone there," Campana did so. "Ah, that will do." And so saying, the skipper warped himself to the top of the cliff with great agility. He was no sooner in safety himself, however,

than the idea of having left the poor doctor in peril flashed on him.

"I must return—I must return! If the river rises, the *body* will be drowned out and out."

And notwithstanding our entreaties, he *did* return as he came, and descending the tree, began apparently to argue with the little *Medico*, and to endeavour to persuade him to ascend, and make his escape as the Captain himself had done; but it would not do. *Pavo Real*—as brave a little man as ever was seen—made many salams and obeisances, but move he would not. He shook his head repeatedly, in a very solemn way, as if he had said, "My very excellent friends, I am much obliged to you, but it is impossible; my dignity would be compromised by such a proceeding."

Presently N—— appeared to wax very emphatic, and pointed to a pinnacle of limestone rock, which had stood out like a small steeple above the surface of the flashing, dark red eddies, when we first arrived on the spot, but now only stopped the water with a loud gurgle, the top rising and disappearing as the stream surged past, like a buoy *jauling* in a tide-way. The small man shook his head, but the water now rose so rapidly, that there was scarcely dry standing room for the two poor devils of mules, while the Doctor and the skipper had the greatest difficulty in finding a footing for themselves.

Time and circumstances began to press, and N——, after another unavailing attempt to persuade the Doctor, began apparently to rouse himself, and muster his energies. He first drove the mules forcibly into the stream at the side opposite where we stood, which was the deepest water, and least broken by rocks and stones, and we had the pleasure to see them scramble out safe and sound; he then put his hand to his mouth, and hailed us to throw him a rope—it was done—he caught it, and then by a significant gesture to Campana, gave him to understand that now was the time. The Don, comprehending him, hove his noose with great precision, right over the little doctor's head, and before he recovered from his surprise, the Captain slipped it under his arms, and signed to haul taught, while the *Medico*

kicked, and spurred, and backed like a restive horse. At one and the same moment, N—— made fast a *guy* round his waist, and we hoisted away, while he hauled on the other line, so that we landed the Lilliputian Esculapius safe on the top of the bank, with the wind nearly out of his body from his violent exertions, and the running of the noose.

It was now the work of a moment for the Captain to ascend the tree and again warp himself ashore, when he set himself to apologize with all his might and main, pleading strong necessity; and having succeeded in pacifying the offended dignity of the Doctor, we turned towards the house.

"Look out there," sung out Campana sharply. Time indeed, thought I, for right a-head of us, as if an invisible gigantic ploughshare had passed over the woods, a valley or chasm was suddenly opened down the hillside with a noise like thunder, and branches and whole limbs of trees were instantly torn away, and tossed into the air like straws. "Down on your noses, my fine fellows," cried the skipper. We were all flat in an instant except the *Medico*, the stubborn little brute, who stood until the tornado reached him, when in a twinkling he was cast on his back, with a violence, as I thought, to have driven his breath for ever and aye out of his body. While we lay we heard all kinds of things hurtle past us through the air, pieces of timber, branches of trees, coffee bushes, and even stones. Presently it lulled again, and we got upright to look round us.

"How will the old house stand all this, Don Ricardo?" said the drenched skipper. He had to shout to be heard. The Don was too busy to answer, but once more strode on towards the dwelling, as if he expected something even worse than we had experienced to be still awaiting us. By the time we reached it, it was full of negroes, men, women, and children, whose huts had already been destroyed, poor, drenched, miserable devils, with scarcely any clothing; and to crown our comfort, we found the roof leaking in many places. By this time the night began to fall, and our prospects were far from flattering. The rain had

entirely ceased, nor was there any lightning, but the storm was most tremendous, blowing in gusts, and veering round from east to north with the speed of thought. The force of the gale, however, gradually declined, until the wind subsided altogether, and every thing was still. The low murmured conversation of the poor negroes who environed us, was heard distinctly; the hard breathing of the sleeping children could even be distinguished. But I was by no means sure that the hurricane was over, and Don Ricardo and the rest seemed to think as I did, for there was not a word interchanged between us for some time.

"Do you hear that?" at length said Aaron Bang, as a low moaning sound rose wailing into the night air. It approached and grew louder.

"The voice of the approaching tempest amongst the higher branches of the trees," said the Captain. The rushing noise overhead increased, but still all was so calm where we sat, that you could have heard a pin drop. Poo, thought I, it *has* passed over us after all—no fear now, when one reflects how completely sheltered we are. Suddenly, however, the lights in the room where the body lay were blown out, and the roof groaned and creaked as it had been the bulkheads of a ship in a tempestuous sea.

"We shall have to cut and run from this anchorage presently, after all," said I; "the house will never hold on till morning."

The words were scarcely out of my mouth, when, as if a thunderbolt had struck it, one of the windows in the hall was driven in with a roar, as if the Falls of Niagara had been pouring overhead, and the tempest having thus forced an entrance, the roof of that part of the house where we sat was blown up, as if by gunpowder—ay, in the twinkling of an eye; and there we were with the bare walls, and the angry heaven overhead, and the rain descending in bucketsful. Fortunately, two large joists or couples, being deeply embedded in the substance of the walls, remained, when the rafters and ridge-pole were torn away, or we must have been crushed in the ruins.

There was again a deathlike lull, the wind fell to a small melancholy

sough amongst the tree-tops, but as before, where we sat, there was not a breath stirring. So complete was the calm now, that after a light had been struck, and placed on the floor in the middle of the room, shewing the surrounding group of shivering half-naked savages, with fearful distinctness, the flame shot up straight as an arrow, clear and bright, although we heard the distant roar of the storm as it rushed over the mountain above us.

This unexpected stillness frightened the women more than the fierceness of the gale at the loudest had done.

"We must go forth," said *Señora Campana*; "the elements are only gathering themselves for a more dreadful hurricane than what we have already experienced. We must go forth to the little chapel in the wood, or the next burst may, and will, bury us under the walls;" and she moved towards Maria's room, where, by this time, lights had again been placed. "We must move the body," we could hear her say; "we must all proceed to the chapel; in a few minutes the storm will be raging again as loud as ever."

"And my wife is very right," said Don Ricardo; "so, Gaspar, call the other people; have some mats, and *quates*, and mattresses carried down to the chapel, and we shall all remove, for, with half of the roof gone, it is but tempting the Almighty to remain here longer."

The word was passed, and we were soon under weigh, four negroes leading the van, carrying the uncoffined body of the poor girl on a sofa; while two servants, with large splinters of a sort of resinous wood for flambeaux, walked by the side of it. Next followed the women of the family, covered up with all the cloaks and spare garments that could be collected; then Don Picador Cangurejo, with Ricardo Campana, the skipper, Aaron Bang, and myself; the procession being closed by the household negroes, with more lights, which all burned steadily and clear.

We descended through a magnificent natural avenue of lofty trees (whose brown moss-grown trunks and fantastic boughs were strongly lit up by the blaze of the resinous torches; and the fresh white splinter-

marks where the branches had been torn off by the storm, glanced bright and clear, and the rain-drops on the dark leaves sparkled like diamonds) towards the river, along whose brink the brimful red-foaming waters rushed past us, close by the edge of the path. After walking about four hundred yards, we came to a small but massive chapel, fronting the river, the back part resting against a rocky bank, with two superb cypress-trees growing, one on each side of the door; we entered, Padre Carera leading the way. The whole area of the interior of the building did not exceed a parallelogram of twenty feet by twelve. At the eastern end, fronting the door, there was a small altar-piece of hard wood, richly ornamented with silver, and there was one or two bare wooden benches standing on the tiled floor; but the chief security we had that the building would withstand the storm, consisted in its having no window or aperture whatsoever, excepting two small *ports*, one on each side of the altar-piece, and the door, which was a massive frame of hardwood planking. The body was deposited at the foot of the altar, and the ladies, having been wrapped up in cloaks and blankets, were safely lodged in *quattres*, while we, the gentlemen of the comfortless party, seated ourselves, disconsolately enough, on the wooden benches.

The door was made fast, after the servants had kindled a blazing wood-fire on the floor; and although the flickering light cast by the wax tapers in the six large silver candlesticks which were planted beside the bier, as it blended with the red glare of the fire, and fell strong on the pale uncovered features of the corpse, and on the anxious faces of the women, was often startling enough, yet being conscious of a certain degree of security, from the thickness of the walls, we made up our minds, as well as we could, to spend the night where we were.

"I say, Tom Cringle," said Aaron Bang, "all the females are snug there, you see; we have a blazing fire on the hearth, and here is some comfort for *we* men slaves;" whereupon he produced two bottles of brandy. Don Ricardo Campana, with whom Bang seemed now to be absolutely *in league*, or, in vulgar phrase, as thick

as pickpockets, had brought a goblet of water, and a small silver drinking cup, with him, so we passed the *creature* round, and tried all we could to while away the tedious night. There had been a calm for a full hour at this time, and the Captain had stepped out to reconnoitre, and on his return he had reported that the swollen stream had very much subsided.

"Well, we shall get away, I hope, to-morrow morning, after all," whispered Bang.

He had scarcely spoken when it began to pelt and rain again, as if a waterspout had burst overhead, but there was no wind.

"Come, that is the clearing up of it," said Cloche.

At this precise moment the priest was sitting with folded arms, beyond the body, on a stool or tressle, in the little alcove or recess where it lay. Right overhead was one of the small round apertures in the gable of the chapel, which, opening on the bank, appeared to the eye a round black spot in the white-washed wall. The bright wax-lights shed a strong lustre on the worthy *Clerico's* figure, face, and fine bald head which shone like silver, while the deeper tint of the embers on the floor was reflected in ruby tints from the large silver crucifix that hung at his waist. The rushing of the swollen river prevented me hearing distinctly, but it occurred to me, once or twice, that a strange gurgling sound proceeded from the aforesaid round aperture. The *Padre* seemed to hear it also, for now and then he looked up, and once he rose, but apparently unable to distinguish any thing, he sat down again. However, my attention had been excited, and half asleep as I was, I kept glimmering in the direction of the *Clerico*.

The Captain's deep snore had gradually lengthened out, so as to vouch for his forgetfulness, and Bang and Don Ricardo, and the *Dr Pavo Real*, and the ladies, had all subsided into the most perfect quietude, when I noticed, and I quaked and trembled like an aspen leaf as I did so, a long black paw, thrust through, and down from the dark aperture immediately over *Padre Carera's* head, until it reached it, when, whatever it was, it appeared to scratch him sharply,

and then giving him a smart cuff, vanished. The Priest started, put up his hand, rubbed his head, and seeing nothing, again leant back, and was about departing to the land of nod, like the others, once more. But in a few minutes the same black paw was again protruded, and this time a peering black snout was thrust through the hole after it, with two glancing eyes, and the paw, after swinging about like a pendulum for a few seconds, was suddenly thrust into the *Padre's* open mouth as he lay back asleep; and then giving him another smart crack, vanished as before.

"Hobble, gobble," gurgled the Priest, nearly choked.

"*Ave Maria purissima,*" ejaculated Carera, "*que Bocado*—what a mouthful!—What can that be?"

This was more than I knew, I must confess, and altogether I was consumedly puzzled, but, from a disinclination to alarm the women, I held my tongue. The Priest this time moved away to the other side from beneath the hole, but still within two feet of it—in fact, he could not get in this direction farther for the altar-piece—and being half asleep, he lay back once more against the wall to take his seat, taking the precaution, however, to clap on his long shovel hat, shaped like a small canoe, crosswise, with the peaks standing out from each side of his head, in place of being worn fore and aft, as usual. Well, thought I, a strange party certainly; but drowsiness was fast settling down on me also, when the same black paw was again thrust through the hole, and I distinctly heard a nuzzling, whining, short bark. I rubbed my eyes and sat up, but before I was quite awake, the head and neck of a large Newfoundland dog was shoved into the chapel through the round aperture, and making a long stretch, the black paws, thrust down and resting on the wall, supporting the creature, the animal snatched the *Padre's* hat off his head, and giving it an angry worry, as much as to say, Confound it—I had hoped to have had the head in it—it dropped it on the floor, and with a loud yell, Sneezzer, my own old dear Sneezzer, leaped into the midst of us, floundering amongst the sleeping women, and kicking the firebrands about,

making them hiss again with the water he shook from his shaggy coat, and frightening all hands like the very devil.

"Sneezzer, you villain, how came you here!" I exclaimed, in great amazement—"How came you here, sir?" The dog knew me, I was persuaded, for when benches were reared against him, after the women had huddled into a corner, and every thing was in sad confusion, he ran to me, and leaped on my neck, gasping and yelping, but finding that I was angry, and in no mood for toying, he planted himself on end so suddenly, in the middle of the floor close by the fire, that all our hands were stayed, and no one could find in his heart to strike the poor dumb brute, he sat so quiet and motionless. "Sneezzer, my boy, what have you to say—where have you come from?" He looked towards the door, and then walked deliberately towards it, and tried to open it with his paws.

"Now," said the Captain, "that little scamp, who would insist on riding with me to St Jago, to see, as he said, if he might not be of use, in fetching the surgeon from the ship in case I could not find Dr Bergara, has returned, although I desired him to stay on board. The puppy has returned in his cursed troublesome zeal, for no otherwise could your dog be here. Certainly, however, he did not know that I had fallen in with Dr Pavo Real;" and the kind-hearted fellow's heart melted, as he continued—"Returned—why, he may be drowned—Cringle, take care little Reefpoint be not drowned."

Sneezzer lowered his black snout, and for a moment poked it into the white ashes of the fire, and then raising it and stretching his neck upwards to its full length, he gave a short bark, and then a long loud howl.

"My life upon it, the poor boy is gone," said I.

"But what can we do?" said Don Ricardo; "it is as dark as pitch."

And we again set ourselves to have a small rally at the brandy and water, as a resolver of our doubts, whether we should sit still till daybreak, or sally forth now and run the chance of being drowned, with but small hope of doing any good; and the old

priest having left the other end of the chapel, where the ladies were once more reposing, now came in for his share.

The noise of the rain increased, and there was still a little puff of wind now and then, so that the *Padre*, taking an *alfombra*, or small mat, used to kneel on, and placing it on the step where the folding-doors opened inwards, took a cloak on his shoulders, and sat himself down with his back against the leaves, to keep them closed, as the lock or bolt was broken, and was in the act of swigging off his cupful of comfort, when a strong gust drove the door open, as if the devil himself had kicked it, capsized the *Padre*, blew out the lights once more, and scattered the brands of the fire all about us. N—— and I started up, the women shrieked, but before we could get the door to again, in rode little Reefpoint on a mule, with Doctor Plaget of the Firebrand behind him, bound, or *lashed*, as we call it, to him by a strong thong. The black servants and the females took them for incarnate fiends, I fancy, for the yells and shrieks that were set up were tremendous.

"Yo ho!" sung out little Reefy; "don't be frightened, ladies—Lord love ye, I am half drowned, and the Doctor here is altogether so—quite entirely drowned, I assure you.—I say, *Medico*, an't it true?" And the little Irish rogue slewed his head round and gave the exhausted Doctor a most comical look.

"Not quite," quoth the Doctor, "but deuced near it. I say, Captain, would you have known us? why, we are dyed chorolate colour, you see, in that river, flowing not with milk and honey, but with something miraculously like peasesoup—water I cannot call it."

"But Heaven help us, why did you try the ford, man?" said Bang.

"You may say that, sir," responded wee Reefy; "but our mule was knocked up, and it was so dark and tempestuous, that we should have perished by the road if we had tried back for St Jago; so seeing a light here, the only indication of a living thing, and the stream looking narrow and comparatively quiet—confound it, it was all the deeper though—we shoved across."

"But, bless me, if you had been

thrown in the stream, lashed together as you are, you would have been drowned to a certainty," said the Captain.

"Oh," said little Reefy, "the Doctor was not on the mule in crossing—no, no, Captain, I knew better—I had him in tow, sir; but after we crossed he was so faint and chill, that I had to lash myself to him to keep him from sliding over the animal's counter, and walk he could not."

"But, Master Reefpoint, why came you back? did I not desire you to remain in the Firebrand, sir?"

The midshipman looked nonplussed. "Why, Captain, I forgot to take my clothes with me, and—and—in truth, sir, I thought our surgeon would be of more use than any outlandish *Gallipot* that you could carry back."

The good intentions of the lad saved him farther reproof, although I could not help smiling at his coming back for his clothes, when his whole wardrobe on starting was confined to the two false collars and a tooth-brush.

"But where is the young lady?" said the Doctor.

"Beyond your help, my dear Doctor," said the skipper; "she is dead—all that remains of her you see within that small railing there."

"Ah, indeed!" quoth the *Medico*, "poor girl—poor girl—deep decline—wasted, terribly wasted," said he, as he returned from the railing of the altar piece, where he had been to look down upon the body; and then, as if there never had been such a being as poor Maria Olivera in existence, he continued, "Pray, Mr Bang, what may you have in that bottle?"

"Brandy, to be sure, Doctor," said Bang.

"A thimbleful then, if you please."

"By all means"—and the planting attorney handed the black bottle to the surgeon, who applied it to his lips, without more circumlocution.

"Lord love us!—poisoned—Oh, gemini!"

"Why, Doctor," said N——, "what has come over you?"

"Poisoned, Captain—only taste."

The bottle contained *soy*. It was some time before we could get the poor man quieted; and when at length he was stretched along a bench, and the fire was stirred up,

and new wood added to it, the fresh air of early morning began to be scented. At this time we missed *Padre Carera*, and, in truth, we all fell fast asleep; but in about an hour or so afterwards, I was awoken by some one stepping across me. The same cause had stirred N—. It was Aaron Bang, who had been to look out at the door.

"I say, Cringle, look here—the *Padre* and the servants are digging a grave close to the chapel—are they going to bury the poor girl so suddenly?"

I stepped to the door, the wind had entirely fallen—but the rain fell fast—the small chapel door looked out on the still swollen, but subsiding river, and beyond that on the mountain, which rose abruptly from the opposite bank. On the side of the hill was situated a negro village, of about thirty huts, where lights were already twinkling, as if the inmates were preparing to go forth to their work. Far above them, on the ridge, there was a clear cold streak towards the east, against which the outline of the mountain, and the large trees which grew on it, were sharply cut out; but overhead, the firmament was as yet dark and threatening. The morning star had just risen, and was sparkling bright and clear through the branches of a magnificent tree, that shot out from the highest part of the hill; it seemed to have attracted the Captain's attention as well as mine.

"Were I romantic now, Mr Cringle, I could expatiate on that view. How cold, and clear, and chaste, every thing looks! The elements have subsided into a perfect calm, every thing is quiet and still, but there is no warmth, no comfort in the scene."

"What a soaking rain!" said Aaron Bang; "why, the drops are as small as pin points, and so thick!—a Scotch mist is a joke to them. Unusual all this, Captain. You know *our* rain in Jamaica usually descends in bucketsful, unless it be regularly set in for a week, and then, but then only, it becomes what 'in England we are in the habit of calling a *soaking* rain. One good thing, however, —while it descends so quietly, the earth will absorb it all, and that furious river will not continue swollen."

"Probably not," said I.

"Mr Cringle," said the skipper, "do you mark that tree on the ridge of the mountain, that large tree in such conspicuous relief against the eastern sky?"

"I do, Captain. But—heaven help us!—what necromancy is this! It seems to sink into the mountain top—why, I only see the uppermost branches now. It has disappeared, and yet the outline of the hill is as distinct and well defined as ever; I can even see the cattle on the ridge, although they are running about in a very incomprehensible way certainly."

"Hush!" said Don Ricardo, "hush!—the *Padre* is reading the funeral service in the chapel, preparatory to the body being brought out."

And so he was. But a low grumbling noise, gradually increasing, was now distinctly audible. The monk hurried on with the prescribed form—he finished it—and we were about lifting the body to carry it forth—Bang and I being in the very act of stooping down to lift the bier, when the Captain sung out sharp and quick,—"*Here, Tom!*"—the urgency of the appeal abolishing the *Mister*—"Here!—zounds, the whole hill side is in motion!" And as he spoke I beheld the negro village, that hung on the opposite bank, gradually fetch way, houses, trees, and all, with a loud, harsh, grating sound.

"God defend us!" I involuntarily exclaimed.

"Stand clear," shouted the skipper; "the whole hillside opposite is under weigh, and we shall be bothered here presently."

He was right—the entire face of the hill over against us was by this time in motion, sliding over the substratum of rock like a first-rate gliding along the well-greased ways at launching—an *earthly* avalanche. Presently the rough, rattling, and crashing sound, from the disruption of the soil, and the breaking of the branches, and tearing up by the roots of the largest trees, gave warning of some tremendous incident. The lights in the huts still burned, but houses and all continued to slide down the declivity; and anon a loud startled exclamation was heard here and there, and then a pause, but the low mysterious hurtling sound never ceased.

At length a loud and continuous

yell echoed along the hill-side. The noise increased—the rushing sound came stronger and stronger—the river rose higher, and roared louder; it overleaped the lintel of the door—the fire on the floor hissed for a moment, and then expired in smouldering wreaths of white smoke—the discoloured torrent gurgled into the chapel, and reached the altar-piece; and while the cries from the hill-side were highest, and bitterest, and most despairing, it suddenly filled the chapel to the top of the low door-post; and although the large tapers which had been lit near the altar-piece were as yet unextinguished, like meteors sparkling on a troubled sea, all was misery and consternation. "Have patience, and be composed, now," shouted Don Ricardo. "If it increases, we can escape through the apertures here, behind the altar-piece, and from thence to the high ground beyond. The heavy rain has loosed the soil on the opposite bank, and it has slid into the river-course, negro houses and all. But be composed, my dears—nothing supernatural in all this; and rest assured, although the river has unquestionably been forced from its channel, that there is no danger, if you will only maintain your self-possession." And there we were—an inhabitant of a cold climate cannot go along with me in the description. We were all alarmed, but we were not *chilled*—cold is a great daunter of bravery. At New Orleans, the black regiments, in the heat of the forenoon, were really the most efficient corps of the army; but in the morning, when the hoar frost was on the long wire grass, they were but as a broken reed. "Him too *cold* for *brave* to-day," said the sergeant of the Grenadier Company of the West India regiment, which was brigaded in the ill-omened advance, when we attacked New Orleans; but here, having heat, and seeing none of the women egregiously alarmed, we all took heart of grace, and really there was no quailing amongst us.

Señora Campana and her two nieces, Señora Cangrejo and her angelic daughter, had all betaken themselves to a sort of seat, enclosing the altar in a semicircle, with the pease-soup-coloured water up to their knees. Not a word—not an exclamation of fear escaped from them,

although the gushing eddies from the open door shewed that the soil from the opposite hill was fast settling down, and usurping the former channel of the river. "All very fine this to read of," at last exclaimed Aaron Bang. "Zounds, we shall be drowned. Look out, N—. Tom Cringle, look out; for my part, I shall dive through the door, and take my chance."

"No use in that," said Don Ricardo; "the two round openings there at the west end of the chapel, open on a dry shelf, from which the ground slopes easily upward to the house; let us put the ladies through those, and then we males can shift for ourselves as we best may."

At this moment the water rose so high, that the bier on which the corpse of poor Maria Olivera lay stark and stiff, was floated off the tressels, and turning on its edge, after glancing for a moment in the light cast by the wax tapers, it sank into the thick brown water, and was no more seen.

The old Priest murmured a prayer, but the effect on us was electric. "*Saufe qui peut*" was now the cry; and Sneezzer, quite in his element, began to cruise all about, threatening the tapers with instant extinction. "Ladies, get through the holes," shouted Don Ricardo. "Captain, get you out first."

"Can't desert my ship," said the gallant fellow; "the last to quit where danger is, my dear sir. It is my charter; but, Mr Cringle, go you, and hand the ladies out."

"I'll be damn'd if I do," said I. "Beg pardon, sir; I simply mean to say, that I cannot usurp the *pas* from you."

"Then," quoth Don Ricardo—a more discreet personage than any one of us—"I will go myself;" and forthwith he screwed himself through one of the round holes in the wall behind the altar-piece. "Give me out one of the wax tapers—there is no wind now," said Don Ricardo; "and hand out my wife, Captain N

"*Ave Maria!*" said the matron, "I shall never get through that hole."

"Try, my dear madam," said Bang, for by this time we were all deucedly alarmed at our situation. "Try, madam;" and we lifted her towards

the hole—fairly entered her into it head foremost, and all was smooth, till a certain part of the excellent woman's earthly tabernacle stuck fast.

We could hear her invoking all the saints in the calendar on the outside to "make her *thin*;" but the flesh and muscle were obdurate—through she would not go, until—delicacy being now blown to the winds—Captain N—placed his shoulder to the old lady's extremity, and with a regular "Oh, heave, oh!" shot her through the aperture into her husband's arms. The young ladies we ejected much more easily. The Priest was next passed, and so we went on, until in rotation we had all made our exit, and were perched shivering on the high bank. God defend us! we had not been a minute there, when the rushing of the stream increased—the rain once more fell in torrents—several large trees came down with a fearful impetus in the roaring torrent, and struck the corner of the chapel. It shook—we could see the small cross on the eastern gable tremble. Another stump surged against it—it gave way—and in a minute afterwards, there was not a vestige remaining of the whole fabric.

"What a funeral for thee, Maria!" said Don Ricardo.

Not a vestige of the body was ever found.

There was nothing now for it. We all stopped, and turned, and looked—there was not a stone of the building to be seen—all was red precipitous bank, or dark flowing river—so we turned our steps towards the house. The sun by this time had risen. We found the northern range of rooms were entire, and we now made the most of it; and, by dint of the Captain's and my nautical skill, we had, before dinner-time, rigged a canvass-jury-roof over the southern part of the fabric, and were once more sat down in comparative comfort at our meal. But it was all melancholy work enough. However, at last we retired to our beds; and next morning, when I awoke, *there* was the small stream once more trickling over the face of the rock, with the slight spray wafting into my bed-room, as quietly as if no storm had taken place.

We were kept at Don Picador's for three days, as, from the shooting of the soil from the opposite hill, the river had been dammed up, and its channel altered, so that there was no venturing across. Three negroes were unfortunately drowned, when the bank *shot*, as Bang called it. But the wonder passed away; and by nine o'clock on the third day, when we mounted our mules to proceed, there was little apparently on the fair face of nature to mark that such fearful scenes had been. However, when we did get under weigh, we found that the hurricane had not passed over us without leaving fearful evidences of its violence.

We had breakfasted—the women had wept—Don Ricardo had blown his nose—Aaron Bang had blundered and fidgeted about—and the *bestias* were at the door. We embraced the ladies. "My son," said Señora Cangrejo, "we shall most likely never meet again. You have your country to go to—you have a mother. Oh, may she never suffer the pangs which have wrung my heart! But I know—I know that she never will." I bowed. "We may never—indeed, in all likelihood we shall never meet again!" continued she, in a rich, deep-toned, mellow voice; "but if your way of life should ever lead you to Cordova, you will be sure of having many visitors, if you will but give out that you have shewn kindness to Maria Olivera, or to any one connected with her." She wept—and bent over me, pressing both her hands on the crown of my head. "May that great God, who careth not for rank or station, for nation or for country, bless you, my son—bless you!"

All this was sorry work. She kissed me on the forehead, and turned away. Her daughter was standing close to her, "like Niobe, all tears." "Farewell, Mr Cringle—may you be happy!" I kissed her hand—she turned to the Captain. He looked inexpressible things, and taking her hand, held it to his breast; and then, making a slight genuflexion, pressed it to his lips. He appeared to be amazingly energetic, and she seemed to struggle to be released. He recovered himself, however—made a solemn bow—the ladies vanished. We shook hands with old Don Picador, mounted our mules, and bid a

last adieu to the *Valley of the Hurricane*.

We ambled along for some time in silence. At length the skipper dropped astern, until he got alongside of me. "I say, Tom"—I was well aware that he never called me *Tom* unless his heart was full, honest man—"Tom, what think you of *Francesca Cangrejo*?"

Oh ho! sits the wind in that quarter? thought I. "Why, I don't know, Captain—I have seen her to disadvantage—so much misery—fine woman though—rather large to my taste—but"—

"Confound your *buts*," quoth the Captain. "But, never mind—push on, push on."—(I may tell the gentle reader in his ear, that the worthy fellow, at the moment when I send this chapter to the press, has his flag, and that *Francesca Cangrejo* is no less a personage than his wife.)

However, let us get along. "Doctor *Pavo Real*," said Don Ricardo, "now since you have been good enough to spare us a day, let us get the heart of your secret out of you. Why, you must have been pretty well frightened on the island there."

"Never so much frightened in my life, Don Ricardo; that English captain is a most *tempestuous* man—but all has ended well; and after having seen you to the crossing, I will bid you good-bye."

"Poo—nonsense. Come along—here is the English *medico*, your brother *Esculapius*; so, come along, you can return in the morning."

"But the sick folks in *Santiago*!"—

"Will be none the sicker of your absence, Doctor *Pavo Real*," responded Don Ricardo.

The little Doctor laughed, and away we all cantered—Don Ricardo leading, followed by his wife and daughters on three stout mules, sitting, not on side-saddles, but on a kind of chair, with a foot-board on the larboard side to support the feet—then followed the two *Galens*, and little Reefpoint, while the Captain and I brought up the rear. We had not proceeded five hundred yards, when we were brought to a stand-still by a mighty tree, which had been thrown down by the wind right across the road. On the right hand, there was a perpendicular rock rising up to a height

of five hundred feet; and on the left, an equally precipitous descent, without either ledge or parapet to prevent one from falling over. What was to be done? We could not by any exertion of strength remove the tree; and if we sent back for assistance, it would have been a work of time. So we dismounted, got the ladies to alight,—and Aaron Bang, N—, and myself, like true knights errant, undertook to ride the *mulos* over the stump.

Aaron Bang led gallantly, and made a deuced good jump of it—N— followed, and made not quite so clever an exhibition—I then rattled at it, and down came mule and rider. However, we were accounted for on the right side.

"But what shall become of us?" shouted the English Doctor.

"And as for me, I shall return," said the Spanish *medico*.

"Lord love you, no," said little Reefpoint; "here, lash me to my beast, and no fear." Plaget made him fast, as desired, round the mule's neck, with a stout thong, and then drove him at the barricade, and over they came, man and beast, although, to tell the truth, little Reefy alighted well out on the neck, with a hand grasping each ear. However, he was a gallant little fellow, and in no wise discouraged, so he undertook to bring over the other quadrupeds; and in little more than a quarter of an hour, we were all under weigh on the opposite side, in full sail towards Don Ricardo's property. But as we proceeded up the valley, the destruction caused by the storm became more and more apparent. Trees were strewn about in all directions, having been torn up by the roots—road there was literally none; and by the time we reached the coffee estate, after a ride, or scramble, more properly speaking, of three hours, we were all pretty much tired. In some places the road at the best was but a rocky shelf of limestone not exceeding 12 inches in width, where, if you had slipped, down you would have gone a thousand feet. At this time it was white and clean as if it had been newly chiselled, all the soil and sand having been washed away by the recent heavy rains.

The situation was beautiful; the house stood on a platform scarped

out of the hillside, with a beautiful view of the whole country down to St Jago. The accommodation was good; more comforts, more English comforts, in the mansion, than I had yet seen in Cuba; and as it was built of solid slabs of limestone, and roofed with strong hardwood timbers and rafters, and tiled, it had sustained comparatively little injury, as it had the advantage of being at the same time sheltered by the overhanging cliff. It stood in the middle of a large platform of hard sun-dried clay, plastered over, and as white as chalk, which extended about forty feet from the eaves of the house, in every direction, on which the coffee was cured. This platform was surrounded on all sides by the greenest grass I had ever seen, and overshadowed, not the house alone, but the whole level space, by one vast wild fig-tree.

"I say, Tom, do you see that Scotchman hugging the Creole, eh?"

"Scotchman!" said I, looking towards Don Ricardo, who certainly did not appear to be particularly amorous; on the contrary, we had just alighted, and the worthy man was enacting groom.

"Yes," continued Bang, "the Scotchman hugging the Creole; look at that tree—do you see the trunk of it?"

I did look at it. It was a magnificent cedar, with a tall straight stem covered over with a curious sort of fretwork, wove by the branches of some strong parasitical plant, which had warped itself round and round it, by numberless snakelike convolutions, as if it had been a vegetable Laocoon. The tree itself shot up branchless to the uncommon height of fifty feet; the average girth of the trunk being four and twenty feet, or eight feet in diameter. The leaf of the cedar is small, not unlike the ash; but when I looked up, I noticed that the feelers of this ligneous serpent had twisted round the larger boughs, and blended their broad leaves with those of the tree, so that it looked like two trees grafted into one; but, as Aaron Bang said, in a very few years the cedar would entirely disappear, its growth being impeded, its pith extracted, and its core rotted, by the baleful embraces of the wild fig, of "*this Scotchman hug-*

ging the Creole." After we had fairly shaken into our places, there was every promise of a very pleasant visit. Our host had a tolerable cellar, and although there was not much of style in his establishment, still there was a fair allowance of comfort, every thing considered. The evening after we arrived was most beautiful. The house, situated on its white plateau of *barbiques*, as the coffee platforms are called, where large piles of the berries in their red cherrylike husks had been blackening in the sun the whole forenoon, and on which a gang of negroes was now employed covering them up with tarpawlings for the night, stood in the centre of an amphitheatre of mountains, the front box as it were, the stage part opening on a bird's eye view of the distant town and harbour, with the everlasting ocean beyond it, the currents and flaws of wind making its surface look like ice, as we were too distant to discern the heaving of the swell, or the motion of the billows. The fast falling shades of evening were aided by the sombrous shadow of the immense tree over head, and all down in the deep valley was now dark and undistinguishable; and the blue vapours were gradually floating up towards us. To the left hand, on the shoulder of the Horseshoe Hill the sunbeams still lingered, and the gigantic shadows of the trees on the right hand prong were strongly cast across the valley on a red precipitous bank near the top of it. The sun was descending beyond the wood, flashing through the branches, as if they had been on fire. He disappeared. It was a most lovely still evening—the air—but hear the skipper—

"It is the hour when from the boughs

The nightingale's high note is heard;
It is the hour when lovers' vows

Seem sweet in every whisper'd word;
And gentle winds and waters near,

Make music to the lonely ear,
Each flower the dews have lightly wet,
And in the sky the stars are met,
And on the wave is deeper blue,
And on the leaf is browner hue,

*And in the heaven that clear obscure,
So softly dark, and darkly pure,
Which follows the decline of day,
When twilight melts beneath the moon
away."

"Well recited, skipper," shouted Bang. "Given as the noble poet's verses should be given. I did not know the extent of your accomplishments; grown poetical ever since you saw Francesca Cangrejo, eh?"

The darkness hid the gallant Captain's blushes, if blush he did.

"I say, Don Ricardo, who are those?"—half a dozen well clad negroes had approached the house by this time—"Ask them, Mr Bang; take your friend Mr Cringle for an interpreter."

"Well, I will. Tom, who are they? Ask them—do."

I put the question, "Do you belong to the property?"

The foremost, a handsome negro, answered me, "No, we don't, sir; at least, not till to-morrow."

"Not till to-morrow?"

"No, sir, *Somos Caballeros hoy*," ("we are gentlemen to-day.")

"Gentlemen to-day; and, pray, what shall you be to-morrow?"

"*Esclavos otra vez*," ("slaves again, sir,"), rejoined the poor fellow, no-ways daunted.

"And you, my darling," said I to a nice well-dressed girl, who seemed to be the sister of the spokesman, "what are you to-day, may I ask?"

She laughed—"*Esclavo*, a slave to-day, but to-morrow I shall be free."

"Very strange."

"Not at all, Señor; there are six of us in a family, and one of us is free each day, all to father there," pointing to an old greyheaded negro, who stood by, leaning on his staff—"he is free two days in the week; and as I am going to have a child,"—a cool admission,—"*I want to buy another day for myself too*—but Don Ricardo will tell you all about it."

The Don by this time chimed in, talking kindly to the poor creatures; but we had to retire, as dinner was now announced, to which we sat down.

Don Ricardo had been altogether Spanish in Santiago, because he lived there amongst Spaniards, and every thing was Spanish about him; so with the tact of his countrymen he had gradually been merging into the society in which he moved, and at length having married a very high caste Spanish lady, he became regularly amal-

gamated with the community. But here in his mountain retreat, sole master, his slaves in attendance on him, he was once more an Englishman, in externals, as he always was at heart, and Richie Cloche from the Lang Toon of Kirkaldy, shone forth in all his glory as the kind-hearted landlord. His head household servant was an English, or rather a Jamaica negro; his equipment, so far as the dinner *set out* was concerned, was pure English; he would not even speak any thing but English himself.

The entertainment was exceedingly good, the only thing that puzzled we uninitiated subjects, was a fricassée of Macaca worms, that is, the worm which breeds in the rotten trunk of the cotton-tree, a beautiful little insect, as big as a miller's thumb, with a white trunk and a black head—in one word, a gigantic caterpillar.

Bang fed thereon, but it was beyond my compass. However, all this while we were having a great deal of fun, when Señora Campana addressed her husband—"My dear, you are now in your English mood, so I suppose we must go." We had dined at six, and it might now be about eight. Don Ricardo, with all the complacency in the world, bowed, as much as to say, you are right, my dear, you may go, when his youngest niece addressed him.

"Tío—my uncle," said she, in a low silver-toned voice, "Juana and I have brought our guitars"—

"Not another word to be said," quoth N——,—"the guitars by all means."

The girls in an instant, without any preparatory blushing, or other botheration, rose, slipped their heads and right arms through the black ribbons that supported their instruments, and stepped into the middle of the room.

"The Moorish Maid of Granada," said Señora Campana. They nodded.

"You shall take *Fernando the sailor's part*," said Señora Candalaria, the youngest sister, to Juana. "for your voice is deeper than mine, and I shall be Anna."

"Agreed," said Juana, with a lovely smile, and an arch twinkle of her eye towards me, and then launched

forth in full tide, accompanying her sweet and mellow voice on that too much neglected instrument, the guitar. It was a wild, irregular sort of ditty, with one or two startling *arabesque* bursts in it. As near as may be, the following conveys the meaning, but not the poetry.

THE MOORISH MAID OF GRANADA.

FERNANDO.

"The setting moon hangs over the hill;
On the dark pure breast of the mountain lake,

Still trembles her greenish silver wake,
And the blue mist floats over the rill.
And the cold streaks of dawning appear,
Giving token that sunrise is near;
And the fast clearing east is flushing,
And the watery clouds are blushing;
And the day-star is sparkling on high,
Like the fire of my Anna's dark eye;
The ruby-red clouds in the east
Float like islands upon the sea,
When the winds are asleep on its breast;
Ah, would that such calm were for me!
And see the first streamer-like ray,
From the unrisen god of day,
Is piercing the ruby-red clouds,
Shooting up like golden shrouds.
And like silver gauze falls the shower,
Leaving diamonds on bank, bush, and bower,

Amidst many unopened flower.

Why walks the dark maid of Granada?

ANNA.

"At evening when labour is done,
And cool'd in the sea is the sun;
And the dew sparkles clear on the rose,
And the flowers are beginning to close,
Which at nightfall again in the calm
Their incense to God breathe in balm;
And the bat flickers up in the sky,
And the beetle hums moaningly by;
And to rest in the brake speeds the deer,
While the nightingale sings loud and clear.

"Scorched by the heat of the sun's fierce light,
The sweetest flowers are bending most
Upon their slender stems;
More faint are they than if tempest tost,
Till they drink of the sparkling gems
That fall from the eye of night.

"Hark! from lattices guitars are tinkling,
And though in heaven the stars are twinkling,
No tell-tale moon looks over the mountain,
To peer at her pale cold face in the fountain;

And serenader's mellow voice,
Wailing of war, or warbling of love,
Of love, while the melting maid of his choice
Leans out from her bower above.

"All is soft and yielding towards night,
When blending darkness shrouds all from the sight;
But chaste, chaste, is this cold, pure light,
Sang the Moorish maid of Granada."

After the song, we all applauded, and the ladies having made their *congés*, retired. The Captain and I looked towards Aaron Bang and Don Ricardo; they were tooth and nail at something which we could not understand. So we wisely held our tongues.

"Very strange all this," quoth Bang.

"Not at all," said Ricardo. "As I tell you, every slave here can have himself or herself appraised, at any time they may choose, with liberty to purchase their freedom day by day."

"But that would be compulsory manumission," quoth Bang.

"And if it be," said Ricardo, "what then? The scheme works well *here*—why should it not do so *there*—I mean with you, who have so many advantages over us?"

This is an unentertaining subject to most people, but having no bias myself, I have considered it but justice to insert in my log the following letter, which Bang, poor fellow, addressed to me, some years after the time I speak of.

"MY DEAR CRINGLE,

"Since I last saw you in London, it is nearly, but not quite, three years ago. I considered at the time we parted, that if I lived at the rate of £3000 a year, I was not spending one-half of my average income, and on the faith of this I did plead guilty to my house in Park Lane, and a carriage for my wife,—and, in short, I spent my £3000 a-year. Where am I now? In the old shop at Mammeec Gully—my two eldest daughters hastily ordered out, shipped, as it were, like two bales of goods to Jamaica—my eldest son obliged to exchange from the—Light Dragoons, and to enter a foot regiment, receiving the

difference, which but cleared him from his mess accounts. But the world says I was extravagant. Like Timon, however—No, damn Timon. I spent money when I thought I had it, and therein I did no more than the Duke of Bedford, or Lord Grosvenor, or many another worthy peer; and now I no longer have it, why, I cut my coat by my cloth, have made up my mind to perpetual banishment here, and I owe no man a farthing.

“But all this is wandering from the subject. We are now asked in direct terms to free our slaves. I will not even glance at the injustice of this demand, the horrible infraction of rights that it would lead to; all this I will leave untouched; but, my dear fellow, were men in your service or the army to do us justice, each in his small sphere in England, how much good might you not do us? Officers of rank are, of all others, the most influential witnesses we could adduce, if they, like you, have had opportunities of judging for themselves. But I am rambling from my object. You may remember our *escapade* into Cuba, a thousand years ago, when you were a lieutenant of the Firebrand. Well, you may remember Don Ricardo's doctrine regarding the gradual emancipation of the negroes, and how we saw his plan in full operation—at least I did, for you knew little of these matters. Well, last year I made a note of what then passed, and sent it to an eminent West India merchant in London, who had it published in the *Courier*, but it did not seem to please either one party or the other; a signal proof, one would have thought, that there was some good in it. At a later period, I requested the same gentleman to have it published in *Blackwood*, where it would at least have had a fair trial on its own merits, but it was refused insertion. My very worthy friend, * * * who acted for old Kit at that time as secretary of state for colonial affairs, did not like it, I presume; it trenched a little, it would seem, on the integrity of his great question; it approached to something like *compulsory manumission*, about which he *does* rave. Why will he not think on this subject like a Christian man? The country—I say so—will never sanction the retaining in bondage of

any slave, who is willing to pay his master his fair appraised value.

“Our friend * * * injures us, and himself too, a *leettle* by his ultra notions. However, hear what I propose, and what, as I have told you formerly, was published in the *Courier* by no less a man than Lord —.

“‘*Scheme for the gradual Abolition of Slavery.*”

“‘The following scheme of redemption for the slaves in our colonies is akin to a practice that prevails in some of the Spanish settlements.

“‘We have now bishops, (a most excellent measure,) and we may presume that the inferior clergy will be much more efficient than heretofore. It is therefore proposed,—That every slave, on attaining the age of twenty-one years, should be, by act of Parliament, competent to apply to his parish clergyman, and signify his desire to be appraised. The clergyman's business would then be to select two respectable appraisers from amongst his parishioners, who should value the slave, calling in an umpire if they disagreed.

“‘As men even of good principles will often be more or less stayed by the peculiar interests of the body to which they belong, the rector should be instructed, if he saw any flagrant swerving from an honest appraisement, to notify the same to his bishop, who, by application to the governor, if need were, could thereby rectify it. When the slave was thus valued, the valuation should be registered by the rector, in a book to be kept for that purpose, an attested copy of which should be annually lodged amongst the archives of the colony.

“‘We shall assume a case, where a slave is valued for L.120, Jamaica currency. He soon, by working *by*-hours, selling the produce of his provision grounds, &c., acquires L.20; and how easily and frequently this is done, every one knows, who is at all acquainted with West India affairs.

“‘He then shall have a right to pay to his owner this L.20 as the price of his *Monday* for ever, and his owner shall be bound to receive it. A similar sum would purchase him his freedom on Tuesday; and other four instalments, to use a West India

phrase, would *buy him free* altogether. You will notice, I consider that he is already free on the Sunday. Now, where is the insurmountable difficulty here? The planter may be put to inconvenience, certainly, great inconvenience, but *he has compensation*, and the slave *has his freedom—if he deserves it*; and as his emancipation nine times out of ten would be a work of time, he would, as he approached absolute freedom, become more civilized, that is, more fit to be free; and as he became more civilized, new wants would spring up, so that when he was finally free, he would not be content to work a day or two in the week for subsistence merely. He would work the whole six to buy many little comforts, *which, as a slave suddenly emancipated, he never would have thought of.*

“As the slave becomes free, I would have his owner's allowance of provisions and clothing decrease gradually.

“It may be objected—“suppose slaves partly free, to be taken in execution, and sold for debt.” I answer, let them be so. Why cannot three days of a man's labour be sold by the deputy-marshal as well as six?

“Again—“suppose the gang is mortgaged, or liable to *judgments* against the owner of it.” I still answer, let it be so—only, in this case let the slave pay his instalments into court, in place of paying them to his owners, and let him apply to his rector for information in such a case.

“By the register I would have kept, every one could at once see what property an owner had in his gang—that is, how many were actually slaves, and how many were in progress of becoming free. *Thus well-disposed and industrious slaves would soon become freemen. But the idle and worthless would still continue slaves, and why the devil shouldn't they?*

“(Signed) A. B——.”

There does seem to be a rough, yet vigorous sound sense in all this. But I take leave of the subject, which I do not profess to understand, only I am willing to bear witness in favour of my old friends, so far as I can, conscientiously.

We returned next day to Santiago, and had then to undergo the bitterness of parting. With me it was a slight affair, but the skipper!—However, I will not dwell on it. We reached the town towards evening. The women were ready to weep, I saw. However, we all turned in, and next morning at breakfast we were moved, I will admit—some more, some less. Little Reefy, poor fellow, was crying like a child; indeed he was little more, being barely fifteen.

“Oh! Mr Cringle, I wish I had never seen Miss *Candalaria de los Dolores*; indeed I do.”

This was Don Ricardo's youngest niece.

“Ah, Reefy, Reefy,” said I, “you must make haste, and be made post, and then”——

“What does he call her?” said Aaron.

“*Señora Tomassa Candalaria de los Dolores Gonzales y Vallejo*,” blubbered out little Reefy.

“What a complicated piece of machinery she must be!” gravely rejoined Bang.

The meal was protracted to a very unusual length, but time and tide wait for no man. We rose. Aaron Bang advanced to make his bow to our kind hostess; he held out his hand, but she, to Aaron's great surprise apparently, pushed it on one side, and regularly closing with our friend, hugged him in right earnest. I have before mentioned, that she was a very small woman; so, as the devil would have it, the golden pin in her hair was thrust into Aaron's eye, which made him jump back, wherein he lost his balance, and away he went, dragging Madama Campana down on the top of him. However, none of us could laugh now; we parted, jumped into our boat, and proceeded straight to the anchorage, where three British merchantmen were by this time riding all ready for sea. We got on board. “Mr Yerk,” said the Captain, “fire a gun, and hoist blue Peter at the fore. Loose the foretopsail.” The masters came on board for their instructions; we passed but a melancholy evening of it, and next morning I took my last look of Santiago de Cuba.

THE CÆSARS.

CHAPTER III.

CALIGULA, CLAUDIUS, AND NERO.

THE three next Emperors, Caligula, Claudius, and Nero, were the last princes who had any connexion by blood * with the Julian house. In Nero, the sixth Emperor, expired the last of the Cæsars, who was such in reality. These three were also the first in that long line of monsters, who, at different times, under the title of Cæsars, dishonoured humanity more memorably than was possible, except in the cases of those (if any such can be named) who have abused the same enormous powers in times of the same civility, and in defiance of the same general illumination. But for them it is a fact, that some crimes, which now stain the page of history, would have been accounted fabulous dreams of impure romancers, taxing their extravagant imaginations to create combinations of wickedness more hideous than civilized men would tole-

rate, and more unnatural than the human heart could conceive. Let us, by way of example, take a short chapter from the diabolic life of Caligula: In what way did he treat his nearest and tenderest female connexions? His mother had been tortured and murdered by another tyrant almost as fiendish as himself. She was happily removed from his cruelty. Disdaining, however, to acknowledge any connexion with the blood of so obscure a man as Agrippa, he publicly gave out that his mother was indeed the daughter of Julia, but by an incestuous commerce with her father Augustus. His three sisters he debauched. One died, and her he canonized; the other two he prostituted to the basest of his own attendants. Of his wives, it would be hard to say whether they were first sought and won with more circumstances of injury and outrage,

* And this was entirely by the female side. The family descent of the first six Cæsars is so intricate, that it is rarely understood accurately; so that it may be well to state it briefly. Augustus was grand-nephew to Julius Cæsar, being the son of his sister's daughter. He was also, by adoption, the son of Julius. He himself had one child only, viz. the infamous Julia, who was brought him by his second wife Scribonia; and through this Julia it was that the three princes, who succeeded to Tiberius, claimed relationship to Augustus. On that Emperor's last marriage with Livia, he adopted the two sons whom she had borne to her divorced husband. These two noblemen, who stood in no degree of consanguinity whatever to Augustus, were Tiberius and Drusus. Tiberius left no children; but Drusus, the younger of the two brothers, by his marriage with the younger Antonia (daughter of Mark Anthony), had the celebrated Germanicus, and Claudius, (afterwards Emperor). Germanicus, though adopted by his uncle Tiberius, and destined to the empire, died prematurely. But, like Banquo, though he wore no crown, he left descendants who did. For, by his marriage with Agrippina, a daughter of Julia's by Agrippa, (and therefore grand-daughter of Augustus), he had a large family, of whom one son became the Emperor Caligula; and one of the daughters, Agrippina the younger, by her marriage with a Roman nobleman, became the mother of the Emperor Nero. Hence it appears that Tiberius was uncle to Claudius, Claudius was uncle to Caligula, Caligula was uncle to Nero. But it is observable, that Nero and Caligula stood in another degree of consanguinity to each other through their grandmothers, who were both daughters of Mark Anthony the Triumvir; for the elder Antonia married the grandfather of Nero; the younger Antonia (as we have stated above) married Drusus, the grandfather of Caligula; and again, by these two ladies, they were connected not only with each other, but also with the Julian house, for the two Antonias were daughters of Mark Anthony by Octavia, sister to Augustus.

or dismissed with more insult and levity. The one whom he treated best, and with most profession of love, and who commonly rode by his side, equipped with spear and shield, to his military inspections and reviews of the soldiery, though not particularly beautiful, was exhibited to his friends at banquets in a state of absolute nudity. His motive for treating her with so much kindness, was probably that she brought him a daughter; and her he acknowledged as his own child, from the early brutality with which she attacked the eyes and cheeks of other infants who were presented to her as play-fellows.—Hence it would appear that he was aware of his own ferocity, and treated it as a jest. The levity, indeed, which he mingled with his worst and most inhuman acts, and the slightness of the occasions upon which he delighted to hang his most memorable atrocities, aggravated their impression at the time, and must have contributed greatly to sharpen the sword of vengeance. His palace happened to be contiguous to the circus. Some seats, it seems, were open indiscriminately to the public; consequently, the only way in which they could be appropriated, was by taking possession of them as early as the midnight preceding any great exhibitions. Once, when it happened that his sleep was disturbed by such an occasion, he sent in soldiers to eject them; and with orders so rigorous, as it appeared by the event, that in this single tumult twenty Roman knights, and as many mothers of families, were cudgelled to death upon the spot, to say nothing of what the reporter calls “*innumeram turbam ceteram*.”

But this is a trifle to another anecdote reported by the same authority:—Or some occasion it happened that a dearth prevailed either generally of cattle, or of such cattle as were used for feeding the wild beasts reserved for the bloody exhibitions of the amphitheatre. Food could be had, and perhaps at no very exorbitant price, but on terms somewhat higher than the ordinary market price. A slight excuse served with Caligula for acts the most monstrous. Instantly repairing to the public jails, and causing all the

prisoners to pass in review before him (*custodiarum seriem recognoscens*), he pointed to two bald-headed men, and ordered that the whole file of intermediate persons should be marched off to the dens of the wild beasts: “Tell them off,” said he, “from the bald man to the bald man.” Yet these were prisoners committed, not for punishment, but trial. Nor, had it been otherwise, were the charges against them equal—but running through every gradation of guilt. But the *elogia*, or records of their commitment, he would not so much as look at. With such inordinate capacities for cruelty, we cannot wonder that he should in his common conversation have deplored the tameness and insipidity of his own times and reign, as likely to be marked by no widespread calamity. “Augustus,” said he, “was happy; for in his reign occurred the slaughter of Varus and his legions. Tiberius was happy; for in his occurred that glorious fall of the great amphitheatre at Fidenæ. But for me—alas! alas!” And then he would pray earnestly for fire or slaughter—pestilence or famine. Famine indeed was to some extent in his own power; and accordingly, as far as his courage would carry him, he did occasionally try that mode of tragedy upon the people of Rome, by shutting up the public granaries against them. As he blended his mirth and a truculent sense of the humorous with his cruelties, we cannot wonder that he should soon blend his cruelties with his ordinary festivities, and that his daily banquets would soon become insipid without them. Hence he required a daily supply of executions in his own halls and banquetting rooms; nor was a dinner held to be complete without such a dessert. Artists were sought out who had dexterity and strength enough to do what Lucan somewhere calls *ensem rotare*, that is, to cut off a human head with one whirl of the sword. Even this became insipid, as wanting one main element of misery to the sufferer, and an indispensable condiment to the jaded palate of the connoisseur, viz. a lingering duration. As a pleasant variety, therefore, the tormentors were introduced with

their various instruments of torture ; and many a dismal tragedy in that mode of human suffering was conducted in the sacred presence during the Emperor's hours of amiable relaxation.

The result of these horrid indulgences was exactly what we might suppose, that even such scenes ceased to irritate the languid appetite, and yet that without them life was not endurable. Jaded and exhausted as the sense of pleasure had become in Caligula, still it could be roused into any activity by nothing short of these murderous luxuries. Hence, it seems, that he was continually tampering and dallying with the thought of murder ; and like the old Parisian jeweller Cardillac, in Louis XIV's time, who was stung with a perpetual lust for murdering the possessors of fine diamonds—not so much for the value of the prize (of which he never hoped to make any use) as from an unconquerable desire of precipitating himself into the difficulties and hazards of the murder,—Caligula never failed to experience (and sometimes even to acknowledge) a secret temptation to any murder which seemed either more than usually abominable, or more than usually difficult. Thus, when the two Consuls were seated at his table, he burst out into sudden and profuse laughter ; and, upon their courteously requesting to know what witty and admirable conceit might be the occasion of the imperial mirth, he frankly owned to them, and doubtless he did not improve their appetites by this confession, that in fact he was laughing, and that he could not *but* laugh (and then the monster laughed immoderately again) at the pleasant thought of seeing them both headless, and that with so little trouble to himself, (*uno suo nutu*,) he could have both their throats cut. No doubt he was continually balancing the arguments for and against such little *escapades* ; nor had any person a reason for security in the extraordinary obligations, whether of hospitality or of religious vows, which seemed to lay him under some peculiar restraints in that case above all others ;* for such circumstances of peculiarity, by which the murder would be stamped with unusual atrocity, were

but the more likely to make its fascinations irresistible. Hence he dalled with the thoughts of murdering her whom he loved best, and indeed exclusively—his wife Cæsonia ; and whilst fondling her, and toying playfully with her polished throat, he was distracted (as he half insinuated to her) between the desire of caressing it, which might be often repeated, and that of cutting it, which could be gratified but once.

Nero (for as to Claudius he came too late to the throne to indulge any propensities of this nature with so little discretion) was but a variety of the same species. He also was an amateur, and an enthusiastic amateur of murder. But as this taste, in the most ingenious hands, is limited and monotonous in its modes of manifestation, it would be tedious to run through the long Suetonian roll-call of his peccadilloes in this way. One only we shall cite, to illustrate the amorous delight with which he pursued any murder which happened to be seasoned highly to his taste by enormous atrocity, and by almost unconquerable difficulty. It would really be pleasant, were it not for the revolting consideration of the persons concerned, and their relation to each other, to watch the tortuous pursuit of the hunter, and the doubles of the game in this obstinate chase. For certain reasons of state, as Nero attempted to persuade himself, but in reality because no other crime had the same attractions of unnatural horror about it, he resolved to murder his mother Agrippina. This being settled, the next thing was to arrange the mode and the tools. Naturally enough, according to the custom then prevalent in Rome, he first attempted the thing by poison. The poison failed : for Agrippina, anticipating tricks of this kind, had armed her constitution against them, like Mithridates ; and daily took potent antidotes and prophylactics. Or else (which is more probable) the Emperor's agent in such purposes, fearing his sudden repentance and remorse on first hearing of his mother's death, or possibly even witnessing her agonies, had composed a poison of inferior strength. This had certainly occurred in the case of Britannicus, who had thrown off with ease the

first dose administered to him by Nero. Upon which he had summoned to his presence the woman employed in the affair, and compelling her by threats to mingle a more powerful potion in his own presence, had tried it successively upon different animals, until he was satisfied with its effects; after which, immediately inviting Britannicus to a banquet, he had finally dispatched him. On Agrippina, however, no changes in the poison whether of kind or strength had any effect; so that, after various trials, this mode of murder was abandoned, and the Emperor addressed himself to other plans. The first of these was some curious mechanical device by which a false ceiling was to have been suspended by bolts above her bed; and in the middle of the night the bolt being suddenly drawn, a vast weight would have descended with a ruinous destruction to all below. This scheme, however, taking air from the indiscretion of some amongst the accomplices, reached the ears of Agrippina; upon which the old lady looked about her too sharply to leave much hope in that scheme: So *that* also was abandoned. Next he conceived the idea of an artificial ship, which, at the touch of a few springs, might fall to pieces in deep water. Such a ship was prepared, and stationed at a suitable point. But the main difficulty remained—which was to persuade the old lady to go on board. Not that she knew in this case *who* had been the ship-builder, for that would have ruined all; but it seems that she took it ill to be hunted in this murderous spirit, and was out of humour with her son; besides, that any proposal coming from him, though previously indifferent to her, would have instantly become suspected. To meet this difficulty, a sort of reconciliation was proposed, and a very affectionate message sent, which had the effect of throwing Agrippina off her guard, and seduced her to Baïæ for the purpose of joining the Emperor's party at a great banquet held in commemoration of a solemn festival. She came by water in a sort of light frigate, and was to return in the same way. Meantime Nero tampered with the commander of her vessel, and prevailed upon him to

wreck it. What was to be done? The great lady was anxious to return to Rome, and no proper conveyance was at hand. Suddenly it was suggested, as if by chance, that a ship of the Emperor's—new and properly equipped—was moored at a neighbouring station. This was readily accepted by Agrippina: the Emperor accompanied her to the place of embarkation, took a most tender leave of her, and saw her set sail. It was necessary that the vessel should get into deep water before the experiment could be made; and with the utmost agitation this pious son awaited news of the result. Suddenly a messenger rushed breathless into his presence, and horrified him by the joyful information that his august mother had met with an alarming accident, but by the blessing of heaven had escaped safe and sound, and was now on her road to mingle congratulations with her affectionate son. The ship, it seems, had done its office: the mechanism had played admirably: but who can provide for every thing? The old lady, it turned out, could swim like a duck; and the whole result had been to refresh her with a little sea-bathing. Here was worshipful intelligence. Could any man's temper be expected to stand such continued sieges? Money, and trouble, and infinite contrivance, wasted upon one old woman, who absolutely would not upon any terms be murdered!—Provoking it certainly was; and of a man like Nero it could not be expected that he should any longer dissemble his disgust, or put up with such repeated affronts. He rushed upon his simple congratulating friend, swore that he had come to murder him, and, as nobody could have suborned him but Agrippina, he ordered her off to instant execution. And unquestionably, if people will not be murdered quietly and in a civil way, they must expect that such forbearance is not to continue for ever; and obviously have themselves only to blame for any harshness or violence which they may have rendered necessary.

It is singular, and shocking at the same time, to mention, that for this atrocity Nero did absolutely receive solemn congratulations from all orders of men. With such evidences of

base servility in the public mind, and of the utter corruption which they had sustained in their elementary feelings, it is the less astonishing that he should have made other experiments upon the public patience, which seem expressly designed to try how much it would support. Whether he were really the author of the desolating fire which consumed Rome for six* days and seven nights, and drove the mass of the people into the tombs and sepulchres for shelter, is yet a matter of some doubt. But one great presumption against it, founded on its desperate imprudence, as attacking the people in their primary comforts, is considerably weakened by the enormous servility of the Romans in the case just stated: they who could volunteer congratulations to a son for butchering his mother (no matter on what pretended suspicions), might reasonably be supposed incapable of any resistance which required courage even in a case of self-defence, or of just revenge. The direct reasons, however, for implicating him in this affair seem at present insufficient. He was displeased, it seems, with the irregularity and unsightliness of the antique buildings, and also with the streets as too narrow and winding (*angustis flexurisq; vicorum.*) But in this he did but express what was no doubt the common judgment of all his contemporaries, who had seen the beautiful cities of Greece and Asia Minor. The Rome of that time was in many parts built of wood; and there is much probability that it must have been a *picturesque* city, and in parts almost grotesque. But it is remarkable, and a fact which we have nowhere seen noticed, that the ancients, whether Greeks or Romans, had no eye for the Picturesque; nay, that it was a sense utterly unawakened amongst them; and that the very conception of the Picturesque, as of a thing distinct from the Beautiful, is not once alluded to through the whole course of ancient literature,—nor would it have been intelligible to any ancient critic; so that, whatever attraction for the eye might exist in the Rome of that day, there is little

doubt that it was of a kind to be felt only by modern spectators. Mere dissatisfaction with its external appearance, which must have been a pretty general sentiment, argued, therefore, no necessary purpose of destroying it. Certainly it would be a weightier ground of suspicion, if it were really true, that some of his agents were detected on the premises of different senators in the act of applying combustibles to their mansions. But this story wears a very fabulous air. For why resort to the private dwellings of great men, where any intruder was sure of attracting notice, when the same effect, and with the same deadly results, might have been attained quietly and secretly in so many of the humble Roman *conculæ*?

The great loss on this memorable occasion was in the heraldic and ancestral honours of the city. Historic Rome then went to wreck for ever. Then perished the *domus prisorum ducum hostilibus adhuc spoliis adornata*; the “rostral” palace; the mansion of the Pompeys; the Blenheim and the Stratfieldsays of the Scipios, the Marcelli, the Paulli, and the Caesars; then perished the aged trophies from Carthage and from Gaul; and, in short, as the historian sums up the lamentable desolation, “*quidquid visendum atque memorabile ex antiquitate duraverat.*” And this of itself might lead one to suspect the Emperor’s hand as the original agent; for by no one act was it possible so entirely and so suddenly to wean the people from their old republican recollections, and in one week to obliterate the memorials of their popular forces, and the trophies of many ages. The old people of Rome were gone; their characteristic dress even was gone; for already in the time of Augustus they had laid aside the *toga*, and assumed the cheaper and scantier *paenula*, so that the eye sought in vain for Virgil’s

“Romanos rerum dominos gentemque togatam.”

Why, then, after all the constituents of Roman grandeur had passed away, should their historical trophies

* But a memorial stone, in its inscription, makes the time longer: “*Quando urbs per novem dies arsit Neronianis temporibus.*”

survive, recalling to them the scenes of departed heroism, in which they had no personal property, and suggesting to them vain hopes, which for them were never to be other than chimeras? Even in that sense, therefore, and as a great depository of heart-stirring historical remembrances, Rome was profitably destroyed; and in any other sense, whether for health or for the conveniences of polished life, or for architectural magnificence, there never was a doubt that the Roman people gained infinitely by this conflagration. For, like London, it arose from its ashes with a splendour proportioned to its vast expansion of wealth and population; and marble took the place of wood. For the moment, however, this event must have been felt by the people as an overwhelming calamity. And it serves to illustrate the passive endurance and timidity of the popular temper, and to what extent it might be provoked with impunity, that in this state of general irritation and effervescence, Nero absolutely forbade them to meddle with the ruins of their own dwellings—taking that charge upon himself, with a view to the vast wealth which he anticipated from sifting the rubbish. And, as if that mode of plunder were not sufficient, he exacted compulsory contributions to the rebuilding of the city so indiscriminately, as to press heavily upon all men's finances; and thus, in the public account which universally imputed the fire to him, he was viewed as a two-fold robber, who sought to heal one calamity by the infliction of another and a greater.

The monotony of wickedness and outrage becomes at length fatiguing to the coarsest and most callous senses; and the historian, even, who caters professedly for the taste which feeds upon the monstrous and the hyperbolical, is glad at length to escape from the long evolution of his insane atrocities, to the striking and truly scenical catastrophe of retribution which overtook them, and avenged the wrongs of an insulted world. Perhaps history contains no more impressive scenes than those in which the justice of Providence at length arrested the monstrous career of Nero.

It was at Naples, and, by a remark-

able fatality, on the very anniversary of his mother's murder, that he received the first intelligence of the revolt in Gaul under the Proprætor Vindex. This news for about a week he treated with levity; and, like Henry VII. of England, who was nettled, not so much at being proclaimed a rebel, as because he was described under the slighting denomination of "one Henry Tidder or Tudor," he complained bitterly that Vindex had mentioned him by his family name of *Ænobarbus*, rather than his assumed one of *Nero*. But much more keenly he resented the insulting description of himself as a "miserable harper," appealing to all about him whether they had ever known a better, and offering to stake the truth of all the other charges against himself upon the accuracy of this in particular. So little even in this instance was he alive to the true point of the insult; not thinking it any disgrace that a Roman emperor should be chiefly known to the world in the character of a harper, but only if he should happen to be a bad one. Even in those days, however, imperfect as were the means of travelling, rebellion moved somewhat too rapidly to allow any long interval of security so light-minded as this. One courier followed upon the heels of another, until he felt the necessity for leaving Naples; and he returned to Rome, as the historian says, *prætrepidus*; by which word, however, according to its genuine classical acceptance, we apprehend is not meant that he was highly alarmed, but only that he was in a great hurry. That he was not yet under any real alarm (for he trusted in certain prophecies, which, like those made to the Scottish tyrant, "kept the promise to the ear, but broke it to the sense,") is pretty evident, from his conduct on reaching the capitol. For, without any appeal to the Senate or the people, but sending out a few summonses to some men of rank, he held a hasty council, which he speedily dismissed, and occupied the rest of the day with experiments on certain musical instruments of recent invention, in which the keys were moved by hydraulic contrivances. He had come to Rome, it appeared, merely from a sense of decorum.

Suddenly, however, arrived news, which fell upon him with the force of a thunderbolt, that the revolt had extended to the Spanish provinces, and was headed by Galba. He fainted upon hearing this; and, falling to the ground, lay for a long time lifeless, as it seemed, and speechless. Upon coming to himself again, he tore his robe, struck his forehead, and exclaimed aloud—that for him all was over. In this agony of mind, it strikes across the utter darkness of the scene with the sense of a sudden and cheering flash, recalling to us the possible goodness and fidelity of human nature—when we read that one humble creature adhered to him, and according to her slender means, gave him consolation during these trying moments; this was the woman who had tended his infant years; and she now recalled to his remembrance such instances of former princes in adversity, as appeared fitted to sustain his drooping spirits. It seems, however, that, according to the general course of violent emotions, the rebound of high spirits was in proportion to his first despondency. He omitted nothing of his usual luxury or self-indulgence, and he even found spirits for going *incognito* to the theatre, where he took sufficient interest in the public performances, to send a message to a favourite actor. At times, even in this hopeless situation, his native ferocity returned upon him, and he was believed to have framed plans for removing all his enemies at once—the leaders of the rebellion, by appointing successors to their offices, and secretly sending assassins to despatch their persons; the Senate, by poison at a great banquet; the Gaulish provinces, by delivering them up for pillage to the army; the city, by again setting it on fire, whilst, at the same time, a vast number of wild beasts was to have been turned loose upon the unarmed populace—for the double purpose of destroying them, and of distracting their attention from the fire. But, as the mood of his frenzy changed, these sanguinary schemes were abandoned, (not, however, under any feelings of remorse, but from mere despair of effecting them,) and on the same day, *but after a luxurious dinner*, the imperial monster grew bland and pathetic in

his ideas; he would proceed to the rebellious army; he would present himself unarmed to their view; and would recall them to their duty by the mere spectacle of his tears. Upon the pathos with which he would weep he was resolved to rely entirely. And having received the guilty to his mercy without distinction, upon the following day he would unite *his* joy with *their* joy, and would chant hymns of victory (*epinicia*)—"which by the way," said he, suddenly, breaking off to his favourite pursuits, "it is necessary that I should immediately compose." This caprice vanished like the rest; and he made an effort to enlist the slaves and citizens into his service, and to raise by extortion a large military chest. But in the midst of these vacillating purposes fresh tidings surprised him—other armies had revolted; and the rebellion was spreading contagiously. This consummation of his alarms reached him at dinner; and the expressions of his angry fears took even a scenical air; he tore the dispatches, upset the table, and dashed to pieces upon the ground two crystal beakers—which had a high value as works of art, even in the *Aurea Domus*, from the sculptures which adorned them.

He now prepared for flight; and, sending forward commissioners to prepare the fleet at Ostia for his reception, he tampered with such officers of the army as were at hand to prevail upon them to accompany his retreat. But all shewed themselves indisposed to such schemes, and some flatly refused. Upon which he turned to other counsels; sometimes meditating a flight to the King of Parthia, or even to throw himself on the mercy of Galba; sometimes inclining rather to the plan of venturing into the Forum in mourning apparel, begging pardon for his past offences, and, as a last resource, entreating that he might receive the appointment of Egyptian prefect. This plan, however, he hesitated to adopt, from some apprehension that he should be torn to pieces in his road to the Forum; and, at all events, he concluded to postpone it to the following day. Meantime events were now hurrying to their catastrophe, which for ever anticipated that intention. His hours were num-

bered; and the closing scene was at hand.

In the middle of the night he was aroused from slumber with the intelligence that the military guard, who did duty at the palace, had all quitted their posts. Upon this the unhappy prince leaped from his couch, never again to taste the luxury of sleep, and despatched messengers to his friends. No answers were returned; and upon that he went personally with a small retinue to their hotels. But he found their doors every where closed; and all his importunities could not avail to extort an answer. Sadly and slowly he returned to his own bed-chamber; but there again he found fresh instances of desertion, which had occurred during his short absence; the pages of his bed-chamber had fled, carrying with them the coverlids of the imperial bed, which were probably wrought with gold, and even a golden box, in which Nero had on the preceding day deposited poison prepared against the last extremity. Wounded to the heart by this general desertion, and perhaps by some special case of ingratitude, such as would probably enough be signalized in the flight of his personal favourites, he called for a gladiator of the household to come and despatch him. But none appearing.—“What!” said he, “have I neither friend nor foe?” And so saying, he ran towards the Tiber, with the purpose of drowning himself. But that paroxysm, like all the rest, proved transient; and he expressed a wish for some hiding-place, or momentary asylum, in which he might collect his unsettled spirits, and fortify his wandering resolution. Such a retreat was offered to him by his *libertus* Phaon, in his own rural villa, about four miles distant from Rome. The offer was accepted; and the Emperor, without further preparation than that of throwing over his person a short mantle of a dusky hue, and enveloping his head and face in a handkerchief, mounted his horse, and left Rome with four attendants. It was still night—but

probably verging towards the early dawn; and even at that hour the imperial party met some travellers on their way to Rome (coming up, no doubt,* on law business)—who said, as they passed, “These men are certainly in chase of Nero.” Two other incidents, of an interesting nature, are recorded of this short but memorable ride: at one point of the road, the shouts of the soldiery assailed their ears from the neighbouring encampment of Galba. They were probably then getting under arms for their final march to take possession of the palace. At another point an accident occurred of a more unfortunate kind, but so natural and so well circumstantiated, that it serves to verify the whole narrative; a dead body was lying on the road, at which the Emperor’s horse started so violently as nearly to dismount his rider, and under the difficulty of the moment compelled him to withdraw the hand which held up the handkerchief, and suddenly to expose his features. Precisely at this critical moment it happened that an old half-pay officer passed, recognised the Emperor, and saluted him. Perhaps it was with some purpose of applying a remedy to this unfortunate rencontre, that the party dismounted at a point where several roads met, and turned their horses adrift to graze at will amongst the furze and brambles. Their own purpose was—to make their way to the back of the villa; but, to accomplish *that*, it was necessary that they should first cross a plantation of reeds, from the peculiar state of which they found themselves obliged to cover successively each space upon which they trode with parts of their dress, in order to gain any supportable footing. In this way, and contending with such hardships, they reached at length the postern side of the villa. Here we must suppose that there was no regular ingress; for, after waiting until an entrance was pierced, it seems that the Emperor could avail himself of it in no more dignified posture, than by

* At this early hour, witnesses, sureties, &c., and all concerned in the law courts, came up to Rome from villas, country towns, &c. But no ordinary call existed to **summon travellers** in the opposite direction; which accounts for the comment of the **travellers on the errand of Nero and his attendants.**

creeping through the hole on his hands and feet (*quadrupes per angustias receptus*.)

Now, then, after such anxiety, alarm, and hardship, Nero had reached a quiet rural asylum. But for the unfortunate concurrence of his horse's alarm with the passing of the soldier, he might perhaps have counted on a respite of a day or two in this noiseless and obscure abode. But what a habitation for him who was yet ruler of the world in the eye of law, and even *de facto* was so, had any fatal accident befallen his aged competitor! The room in which (as the one most removed from notice and suspicion) he had secreted himself, was a cella, or little sleeping closet of a slave, furnished only with a miserable pallet and a coarse rug. Here lay the founder and possessor of the Golden House, too happy if he might hope for the peaceable possession even of this miserable crypt. But that, he knew too well, was impossible. A rival pretender to the empire was like the plague of fire—as dangerous in the shape of a single spark left unextinguished, as in that of a prosperous conflagration. But a few brief sands yet remained to run in the Emperor's hour-glass; much variety of degradation or suffering seemed scarcely within the possibilities of his situation, or within the compass of the time. Yet, as though Providence had decreed that his humiliation should pass through every shape, and speak by every expression which came home to his understanding, or was intelligible to his senses, even in these few moments, he was attacked by hunger and thirst. No other bread could be obtained, (or, perhaps, if the Emperor's presence were concealed from the household, it was not safe to raise suspicion by calling for better) than that which was ordinarily given to slaves, coarse, black, and, to a palate so luxurious, doubtless disgusting. This accordingly he rejected; but a little tepid water he drank. After which, with the haste of one who fears that he may be prematurely interrupted, but otherwise, with all the reluctance which we may imagine, and which his streaming tears proclaimed, he addressed himself to the last labour in which he supposed

himself to have any interest on this earth—that of digging a grave. Measuring a space adjusted to the proportions of his person, he enquired anxiously for any loose fragments of marble, such as might suffice to line it. He requested also to be furnished with wood and water, as the materials for the last sepulchral rites. And these labours were accompanied, or continually interrupted by tears and lamentations, or by passionate ejaculations on the blindness of fortune, in suffering so divine an artist to be thus violently snatched away, and on the calamitous fate of musical science, which then stood on the brink of so dire an eclipse. In these moments he was most truly in an *agon*, according to the original meaning of that word; for the conflict was great between two master-principles of his nature; on the one hand, he clung with the weakness of a girl to life, even in that miserable shape to which it had now sunk; and like the poor malefactor, with whose last struggles Prior has so atrociously amused himself, “he often took leave, but was loath to depart.” Yet, on the other hand, to resign his life very speedily, seemed his only chance for escaping the contumelies—perhaps the tortures—of his enemies, and, above all other considerations, for making sure of a burial, and possibly of burial rites; to want which, in the judgment of the ancients, was the last consummation of misery. Thus occupied, and thus distracted—sternly attracted to the grave by his creed, hideously repelled by infirmity of nature—he was suddenly interrupted by a courier with letters for the master of the house; letters, and from Rome! What was their import? That was soon told—briefly, that Nero was adjudged to be a public enemy by the Senate, and that official orders were issued for apprehending him, in order that he might be brought to condign punishment according to the method of ancient precedent. Ancient precedent! *more majorum*! And how was that? eagerly demanded, the Emperor. He was answered—that the state-criminal in such cases was first stripped naked, then impaled as it were between the prongs of a pitchfork, and in that con-

dition scourged to death. Horror-struck with this account, he drew forth two poniards, or short swords, tried their edges, and then in utter imbecility of purpose, returned them to their scabbards, alleging that the destined moment had not yet arrived. Then he called upon Sporus, the infamous partner in his former excesses, to commence the funeral anthem. Others, again, he besought to lead the way in dying, and to sustain him by the spectacle of their example. But this purpose also he dismissed in the very moment of utterance; and turning away despairingly, he apostrophized himself in words reproachful or animating, now taxing his nature with infirmity of purpose, now calling on himself by name, with adjurations to remember his dignity, and to act worthy of his supreme station: ἦ πῶτος Νέρων, cried he, ἦ πῶτος Νέρων, ὅς ἐστις τὰς τούτων αἰετὶς, ἡμεῖς σκάνδαλον—i. e. "Fie, fie, then, Nero;—such a season calls for perfect self-possession. Up then, and rouse thyself to action."

Thus, and in similar efforts to master the weakness of his reluctant nature—weakness which would extort pity from the severest minds, were it not from the odious connexion which in him it had with cruelty the most merciless—did this unhappy prince, *jam non salutis spem sed exitii solatium quærens*, consume the flying moments, until at length his ears caught the fatal sounds or echoes from a body of horsemen riding up to the village. These were the officers charged with his arrest; and if he should fall into their hands alive, he knew that his last chance was over for liberating himself, by a Roman death, from the burthen of ignominious life, and from a lingering torture. He paused from his restless motions, listened attentively, then repeated a line from Homer—

ἵππων μὲν ἀκούσας ἰμῶν ἰλίου πύργου

(The resounding tread of swift-footed horses reverberates upon my ears);—then under some momentary impulse of courage, gained perhaps by figuring to himself the bloody populace rioting upon his mangled body, yet even then needing the auxiliary hand and vicarious courage of

his private secretary, the feeble-hearted prince stabbed himself in the throat. The wound, however, was not such as to cause instant death. He was still breathing, and not quite speechless, when the centurion who commanded the party entered the closet; and to this officer, who uttered a few hollow words of encouragement, he was still able to make a brief reply. But in the very effort of speaking he expired, and with an expression of horror impressed upon his stiffening features, which communicated a sympathetic horror to all beholders.

Such was the too memorable tragedy which closed for ever the brilliant line of the Julian family, and translated the august title of Cæsar from its original purpose as a proper name to that of an official designation. It is the most striking instance upon record of a dramatic and extreme vengeance overtaking extreme guilt; for, as Nero had exhausted the utmost possibilities of crime, so it may be affirmed that he drank off the cup of suffering to the very extremity of what his peculiar nature allowed. And in no life of so short a duration, have there ever been crowded equal extremities of gorgeous prosperity and abject infamy. It may be added, as another striking illustration of the rapid mutability and revolutionary excesses which belonged to what has been properly called the Roman *strotocacy* then disposing of the world, that within no very great succession of weeks that same victorious rebel, the Emperor Galba, at whose feet Nero had been self-immolated, was laid a murdered corpse in the same identical cell which had witnessed the lingering agonies of his unhappy victim. This was the act of an emancipated slave, anxious, by a vindictive insult to the remains of one prince, to place on record his gratitude to another. "So runs the world away!"—And in this striking way is retribution sometimes dispensed.

In the sixth Cæsar terminated the Julian line. The three next Princes in the succession were personally uninteresting; and, with a slight reserve in favour of Otho, whose motives for committing suicide (if truly reported) argue great nobility of

mind,* were even brutal in the tenor of their lives and monstrous; besides that the extreme brevity of their several reigns (all three, taken conjunctly, having held the supreme power for no more than twelve months and twenty days) dismisses them from all effectual station or right to a separate notice in the line of Cæsars. Coming to the tenth in the succession, Vespasian, and his two sons Titus and Domitian, who make up the list of the twelve Cæsars, as they are usually called, we find matter for deeper political meditation and subjects of curious research. But these Emperors would be more properly classed with the five who succeed them—Nerva, Trajan, Hadrian, and the two Antonines; after whom comes the young rustic Commodus, another Caligula or Nero, from whose short and infamous reign Gibbon takes up his tale of the decline of the empire. And this classification would probably have prevailed, had not the very curious work of Suetonius, whose own life and period of observation determined the series and cycle of his subjects, led to a different distribution. But as it is evident that, in the succession of the first twelve Cæsars, the six latter have no connexion whatever by descent, collaterally, or otherwise, with the six first, it would be a more logical distribution to combine them according to the fortunes of the state itself, and the succession of its prosperity through the several stages of splendour, declension, revival, and final decay. Under this arrangement, the first seventeen would belong to the first stage; Commodus would open the second; Aurelian down to Constantine or Julian would fill the third; and Jovian to Augustulus would bring up the melancholy rear. Meantime it will be proper, after thus briefly throwing our eyes over the monstrous atrocities of the early Cæsars, to spend a few lines in examining their origin, and the circumstances which favour-

ed their growth. For a mere hunter after hidden or forgotten singularities; a lover on their own account of all strange perversities and freaks of nature, whether in action, taste, or opinion; for a collector and amateur of misgrowths and abortions; for a Suetonius, in short, it may be quite enough to state and to arrange his cabinet of specimens from the marvellous in human nature. But certainly in modern times, any historian, however little affecting the praise of a philosophic investigator, would feel himself called upon to remove a little the taint of the marvellous and preternatural which adheres to such anecdotes, by entering into the psychological grounds of their possibility; whether lying in any peculiarly vicious education, early familiarity with bad models, corrupting associations, or other plausible key to effects, which, taken separately, and out of their natural connexion with their explanatory causes, are apt rather to startle and revolt the feelings of sober thinkers. Except, perhaps, in some chapters of Italian history, as, for example, among the most profligate of the Papal houses, and amongst some of the Florentine princes, we find hardly any parallel to the atrocities of Caligula and Nero; nor indeed was Tiberius much (if at all) behind them, though otherwise so wary and cautious in his conduct. The same tenor of licentiousness beyond the needs of the individual, the same craving after the marvellous and the stupendous in guilt, is continually emerging in succeeding Emperors—in Vitellius, in Domitian, in Commodus, in Caracalla—every where, in short, where it was not overruled by one of two causes, either by original goodness of nature too powerful to be mastered by ordinary seductions, (and in some cases removed from their influence by an early apprenticeship to camps,) or by the terrors of an exemplary ruin immediately preceding. For such a determinate tendency to the enormous and the

* We may add that the unexampled public grief which followed the death of Otho, exceeding even that which followed the death of Germanicus, and causing several officers to commit suicide, implies some remarkable goodness in this Prince, and a very unusual power of conciliating attachment.

anomalous, sufficient causes must exist:—what were they?

In the first place, we may observe that the people of Rome in that age were generally more corrupt by many degrees than has been usually supposed possible. The effect of revolutionary times, to relax all modes of moral obligation, and to unsettle the moral sense, has been well and philosophically stated by Mr Coleridge; but that would hardly account for the utter licentiousness and depravity of Imperial Rome. Looking back to Republican Rome, and considering the state of public morals but fifty years before the Emperors, we can with difficulty believe that the descendants of a people so severe in their habits could thus rapidly degenerate, and that a populace, once so hardy and masculine, should assume the manners which we might expect in the debauchees of Daphne (the infamous suburb of Antioch) or of Canopus, into which settled the very lees and dregs of the vicious Alexandria. Such extreme changes would falsify all that we know of human nature; we might *à priori* pronounce them impossible; and in fact, upon searching history, we find other modes of solving the difficulty. In reality, the citizens of Rome were at this time a new race, brought together from every quarter of the world, but especially from Asia. So vast a proportion of the ancient citi-

zens had been cut off by the sword, and partly to conceal this waste of population, but much more by way of cheaply requiting services, or of shewing favour, or of acquiring influence, slaves had been emancipated in such great multitudes, and afterwards invested with all the rights of citizens, that, in a single generation, Rome became almost transmuted into a baser metal; the progeny of those whom the last generation had purchased from the slave-merchants. These people derived their stock chiefly from Cappadocia, Pontus, &c., and the other populous regions of Asia Minor; and hence the taint of Asiatic luxury and depravity, which was so conspicuous to all the Romans of the old Republican severity. Juvenal is to be understood more literally than is sometimes supposed, when he complains that long before his time the Orontes (that river which washed the infamous capital of Syria) had mingled its impure waters with those of the Tiber. And a little before him, Lucan speaks with mere historic gravity when he says—

----- " Vivant Galatæque Syriæ
Cappadoces, Galliæque, extremæque orbis
Iberi,
Armeni, Cilices: nam post cecidit bella
Hæc Populus Romanus erit."*

Probably in the time of Nero, not one man in six was of pure Roman descent.† And the consequences

* Blackwell, in his *Court of Augustus*, vol. i. p. 382, when noticing these lines, upon occasion of the murder of Cicero, in the final proscription under the last Triumvirate, comments thus: "Those of the greatest and truly Roman spirit had been murdered in the field by Julius Cæsar; the rest were now massacred in the City by his son and successors; in their room came Syrians, Cappadocians, Phrygians, and other enfranchised slaves from the conquered nations;"—"these in half a century had sunk so low, that Tiberius pronounced her very senators to be *homines ad servitutem natos*, men born to be slaves."

† Suetonius indeed pretends that Augustus, personally at least, struggled against this ruinous practice—thinking it a matter of the highest moment, "*sincerum atque ab omni colluvione peregrini et servilis sanguinis incorruptum servare populum.*" And Horace is ready with his flatteries on the same topic, lib. 3, Od. 6. But the facts are against them; for the question is not what Augustus did in his own person, (which at most could not operate very widely except by the example,) but what he permitted to be done. Now there was a practice familiar to those times; that when a congiary or any other popular liberality was announced, multitudes were enfranchised by avaricious masters in order to make them capable of the bounty, (as citizens,) and yet under the condition of transferring to their emancipators whatsoever they should receive; *ἵνα τὸν ἀρκεσίους δίδωμενον αὐτοῖς λαμβάνοντες κατὰ μῆνα—δίδωσι τοῖς δίδουσι τῇ ἐλευθερίᾳ*, says Dionysius of Halicarnassus, in order that after receiving the corn given publicly in every month, they might carry it to

were suitable. Scarcely a family has come down to our knowledge that could not in one generation enumerate a long catalogue of divorces within its own contracted circle. Every man had married a series of wives; every woman a series of husbands. Even in the palace of Augustus, who wished to be viewed as an *exemplar* or ideal model of domestic purity, every principal member of his family was tainted in that way; himself in a manner and a degree infamous even at that time.* For the first 400 years of Rome, not one divorce had been granted or asked, although the statute which allowed of this indulgence had always been in force. But in the age succeeding to the civil wars men and women "married," says one author, "with a view to divorce, and divorced in order to marry. Many of these changes happened within the year, especially if the lady had a large fortune, which always went with her, and procured her choice of transient husbands." And, "can one imagine," asks the same writer, "that the fair one, who changed her husband every quarter, strictly kept her matrimonial faith all the three

months?" Thus the very fountain of all the "household charities" and household virtues was polluted. And after that we need little wonder at the assassinations, poisonings, and forging of wills, which then laid waste the domestic life of the Romans.

2. A second source of the universal depravity was the growing inefficacy of the public religion; and this arose from its disproportion and inadequacy to the intellectual advances of the nation. *Religion*, in its very etymology, has been held to imply a *religatio*, that is, a reiterated or secondary obligation of morals; a sanction supplementary to that of the conscience. Now, for a rude and uncultivated people, the Pagan mythology might not be too gross to discharge the main functions of a useful religion. So long as the understanding could submit to the fables of the Pagan creed, so long it was possible that the hopes and fears built upon that creed might be practically efficient on men's lives and intentions. But when the foundation gave way, the whole superstructure of necessity fell to the ground. Those who were obliged to reject the ridiculous legends which invested

those who had bestowed upon them their freedom. In a case, then, where an extensive practice of this kind was exposed to Augustus, and publicly reprov'd by him, how did he proceed? Did he reject the new-made citizens? No; he contented himself with diminishing the proportion originally destined for each, so that the same absolute sum being distributed among a number increased by the whole amount of the new inrolments, of necessity the relative sum for each separately was so much less. But this was a remedy applied only to the pecuniary fraud as it would have affected himself. The permanent mischief to the state went unredressed.

* Part of the story is well known, but not the whole. Tiberius Nero, a promising young nobleman, had recently married a very splendid beauty. Unfortunately for him, at the marriage of Octavia (sister to Augustus) with Mark Anthony, he allowed his young wife, then about eighteen, to attend upon the bride. Augustus was deeply and suddenly fascinated by her charms, and without further scruple sent a message to Nero—intimating that he was in love with his wife, and would thank him to resign her. The other, thinking it vain, in those days of lawless proscription, to contest a point of this nature with one who commanded twelve legions, obeyed the requisition. Upon some motive, now unknown, he was persuaded even to degrade himself farther; for he actually officiated at the marriage in character of father, and gave away the young beauty to his rival, although at that time six months advanced in pregnancy by himself. These humiliating concessions were extorted from him, and yielded (probably at the instigation of friends) in order to save his life. In the sequel they had the very opposite result; for he died soon after, and it is reasonably supposed of grief and mortification. At the marriage-feast, an incident occurred which threw the whole company into confusion: A little boy, roving from couch to couch among the guests, came at length to that in which Livia (the bride) was lying by the side of Augustus, on which he cried out aloud,—“Lady, what are you doing here? You are mistaken—this is not your husband—he is there,” (pointing to Tiberius,) “go, go—rise, lady, and recline beside him.”

the whole of their Pantheon, together with the fabulous adjudgers of future punishments, could not but dismiss the punishments, which were, in fact, as laughable, and as obviously the fictions of human ingenuity, as their dispensers. In short, the civilized part of the world in those days lay in this dreadful condition; their intellect had far outgrown their religion; the disproportions between the two were at length become monstrous; and as yet no purer or more elevated faith was prepared for their acceptance. The case was as shocking as if, with our present intellectual needs, we should be unhappy enough to have no creed on which to rest the burden of our final hopes and fears, of our moral obligations, and of our consolations in misery, except the fairy mythology of our nurses. The condition of a people so situated, of a people under the calamity of having outgrown its religious faith, has never been sufficiently considered. It is probable that such a condition has never existed before or since that era of the world. The consequences to Rome were—that the reasoning and disputatious part of her population took refuge from the painful state of doubt in Atheism; amongst the thoughtless and irreflective the consequences were chiefly felt in their morals, which were thus sapped in their foundation.

3. A third cause, which from the first had exercised a most baleful influence upon the arts and upon literature in Rome, had by this time matured its disastrous tendencies towards the extinction of the moral sensibilities. This was the Circus, and the whole machinery, form and substance, of the Circensian shows. Why had tragedy no existence as a part of the Roman literature? Because—and *that* was a reason which would have sufficed to stifle all the dramatic genius of Greece and England—there was too much tragedy in the shape of gross reality, almost daily before their eyes. The amphitheatre extinguished the theatre.

How was it possible that the fine and intellectual griefs of the drama should win their way to hearts seared and rendered callous by the continual exhibition of scenes the most hideous, in which human blood was poured out like water, and a human life sacrificed at any moment either to caprice in the populace, or to a strife of rivalry between the *eyes* and the *noses*, or as the penalty for any trifling instance of awkwardness in the performer himself? Even the more innocent exhibitions, in which brutes only were the sufferers, could not but be mortal to all the finer sensibilities. Five thousand wild animals, torn from their native abodes in the wilderness or forest, were often turned out to be hunted, or for mutual slaughter, in the course of a single exhibition of this nature; and it sometimes happened (a fact which of itself proclaims the course of the public propensities,) that the person at whose expense the shows were exhibited, by way of paying special court to the people and meriting their favour, in the way most conspicuously open to him, issued orders that all, without a solitary exception, should be slaughtered. He made it known, as the very highest gratification which the case allowed, that (in the language of our modern auctioneers) the whole, “without reserve,” should perish before their eyes. Even such spectacles must have hardened the heart, and blunted the more delicate sensibilities; but these would soon cease to stimulate the pampered and exhausted sense. From the combats of tigers or leopards, in which the passions could only be gathered indirectly, and by way of inference from the motions, the transition must have been almost inevitable to those of men, whose nobler and more varied passions spoke directly, and by the intelligible language of the eye, to human spectators; and from the frequent contemplation of these authorized murders, in which a whole people, women* as much as men, and children intermingled with both, looked on

* Augustus, indeed, strove to exclude the women from one part of the Circensian spectacles; and what was that? Simply from the sight of the *athletæ*, as being naked. But that they should witness the pangs of the dying gladiators, he deemed quite allowable. The smooth barbarian considered, that a license of the first sort offended

with leisurely indifference, with anxious expectation, or with rapturous delight, whilst below them were passing the direct sufferings of humanity, and not seldom its dying pangs, it was impossible to expect a result different from that which did in fact take place,—universal hardness of heart, obdurate depravity, and a twofold degradation of human nature, which acted simultaneously upon the two pillars of morality, (which are otherwise not often assailed together,) of natural sensibility in the first place, and, in the second, of conscientious principle.

4. But these were circumstances which applied to the whole population indiscriminately. Superadded to these, in the case of the Emperor, and affecting *him* exclusively, was this prodigious disadvantage—that ancient reverence for the immediate witnesses of his actions, and for the people and Senate who would under other circumstances have exercised the old functions of the censor, was, as to the Emperor, pretty nearly obliterated. The very title of *Imperator*, from which we have derived our modern one of *Emperor*, proclaims the nature of the government, and the tenure of that office. It was purely a government by the sword, or permanent *stratocracy* having a movable head. Never was there a people who enquired so impertinently as the Romans into the domestic conduct of each private citizen. No rank escaped this jealous vigilance; and private liberty, even in the most indifferent circumstances of taste or expense, was sacrificed to this inquisitorial rigour of *surveillance* exercised on behalf of the state, sometimes by erroneous patriotism, too often by malice in disguise. To this spirit the highest public officers were obliged to bow; the Consuls, not less than others. And even the occasional Dictator, if by law irresponsible, acted nevertheless as one who knew that any change which depressed his party, might eventu-

ally abrogate his privilege. For the first time in the person of an Emperor was seen a supreme autocrat, who had virtually and effectively all the irresponsibility which the law assigned, and the origin of his office presumed. Satisfied to know that he possessed such power, Augustus, as much from natural taste as policy, was glad to dissemble it, and by every means to withdraw it from public notice. But he had passed his youth as citizen of a republic; and in the state of transition to autocracy, in his office of Triumvir, had experimentally known the perils of rivalry, and the pains of foreign control, too feelingly to provoke unnecessarily any sleeping embers of the republican spirit. Tiberius, though familiar from his infancy with the servile homage of a court, was yet modified by the popular temper of Augustus; and he came late to the throne. Caligula was the first prince on whom the entire effect of his political situation was allowed to operate; and the natural results were seen—he was the first absolute monster. He must early have seen the realities of his position, and from what quarter it was that any cloud could arise to menace his security. To the Senate or people any respect which he might think proper to pay, must have been imputed by all parties to the lingering superstitions of custom, to involuntary habit, to court dissimulation, or to the decencies of external form, and the prescriptive reverence of ancient names. But neither Senate nor people could enforce their claims—whatever they might happen to be. Their sanction and ratifying vote might be worth having, as consecrating what was already secure, and conciliating the scruples of the weak to the absolute decision of the strong. But their resistance, as an original movement, was so wholly without hope, that they were never weak enough to threaten it.

The army was the true successor

against decorum, whilst the other violated only the sanctities of the human heart, and the whole sexual character of women. It is our opinion, that to the brutalizing effect of these exhibitions we are to ascribe not only the early extinction of the Roman drama, but generally the inferiority of Rome to Greece in every department of the fine arts. The fine temper of Roman sensibility, which no culture could have brought to the level of the Grecian, was thus dulled for every application.

to their places, being the *ultimate* depository of power. Yet, as the army was necessarily subdivided, as the shifting circumstances upon every frontier were continually varying the strength of the several divisions as to numbers and state of discipline, one part might be balanced against the other by an Emperor standing in the centre of the whole. The rigour of the military *sacramentum*, or oath of allegiance, made it dangerous to offer the first overtures to rebellion; and the money, which the soldiers were continually depositing in the bank, placed at the foot of their military standards, if sometimes turned against the Emperor, was also liable to be séquestered in his favour. There were then, in fact, two great forces in the government acting in and by each other—the Stratocracy, and the Autocracy. Each needed the other; each stood in awe of each. But, as regarded all other forces in the empire, constitutional or irregular, popular or senatorial, neither had any thing to fear. Under any ordinary circumstances, therefore, considering the hazards of a rebellion, the Emperor was substantially liberated from all control. Vexations or outrages upon the populace were not such to the army. It was but rarely that the soldier participated in the emotions of the citizen. And thus, being effectually without check, the most vicious of the Cæsars went on without fear, presuming upon the weakness of one part of his subjects, and the indifference of the other, until he was tempted onwards to atrocities which armed against him the common feelings of human nature, and all mankind, as it were, rose in a body with one voice, and apparently with one heart, united by mere force of indignant sympathy, to put him down, and “abate” him as a monster. But, until he brought matters to this extremity, Cæsar had no cause to fear. Nor was it at all certain, in any one instance, where this exemplary chastisement overtook him, that the apparent unanimity of the actors went further than the *practical* conclusion of “abating” the imperial nuisance, or that their indignation had settled upon the same offences. In general the army measured the guilt by the public

scandal, rather than by its moral atrocity; and Cæsar suffered perhaps in every case, not so much because he had violated his duties, as because he had dishonoured his office.

It is, therefore, in the total absence of the checks which have almost universally existed to control other despots, under some indirect shape, even where none was provided by the laws, that we must seek for the main peculiarity affecting the condition of the Roman Cæsar, which peculiarity it was, superadded to the other three, that finally made those three operative in their fullest extent. It is in the perfection of the stratocracy that we must look for the key to the excesses of the autocrat. Even in the bloody despotisms of the Barbary states, there has always existed in the religious prejudices of the people, which could not be violated with safety, one check more upon the caprices of the despot than was found at Rome. Upon the whole, therefore, what affects us on the first reading as a prodigy or anomaly in the frantic outrages of the early Cæsars—falls within the natural bounds of intelligible human nature, when we state the case considerably. Surrounded by a population which had not only gone through a most vicious and corrupting discipline, and had been utterly ruined by the license of revolutionary times, and the bloodiest proscriptions, but had even been extensively changed in its very elements, and from the descendants of Romulus had been transmuted into an Asiatic mob;—starting from this point, and considering as the second feature of the case, that this transfigured people, *morally* so degenerate, were carried, however, by the progress of civilisation to a certain intellectual altitude, which the popular religion had not strength to ascend—but from inherent disproportion remained at the base of the general civilisation, incapable of accompanying the other elements in their advance;—thirdly, that this polished condition of society, which should naturally with the evils of a luxurious repose have counted upon its pacific benefits, had yet, by means of its circus and its gladiatorial contests, applied a constant irritation, and a system of provocations to the appetites for blood,

such as in all other nations are connected with the rudest stages of society, and with the most barbarous modes of warfare, nor even in such circumstances without many palliatives wanting to the spectators of the Circus;—combining these considerations, we have already a key to the enormities and hideous excesses of the Roman Emperor. The hot blood which excites, and the adventurous courage which accompanies, the excesses of sanguinary warfare, presuppose a condition of the moral nature not to be compared for malignity and baleful tendency to the cool and cowardly spirit of amateurship in which the Roman (perhaps an effeminate Asiatic) sat looking down upon the bravest of men (Thracians, or other Europeans) mangling each other for his recreation. When, lastly, from such a population, and thus disciplined from his nursery days, we suppose the case of one individual selected, privileged, and raised to a conscious irresponsibility, except at the bar of one extrajudicial tribunal, not easily irritated, and notoriously to be propitiated by other means than those of upright or impartial conduct, we lay together the elements of a situation too trying for poor human nature, and fitted only to the faculties of an angel or a demon; of an angel, if we suppose him to resist its full temptations; of a demon, if we suppose him to use its total opportunities. Thus interpreted and solved, Caligula and Nero become ordinary men.

But, finally, what if, after all, the worst of the Cæsars, and these in particular, were entitled to the benefit of a still shorter and more conclusive apology? What if, in a true medical sense, they were insane? It is certain that a vein of madness ran in the family; and anecdotes are recorded of the three worst, which go far to establish it as a fact, and others which would imply it as symptoms—preceding or accompanying. As belonging to the former class, take the following story: At midnight an elderly gentleman suddenly sends round a message to a select party of noblemen, rouses them out of bed, and summons them instantly to his palace. Trembling for their lives from

the suddenness of the summons, and from the unseasonable hour, and scarcely doubting that by some anonymous *delator* they have been implicated as parties to a conspiracy, they hurry to the palace—are received in portentous silence by the ushers and pages in attendance—are conducted to a saloon, where (as in every where else) the silence of night prevails, united with the silence of fear and whispering expectation. All are seated—all look at each other in ominous anxiety. Which is accuser? Which is the accused? On whom shall their suspicion settle—on whom their pity?—All are silent—almost speechless—and even the current of their thoughts is frost-bound by fear. Suddenly the sound of a fiddle or a viol is caught from a distance—it swells upon the ear—steps approach—and in another moment in rushes the elderly gentleman, grave and gloomy as his audience, but capering about in a frenzy of excitement. For half an hour he continues to perform all possible evolutions of caprioles, pirouettes, and other extravagant feats of activity, accompanying himself on the fiddle; and, at length, not having once looked at his guests, the elderly gentleman whirls out of the room in the same transport of emotion with which he entered it; the panic-struck visitors are requested by a slave to consider themselves as dismissed: they retire; resume their couches:—the nocturnal pageant has “dislinned” and vanished; and on the following morning, were it not for their concurring testimonies, all would be disposed to take this interruption of their sleep for one of its most fantastic dreams. The elderly gentleman, who figured in this delirious *pas seul*—who was he? He was Tiberius Cæsar, king of kings, and lord of the torrefactive globe. Would a British jury demand better evidence than this of a disturbed intellect in any formal process *de lunatico inquirendo*? For Caligula, again, the evidence of symptoms is still plainer. He knew his own defect; and purposed going through a course of hellebore. Sleeplessness, one of the commonest indications of lunacy, haunted him in an excess rarely recorded.* The same,

* No fiction of romance presents so awful a picture of the ideal tyrant as that of Caligula by Suetonius. His palace—radiant with purple and gold, but murder

or similar facts, might be brought forward on behalf of Nero. And thus these unfortunate princes, who have so long (and with so little investigation of their cases) passed for monsters or for demoniac counterfeits of men, would at length be

brought back within the fold of humanity, as objects rather of pity than of abhorrence, would be reconciled to our indulgent feelings, and, at the same time, made intelligible to our understandings.

every where lurking beneath flowers ;—his smiles and echoing laughter—masking (yet hardly meant to mask) his foul treachery of heart ;—his hideous and tumultuous dreams—his baffled sleep—and his sleepless nights—compose the picture of an *Æschylus*. What a master's sketch lies in these few lines :—“ *Incitabatur in somnio maxime ; neque enim plus tribus horis nocturnis quiescebat ; ac ne his placida quiete, at pavidâ miris rerum imaginibus : ut qui inter ceteras pelagi quondam speciem colloquentem secum videre visus sit. Ideoque magna parte noctis, vigiliâ cubandique tædio, nunc toro residens, nunc per longissimas porticus vagus, invocare identidem atque expectare lucem consueverat ;*”—*i. e.* But, above all, he was tormented with nervous irritation, by sleeplessness ; for he enjoyed not more than three hours of nocturnal repose ; nor these even in pure untroubled rest, but agitated by phantasmata of portentous augury ; as, for example, upon one occasion he fancied that he saw the sea, under some definite impersonation, conversing with himself. Hence it was, and from this incapacity of sleeping, and from weariness of lying awake, that he had fallen into habits of ranging all the night long through the palace, sometimes throwing himself on a couch, sometimes wandering along the vast corridors—watching for the earliest dawn, and anxiously invoking its approach.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE DEEPLY-LAMENTED ENSIGN GEORGE HOLFORD WALKER, WHO WAS SHOT THROUGH THE HEART IN AN AFFAIR WITH THE MALAYS, ON THE 30 OF MAY 1832, AND DIED INSTANTANEOUSLY, IN HIS 19TH YEAR.

Oh, fare-thee-well ! our beautiful and brave !
Our lovely, gentle, generous, gallant boy !
Oh ! what a sun of ardent hope and joy
Lies crush'd and wither'd in thy distant grave !

Thy cheek in its first down,—thy dark blue eye,
Bright flashing with an ardent spirit's fire,
Shone like the sunbeam of yon torrid sky,—
While fame precocious fed thy young desire.

Happy and hopeful wert thou ! Whosoe'er
Look'd on thine open, manly forehead, smiled ;
For *there* was written many a promise fair,—
But, oh, how fate such promise has beguiled !

Yet there was mercy in thine early doom,
For thy career, bless'd youth, though brief, was bright ;
And thou wert stricken pangless to the tomb,
In the first transport of thy conscious might.

Why dwell we on the praise thou might'st have won,
Had thy young promise ripen'd ! Had the man,
Maturing in the beam of Glory's sun,
Been spared to finish as the boy began !

Let us not think ! Such thought is anguish *now* !
Oh, may His will be done who call'd thee hence !
And this sore chastening wisely did bestow
On hearts too proud, affections too intense !

MARGT. HODSON.

LITTLE LEONARD'S LAST "GOOD-NIGHT."

" Good-night! good-night! I go to sleep,"*
 Murmur'd the little child;—
 And oh! the ray of heaven that broke
 On the sweet lips that faintly spoke
 That soft "Good-night," and smiled.

That angel smile! that loving look
 From the dim closing eyes!
 The peace of that pure brow! But there—
 Aye—on that brow, so young! so fair!
 An awful shadow lies.

The gloom of evening—of the boughs
 That o'er yon window wave—
 Nay, nay—within these silent walls,
 A deeper, darker, shadow falls,
 The twilight of the Grave—

The twilight of the Grave—for still
 Fast comes the fluttering breath—
One fading smile—*one* look of love—
 A murmur—as from brooding dove—
 "Good-night."—And this is Death!

Oh! who hath called thee "Terrible!"
 Mild Angel! most benign!
 Could mother's fondest lullaby
 Have laid to rest more blissfully
 That sleeping babe, than thine!

Yet *this is Death*—the doom for all
 Of Adam's race decreed—
 "But this poor lamb! this little one!—
 What had the guiltless creature done?"—
 Unhappy heart! take heed;

Though He is merciful as just
 Who hears that fond appeal—
 He will not break the bruised reed,
 He will not search the wounds that bleed—
 He only wounds to heal.

"Let little children come to me,"
 He cried, and to his breast
 Folded them tenderly—To-day
 He calls thine unshorn lamb away
 To that securest rest!

C.

* These were the dying words of a little child, related to the author, uttered at the moment of its departure.

ORIGINAL LETTER FROM SIR WALTER SCOTT.

MR BIRD'S PICTURE—CHEVY CHASE.

TO THE EDITOR OF BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR,—The following letters explain the purport for which they were written. In themselves they are interesting; and as one is from the pen of Sir Walter Scott, it would be perhaps a selfish injustice to withhold its publication. I would fain think they may be read not without interest, from another cause. They relate to a Picture, painted by poor Bird, R.A., who died when he had just attained that eminence in his profession from which he might have expected to reap a golden harvest; but "*aliter visum est.*" That picture was Chevy Chase; it is in the collection of the Marquis of Stafford, and I believe obtained the prize from the British Institution. It is engraved in mezzotinto by Mr Young. The original sketch in oils was in gratitude presented by the painter to Sir Walter Scott, and is, I presume, now at Abbotsford; and there may it long remain, a memorial of the kindness of that great and excellent man, and of the genius and grateful feelings of the artist. Among the *Lives of the Painters*, by Allan Cunningham, (notwithstanding I am disposed to find many faults with it) a delightful work, may be found that of poor Bird. I am unwilling to call in question the judgment of so good and amusing a writer; but there are sundry matters in those *Lives*, upon which I have sometimes intended to offer a few words of remonstrance. His *Life of Sir Joshua Reynolds* is certainly written with a prejudice; too much hearsay evidence, and that too picked up from servants, is admitted, and inferences of character drawn therefrom. He does not appear to have justly appreciated the mind of that great man, Sir Joshua Reynolds. But the *Life of Bird*, on whose account these letters were written, gives no idea whatever of the man. I knew him well—perhaps no one better—and from his commencing as an artist, to the day of his death, was in almost daily intercourse with him; and I must say the life of him written by Allan Cunningham, may be as well the life of any one as of my old friend Bird. It is in little, or nothing, correct. There were many friends of the painter who knew him well, and loved him for his many virtues and his genius, to whom it is surprising the author did not apply. Should he meditate another edition, and wish to revise that portion of his valuable work, he may, without difficulty, obtain more correct, as well as more interesting information.

The writer of the Letter to Sir Walter Scott (No. I.) was a very near relative of mine, and that and the Reply (No. II.) came into my possession at his decease in 1812.—I need not say I shall carefully preserve the originals.

I am, dear Sir, yours very truly,

J. E.

Dec. 3, 1832.

No. I.

L.—n Court, Dec. 3, 1811.

SIR,—I am much at a loss how to apologize to you for intruding myself, a perfect stranger, upon your notice; but the truth is, I wish for some information respecting the costume of your countrymen towards the latter end of the 14th century. I know that you are better able to give me this information than any other person, and I throw myself upon your liberality, in the hope that you

will waive the ceremony of a formal introduction, and do me the favour to answer my enquiries on the subject. Mr Murray of Fleet Street, who has favoured me with your address, will, I have no doubt, make such a report of me, as may in some degree qualify the presumption of this abrupt application. It is but fair to acknowledge that my enquiries have no reference to any undertaking of my own, but are solely intend-

ed for the benefit of a very ingenious friend, who has formed the design of a picture, taken from the following stanza of the old ballad of Chevy Chase,

"Next day did many widows come," &c.

Though this ballad is not strictly historical, yet time has given it a sanction almost equal to such authority; and as we are to look to the battle of Otterbourne for many of its events, it assumes a somewhat higher rank than a completely fictitious subject would be permitted to claim. In the action passed on the Borders between the retainers of the great houses of Douglas and Percy, in some degree the manners and dress of the two countries are to be preserved; not only the military, but the common and ordinary habiliments of the higher, middle, and lower classes, of such as might be likely to visit the field the day after the battle, in search of their friends and relatives. I recollect, in the first sketch of this object, the friends of Douglas are bearing his body from the field in a kind of solemn procession, the whole in shadow. The perspective of this retiring train produces a melancholy yet sublime effect. The form of the body is scarcely perceptible; the bearers, and they who precede the corpse, grow indistinct from the increasing distance; and the few who follow appear to have their heads and bodies covered with something like mourning cloaks. This last division of the attendants of the deceased hero, I have taken the liberty to criticise as bearing too near a resemblance to a funeral provided by an undertaker, and may probably introduce ludicrous ideas, where all should be serious and solemn. I rather think this group should principally consist of military persons not completely armed *de pied au cap*, but rather negligently, as their condition might require under the existing circumstances, but still in such manner as to distinguish them as retainers or friends of the house of Douglas. Having stated thus much of the subject, the following questions will naturally arise, to enable the painter to execute his task with fidelity and propriety. Was there any difference in the defensive armour of the contending parties; and if so,

in what did it consist? Were the offensive weapons the same? or in what did they differ? Should the followers of the body of Douglas have their helmets on their heads, or in their hands; and was there any peculiar mode of carrying their arms on such an occasion? Was the plaid in use at this period; and if so, how was it worn? Was there any distinction or difference in dress amongst persons of the higher, middle, or lower ranks, except that of fineness or quality—I mean such as were professedly not military? Suppose Lady Percy should be introduced lamenting over the body of her husband, as she would form part of the principal group, how might she be properly dressed as to colour and fashion of her clothes? Was there any prevailing colour in the dresses of middle and lower classes? Was the bonnet, or what else, worn on the head at this period, and of what form and colour? I take it for granted that the inhabitants of the low country of Scotland differed but little in their dress from the French and English, with whom they had constant intercourse. The armour of the military retainers might be similar likewise, but that the great distinction was the badge or crest of the great leaders which was worn by the common soldiers, either painted or embossed upon their armour before and behind, such as I have observed on the plate of the siege of Boulogne, *temp.* Hen. VIII., and published by the Society of Antiquaries. This seems confirmed by an historical event at a subsequent period. At the battle of Barnett, in 1471, the similarity of a sun and a star on the liveries of Edward and Warwick, produced a mistake fatal to the Lancastrians. I wish my friend had taken the battle of Otterbourne for his subject, in which Douglas was slain, and Hotspur taken prisoner; this would, I think, have given greater variety and interest to the picture; but I do not interpose my fallible judgment to obliterate the impressions which genius may have formed in the mind of the painter, and which thorough knowledge of his art may enable him to execute beyond my feeble conception. I love the sister arts; and when I am writing to the first Poet of the age, I scarcely

know how to restrain my pen from offering that tribute which is due from those who love and honour virtue and genius to those who possess them.

"O let your spirit still my bosom soothe,
Inspire my dreams, and my wild wander-
ings guide!

Your voice each rugged path of life can
smooth;

For well I know wherever you reside,
'There harmony, and peace, and innocence
abide."

I must end, as I began, with an apology for troubling you with this long

letter. If you shall think it worth answering, my friend will be proud to benefit by your instructions; if not, I shall at least have made an effort to serve him extremely gratifying to myself, as it gives me the opportunity of expressing the high respect I feel for your character, and of thanking you for the gratification I have received from the repeated perusal of your charming productions.—Believe me to be, with most sincere respect and regard,

Sir, your very obedt. servt.,

T. E.

No. II.

SIR,

I am favoured with your letter, and without pretending to touch upon the complimentary part of it, I can only assure you that I am much flattered by your thinking it worth while to appeal to me on a point of national antiquities. I am very partial to Chevy Chase, although perhaps Otterbourne might have afforded a more varied subject for the pencil. But the imagination of the artist being once deeply impressed with a favourite idea, he will be certain to make more of it than of any other that can be suggested to him. In attempting to answer your queries, I hope you will allow for the difficulty in describing what can only be accurately expressed by drawing, &c. &c. I shall at least have one good thick cloak under which to shelter my ignorance. I greatly doubt the propriety of mourning cloaks—but a group of friars might with great propriety be introduced, and their garb would have almost the same effect. I am not aware there was any difference between the defensive armour of the Scots and English, at least as worn by the knights and men-at-arms; yet it would seem that the English armour was more gorgeous and showy: they had crests upon the helmet before they were used in Scotland; and at the battle of Pinkie, Patten expresses his surprise at the plainness of the Scottish nobility's armour. I conceive something like this may be gained by looking at *Grose's* ancient armour, and selecting the more elaborate forms for the

English—the plate-armour for example; while the Scots might be supposed to have longer retained the ring or mail-armour. There should not be a strict discrimination in this respect, but only the painter may have this circumstance in his recollection. There are at Newbattle two very old pictures on wood, said to be heroes of the Douglas family, and one of them avowed to be the chief of Otterbourne. The dress is very singular—a sort of loose buff jerkin, with sleeves enveloping the whole person up to the throat, very curiously slashed and pinked, and covering apparently a coat of mail. The figure has his hand on his dagger, a black bonnet with a feather on his head, a very commanding cast of features, and a beard of great length. The pictures certainly are extremely ancient, and belong to the Douglas family.

Query 2. The knights and men-at-arms on each side wore the sword and lance, but the English infantry were armed with bows—the Scots with long spears, mallets, and two-handed swords; battle-axes of various forms were in great use among the Scots. The English also retained the brown bill, so formidable at the battle of Hastings; a weapon very picturesque, because affording a great variety of forms, for which, as well as for the defensive armour worn by the infantry of the period, see *Grose*, and the prints to *Johnes's* *Froissart*.

Query 3. Those of the followers of Douglas that are knights and men-at-arms, may have their hel-

met at the saddle-bow, or borne by their pages—in no case in their hands. The infantry may wear their steel-caps or morions; the target or buckler of the archers, when not in use, was slung at their back like those of the Highlanders in 1745. I am not aware there was any particular mode of carrying their arms at funerals, but they would naturally point them downwards with an air of depression.

Query 4. The plaid never was in use among the Borderers, *i.e.* the Highland or tartan plaid; but there was, and is still used, a plaid with a very small cheque of black and grey, which we call a *maul*, and which, I believe, was very ancient; it is the constant dress of a shepherd, worn over one shoulder, and then drawn round the person, leaving one arm free.

Query 5. In peace the nobility and gentry wore cloaks, or robes richly furred, over their close doublets. The inferior ranks seem to have worn the doublet only; look at Johnes's Froissart, which I think you may also consult for the fashion of Lady Percy's garments. Stoddart some years ago painted a picture of Chaucer's Pilgrims, which displayed much knowledge of costume.

Query 6. I am not aware there was any prevailing colour among the peasantry of each nation; the silvan green will of course predominate among Percy's bowmen.

Query 7. The bonnet, the shape of that of Henry VIII., (but of various colours,) was the universal covering in this age. The following points of costume occur to my recollection in a border ballad, (modern, but in which most particulars are taken from tradition.) Scott of Harden, an ancient marauding borderer, is described thus:

"His cloak was of the forest green,
Wi' buttons like the moon;
His trows were of the gude buckskin,
Wi' a' the hair aboon."

The goat-skin or deer-skin pantaloons, with the hair outermost, would equip one wild figure well enough, who might be supposed a Border outlaw. You are quite right respecting the badges, but besides those of their masters, the soldiers usually wore St. George's or St. Andrew's

cross, red and white, as national badges. The dogs of the chase, huge dun greyhounds, might with propriety, and I think good effect, be introduced; suppose one mourning over his master, and licking his face. A slaughtered deer or two might also appear to mark the history of the fight, and the cause of quarrel.

I have often thought a fine subject for a Border painting occurs in the old ballad called the Raid of the Reidswire, where the wardens on either side having met on a day of truce, their armed followers and the various tribes mingled in a friendly manner on each side, till, from some accidental dispute, words grew high between the wardens. Mutual insult followed. The English chief addressing the Scottish,

"Rose and raxed him where he stood,
And bid him match him with his marrows.
Then Tyndale heard them reason rude,
And they let fly a flight of arrows."

The two angry chieftains, especially Forster, drawing himself up in his pride and scorn, would make a good group, backed by the Tyndale men, bending and drawing their bows; on the sides you might have a group busied on their game, whom the alarm had not yet reached; another half disturbed; another, where they were mounting their horses, and taking to their weapons, with the wild character peculiar to the country.

This is, Sir, all, and I think more than you bargained for. I would strongly recommend to your friend, should he wish to continue such subjects, to visit the armouries in the Tower of London, where there are various ancient, picturesque, and curious weapons, and to fill his sketch-book with them for future use. I shall be happy to hear that these hints have been of the least service to him, or to explain myself where I may have been obscure. And I am, Sir, your very humble servant,

WALTER SCOTT.

Edin. 8th Dec. 1811.

If Douglas's face is shewn, the artist should not forget the leading features of his family, which were an open high forehead, a long face, with a very dark complexion.

IRELAND.

No. I.

THE situation of Ireland has long demanded the anxious consideration of every well-wisher to his country. If we have not lately adverted to it, it is not because its convulsions and its sufferings have failed to excite our warmest sympathy, and the heroism of a large portion of its inhabitants our highest admiration; not because we are not fully alive to the imminent hazard to which it is exposed, and the indissoluble bond which has united its fortunes to that of this country; but because the pressure of danger and of overwhelming interests at home, has been such as to absorb our exclusive attention. With the dagger at our own throats, we had no leisure to attend, and no space to devote, to any thing but our own misfortunes; not even to the concerns of the sister island, bound to us by every tie of kindred interest, and national sympathy.

The crisis of the moment, however, calls for instant attention; and the short intermission which it has afforded in the work of destruction, has given us some breathing time, of which we gladly avail ourselves to turn our eyes to the condition of this unhappy country, so richly gifted by nature, so fully filled with inhabitants, so deplorably pregnant with misery. The survey, while it is melancholy, is yet instructive; it points with unerring hand to the evils of popular insubordination, and affords an example of the effects of democratic misrule, so awful, so glaring, that if the people of this country are not as blind and perverted as their flatterers tell them they are enlightened, they must perceive the fatal gulf, to the brink of which they are so madly hastening. The consideration of Irish history, and of the present condition of that island, is better calculated than any other topic to illustrate the principles for which we have so long and so strenuously contended; to point out the admirable effects of real freedom, as contradistinguished from popular licentiousness and democratic tyranny; and to demonstrate the enormous evils arising not merely to

the higher but the lower orders, from those principles of anarchy and insubordination, which our rulers have spread with so unsparing and reckless a hand, for the last two years, through this once united and prosperous land.

That Ireland, though blessed with a rich soil and a temperate climate, though abounding in men, and overflowing with agricultural riches, is a distracted and unhappy country, is universally known. That it is overwhelmed with a beggarly and redundant population; that its millions are starving in the midst of plenty, and seem to live only to bring into the world millions as miserable and distracted as themselves, is matter of common observation, not only to all who have visited the country itself, but to all who have compared it with other states, even in the lowest stage of civilisation, and under circumstances generally supposed the most adverse to human improvement. That its population is redundant, as well as miserable to the very greatest degree, is demonstrated, not merely by the immense tide of emigration which annually flows over the Atlantic, but the enormous multitudes who are daily transported across the channel to overwhelm the already overpeopled shores of Britain. From Mr Cleland's admirable statistical work on Glasgow, it appears that there are no less than 35,000 Irish in that city, almost all in the very lowest rank, and humblest employments of life; and the proportion in the other great cities of the empire, Manchester, Bristol, Liverpool, Birmingham, and Edinburgh, is probably at least as great. Humboldt was the first who took notice of the extraordinary, and, but for his accuracy, almost incredible fact, that between the years 1801 and 1821, there was a difference of a *million of souls* between the increase of the population of Great Britain, as demonstrated by a comparison of the births and the deaths, and the actual increase of its inhabitants; a difference which he justly considers as chiefly owing to the immense influx of Irish

during that period.* There is no instance on record of so great an inundation of inhabitants breaking into any country, barbarous or civilized, not even when the Goths and Vandals overwhelmed the Roman Empire.

It is in vain, therefore, to attempt to shake ourselves loose of Ireland, or consider its misery as a foreign and extraneous consideration with which the people of this country have little concern. The starvation and anarchy of that kingdom is a leprosy, which will soon spread over the whole empire. The redundancy of our own population, the misery of our own poor, the weight of our own poor-rates, are all chiefly owing to the multitudes who are perpetually pressing upon them from the Irish shores. During the periods of the greatest depression of industry in this country since the peace, if the Irish labourers could have been removed, the native poor would have found ample employment; and more than one committee of the House of Commons have reported, after the most patient investigation and minute examination of evidence from all parts of the country, that there is no tendency to undue increase among the people of Great Britain, and that the whole existing distress was owing to the immigration from the sister kingdom.

Nature has forbidden us to sever the connexion which subsists between the two countries. We must swim or sink together. It is utterly impossible to effect that disjunction of British from Irish interests, for which the demagogues of that country so strenuously contend, and which many persons in this island, from the well founded jealousy of Catholic ascendancy in the House of Commons, and the apparent hopelessness of all attempts to improve its condition, are gradually becoming inclined to support. The legislature may be separated by act of Parliament; the government may be severed by Catholic revolts; but Ireland will not the less hang like a dead weight round the neck of England; its starving multitudes will not the less overwhelm our labourers; its pas-

sions and its jealousies will not the less paralyse the exertions of our government. Let a Catholic Republic be established in Ireland; let O'Connell be its President; let the English landholders be rooted out, and Ireland, with its priests and its poverty, be left to shift for itself; and the weight, the insupportable weight of its misery will be more severely felt in this country than ever. Deprived of the wealth and the capital of the English landholders, or of the proprietors of English descent; a prey to its own furious and ungovernable passions; ruled by an ignorant and ambitious priesthood; seduced by frantic and unprincipled demagogues, it would speedily fall into an abyss of misery far greater than that which already overwhelms it. For every thousand of the Irish poor who now approach the shores of Britain, ten thousand would then arrive, from the experienced impossibility of finding subsistence at home; universal distress would produce such anarchy as would necessarily lead the better classes to throw themselves into the arms of any government who would interfere for their protection. France would find the golden opportunity, so long wished for, at length arrived, of striking at the power of England through the neighbouring island; the tri-color flag would speedily wave from the Giant's Causeway to Cape Clear; and even if England submitted to the usurpation, and relinquished its rebellious subjects to the great parent democracy, the cost of men and ships required to guard the western shore of Britain, and avert the pestilence from our own homes, would be greater than are now employed in maintaining a precarious and doubtful authority in that distracted island.

Whence is all this misery and these furious passions, in a country so richly endowed by nature, and subjected to a government whose sway has, in other states, established so large a portion of general felicity? The Irish democrats answer, that it is the oppression of the English government which has done all these things; the editors of the Whig journals and reviews repeat the same

cry ; and every Whig, following, on this as on every other subject, their leaders, like a flock of sheep, re-echo the same sentiment, until it has obtained general belief, even among those whose education and good sense might have led them to see through the fallacy. Yet, in truth, there is no opinion more erroneous ; and there is none the dissemination of which has done so much to perpetuate the very evils which are the subject of such general and well founded lamentation. Ireland, in reality, is not miserable because she has, but because she has not, been conquered ; she is suffering under a redundant population, not because the tyranny of England, but the tyranny of her own demagogues, prevents their getting bread ; and she is torn with discordant passions, not because British oppression has called them into existence, but because Irish licentiousness has kept them alive for centuries after, under a more rigorous government, they would have been buried for ever.

It is the more extraordinary that the popular party in both islands should so heedlessly and blindly have adopted this doctrine, when it is so directly contrary to what they at the same time maintain in regard to the causes of the simultaneous rise and prosperity of Scotland. That poor and barren land, they see, has made unexampled strides in wealth and greatness during the last eighty years ; its income during that period has been quadrupled, its numbers nearly doubled, its prosperity augmented tenfold ; they behold its cities crowded with palaces, its fields smiling with plenty, its mountains covered with herds, its harbours crowded with masts, the Atlantic studded with its sails ; and yet all this has grown up under an aristocratic rule, and with a representative system from which the lower classes were in a great measure excluded. In despair at beholding a nation whose condition was so utterly at variance with all their dogmas of the necessity of democratic representation to temper the frame of government, they have recourse to the salutary influence of English ascendancy, and ascribe all this improvement to the beneficial influence of English freedom. Scotland, they tell us, has

prospered, not because she has, but because she has not, been governed by her own institutions ; and she is now rich and opulent, because the narrow and jealous spirit of her own government has been tempered by the beneficial influence of English freedom. Whether this is really the case, we shall examine in a succeeding Number ; and many curious and unknown facts as to the native institutions of Scotland, we promise to unfold ; but, in the meantime, let it be conceded that this observation is well founded, and that all the prosperity of Scotland has been owing to English influence. How has it happened that the same influence at the same time has been the cause of all the misery of Ireland ? The common answer that Scotland was always an independent country, and that Ireland was won and ruled by the sword, is utterly unsatisfactory, and betrays an inattention to the most notorious historical facts. For how has it happened that Ireland was conquered with so much facility, while Scotland so long and strenuously resisted the spoiler ? How did it happen that Henry II., with eleven hundred men, achieved with ease the conquest of the one country, while Edward II., at the head of 80,000 men, was unable to effect the subjugation of the other ? How was it that Scotland, not once, but twenty times, expelled vast English armies from her territory, while Ireland has never thrown them off since the Norman standard first approached her shores ? And without going back to remote periods, how has it happened that the same influence of English legislation, which, according to them, has been utterly ruinous to Ireland, has been the sole cause of the unexampled prosperity of Scotland ? that the same gale which has been the zephyr of spring to the one state, has been the blast of desolation to the other ? It is evident that there is a fundamental difference between the two states ; and that if we would discover the cause of the different modes in which the same legislation of the dominant state has operated in the two countries, we must look to the different condition of the people to whom it was applied.

One fact is very remarkable, and throws a great light on this difficult

subject; and that is, that at different periods, opposite systems have been tried in Ireland, and that invariably the system of concession and indulgence has been immediately followed by an ebullition of more than usual atrocity and violence.

The first of these instances is the great indulgence shewed to them by James I. That monarch justly boasted that Ireland was the scene of his beneficent legislation; and that he had done more to its inhabitants than all the monarchs who had sat on the English throne since the time of Henry II. He established the boroughs; gave them a right of sending representatives to Parliament; and first spread over its savage and unknown provinces the institutions and the liberties of England. What was the consequence? Did the people testify gratitude to their benefactors? Did they prove themselves worthy of British freedom, and capable of withstanding the passions arising from a representative government? We shall give the answer in the words of Mr Hume.

"The Irish, every where intermingled with the English, needed but a hint from their leaders and priests to begin hostilities against a people whom they hated on account of their religion, and envied for their riches and prosperity. The houses, cattle, goods, of the unwary English were first seized. Those who heard of the commotions in their neighbourhood, instead of deserting their habitations, and assembling for mutual protection, remained at home, in hopes of defending their property, and fell thus separately into the hands of their enemies. After rapacity had fully exerted itself, cruelty, and the most barbarous that ever, in any nation, was known or heard of, began its operations. A universal massacre commenced of the English, now defenceless, and passively resigned to their inhuman foes. No age, no sex, no condition, was spared. The wife weeping for her butchered husband, and embracing her helpless children, was pierced with them, and perished by the same stroke. The old, the young, the vigorous, the infirm, underwent a like fate, and were confounded in one common ruin. In vain did flight save from the first assault: destruction was every where let loose, and met the hunted victims at every turn. In vain was recourse had to relations, to companions, to friends: and connexions were dissolved, and death was dealt by that hand, from which pro-

tection was implored and expected. Without provocation, without opposition, the astonished English, living in profound peace, and full security, were massacred by their nearest neighbours, with whom they had long upheld a continual intercourse of kindness and good offices.

"But death was the slightest punishment inflicted by those rebels: all the tortures which wanton cruelty could devise, all the lingering pains of body, the anguish of mind, the agonies of despair, could not satiate revenge excited without injury, and cruelty derived from no cause. To enter into particulars would shock the least delicate humanity. Such enormities, though attested by undoubted evidence, appear almost incredible. Depraved nature, even perverted religion, encouraged by the utmost license, reach not to such a pitch of ferocity; unless the pity inherent in human breasts be destroyed by that contagion of example, which transports men beyond all the usual motives of conduct and behaviour.

"The weaker sex themselves, naturally tender to their own sufferings, and compassionate to those of others, here emulated their more robust companions in the practice of every cruelty. Even children, taught by the example, and encouraged by the exhortation of their parents, essayed their feeble blows on the dead carcasses or defenceless children of the English. The very avarice of the Irish was not a sufficient restraint of their cruelty. Such was their frenzy, that the cattle which they had seized, and by rapine made their own, yet, because they bore the name of English, were wantonly slaughtered, or, when covered with wounds, turned loose into the woods and deserts.

"The stately buildings or commodious habitations of the planters, as if upbraiding the sloth and ignorance of the natives, were consumed with fire, or laid level with the ground. And where the miserable owners, shut up in their houses and preparing for defence, perished in the flames, together with their wives and children, a double triumph was afforded to their insulting foes.

"If anywhere a number assembled together, and, assuming courage from despair, were resolved to sweeten death by revenge on their assassins, they were disarmed by capitulations and promises of safety, confirmed by the most solemn oaths. But no sooner had they surrendered, than the rebels, with perfidy equal to their cruelty, made them share the fate of their unhappy countrymen.

"Others, more ingenious still in their barbarity, tempted their prisoners by the

fond love of life, to imbrue their hands in the blood of friends, brothers, parents; and having thus rendered them accomplices in guilt, gave them that death, which they sought to shun by deserving it.

"Amidst all these enormities, the sacred name of RELIGION resounded on every side; not to stop the hands of these murderers, but to enforce their blows, and to steel their hearts against every movement of human or social sympathy. The English, as heretics, abhorred of God, and detestable to all holy men, were marked out by the priests for slaughter; and, of all actions, to rid the world of these declared enemies to Catholic faith and piety, was represented as the most meritorious. Nature, which, in that rude people, was sufficiently inclined to atrocious deeds, was farther stimulated by precept; and national prejudices impoisoned by those aversions, more deadly and incurable, which arose from an enraged superstition. While death finished the sufferings of each victim, the bigoted assassins, with joy and exultation, still echoed in his expiring ears, that these agonies were but the commencement of torments infinite and eternal."

This dreadful rebellion left consequences long felt in Irish government. Cromwell, the iron leader of English vengeance, treated them with terrible severity: at the storming of a single city, 12,000 men were put to the sword; and such was the terror inspired by his merciless sword, that all the revolted cities opened their gates, and the people submitted trembling to the law of the conqueror. The recollection of the horrors of the Tyrone rebellion was long engraven in the English legislature: and it produced, along with the terrors of religious dissension, the severe code of laws which were imposed on the savage population of the country, before the close of the seventeenth century. An hundred years of peace and tranquillity followed the promulgation of these oppressive laws. That they were severe and cruel is obvious from their tenor; that they were in many respects not worse than was called for by the horrors which preceded their enactment and followed their repeal, is now unhappily proved by the result.

The next great period of concession commenced about the year 1772, soon after the accession of George III. The severe code under which Ireland had so long lain chained, but

quiet, was relaxed: the Catholics were admitted to a full share of the representation; the more selfish and unnecessary parts of the restrictions were removed; and, before 1796, hardly any part of the old fetters remained excepting the exclusion of Catholics from the Houses of Lords and Commons, and the higher situations in the army. Did tranquillity, satisfaction, and peace, follow these immense concessions, continued through a period of thirty years? On the contrary, they were immediately followed by the same result as had attended the concessions of James I. A new rebellion broke out; the horrors of 1798 rivalled those of 1641; and the dreadful recollection of the Tyrone massacre was drowned in the more recent suffering of the same unhappy country.

The perilous state in which Ireland then stood, imperfectly known at the time even to the government, is now fully developed. From the Memoirs of Wolfe Tone, recently published, it appears that 250,000 men were sworn in, organized, drilled, and regimented; that colonels and officers for this immense force were all appointed; and the whole under the direction of the central committee at Dublin, only waited the arrival of Hoche and the French fleet to hoist the tricolor flag, and proclaim the *Hibernian Republic* in close alliance with the Republic of France. With truth it may be said, that the fate of England then hung upon a thread. Napoleon, and the unconquered army of Italy, were still in Europe; a successful descent of the advanced guard, 15,000 strong, under Hoche, would immediately have been followed up by the invasion of the main body under that great leader; and the facility with which the French fleet reached Bantry Bay in February 1797, where they were only prevented from landing by tempestuous gales, proves that the command of the seas cannot always be relied on as a security against foreign invasion. Had 40,000 French soldiers landed at that time in Ireland, to organize 260,000 hot-headed Catholic democrats, and lend the hand of fraternity to their numerous coadjutors on the other side of St George's Channel, it is difficult to say what would have been the present fate of England.

The rebellion of 1798 threw back for ten years the progress of the indulgent measures so long practised towards Ireland; but at length the spirit of clemency again resumed its sway; the system of concession was again adopted, and the last remnants of the Irish fetters removed by the liberal Tory administration of England. First, the Catholics were declared eligible to any situations in the army and navy, and at length, by the famous relief bill, the remaining distinctions between Catholic and Protestant were done away, and an equal share of political influence extended to them as their Protestant brethren. What has been the consequence? Has Ireland increased in tranquillity since this memorable change? Have the prophecies of its advocates been verified as to the stilling of the waves of dissension and rebellion? Has it proved true, as Earl Grey prophesied it would in his place in the House of Lords,

*De fluit saxis agitatus humor ;
Concedunt venti, fugiuntque nubes ;
Et minax quod sic voluere ponto
Unda recumbit ?*

The reverse of all this has notoriously been the case. Since this last and great concession, Ireland has become worse than ever. Midnight conflagration, dastardly assassination, have spread with fearful rapidity; the sources of justice have been dried up, and the most atrocious criminals repeatedly suffered to escape, from the impossibility of bringing them to justice. An universal insurrection against the payment of tithes has defied all the authority of government, in open violation of the solemn promises of the Catholics that no invasion on the rights of the Protestant church was intended; and the starving clergy of Ireland have been thrown as a burden upon the consolidated fund of England. At this moment the authority of England is merely nominal over the neighbouring island; the Lord Lieutenant is less generally obeyed than the great Agitator, and the dictates of the Catholic leaders looked up to in preference to the acts of the British Parliament. In despair at so desperate a state of things, so entirely the reverse of all they had hoped from the long train of conciliatory measures, the English are gi-

ving up the cause in despair, while the great and gallant body of Irish Protestants are firmly looking the danger in the face, and silently preparing for the struggle which they well know has now become inevitable.

The result of experience, therefore, is complete in all its parts. Thrice during the last two hundred years have conciliatory measures been tried on the largest scale, and with the most beneficent intention; and thrice have the concessions to the Catholics been followed by a violent and intolerable outbreak of savage ferocity. The two first rebellions were followed by a firm and severe system of coercive government; as long as they continued in force, Ireland was comparatively tranquil, and their relaxation was the signal for the commencement of a state of insubordination which rapidly led to anarchy and revolt. The present revolutionary spirit has been met by a different system. Every thing has been conceded to the demagogues; their demands have been granted, their assemblies allowed, their advice followed, their leaders promoted; and the country in consequence has arrived at a state of anarchy unparalleled in any Christian state.

What makes the present state of Ireland and the democratic spirit of its inhabitants altogether unpardonable, is the extreme indulgence and liberality with which for the last fifty years they have been treated by this country. During the whole war, Ireland paid *neither income-tax nor assessed taxes*; and the sum thus made a present of by England to her people, amounted at the very lowest calculation to £50,000,000 sterling. She shared in the full benefit of the war in consequence of the immense extent of the demand for agricultural produce which its expenditure occasioned, without feeling any of the burdens which neutralized its extension in this country. No poor's rates are levied on her landholders; in other words, they are levied on England and Scotland instead, and this island is in consequence overwhelmed by a mass of indigence created in the neighbouring kingdom, but which British indulgence has relieved them from the necessity of

maintaining. The amount of the sums annually paid by the Parliament of Great Britain to objects of charity and utility in Ireland almost exceeds belief, and is at least five times greater than all directed to the same objects in both the other parts of the empire taken together.* Yet with all their good deeds, past, present, and to come, Ireland is the most discontented part of the United Kingdom. She is incessantly crying out against her benefactor, and recurring to old oppression rendered necessary by her passions, instead of present benefactions, of which her democratic population have proved themselves unworthy by their ingratitude.

Notwithstanding all the efforts of her demagogues to distract the country, and counteract all the liberality and beneficence of the English government, Ireland has advanced with greater rapidity in industry, wealth, and all the real sources of happiness, during the last thirty years, than any other part of the empire. Since the Union, she has made a start both in agricultural and manufacturing industry, quite unparalleled, and much greater than Scotland had made during the first hundred years after her incorporation with the English dominions.† It is quite evident, that if the demagogues would let Ireland alone—if the wounds in her political

* The following is a statement of the principal sums annually paid by Government to the Charities in Dublin:—

Protestant Schools,	L. 38,300	Brought forward,	L. 126,524
Foundling Hospital,	. 32,500	Dublin Police,	. 26,600
House of Industry,	. 36,610	Lock Hospital,	. 8,000
Lunatic Asylum,	. 7,084	Dublin Society,	. 9,230
Fever Board,	. 12,000	Education Society,	. 5,538
Carry forward,	L. 126,524		L. 175,292

† Imports into Ireland from all parts, in 1801 and 1825.

	In 1801.	In 1825.
Cotton manufactures, entered by the yard,	44,314 yards.	1,996,885 yards.
Cotton yarn,	375,000 lbs.	2,702,000 lbs.
Cotton wool,	1,200,000 lbs.	4,065,000 lbs.
Flax seed,	376,000 bushels.	535,000 bushels.
Tallow,	16,000 cwt.	131,000 cwt.
Iron, unwrought,	7,454 tons.	17,902 tons.
Coals,	315,000 tons.	738,000 tons.

Exports out of Ireland to all parts.

	In 1801.	In 1825.
Cotton manufactures, entered by the yard	1,256 yards.	10,567,000 yards.
Linen manufactures,	37,911,000 yards.	55,114,000 yards.
Flax, undressed,	1,639 cwt.	51,898 cwt.
Irish spirits,	178,000 gallons.	629,000 gallons.

Aggregate Official Value of Imports from all parts.

In 1801, L. 4,621,000.

In 1825, L. 8,596,00

Aggregate Official Value of Exports to all parts.

In 1801, L. 4,061,000.

In 1825, L. 9,213,000.

Aggregate value of produce or manufactures of the United Kingdom, as distinguished from Foreign or Colonial merchandise, exported from Ireland:—In 1801, L. 3,778,000. In 1825, L. 9,102,000.

Tea entered for Home Consumption in Ireland.

In 1792	. 1,844,000 lbs.	In 1822	. 3,816,000 lbs.
1793	. 2,148,000	1823	. 3,367,000
1794	. 2,041,000	1824	. 3,387,000
1795	. 2,970,000	1825	. 3,889,000
1796	. 2,326,000	1826	. 3,807,000
1797	. 2,492,000	1827	. 3,888,000

It is important to keep in mind, that during the first of these two periods, the

system were not continually kept open, and the passions of the people incessantly inflamed, by her popular leaders, she would become as rich and prosperous as she is populous—that, instead of a source of weakness, she would become a pillar of strength to the united empire—and instead of being overspread with the most wretched and squalid population in Europe, she might eventually boast of the most contented and happy.

The revenues of the Church, against which so violent an outcry has recently been raised, have for long been collected with unexampled forbearance by the Irish Protestant clergy. From the papers laid before Parliament, it appears, that while the tithe, as collected by the English clergy, on an average, amounts to a twentieth, that drawn by the Irish hardly amounts to a fortieth of the produce. Recently the proportion has daily been growing smaller; and at last it has, in many parts of the country, been totally destroyed. Individual cases of harshness may have occurred, which are not surprising, considering the long continued vexations to which the clergy have been exposed by the Catholic tenantry; but, upon the whole, their dues have been levied with a degree of moderation of which the Christian church affords few examples.

We are decidedly friendly to a Commutation of Tithes, and their imposition as a burden on the landlord directly; but we are so, because we are convinced it would ameliorate the condition of the clergy, not

because there is the slightest chance of its relieving the distresses or lightening the burdens of the cultivators. We would avoid the unseemly spectacle of the parochial clergyman contending with his flock; and relieve both parties from the extremities to which they are now reduced—the one of starving, or levying their dues in kind—the other, of suffering their cattle to be distrained, or incurring the spiritual censure of their Catholic director. We would put an end to the disgraceful sale of distrained cattle, in which an insulated clergyman, supported by the armed police and the military, is to be seen on one side, and 50,000 infuriated Catholics on the other. But while, for the sake of peace, and to avoid the painful collision which now exists, we would strongly advocate a commutation of tithes, nothing can be clearer, than that the condition of the tenantry will by such a change be rendered much worse than before. Extravagantly high as rents now are in most parts of Ireland, they would become still higher if the tithes were laid on the landlord, and no deduction from his demands were permitted on the score of tithe to the rector. The Irish landlords, or middlemen, who exact four, five, and six guineas an acre for potato-land, will soon let the farmers feel the difference between a lay and an ecclesiastical holder of the tithe. They will no longer get off with a fortieth part of the produce in that payment—a tenth will in general be rigidly exacted. Whatever is done with the tithe—

duty on black tea was only 1½d., and on green tea 6½d., while in the second it was cent per cent. Hence, the increased consumption is indicative of much more than a proportionate increase of wealth.

Coffee entered for Home Consumption in Ireland.

In 1792	40,000 lbs.	In 1822	265,000 lbs.
1793	52,000	1823	245,000
1794	100,000	1824	269,000
1795	91,000	1825	316,000
1796	61,000	1826	475,000
1797	132,000	1827	585,000

Sugar entered for Home Consumption in Ireland.

In 1792	161,000 cwt.	In 1822	370,000 cwt.
1793	196,000	1823	386,000
1794	209,000	1824	410,000
1795	227,000	1825	423,000
1796	182,000	1826	318,000
1797	231,000	1827	319,000

whether it is given to the landlord, and he is bound to pay the clergyman—or the state, and they undertake the maintenance of the church—the existing burden on the cultivator will be greatly augmented. The owner of the soil may be benefited by the change; but the farmer who holds of him unquestionably will not. The example of Scotland is decisive on this point. Two hundred years ago, the tithes of that country were commuted with admirable wisdom by Charles I.; and the consequence has been, that although the vexation of collecting tithes in kind, and the animosity between the clergyman and the tenantry have thus ceased, the burdens on the latter have been considerably augmented. The Scotch farmer now pays much more for rent alone, than the English does for rent and tithe together.

The overwhelming mendicity and redundant population of Ireland, is by no means an insurmountable evil. Scotland, at the close of the seventeenth century, was overrun by 200,000 beggars, who set all law at defiance, and lived at free quarters on the industrious poor in every quarter; but this immense mass of mendicity, amounting to about a fifth of the whole population of the country at that time, has long since disappeared, and the condition of her labouring classes become the object of envy to the surrounding states. The resources, both agricultural and commercial, of Ireland, are immense. Her soil contains above 12,000,000 arable acres, exclusive of 3,000,000 that might be rendered arable. Now, supposing that of this quantity 3,000,000 of acres are annually devoted to potatoes, 3,000,000 to wheat, and 6,000,000 to grass, oats, or barley, we shall find, that from this arable portion alone there might be raised the following quantity of food.

3 millions acres in wheat, at 2 quarters per acre, 6,000,000 quarters.
3 millions acres potatoes, at 50 bolls per acre, 150,000,000 bolls.

Now, six millions of quarters of wheat will maintain six millions of souls, and 150,000,000 bolls of potatoes will at the very least maintain 15,000,000 more; so that the wheat

and potatoes growing on these six millions of acres alone, would maintain *twenty-one millions* of souls. This is supposing the waste lands in the island to yield nothing, the mountain pasture to yield nothing, and six millions of the arable acres to be devoted to the production of grass, oats, or barley, for the convenience and luxuries of life. It is evident, therefore, that there is ample room in the soil of Ireland to maintain at least three times its present population, in the highest state of affluence and comfort.

The manufacturing and commercial advantages of Ireland also are immense. From the cheapness of labour, which, at an average, is little more than half that in Great Britain, the linen manufactures of the North have of late years made the most rapid progress,* and a considerable part of the commercial capital of Glasgow has already emigrated to that more favourable seat of manufacturing industry. The numerous natural harbours and deeply indented bays of the Irish coast, give it facilities for the formation of sea-ports, and a coastways commerce, unknown to any other part of the empire. All along the west coast the shore is so precipitous, that almost every bay may be formed at little expense into a harbour; and Valentia, the nearest point of Europe to America, is evidently destined, if the intentions of nature are not thwarted by her own demagogues, to become the great emporium of British export to the countless millions of the New World, and render the West of Ireland the scene of as great commercial activity as the Severn or the Mersey.

In her fisheries, too, Ireland enjoys a mine of wealth hitherto almost unexplored, the extent of which is incalculable. The rivers on its western coast all abound with salmon; its herring and deep-sea fisheries are equal in extent, and superior in quality, to those of the whole of Great Britain. Little expense is required to render every bay on the north and west coast a fishing station, which may rival the activity of Wick or Thurso.

The Dutch have long monop-

* See Ante, p. 72, note.

lized the herring-fishery of the Shetland Isles; and in Adam Smith's time, it was calculated that it yielded to them annually a clear profit of two millions a-year; it may safely be affirmed, that the coast and deep-sea fisheries of Ireland are capable of yielding a clear profit to the nation of at least double that sum. The religion of the great bulk of the inhabitants is as great an advantage in this, as in every other it is a disadvantage to their industry: — the Catholics, by consuming fish only on fast-days and Lent, afford the great market for fisheries all over the world. There is no reason why the peasantry of Ireland should not generally consume salt herrings with their daily meal of potatoes; and if so, no limit can be assigned to the extent of their fisheries, or the degree of comfort which they may spread through their labouring population.

What is it, then, which retains in such an abject state of misery a country so prodigally gifted by nature, and so indulgently treated by government? How has it happened that Ireland, so kindly cherished by Great Britain for the last half-century, almost without taxation, certainly without any of the burdens which at the same period have overwhelmed British industry, is in so deplorable a state; that, abounding in agricultural riches, its people should so often be starving; enjoying every advantage for manufactures, its industry should in so many quarters be languishing; and begirt with the finest fisheries in Europe, it should derive comparatively nothing from that inexhaustible source of wealth? The Irish have an answer ready; they say it is *misgovernment*. We agree with them; it is misgovernment; but it is not the misgovernment of England, but of their own factious demagogues, which has occasioned all the misery; and if it is in a worse state than ever now, it is not because, under our Whig rulers, they have been too harshly, but too leniently treated; it is not because government has been too rigorous, but because it has, by undue concession, been dissolved.

In truth, if the matter be considered dispassionately, it must occur to every man of historical information, that the vulgar theory which ascribes all the miseries of Ireland to English conquest, is totally unfounded. Ireland is no doubt a province of a great empire; but so also is Scotland, Hanover, and Canada; and yet all these countries, so far from being in a miserable condition, are in the very highest state of prosperity. Ireland was conquered six centuries ago; but so was England by the Normans, Gaul by the Franks, and the North of Italy by the Lombards; and yet from the mixed population of the victors and vanquished, has arisen all the wealth, prosperity, and grandeur of those great countries. A living historian of philosophic ability has justly traced to the severities and misery consequent for centuries on the Norman conquest, the remote seeds of British freedom; and observed, that those ages of national suffering were the most valuable ages which England has ever known.* There must have been something more, therefore, than the mere fact of early subjugation, which is to be looked to as the origin of Irish misery, something which has counteracted in this alone, of all other European states, the healing powers of nature, and rendered the intermixture of different races, consequent on foreign conquest, the source of so much benefit to other states, the predecessor of so much wretchedness to that unhappy land.

This fundamental cause is to be found in the annexation of Ireland to a country possessing free institutions; and the consequent and not unnatural extension to her population of privileges which they were not capable of bearing, and of passions whose excitation they could not withstand.

For nearly two hundred years, ever since the beneficent labours of James I., Ireland has enjoyed the forms, and been delivered over to the passions, of a free state. She has had county elections, Parliaments, grand juries, trial by jury, and all the other machinery which has grown up in England during eight centu-

* Guizot, *Essais sur l'Histoire de France*

ries from the seeds of Saxon liberty. What has been the consequence? During all that time she has been divided, distracted, and unhappy. Justice has been ill administered, or totally denied; property unprotected, and insecure; industry without encouragement; wealth without employment; the higher orders indolent, and in many cases corrupted; the lower, violent, and too often abandoned. The long continuance and present extent of these disorders can be traced only to one source,—practical weakness, and inefficiency of government; no strict or regular execution of justice; a general dissolution of authority; in other words, the abandonment of the virtuous and pacific to the profligate and the daring. This is exactly the present state of Ireland; and it is under these evils that it has been labouring for three hundred years. What remedy is appropriate to the evil? Is it to be found in increasing the democratic spirit of the people; throwing into an already ardent and excited population the additional firebrand of political animosity; and applying to a nation, three-fourths of whom are little better than savages, the passions and the desires of popular ambition? Or is it to be found in a regular and severe administration of justice; a coercion of the lawless spirit and extravagant passions of the lower classes; a steady and unflinching repression of popular excitation; and a gradual preparation of the nation, by the habits of industry, and the acquisition of property, for the moderation and self-control indispensable for the safe discharge of the duties of a popular government.

The great misfortune of the English always has been, that they think that whatever is found to work well among themselves, must necessarily work well in all other countries; and that to secure the happiness of all the nations in alliance or subjection to them, it is quite sufficient to transplant into their soil the English institutions. Ireland has been the victim of this natural and well-meaning, but most mistaken and ruinous policy. Scotland is so prosperous, chiefly because her ancestors first so bravely with their swords resisted English invasion, and so long afterwards steadily withstood the al-

lurements of English innovation. In making these observations, we mean nothing disrespectful to England; on the contrary, they are founded on the highest perception of its political superiority to the other parts of the empire. England is greatly farther advanced in social civilisation; much better able to bear the excitation of democratic institutions, than Scotland; and incalculably more so than Ireland. The progress of Scotland in wealth, industry, and prosperity, for the last eighty years, has been unexampled; but it is not in eighty years that a nation becomes capable of bearing the excitements of popular power. The English apprenticeship to it has lasted for eight centuries; the Irish has not yet begun. The ruin of Ireland throughout has been, that the English, instead of the steady sway adapted to their infant civilisation, have given them at once the institutions fitted for the last stage of free existence; and which centuries of pacific industry would alone enable them to bear.

Examine the institutions of Ireland; what are they? All those adapted for a sober, rational, phlegmatic people, such as might suit the moderation of the Gothic or German race of mankind. You see popular elections where two or three thousand electors are brought forward for the larger counties, and as many for the greater cities; public meetings, where the demagogues of the day thunder in vehement and impassioned strains to an ignorant and excited multitude; grand juries, where the prosecution of crimes is subjected to the influence of party zeal or religious rancour; jury trials, where the accused are alternately convicted on the doubtful testimony of traitors, or acquitted from the force of prejudice or popular intimidation; the people every where combined, under skilful leaders, in one vast and systematic opposition to authority of every sort, civil or religious; a hidden unseen ecclesiastical authority, universally and implicitly obeyed; an open and avowed government, insulted and defied at the head of 30,000 men. What can be expected from such institutions, existing amongst a semibarbarous and impassioned people? Just such a result as would instantly ensue if they were established at once in Hun-

gary, Bohemia, Poland, or Russia ; such a result as the revolutionists over all the world are constantly labouring to effect—universal confusion, anarchy, and misery ; the rich divided against the poor ; violence, intimidation, and ferocity among the labouring classes ; the despotic authority of frantic demagogues ; the prostration and ruin of industry in every quarter of the country ; the growth of habits which render the enjoyment of freedom utterly impracticable for ages to come. Such is the state of Ireland ; such it will continue to be while the present feeble and inefficient government, or rather total absence of government, exists among its impassioned people.

We are far from being insensible to the other evils of Ireland, on which the revolutionary party lay so much stress, and to which they ascribe all the wretchedness which so remarkably distinguishes it. We know well the extent and injustice of the confiscations of land consequent on Cromwell's suppression of the Tyrone rebellion ; the rancour and heartburnings which it has left in the descendants of the dispossessed proprietors ; and the wretched consequences which have resulted, and do result, from the adoption of one faith by the dominant landlords, and another by the insurgent peasantry. All that we know well. But what we rest upon is this : All these evils have existed to an equal or greater extent in other countries, who have nevertheless rapidly recovered from them, and shortly after exhibited unequivocal symptoms of the most remarkable prosperity. For example, the confiscation of property during the French Revolution was carried to a much greater length than it ever was in Ireland, and the old proprietors were in most places almost entirely rooted out ; yet the revolutionists are the first to tell us, that France has been immensely benefited by the revolution ; and there can be no doubt that, under the rule of the Bourbons, from 1815 to 1830, it exhibited a degree of prosperity unprecedented in any former period of its history. In like manner, in Scotland the religion of the owners of the soil is in a great degree different from that of the peasantry—two-thirds of

the former belonging to the Episcopal communion ; yet religious rancour is unknown in that country. And if it be said, that this is because the Presbyterian religion, as the religion of the majority, is established to the north of the Tweed, what is to be said of England, where, according to the constant boast of the democratic party, the Dissenters are as numerous as the members of the Establishment, and yet no religious animosity prevails ? Difference of religion is very common in the continental states. One-half of the population of France is said to be Protestant, but, nevertheless, religious rancour has never been added to its numerous causes of discord. All religions exist in Russia. When the Emperor Alexander took the field against Bonaparte, he went with a Greek patriarch at the head of the Church, a Catholic chancellor of the empire, and a Protestant general-in-chief of all the armies ; and yet tranquillity, industry, and prosperity, prevail through the wide extent of the Czar's dominions. In the East, our empire is inhabited by persons professing such discordant religions, that they would rather perish than eat together ; and in Canada, upon an old and stationary Catholic population, a new and rapidly increasing Protestant race has been superinduced ; yet in no part of the world are the seeds of prosperity more rapidly germinating. The Whigs told us, that Ireland was an exception to the general rule, because the Catholics were not emancipated ; but that assertion, like most of the others which they advanced, is now disproved ; the Catholics have been emancipated, and Ireland ever since has been in an unprecedented state of misery—the whole country is in a state of virtual insurrection, and the passions of the people are more furious than ever.

It is now proved by experience, that the causes to which the Whigs ascribed the misery of Ireland, and which long misled so large a portion of the British public, are *not* the real sources of the evil. The system they recommended has been tried—it has not only totally failed, but made the country much worse than before.

What, then, should a government

have done, called upon to legislate for this distracted and divided country? We answer, without hesitation, done every thing, on the one hand, to protect its industry, develop its resources, relieve its poor, assuage its sufferings; and on the other, crushed its demagogues, restrained its excesses, rendered hopeless its violence. The task was a difficult one; it could be accomplished only slowly and gradually—and more than one generation must have descended to the grave, before the whole fruits of those *really* healing measures could have been seen; but still it was the only path which promised a chance even of safety, and it was the only one on which political wisdom would have cared to enter.

Many measures might have been adopted, which would already have had a great effect on the sufferings of Ireland: many avoided, which would have prevented the terrible increase of its discord which has lately taken place.

1. The first measure which is indispensable to the revival of Irish prosperity, is the adoption of the most vigorous measures to restore the administration of justice, and give to life and property somewhat of that protection which is now afforded only to rapine and outrage. This is a matter of first-rate importance; so much so, indeed, that without it all attempts to tranquillize or improve Ireland will, as they hitherto have done, prove completely nugatory. As long as the south of Ireland is illuminated by midnight conflagrations, or disgraced by assassinations at noon-day—as long as families are roasted alive in their houses, and witnesses murdered for speaking the truth—as long as legal payments are resisted by organized multitudes, and the power of government set at naught by Catholic authority—so long will Ireland remain in its present distracted and unhappy state, miserable itself, a source of misery to others, a dead weight about the neck of the empire.

The intimidation of juries and witnesses has been carried to a length in Ireland, of which, on this side of the Channel, we can form no conception; and it is one of the many evils which it owes to the democratic spirit, organized, as it has been,

by the skill and influence of the priesthood. This is an evil of the utmost magnitude, corrupting, as it does, the sources of justice, and securing impunity to rapine and vengeance. Government can never combat too vigorously this terrible evil. The mode of doing so must be developed by the local authorities; but we venture to prophecy, the evil will never be eradicated till justice is administered as in Scotland, by public authorities appointed and paid by the Crown; and till the Government are authorized, upon a report from the Judges, that the conviction of offenders has become impossible, from the effects of intimidation, to suspend jury trial for a time in the turbulent districts, and try the offenders, as in courts martial, by the Judges alone. Many estimable men will hesitate as to this: let them recollect what is the other alternative, namely, impunity to assassins, incendiaries, and robbers, and ceaseless anarchy to the country.

On this subject it is sufficient to quote the testimony of a gentleman of acknowledged talent, intimately acquainted with Ireland, and certainly any thing rather than favourable to the Conservative cause. Sir Henry Parnell has said in his place in the House of Commons, "that as member for Queen's County, he could not help adverting to the state of that part of Ireland. He had received information that a confederacy prevailed among the lower orders of that county, which enabled them to exercise a complete control over the higher orders, and to set at defiance the laws which were passed for the general protection of the community. He was further informed that houses were frequently attacked by armed parties in the open day, and that murders were sometimes committed during such attacks. He was likewise informed that the reign of terror made it impossible to obtain a conviction against these marauders when brought to trial, and that thus peaceable persons, who disapproved of these violent proceedings, were obliged, by a regard to their own safety, to give them an implied but involuntary sanction. He called the attention of the right hon. secretary for Ireland to this subject: he trusted that something would be done to restore peace and

security to that part of the country. The magistrates were of opinion that the insurrection act should be renewed, and that Government should be invested with additional powers to put down this system of intimidation and outrage."

Provision also is indispensably required for the protection of the witnesses, who bear testimony in unpopular causes. At present they are sent back after the trial to their homes to be assassinated, or roasted alive by the insurgent peasantry; and yet the English are astonished that justice cannot be obtained in Ireland! In all such cases, where the witness desires it, and he appears to have given a true testimony, he should be furnished with the means of emigration, with his wife and family, and marched to the place of embarkation under a military guard. Nothing short of this will procure evidence against the worst criminals, or overcome the rooted determination of the Irish peasantry to murder all those who have given evidence, as they conceive, against the people; that is, who have sworn the truth against cut-throats and incendiaries.

2. The government is now committed in a struggle with the Catholic priesthood as to the payment of tithes; the authority of the law must be vindicated, or the semblance of order, which now exists in Ireland, will be annihilated. Let what measures they choose follow for the commutation of tithes: the first thing to do is, to vindicate the authority of the law against an insurgent people. For this purpose, authority should be obtained from the legislature, to levy from those who *can pay* and *wont pay*, the full value of the tithe in kind, with expenses, and to march the cattle distrained off to the nearest sea-port, to be sold in Bristol or Liverpool. A few examples of the vigorous application of this law, would operate like a charm in dissolving the combination against tithes. The present system of exposing the cattle for sale, in a country where no person ventures to buy them, and then marching them back to the owners, is a mere mockery, and tends to nothing but to bring government and the law into contempt. Why they never fell upon

the simple expedient of marching them to Cork, Waterford, or Dublin, there to be embarked for England, and sold there, is one of the unaccountable parts of the conduct of the present Administration, which proves that they are ignorant of the first principles of the government of mankind. The state of things in Ireland for the last year, is neither more nor less than a direct premium on rebellion, an encouragement to the cessation of payment of taxes, rent, or burdens of any description, and an invitation to the people to avail themselves of the machinery now put in motion against the clergy for their deliverance from rent, taxes, and burdens of every description.

3. Having vindicated the authority of the law, measures should next be taken to prevent the clergy from coming in contact with the cultivators, by commuting the tithes, and laying them as a direct burden on the landlords. Let us not be mistaken: we have not the least idea that this will improve the condition of the farmers, or satisfy the desires of the abolitionists—we know well what they wish; the resumption of the tithes to the Catholic clergy, of the estates to the Catholic landlords, and of the government to Catholic leaders, is what they desire, and will never cease to strive for. But though this measure would do as little, in all probability, as Catholic Emancipation to tranquillize Ireland, yet it would remove the irritation which now exists between the clergy and their parishioners, and thus withdraw the Established Church from a *political* contest, of which it is now the victim.

4. The next great object of Irish legislation, should be the establishment of a judicious and enlightened system of *Poor's Laws*, for the relief of the sick, the aged, and those who, though willing, can find no employment. It is needless to argue this question—the public mind is made up upon it. The English and Scotch will not much longer submit to have their poor's rates doubled annually by the inundation of Irish beggars; or their scanty channels of employment choked by multitudes of Irish labourers. The time is come, when, in the general distress of the empire, consequent on the shock

given to credit and industry by the Reform Bill, each portion must be led to a maintenance of their own poor. We are persuaded that the Irish themselves must be aware, that however burdensome such a measure may be, it is unavoidable; and that the relief afforded to this country by the absorption of its labouring poor, and their removal from a life of dissolute idleness, will be a greater public and private benefit, than the imposition of poor's rates will be a burden.

The hackneyed argument, that by so doing you will add fuel to the flame, and increase the already redundant numbers of the Irish poor, is generally known to be, what it really is, a complete delusion. A judicious system of poor's rates in reality, instead of being an encouragement to undue increase, is the most effectual means for diminishing it; because it is a check to the propagation of those pauper and degrading habits, which, more than any other circumstance, lead to the multiplication of the poor. Without poor's rates, Ireland has for a century been overwhelmed with a redundant poor: with them, England for two has retained hers within the bounds of general comfort and prosperity. This example is decisive: further argument is like attempting to prove that two and two make four.

5. The greatest possible facility should be given by Government to the *emigration* of the Irish poor. The number who emigrated in 1831 to Canada was 18,000. No reason can be assigned why it should not be 180,000. The expense of transporting settlers to the shores of Canada, is about L.3 a-head: to furnish the means of emigration to this large body, therefore, would only cost L.540,000; and what an immense relief would it prove to every part of the empire! The expense of such a proceeding would, no doubt, be considerable; but what is that to the incalculable relief it would afford to a nation now labouring in every quarter from the immigration of Irish poor? We have spent much more than that sum already in fitting out a fleet to partition the dominions of our ancient ally, and give back Antwerp the stronghold of revolutionary France, to the power which openly aims at our subjugation.

The apprehension so commonly expressed, that if we furnish the Irish with the means of emigration, they will only people the faster at home, and speedily fill up the vacuum produced by our exertions, is altogether chimerical. Even if it were true that this would follow, it would be no reason whatever for not giving this direction to the stream, if it cannot be checked. At present the Irish do not remain at home; they emigrate into England and Scotland, because the steam-boats bring them over the Channel for a sixpence, and they there find employment in health, and a legal settlement in sickness and age. Supposing, therefore, that we could not stop the increase of the Irish poor, we do ourselves, as well as them, an immense service, by turning them into the regions of Transatlantic plenty, instead of the densely peopled shores of Britain. But, in truth, a judicious system of emigration largely carried into execution, would have just an opposite effect. By improving the condition of those who remain at home, and enlarging the sphere of their employment, it would contribute to diffuse better habits, encourage artificial wants, and gradually bring the increase of mankind into some degree of harmony with the augmentation of the wages of labour.

6. The fisheries, and neglected harbours, and waste lands of Ireland, furnish ample room for the commencement of government works on a great scale, to spread wealth, and industry, and orderly habits through its labouring poor. The mines of untouched wealth which there exist are incalculable; they might almost pave the Emerald Isle with gold. In other countries, such undertakings may be safely left to the exertions of private industry. In Ireland the case is otherwise. Unless they are begun and forced on by the capital and the vigour of Government, they never will be attempted. Ireland is in that stage of civilisation when such undertakings must originate with Government, or not be carried on at all. Individual capital will never migrate to a country, where life and property is so precarious as it is in that distracted island. If we would give the people in the south and west a taste for the enjoyments of wealth or the

acquisitions of industry, we must, in the first instance, force them on a reluctant people by government expenditure.

Having done thus much for the welfare and happiness of Ireland—having strained every nerve for the real benefit and prosperity of its numerous inhabitants, Government would be entitled to come forward and deliver them from the worst curse which desolates their land,—that of their own priests and demagogues. The seditious harangues, the treasonable meetings, the incendiary proclamations, which have so long kept up the flame of discontent in that unhappy country, to promote the ambition of a few restless demagogues, must be put down. The people must be delivered from the tyranny of their demagogues in spite of themselves. England, with its centuries of freedom; Scotland, with its cautious character, could not withstand such incendiary application. How then can it be expected that Ireland is to be tranquil under their influence, destitute as she is of the free habits of the one, or the cautious temperament of the other. Naturally brave, impassioned and ardent, the Irish have never felt in the slightest degree the counteracting influence of the causes which moderate popular excesses in this country, and so long prevented liberty from degenerating into licentiousness. Yet it is into their inflammable bosom that Government has so long allowed the fury of political and religious rancour to be poured without alloy. And still the English express surprise at the ceaseless dissipation and suffering of Ireland!

The consideration of what a wise and beneficent government might have done, and should have done, for Ireland, forms the best introduction to the examination of what the Whigs have actually effected.

In entering on this subject, we know not in what terms to express our astonishment at the mixture of vacillation, recklessness, and ignorance, which the conduct of administration towards Ireland has afforded for the last two years. Indeed, we doubt whether there is on record in European history, such an instance of weakness of judgment and violence of party ambition, as their conduct from first to last has exhibited.

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These are hard words; let the reader judge from the facts, whether or not they are merited.

When they first came into power, in November 1830, they declared their resolution, in the strongest terms, to put a period to the anarchy of Ireland. For three months, Dublin was the scene of the most vehement contest between Mr O'Connell and the Irish Secretary; and at last he was caught by the vigour and ability of the Attorney-General, and actually **PLEADED GUILTY** to a criminal indictment preferred against him. Their vigour on this occasion was attended with the best effects, and had a prodigious effect both in Ireland and England. O'Connell seemed to be gone; the anarchy of Ireland to be pierced to the heart in the person of the great Agitator; and tranquillity about to revisit its shores, from the experienced hopelessness of agitating with impunity and success. In England, all good men beheld with satisfaction this incipient act of vigour, and anticipated the happiest result from this signal advantage gained over the worst enemy his country had ever known.

But immediately after this decisive success, commenced the ruinous system of weakness, vacillation, and subservience to the mob, which has ever since been pursued. The budget was brought in; Ministers were beaten, laughed at, and evidently falling; and to prop up their tottering power, they resolved to throw themselves, without reserve, into the arms of the revolutionary party in the whole empire. This instantly revived their all but ruined fortunes; the danger was transferred from themselves to the nation; instead of the Whig Administration going down the gulf of perdition, Great Britain entered the jaws; and they had the satisfaction of prolonging a feverish existence for a few years, by a measure which they now know, and do not scruple to avow, will prove the destruction of the empire.

Towards the success of this alliance with the Revolutionists, it was indispensable that the great Agitator should be gained over to their side; and the democrats of Ireland permitted to agitate and convulse the country under the colours of administration. With this view, he was

never brought up to receive sentence. Month after month, the whole winter term of the Dublin courts expired, without his prosecution being moved in, although it might have been finished in ten minutes; and at last it was allowed to come to a natural termination by the dissolution of Parliament in April 1831.

Not content with this immense boon to the great Agitator, Ministers, in the transports of their first love for the Revolutionists, went a step farther. They promoted him above all his brethren, placed him at the head of the Irish bar, and, if report be true, were only prevented by the firmness of the Irish Secretary, too able a man not to be a Conservative in heart, whatever he is in party, from making him Attorney-General! This unprecedented and disgraceful step was equivalent to a general proclamation of anarchy through the country. The passions of its ardent people were let loose without restraint. Sheltered under the wings of administration, secure from all danger at the hands of Government, the Catholics, democrats, and agitators of that distracted country united together; and in the midst of violence, intimidation, and bloodshed, a large majority of movement-men was returned to Parliament.

Nor was this all. With the view apparently of still farther rousing the passions of the Catholics, Mr Stanley declared in his place in the House of Commons, that "the extinction of tithes" was intended by Government; and the Catholic leaders, by this time become a powerful body in the House, instantly hailed the joyous intelligence, and said, without contradiction from the Treasury Benches, that they considered tithes as now at an end on the other side of St George's Channel. This unexpected intelligence spread like wildfire through Ireland; faster than the fiery cross, it sped from chapel to chapel, from priest to priest; and the people, totally incapable of understanding what was intended, but relying on the words of Administration in the House of Commons, concluded that tithes were finally abolished; and that all payments to the clergy were thenceforward to cease for ever.

In the tumults consequent on this

unexpected and un hoped for extinction of tithes, the combination against their payment was rapidly organized. The Catholic bishops and priests could not be persuaded that they were not forwarding the views of Administration, and of their favourite pupil and dignified ally, Mr O'Connell, by anticipating a little the work of "Extinction," and refusing *de facto* to pay those burdens which were so soon *de jure* to be terminated. Thence arose the immense and unparalleled combination against tithes in Ireland, originating in the diocese of Dr Doyle. Organized by the Catholic leaders in Dublin, it soon spread universally over the south and west; and in a short time two-thirds of the established clergy were in a state of starvation, and the greater part of the country in a virtual insurrection against the authority of the law. The consequences are well known. A bill was brought into Parliament to provide for the necessities of the Irish Church out of the Consolidated Fund; the clergy of Ireland thrown upon the industry of England, and the Attorney-General, charged with the hopeless task, by the aid of the military, of recovering the dues of the church out of several millions of an insurgent peasantry.

Meanwhile the perilous state of the country roused the spirit, and called forth the patriotism of the Protestants of the North. Seeing themselves abandoned by the Government, and on the verge of destruction; anticipating the horrors of the Tyrone Rebellion on a still greater scale, this intrepid band stood forth alone, but undismayed, in the midst of the general paralysis and defection of the empire. While England was quailing under the violence of the Revolutionists, and beholding in consternation the fires at Bristol; while the noble example of the Conservative Meeting at Edinburgh failed to stimulate the Scotch to the discharge of patriotic duty; the Irish Protestants boldly stood forth, and though menaced by dangers infinitely greater than any other part of the British dominions, held a language, and exhibited a determination, which, if generally imitated through the empire, would have consigned the Reform Bill, with its

parent Administration, to an execrated grave, and delivered the empire from all the dangers which its authors are now sensible are thickening round its aged head. History has no more glorious example of courageous ability to refer to, than was exhibited by the brave and illustrious leaders of Irish patriotism; the splendid eloquence of Mr Boyton, the dauntless intrepidity of the Earl of Roden, captivated the brave and the enthusiastic in every part of the empire; and the Protestants of the North, to whom Ireland had so often owed her deliverance, stood forth in such numbers, and with so heroic a spirit, as daunted as much as it astonished the servile crew of the Revolutionists, crouching, though they are under the wings of ministerial support.

Meanwhile the ministerial project for tithes came forth. It was no longer "an extinction" of tithes, but only a "commutation," which by laying them on the landlord directly, still preserved them, though not in so palpable a manner, as a burden on the soil. The wisdom of the change from the intention originally announced, is obvious; and we rejoice at being able to render our humble meed of praise to the Government for this return to Conservative principles, even at the eleventh hour; but what shall we say to the rashness which dictated the previous promise of "extinction," and set the Catholic population every where on fire, at the prospect of a boon which Government *never intended they should receive*? Thence has arisen the universal, the unanimous detestation in which the Whigs are held in Ireland. The nation, for the last six months, has been every where convulsed by contests for the payment of tithes. Every other subject, how pressing soever, has been lost in the overwhelming interest of that one topic. The peasantry originally roused by the promises of Government for the "extinction" of tithes, organized and headed by the darling favourite of Ministers, the great Agitator, find themselves assailed by the military, for doing what these recent allies, these highly rewarded, and dearly-beloved supporters of Government, urged them to do. Blood has flowed profusely in many places; irritation been widely spread in all,

because the people persist in annexing to the word "extinction" its natural and established meaning. The consequences of this deception, of the frustration of their hopes, and the blasting of these expectations, have been dreadful in the extreme, and so will Government and Parliament find at the next election.

To complete the work of revolutionary madness, the Government next proceeded to pass for Ireland the Reform Bill: a bill which at once swept away the incorporations which the wisdom of James I. had established as a barrier against Catholic invasion; and threw the elections of great part of the country at once into the hands of an infuriated Catholic rabble, acting under the dictation of ambitious and able leaders. Of all the infatuations of which party men were ever guilty, this is perhaps the greatest. For Ireland, great part of whose people are still almost in a savage state, and all of whom are actuated by the strongest political passions, they proposed the same electoral institutions as England for the neighbouring island. Into its inflammable, ardent, and penniless population they poured the same fatal gift of political power which was hardly deemed safe amidst the old established freedom, sober habits, and extended property of England. One political constitution was carved out at a single heat for England, Scotland, and Ireland; in other words, one measure taken for a man of forty, a youth of eighteen, and a boy of twelve; for in these proportions, or nearly so, is the capacity of the different portions of the empire to bear political excitation, or duly exercise the political rights of electing citizens. The simple enunciation of this fact is sufficient to convict the Ministry, not only of the most culpable rashness, but total ignorance of the first principles of representative governments. It is utterly impossible that the same political institutions can be adapted at the same time to two nations, one of which is in the infancy, and the other in the old age of its political education. If the L10 franchise and the abolition of the close boroughs is adapted for England, it cannot be suited for Ireland.

What would we say to a legislator who should propose the same politi-

cal institutions for the Bedouin Arabs, the degraded Chinese, and the yeomanry of England? Could any thing but anarchy and wretchedness be anticipated from so total a departure from the lessons of experience; so blind a forgetfulness of the difference between such different races and situations of mankind? Yet this is precisely what the Whigs have done. They have given the same sovereign powers to the impassioned Catholic cottar, guided by his priest, and execrating the Protestants, as to the sober English yeoman, inheriting from a long line of ancestors attachment to his King and country. They have swept away the old bulwarks equally in Popish Ireland as Protestant England. There never was such infatuation. Supposing it to be all true what they have so long and so strenuously maintained, as to the degradation in which the Irish were kept by the Catholic code, that only makes their conduct the more inexcusable, in so suddenly investing them with irresistible way. If it be true, that they have only ceased within these few years to be slaves, it was surely the height of madness to invest them at once, while still burning with servile passions, with the last and highest privileges of freemen.

The consequences have already developed themselves, and they have struck with dismay the very authors of the Reform Bill. The Globe tells us that there are *scarcely seven members* supported by O'Connell, standing for the Irish cities and counties, and that a great majority of them will to all appearance be returned. Mr Sheil boasts that the repealers are already *forty strong*, and daily receiving recessions of strength; a force quite sufficient, by throwing itself into the scale when nearly balanced, to subvert the empire. The Ministerial papers are daily firing signal guns of distress for the effects of their own healing measure. On their darling allies, the Radicals, they have opened with unexampled fierceness: for them, in gratitude for their past services, they have invented the epithet of "*the Destructives*," which Tory malignity never yet thought of; and on these their leading journal has lately opened these floodgates of slang and abuse, which a few months ago were bestowed exclusively on the

Conservative party. It is Ireland which has produced this consternation in the Ministerial ranks. They were fully warned, a hundred times over, during the progress of the Reform Bill, that this consequence would infallibly result from sweeping away all the barriers of the constitution in Ireland; but to all these warnings they were utterly deaf; with obstinate resolution they forced through the whole dangerous clauses of the revolutionary measure, and they now confess that the empire in consequence is on the verge of dissolution.

So absurd, vacillating, contradictory, and yet obstinate, has been the conduct of Ministers in Ireland, that they have contrived to accomplish what would *a priori* have been deemed impossible, viz. the union of Catholics and Orangemen in one common opinion. That common opinion is detestation of them and their measures. The Protestants, with reason, look upon them as the worst enemies Ireland ever saw; as the original authors of the fatal admission of Catholic influence into the House of Commons; as the patrons and rewarders of the greatest enemy to the peace of Ireland that time has ever produced. The Catholics regard them as men who have betrayed them into measures which they now punish them for pursuing; as having set the country on fire by the promised extinction of tithes, which they are now supporting with the whole military force of the empire. In the universal obloquy which they have acquired, the supporters of the Union itself have rapidly and alarmingly decreased, and a portentous union of Catholics and Protestants taken place, to support the severance of the island from British dominion.

O'Connell has treated the Government, as all men deserve to be treated who, for party purposes and the maintenance of power, surrender the independence and spirit of freemen—he has turned upon them with indignation. Loaded with their honours, he has spurned them with contumely; rising from their caresses, he has turned from them with loathing. The English newspapers have been for the most part afraid to print, even in these days of general license, the volley of abuse with which he has assailed those who lately loaded him

with honours. The leading feature, says he, of Lord Anglesey's government, has been the immense quantity of blood which has been shed during its continuance; more lives have been lost in one year of Whig rule, than in fifteen of Tory domination.* The present Ministers deserve to be—No! we will not pollute our pages by the filthy abuse which the first-born of their revolutionary affections, the leader of the Irish bar, pours out upon his loving benefactors. We have always opposed, and fearlessly opposed, the present Ministers; but we should deem ourselves disgraced if we applied to them the epithets which they have received from their revolutionary favourite.

But the matter does not rest here. If their domestic dissensions led only to the exposure of the monstrous alliances which the present Ministry had formed to uphold their fortunes, they would be rather a subject of ridicule than lamentation. But, unfortunately, graver and weightier consequences have followed in the train of this monstrous alliance. All Ireland is disgusted; the hatred at the Ministry is not only universal, but it has involved Great Britain in the obloquy. There can be no doubt, that the union of England and Ireland is more seriously endangered by the unparalleled folly and recklessness of the present Ministry, than by any thing else that has ever occurred.—O'Connell openly boasts of this. Hear his own words:

"Mr. Shill's conviction, as to the necessity of repeal, was produced by the conduct of the British Parliament, and the administration of Lord Anglesey, Stanley, and the Attorney-General, shewing that, without repeal, it was impossible to do any service to Ireland. (Hear, and cheers.) He was proud to think that the enemies of Ireland were no longer to be distinguished by their religion, but by their servility. (Hear, and cheers.) Orangemen, Methodists, Presbyterians, can now be ranged amongst the patriots of Ireland; and he was most proud to be able to state this fact, that the first person who tendered a vote to his son in Tralee, was the Methodist preacher of that town. (Cheers.) Amongst the Irish

patriots were to be found men of every persuasion, while the vilest and most servile, the veriest 'lickspittle'—(it was an unpleasant word to use, and which he should not pronounce in a public assembly, if he could find one equally expressive of the class he was describing)—but that filthy word particularly applied to the Catholic portion of the herd of slaves who were the most bitter and malignant enemies of Ireland. (Hear, and cheers.)"

In these circumstances, the salvation of the empire hangs upon a thread. If the Irish members generally support the repeal of the Union, there is no concealing the fact, that in the present distracted and divided state of parties in this country, they may soon be able to dictate it to any administration.

One only resource remains to hold together the falling members of the empire. The great and noble Orange party of Ireland are still firm to their duty, and the integrity of the British dominions. Calumniated, maltreated, injured as they have been by the liberal measures, both of the present and the preceding Cabinet, they are yet firm in their allegiance both to the British crown and the British legislature. But let us not throw away our last chance. This brave and patriotic body may be driven to desperation; a drop may make the cup overflow. They are assailed by a reckless and desperate Catholic faction, strong in numbers, able in guidance, reckless in intention; men whom no bloodshed or conflagration will intimidate, no public suffering deter; who will pursue their own ambition, careless though the ruins of the empire were to overwhelm them in the attempt. This terrible body has been headed, patronised, and flattered by the government of England, during the whole struggle on the Reform Bill, and nothing but the triumph of that measure has cooled the alliance, or made them sensible of the desperate danger which they ran in the attempt. Such a combination, a little longer persisted in, would have led to the dismemberment of the empire. But let us not be mistaken; the least removal of it would lead to an union of

* This is exactly what the French say with truth of Louis Philippe's government as compared with the fifteen years of the restoration. It is curious to observe, how in different countries similar systems produce similar effects.

all parties against the British union, and infallibly sever from England the right arm of her strength. It is by supporting, with all the might of England, the Orange party of Ireland, and by such a measure *alone*, that the crown of Ireland can be kept on the head of the British sovereign, or the independence of the British empire maintained. The Catholics will never cease to desire a severance, because it would lead, they hope, to a Catholic Prince and a Catholic government, and the resumption of the whole estates, both civil and ecclesiastical, to the Catholic proprietors. Her Revolutionists will never cease to desire it, because it will at once occasion the formation of an Hibernian Republic, in close alliance with the great parent democracy, and place the agitators at the head of affairs. Her Protestants alone are prompted by every motive, human and divine, by kindred interest, religion, and loyalty, to resist the convulsion; and hitherto, through evil report and good report, through support and injury, they have stood firm in their faith. What madness if the affections of this great body, the sole remaining link which holds together the empire, is lost in the flattery of revolutionary passion! But that must be the consequence if the present vacillating system is persisted in, and the tried support of the Protestant union is lost in the vain attempt to conciliate its Catholic enemies.

In a succeeding Number we shall pursue this subject, and lay before our readers, in support of the same views, some quotations from the splendid speeches, with which, in the midst of the vacillation and revolutionary measures of Government, the Protestant leaders have supported the common cause of the British empire and the Protestant religion. But we cannot resist the satisfaction of adorning our pages with one extract from a brilliant speech lately delivered at Cork by Mr Cummins, at a great meeting of Conservative gentlemen; which places in a striking point of view the close analogy, on which we have often enlarged, between the proceedings of the Cabal Administration in the time of Charles II., and our present infatuated rulers. "My Lord, we have passed through most important

changes, and if I just allude to the passing of the Relief Bill—to the repeal of the Test Acts—to the remodelling of the Constituency of the Country, believe me I do it not now to cast a needless censure on any of those who advocated these measures—which I consider full of danger to the country—but for the purpose of pointing out, soberly and advisedly, what I deem the only hope of safety for our much-loved country; namely, a union, on moderate principles, of all men of all parties who have really the welfare of the nation at heart; and I shall endeavour to illustrate this by a brief reference to a former part of our history, respecting which I cannot wonder that some of the wise and wily politicians of the day would fain have us to consider it an old almanack—I allude to the period when the Cabal of the Second Charles laid their schemes for the destruction of the British constitution. It is not a little remarkable, that the measures they resolved upon to effect this object, were, first, the relief of the Romanists from all disabilities—and, secondly, the levelling of all distinctions between religious sects and parties; and the grand political step they deemed necessary for that purpose, was, forming an alliance with France, and provoking a war with Holland—(hear.) Yes, Gentlemen, they were jealous of the existence of a consistent Protestant neighbour—(hear.) If, however, the inglorious issue of that war were the only result, we should not now refer to their disgrace; the poison of their principles worked at home—the seed sown by them sprang up, and in the ensuing reign drove the unfortunate Stuart line from the throne of England—(hear, hear.) But, my Lord, what then saved the country? A union of Whig and Tory upon sound Conservative and Protestant principles. To this re-acting power—to the Conservative society of that day, we owe the glorious settlement of 1688—(hear, and loud cheers.) Let us then seek the same result now—let every man in the country, who loves our unrivalled constitution, unite to preserve its blessings—and while we are equally removed from indifference in our moderation, and from violence in our firmness, let our grand leading principle be, 'Hold fast that which is good'—and as far

as that principle will lead us, let our unflinching motto be, 'No surrender'—(cheers.)"

We promise our readers ample gratification from a continuance of these extracts, and a narrative of the able and vigorous proceedings of the Conservative Society of Ireland; and we rejoice at having an oppor-

tunity of drawing closer the bonds of union between the great Conservative party in this country and their intrepid supporters on the other side of the Channel; an union pregnant with the happiest effects to both, and by which alone the maintenance of our religion or our independence can be secured.

AN IRISH GARLAND.

I.

YE GENTLEMEN OF IRELAND.

Ye gentlemen of Ireland,
In country and in town,
Whose honour'd flag in ninety-eight
Put foul rebellion down;
That glorious standard raise again
To face the Tricolor,
Where it waves on their graves
Who put it down before—
Oh, face it as your fathers did,
I will shame your skies no more.

The glories of your fathers
Shall start from every fold
Of the fur and ample banner
In orange and in gold—
The British Lions rampant,
And the golden Harp, shall soar
Through the black stormy track
Of treason gathering o'er
The Isle of evil destiny,
(To burst in rain of gore.)

You need no frantic orators,
No riots in the cause;
Your strength is in the sacred might
Of Truth's eternal laws:
With lessons from God's living Word,
You need no other lore,
Though lies should arise
From traitors by the score;
When they yell their noonday blasphemies,
And ruffians round them roar.

Did not your flag of honour
Around the welkin burn,
Till the gathering storm be scared and
gone,
And skies of blue return!
Then, then, ye true Conservatives,
The wine-cup shall run o'er,
When ye fill, as ye will,
To the manly hearts who bore
The rampant Lion of the North
First o'er the Tricolor.

II.

YE JACKASSES OF IRELAND.

Ye jackasses of Ireland,
In stable, shed, and lane,
Whose ears, though cropp'd in ninety-eight,
Now flout o'er skies again;
Pick up your hairy standards,
Come, take a roll and fling,
And bray, while ye may,
While your lust is on the wing,
"Ee-eeh, ee-eeh, ee-eeh, ee-aw!"
Down, down with State and King!"

You need no College pedants
To reason in the cause;
Your brains are in your free-born heels,
Your strength is in your jaws:—
With horrible noises loud and long,
The steeples down you'll bring,
As ye bray, night and day,
(And the chapel bells shall ring,)
"Ee-eeh, ee-eeh, ee-eeh, ee-aw!"
Down, down with Church and King!"

The gibbets of your fathers
Shall wave you to be free—
(For worthily they played their parts
On many a gallows-tree;)
Where Murphy and great Emmet swung,
The Judges all shall swing;
As ye bray, night and day,
(And the Newgate birds shall sing,)
"Ee-eeh, ee-eeh, ee-eeh, ee-aw!"
Down, down with Law and King!"

The divine voice of Freedom
From east to west shall sound,
Till neither Parson, Judge, nor Lord,
In Ireland shall be found:—
Then, then, ye long-eared lawgivers,
How College Green shall ring,
As ye bray, night and day,
(And Dan shall be the King.)
"Ee-eeh, ee-eeh, ee-eeh, ee-aw!"
Down, down with every thing!"

III.

SONG TO BE SUNG AT THE LIFTING OF THE CONSERVATIVE STANDARD.

COME shake forth the Banner, let loyal breath fan her;
 She's blazed over Erin three ages and more!
 Through danger we'll hold her, the fewer the bolder,
 As constant and true as our fathers before.

See, see, where the rags of the Tricolor brave us;
 Behold what a crew 'neath its tatters advance—
 Fools, tyrants, and traitors, in league to enslave us,
 A rabble well worthy the ensign of France!

But up with the banner, let loyal breath fan her,
 She'll blaze o'er the heads of our gentlemen still—
 Ho, Protestants, rally from mountain and valley,
 Around the old flagstaff on Liberty's hill!

Through the Broad Stone of Honour, the flagstaff is founded
 Deep, deep, in the sure Rock of Ages below;
 It stood when rebellion's wild tempest resounded,
 'Twill stand, by God's will, though again it should blow!

Then up with the Banner! the ensign of honour!
 Let loyal breath fan her! up, up, and away—
 To slave and to faitour, to tyrant and traitor,
 Shake forth the old Flag of defiance—hurrah!

IV.

SONG TO BE SUNG AT THE LIFTING OF THE REVOLUTIONARY STANDARD.

BRAY, Asses, bray for the pride of the levellers;
 Stretch your long jaws to the Tricolor's praise—
 Oh for a chief of Parisian revellers
 'Mong us the standard in earnest to raise!

Oh for a hangman bold,
 Worthy our flag to hold,
 Onward to lead us 'gainst order and law!
 Loud would Clan Donkey then
 Ring from its deepest den,
 Glory and freedom for ever!—ee-aw!

Ee-aw!
 Plunder and pillage for ever!—ee-aw!

Hang out your rags on the infidels' Upas tree,
 Root and branch dripping with poison and blood—
 Blasphemy, treachery, treason, and sophistry,
 These are its fruits, and they prove the true good!
 Rooted in sin and lust,
 Deep in our hearts, it must
 Flourish, while strength from a vice it can draw;
 Virtue shall all around
 Pine o'er the poison'd ground,
 While we sing Reason for ever!—ee-aw.
 Ee-aw!

Reason and rapine for ever!—ee-aw!

When last to the banquet we gather'd around her,
 The Seine for three days with our feasting was dyed;
 Blest Paris we left more enslaved than we found her,
 And Bristol in flames to our revel replied.—

Up with her here, my sons,
 Silly and wicked ones!
 Britain's old Lion who values a straw?
 If the poor brute should roar,
 Bray round your Tricolor,
 Donkeys o'er Lions for ever!—ee-aw!
 Ee-aw!
 Donkeys o'er Lions for ever!—ee-aw!

ZEPHYRS.

ALL around was dark in mist,
 But a star shone bright
 In the lonely night,
 And the bosom of ocean kiss'd—
 A favour'd spot, and the Zephyrs there
 Came to sport in the waters fair.

CHORUS.

Spirits, away—your wings renew
 With healing balm in the briny dew.

The dolphins float around,
 And a circle track
 With uplifted back,
 Like the stones upon Druid ground,
 That lie upon Carnac's dreary plain,—
 So motionless they in the misty main.

CHORUS.

Spirits, away—your wings renew
 With healing balm from the briny dew.

FIRST SPIRIT. Sister spirit, where hast been ?

SECOND SPIRIT. Over the sands

Of burning lands,
 From gardens fresh and green ;
 To fan the fever'd cheek to rest
 Of a child on its fainting mother's breast.

CHORUS.

Sister spirits, your wings renew
 With healing balm of the briny dew.

FIRST SPIRIT. And thou, say, sister, where ?

THIRD SPIRIT. Where fountains play,

With silvery spray,
 To the sun and the scented air ;
 And sweet birds sing, and leaf and flower
 Bend to the music in lady's bower.

CHORUS.

Sister spirits, your wings renew
 With healing balm of the briny dew.

FOURTH SPIRIT. And I where blood was spilt—

And as I fann'd
 The murderer's hand,
 It gave him a pang of guilt,
 For he saw his brother lie cold in death,
 And could not feel that reviving breath.

CHORUS.

Sister spirits, your wings renew
 With healing balm of the briny dew.

FIFTH SPIRIT. And I my pastime took

In wake of a ship
 That her bows did dip,
 And the salt spray from her shook.
 Merrily danced the ship along
 With flaunting colours, and seaman's song.

CHORUS.

Sister spirits, your wings renew
With healing balm of the briny dew.

FIRST SPIRIT. Dolphins, away—be free,
For I hear the swell
Of the Sea-God's shell,
That calls up the sleeping sea.
Alas! the joy on that fated deck—
Weeping, and wailing, and prayer—and wreck!

CHORUS.

Sisters, away—the briny dew
No more may with healing your wings renew.

THE PICTURE.

A HORRID wood of unknown trees, that throw
An awful foliage, snakes about whose rind
Festoon'd in hideous idleness did wind,
And swing the black-green masses to and fro.
A river—none knew whence or where—did flow
Mysterious through; clouds, swollen and lurid, shined
Above, like freighted ships, waiting a wind;
And moans were heard, like some half-utter'd woe;
And shadowy monsters glided by, whose yell
Shook terribly th' unfathom'd wilderness.—
Where! The Great Maker, his invisible
And undiscover'd worlds doth yet impress
On thought, creation's mirror, wherein do dwell
His unattained wonders numberless.

MIGNON'S SONG.

(From *Göthe*.)

Know you the land where the Lemon-tree blows,
In dark leaves embower'd the gold Orange glows;
The wind breathes softly from the deep blue sky;
Still is the Myrtle, and the Laurel high;—
Know'st thou it?

Thither! O thither!
Might I with thee—O, my beloved one!—go!

Know you the House, with its Chambers so bright—
The Roof rests on Columns, the Hall gleams with Light—
And Marble Statues stand and look on me;—
“What, my poor Child, have they done to thee?”
Know'st thou it?

Thither! O thither!
Might I with thee, my own Protector! go!

Know you the Mountain? its path in the Cloud?
The Mule his way seeks in the dark Mist-shroud;
In caverns dwell the Dragon's ancient brood;
The Crag rushes down, and o'er it the Flood;—
Know'st thou it?

Thither! O thither!
Our way lies, Father! Thither let us go!

H. H. J.

SCOTCH AND YANKEES. A CARICATURE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF ANNALS OF THE PARISH, &c.

CHAPTER I.

HECTOR DHU, or Black Hector of Ardenlochie, was the last male of his line, and when he died his estate went to heirs-female, descendants of his grandfather, who left three daughters. One of them was married to a respectable writer to the signet in Edinburgh; we say respectable, notwithstanding his profession. Another had emigrated with a relation to New York, and had been married to an opulent farmer in the State of Vermont. The third was deemed fortunate in having married at Glasgow a Virginia tobacco-planter, whom she accompanied to that country, where she was forgotten by her relations in our time; who also could not correctly say, whether the wife of the writer to the signet or the farmer's in Vermont was the eldest.

The lady in Edinburgh had an only daughter, who in due season was married to Dr Clatterpenny, who exercised the manifold calling, trade, or profession, of druggist, surgeon, or physician, in the borough town of Clarelclose.

When we knew this lady she was a widow well-stricken in years, and distinguished for the nimbleness of her tongue, and the address with which she covered cunning and discernment with a veil of folly.

A long period had elapsed, during which the farmer's wife was not heard of; in fact, the good-woman died in giving birth to her only son, Jedediah Peabody of Mount Pisgah, in the State of Vermont, and who at the time of this eventful history was a widower, and the father of a very pretty girl, who in the Yankee fashion was called Miss Octavia Margaret Peabody, which her father and other friends abridged, to save time, into the name of Tavy.

Of the Virginia planter's lady nothing whatever was known. She kept up no communication with her friends or sisters, and was as good as dead to all her cousins, when Hector Dhu departed this life.

On his death, Dr Drone, the mi-

nister of the parish, caused inquiry to be made respecting the heirs to his estate, and Mr Peabody and Mrs Clatterpenny came forward, of course.

Some doubts of her right lay always on the mind of that lady, when she received a letter from a son whom she had, walking the hospitals in London, informing her that Mr Peabody had arrived in the British metropolis by one of the New York packet ships with his daughter, an uncommonly beautiful young lady; and he gave his mother a gentle hint, that probably it would save much expense, and keep the fortune in the house, if he could make himself agreeable to Miss Octavia; "but," he added, "I fear she intends to throw herself away upon a young man from Virginia, with whom she has lately become acquainted, and who is in town on his return to the United States, from a tour that he has been making in some of the most interesting parts of Europe."

As soon as Mrs Clatterpenny received this letter, she acted with her usual discretion and decision. At this time she resided in the old town of Edinburgh, in a close celebrated as a receptacle for the widows of the Faculty, and the relicts, as the Scotch call the surviving wives, of divines.

Among other acquaintance whom Mrs Clatterpenny knew in Edinburgh, was a Mr Threeper, a member of the Scotch Bar, who, like the generality of his brethren, having little to do with briefs or business, was exceedingly amusing to old women. Upon the instant, our heroine determined that she would see if she could make a cheap bargain for his services and advice in the matter she had to agitate with her kinsman, Mr Peabody. In this she shewed her wonted acumen; for, after having disclosed to Mr Threeper her pretensions to the Ardenlochie property, she persuaded him not only to take her case in hand, but to accompany her to London; in fact, to

go shares with her in the adventure, and to agree for payment, that he should be content either with the half of the estate, if he made good her claims to it; or the same reward, if her son, in any way by his advice, married the daughter of Mr Peabody.

Accordingly, an agreement between them to this effect was formally drawn up, and they proceeded together in the steam-boat called the United Kingdom, from Leith to London.

They had, among other fellow-passengers, a Mr Archibald Shortridge, junior, a young man from Glasgow. He was a good-natured fellow, rather fattish, and his father had been some years ago Lord Provost of that royal city, which, by the bye, this young man was at great pains to let strangers know. But though there was a little weakness in this, he was a very passable character, as men go in the world, and not overly nice in his feelings. He had been bred up in the notion, that gold is the chief good in the world, and that they are great fools who think otherwise.

We should mention a striking characteristic of him—a way of standing very imposingly with his legs apart, like the Colossus of Rhodes, with his head back, and his thumbs in the arm-holes of his waistcoat. In this posture he was really a very prognosticative figure. Many took him for a member of the town-council before he was elected into that venerable body, and it was clearly seen that he was ordained to be a bailie. Some went so far as to say, that they saw the signs of Lord Provost about him; at all events, it was the universal opinion of those that knew him, that Mr Shortridge was not come to his kingdom.

It happened odd enough, that old Provost Shortridge, his father, and Mr Peabody, had some correspondence together, in which the Provost, a long forecasting man, having some notion of Peabody's relationship to Hector Dhu, a confirmed bachelor, jocularly, in a postscript to one of his letters, invited Peabody to come with his daughter to Glasgow, offering to introduce them to their Highland relation.

Peabody at the time declined the invitation, but, from less to more, the subject being once introduced into their correspondence respecting staves and lumber, it was in the end pactioned between them, that Archie, (as he was called in those days,) our acquaintance, was proposed for Miss Octavia Margaret; and, in consequence, when that young lady was heard to have arrived in London, the aforesaid Archie, or, as he was now called, Archibald, junior, was advised by his wily father to go and push his fortune, by the United Kingdom, with the young lady.

Thus it came to pass, that the United Kingdom was enriched with all these of our dramatis personæ, in addition to the usual claujamphry that constitute the cargoes of the steamers that ply between Leith and London.

It happened, however, that the passage was rough and squally, which, Mrs Clatterpeuny, in complaining of her sickness, assured her companions made her a sore nymph. Mr Threeper was speechless, and lay all day in his bed, crying "Oh! oh!" as often as the steward addressed him; but Mr Shortridge, in all the perils of the voyage, was as gay as a lark, and as thirsty as a duck; for he had been on a voyage of pleasure, like most young men of the Tromgate, to the Craig of Ailsa, where he feasted on solar geese, by which, as he said himself, he was injured to seafaring; but his appetite was none improved.

When the vessel reached her moorings in the Thames, they somehow got into a hackney-coach together—perhaps there was a little political economy in this—and they took up their abode, on the recommendation of Mr Threeper, at the Talbot Inn, in the Borough. "It has been many hundred years," said he, "a very celebrated house. Chaucer the poet speaks of it in his time, and the Pilgrims for Canterbury he represents as taking their departure therefrom. An inn, tavern, or hotel, to have been much frequented for several hundred years, speaks well for its accommodation; it must have adapted itself in a very extraordinary manner to the various changes of society."

CHAPTER II.

Our travellers being arrived at the inn, Mr Shortridge had some doubt, from its appearance, if it were exactly the place which, from the inferences of Mr Threeper, he had been led to expect; but he submitted to his fate, and the luggage which they had brought with them in the hackney-coach was unloaded. While waiting for Mrs Clatterpenny, who had some orders to give at the bar, he fell into conversation with the advocate, in which he enquired if there was any truth in the report, that their fellow passenger, Mrs Clatterpenny, was heiress to the great Ardenlochie estates.

"Yes," replied Mr Threeper, "if no nearer relative can be found."

"Your news," said Mr Shortridge, "surprises me. I have heard my father say, when he was the Lord Provost of Glasgow, that an old acquaintance of our house in Vermont was the heir; but between ourselves, Mr Threeper, how could you allow that old woman to come with you? Thank fortune we are on shore; I could not have endured her intolerable clack much longer."

"Ay," said Mr Threeper, "the hoarse waves are musical compared to her tongue; but I could not do well without her; and to let you into the truth, the random nonsense she is ever talking, is a cloak which conceals both shrewdness and cunning; moreover, she has a son in London, between whom and her relation, Peabody's daughter, just arrived from America, she is desirous to effect a marriage, to avoid litigation; for there is a doubt arising from Mr Peabody's claim to the property, as heir-at-law."

"Peabody! did you say Peabody?"

"Yes," replied Mr Threeper; "we have heard that the same cause has brought him across the Atlantic."

Mr Shortridge looked very much astonished at this, and added, with an accent of great wonder, "Do you know, that it was arranged between my father and this very Peabody, that I should go to America and court his daughter. Between us, the Provost had an eye, I suspect, to these very Ardenlochie estates. But

what says young Clatterpenny to this match of his mother's making?"

Mr Threeper was neither sharp, adroit, nor intelligent, and of course this declaration of young Shortridge made no right impression upon him, and he replied, "We anticipate no difficulty with the young man. He has written to his mother, that the lady is a divinity, and he has himself proposed the match, to which I have lent my advice."

Mr Shortridge said nothing to this, but rubbing his mouth with his hand, muttered, "I'm glad to hear that though, for I would not like to marry a fright."

This was not overheard by Mr Threeper, who, forgetful of his professional prudence, added, "It is feared, however, that she will throw herself away on one Tompkins, a young Virginian, who is now in London."

"Tompkins!" cried Mr Shortridge; "I know him well; he was in Glasgow, and took a beeter with us when my father was the Lord Provost."

"There is no doubt," said Threeper, "that it is the same, for he has been making the tour of Europe. What sort of a person is he?"

"Not unlike myself," replied Mr Shortridge; "rather genteelish."

"The likeness," cried Threeper, "cannot be striking; but hush, here comes Mrs Clatterpenny reprimanding the negro waiter, who, by the bye, is the first of the kind that I have ever seen."

In saying this, the two gentlemen stepped more apart, and Mrs Clatterpenny entered in great tribulation, speaking behind her to the waiter, who had not, she thought, been so attentive to her commands as he ought.

"Black lad," said she, "I say, black lad! what for have ye no taken my bits o' boxes up to the bed-chamber? I tell you to take them up in a gay time." Then turning round and observing the gentlemen, she addressed them, "Eh! gentlemen, little did I hope for the pleasantie of seeing you here; and glad am I, Mr Threeper, that ye are not out of the way, for I am almost driven demented. The

mislearned blackamoor does not know a word I say—It's a dreadful thing that folk in London town will no speak the English language. Oh, Mr Shortridge, is na this a town!—it's not like our own ancient borough towns, that were finished afore the rexes were kings, and have not had a new building in them since."

"Yes," replied Shortridge, "folks say that some of them would be none the worse of being mended."

"Oh, Mr Shortridge," cried the lady, "it's no possible that you, the gett of a Lord Provost, can be a reformer; but Glasgow, I will allow, would be none the worse of a reformation; 'deed, Mr Shortridge, we would all be the better of a reformation, and ye should'na laugh in your sleeve at my moralizing."

Shortridge, who had a salutary dread of the old woman's tongue, replied, to change the conversation, that he was only thinking of their sufferings in the voyage.

"Aye," said she, "that's to be held in remembrance; oh, that dismal night, when the wind was roaring like a cotton-mill, and the captain was swearing as if he had been the Prince of the Powers of the Air! I'll never forget it. You and me were like the two innocent babes in the wood, and obligated to sleep on the floor, with only a rag of a sail fastened with a gimlet and a fork, for a partition between us; but, Mr Shortridge, ye're a discreet young man—nay, ye needna turn your head away and think shame, for no young gentleman could behave to a lady in a more satisfactory manner."

Shortridge was a good deal nettled at this speech, and turning on his heel, said, rather huffily, "It's all an invention."

"Well, well," replied Mrs Clatterpenny, "but you'll never deny that we were objects of pity. There was yourself, Mr Threeper," turning towards the advocate, "a man learned in the law, and all manner of knowledge known to the Greeks, what a sight were ye? the whale swallowing Jonah was as mim as a May pud-dock compared to you; and, Mr Shortridge, ye had a sore time o't."

"Nay, nay," exclaimed Shortridge, "my dear madam, I was not at all ill, only a tiff off the Bass."

"A tiff!" cried Mrs Clatterpenny; "do ye no mind what Robin Burns says?"—

"Oh that some power the gift would gie us,

To see ourselves as others see us."

But I'll tell ye what ye were like, if ye'll show me a man vomiting a devil, and his name Legion; however, we have all our infirmities, and I want at this present time to confabulate with Mr Threeper on a matter of instant business, so ye must leave us."

"Mr Threeper," continued she, after the Glasgow beau had disappeared, "Mr Threeper, that Mr Shortridge is no an overly sensible lad, so I hope ye have not let him into the catastrophies of our business; for I will be as plain as I am pleasant with you; in short, Mr Threeper, since we came together in the same vessel, I think ye're a wee leaky, and given to make causeway talk of sealed secrets; and surely ye'll never tell me that this is a fit house to bring a woman of character to."

"I acknowledge," said he, "that it is not quite what I expected; it's more like women than wine—it has not improved with age."

"Mr Threeper," said the old lady, "do you mean that as a sling at me? ye have a stock of impudence to do so, but it's all the stock intrade that many lawyers are possessed of; however, it may do for a night's lodging, but I give you fair warning, that though it's a good house enough for you, as you said before you saw it, it will never do for the likes o' me. But what I wanted to consult you about in a professional way, 's a matter that calls for all your talent; I told a blackamoor man, do ye hear me? and telling a blackamoor man to seek for my cousin, Peabody, ye see!"—

"Well, I do see," replied Mr Threeper.

"You do see! is that all the law you have to give me? but I have not told you the particulars; he's never come back yet, think of that and weep; he's like the raven, Mr Threeper, that Noah sent out of the ark; vagabond bird, it was black too, ye know."

"What then?"

"What then, Mr Threeper, is that all the opinion of counsel that ye have to offer to a lamerly widow in London town, sorrowing like a pelican in the wilderness?"

Poor Mr Threeper knew not what to say; experience had taught him that his client was driving towards some other object, while pretending that she was consulting him. Fortunately, however, at this moment a bustle was heard, and on looking towards the occasion, they beheld an odd figure entering the house; an elderly person, who wore a broad-brimmed straw-hat, turned up behind, somewhat ecclesiastical, with a crape tied round it in a very disheveled manner. He had no neck-cloth, but the collar of his shirt was

fastened by a black ribband, and he wore a bottle-green great-coat, with large buttons, one of which, on the haunches, was missing; his waist-coat was home-made swansdown, of large broad stripes, and he had on corduroy trowsers, with his shoes down in the heel, and a cigar in his mouth, while his hands were busily employed with a knife and stick, which he was indefatigably making nothing of.

"Who is this?" cried Mrs Clatterpenny; "what'n a curiosity is this? Yankee Doodle himself is, compared to this man, a perfect composity; oh, sirs, but he must be troubled with sore eyes, for he wears blue specks, and they're of the nose-nipping kind."

CHAPTER III.

By the time our heroine had examined this phenomenon, he had made his way through coaches, carts, crates, trunks, and band-boxes, to the place where she was standing talking to Mr Threeper.

"Well," said the stranger, "I guess if you be'nt some of them, 'ere folks what have come'd by the steam-boat from Scotland state."

"Deed, sir," replied Mrs Clatterpenny, "it's no a guess, but a true say; we are just even now come, and a' in confusion as yet."

The stranger then turned round to Mr Threeper and said, "I, squire, expect you have brought a right rare cargo of novelties."

Mr Threeper replied in the best style of the Parliament House in the Modern Athens; perhaps we ought to call it, for the same reason that the inhabitants have changed the name of the town,—the Arcopagus.

"No, sir, none, whatever; every thing is going right, the reformers have all their own way."

"Well, I reckon," continued the odd apparition, "that be pretty particular, for I can tell you that we have here in London a considerable some; we hear that the Emperor of Rusky has had an audience of the Great Mogul, and therefore I guess, we shall have a Dutch war."

"Oh, Mr Threeper," exclaimed Mrs Clatterpenny, "sic a constipation that will be!"

"And pray, Mister," said the strange-looking man, "what be she called, that 'ere ship what brought you to this 'ere place?"

"The United Kingdom," replied Mr Threeper.

But the foreigner, none daunted, continued, "She'll be a spacious eleven floater, I guess; and I say, old lady, didnt you hear naught in that 'ere voyage of one Mrs Clatterpenny, one of my relations in Scotland Street."

"The gude preserve us!" cried the lady; "is na that delightful? am not I Mrs Clatterpenny mysel', and is not this Mr Threeper, my man of business, a most judicial man?"

"Well, I reckon as how I do be Jedediah Peabody of Mount Pisgah, State of Vermont; folks call me Squire, but I an't myself so 'dacious."

"Oh, Mr Peabody, my cousin, but I am most happy to see you looking so well; but ye have lost Mrs Peabody, worthy lady; she was a loss, Mr Peabody!"

"Yes," said he, "rest her soul, poor creature, she was an almighty ambitious woman; she would have her kitchen as spaunking as our parlour."

"Aye, aye," continued Mrs Clatterpenny, in the most sympathetic manner possible, "that shewed she was the bee that made the honey; ye see I speak to you with the cordiality

of an old friend—and how is your lovely daughter?"

"Well," replied the Vermont farmer; "I reckon our Tavy be right well, for she's gone a sparking with that ere young Tompkins what comes from Virginy to see the lions; they are main dreadful creturs."

Mrs Clatterpenny was greatly struck at this intelligence, and cried, "I wonder you, a man of discretion, would let her do the like of that; she can do far better, and, Mr Peabody, let me tell you, keep the gear among us."

Mr Threeper, who overheard her, whispered, "Softly, ma'am, softly, cast not your line too fast." But she disregarded the admonition, and continued, "Had it been wi' our Johnny, her ain cousin, it would hae been a more comely thing."

Mr Threeper prudently twitched her gown at this—"I beseech you, be on your guard."

"I wish, Mr Threeper," said she tartly, "that ye would behave yourself, and no be pouking at my tail."

Mrs Clatterpenny at the same time observing that Peabody was looking round the court of the inn, in not the most satisfied manner, added, "'Deed it's not a perfect paradise, but it's some place that Mr Threeper read of in a story-book, only they forgot to mention that midden; however, I'll no be long here; indeed I have a great mind to quit it on the instant, and I will; and how are we to get our trunks carried to a Christian place?"

"Christian place," said the porter, "Christian place! I don't know any such place, I was never there."

While she went bustling about the inn-yard, Mr Threeper politely informed Mr Peabody, that they had come to the Talbot, entirely owing to a misconception which they had made in the reading of Chaucer."

"Chaucer!" said Peabody, "did he keep tavern here?"

Mr Threeper looked at the American, and snuffing, as it were a fetid smell, turned upon his heel, and went towards Mrs Clatterpenny, who by this time was frying with vexation at not being able to make herself understood by the servant; however, in the end, a hackney coach was procured, their luggage

reloaded, and with glee and comfort seated beside her cousin, off the vehicle drove for the west end of the town.

In going along, the old gentleman mentioned that he had committed a similar mistake, in thinking the stage-coach inn, in which he had come with his daughter to London, was a proper place to stay at; but on the representation of Mr Tomkins, they had removed soon after to a lodging-house in Spring Gardens; and as Mr Threeper spoke of going to Fludyer Street, he proposed that they should take Spring Gardens in their way, that he might shew his kinswoman the house. This was deemed a happy thought, and accordingly they went round that way, and he pointed out to his lodging, and looking up, saw his daughter with Tompkins at a window.

"Hey," cried he, "what do I see? our Tavy in a secreesy with that ere Virginy chap, Tompkins."

Mrs Clatterpenny also looked up, and exclaimed, "Megsty me!" To which Peabody, taking the cigar from his lips and spitting deliberately, said, "Now, for our daughter Tavy to contract herself with a young man, snapping her fingers at her father—" Mrs Clatterpenny finished the sentence, and cried, "Oh, the cutty, has she done the like of that?" But Peabody exclaimed, "I'll spoil their rigg, or my baptismal name is written in an oyster shell." With that he alighted from the coach, and hastened into the house; and as fast as his down-the-heeled shoes enabled him, he went to the room where he saw the lovers standing. Mrs Clatterpenny, turning towards Mr Threeper, sagaciously observed, as the carriage drove off,—

"He's in the afflictions, Mr Threeper; but this is just what Mrs Widow Carlin warned me of, from a letter she had from her grandson in New York; he wrote, that when young folks there make a purpose of marriage, instead of publishing the banns in a godly manner in the kirk, they make a show of themselves, arm-in-arm cleekit, up and down Broadway Street. Talk of irregular marriages! a hey cock-a-lorum to Gretna Green, is holy wedlock, compared to sic chambering and wantoning."

Mr Threepier looked very grave at this, and said, "Chambering it cannot strictly be called, for the window was open, and we all saw what took place."

"That's very true," said Mrs Clatterpenny, "the observe shews that ye're a man distinct in the law; but for a young lady of good connexions to lay hold of her lover, is highway robbery. It was bad enough amang our ain well-disposed folk at home, to see a lad and a lass slipping and slinking afar off from one another, the lassie biting a straw, going to a corner in the evening. But that, Mr Threepier, was only among the lower orders; the genteeler sort divert themselves in flower gardens, with making love among the roses, as that sweet, sweet wee man, Mr Moore, in a ballad rehearses, as no doubt ye well know. But what will this world come to at last! for I weel mind, when my dear deceased Doctor made love to me, that he never got a word of sense out of my mouth, till I saw that he was in earnest."

In the meantime, Peabody was mounting the stairs as fast as he was able, with wrathful energy; but before he reached the room, his daughter enquired at Mr Tompkins, as a continuance of their discourse, if he knew Mr Archibald Shortridge, junior.

"Oh yes," replied the Virginian, "my friend Colonel Cyril Thornton gave me an introduction to his father, the Lord Provost of Glasgow; he is related, I believe, to the Colonel."

"Indeed!" said the young lady; "I'm glad of that, for the Colonel is a nice man, except in writing his own life, which gentlemen never do."

Tompkins replied a little gravely, that he could not see why his relationship to the Colonel should make her so happy.

But she answered gaily, "You know one would not like to have a booby for a lover."

"A lover, Octavia!"

"Father says so, and I am a dutiful child."

"Pshaw!" cried Tompkins, "this is more wayward than the favour you affect to that ninny, Clatterpenny;" and he swung to the other side of the room.

The young lady looked after him at this antic caper, and inquired

archly, if she had ever given Clatterpenny more encouragement than his merits deserved.

"Merits! what merits?" cried Tompkins, turning fiercely round, and coming up to her.

"Why," said she, "the merit of being heir to a great estate in Scotland; is not that a charm, to win favour for him in any young lady's eye?"

At this moment the old gentleman shuffled into the room, holding his cigar in one hand, and his staff up-lifted in the other, crying, "Sheer off, Squire Tompkins; and come hither, daughter Tavy;" upon which the young lady, as an obedient child, obeyed the summons, and the Virginian lingeringly walked towards the door.

"I'm sure, father," said Miss Octavia, "you need not be afraid of Tompkins; have you not seen the partiality of my heart for my dear kinsman Clatterpenny?"

Tompkins smote his forehead at this speech, and cried, "Oh! the devil."

"Well," said Peabody, "but I expect I have promised you to young squire Shortridge, bekase, you see, his father and I are main gracious by way of letters; however, you know, Tavy, I ain't a going to trade you, or make a nigger slave of your affections."

"But," enquired Miss, "is he heir to such an estate in the Highlands of Scotland?"

"Oh! mercenary woman," cried Tompkins; and Peabody answered, "Well, I'll tell you something. I guess that 'ere estate ben't surely his, for I here have in my pocket these few lines concerning the Old Scotch Indian Chief what was our relation—what call you him, Tavy?"

The young lady, rather somewhat gravely, replied, "that his name was Hector Dhu of Ardenlochic."

"Well," said the father, "these two lines tell me what we did not know, and says he has kicked the bucket; which, if so be, and the news ain't erroneous, it adds that we be his inheritors, and not cousin Clatterpenny."

Tompkins at this rushed forward and cried, "Did you say, Hector Dhu of Ardenlochic was dead?"

"I guess so," replied Peabody;

"and it ben't below the fact; but I say, squire, we have business; so you clear out. This way, Tavy;" and the old gentleman preceded his daughter into another room, leaving Tompkins alone; and astonished at what he had heard, soon after he broke out into the following soliloquy:—

"In my mother's tales of her ancestors," said he, "she has often told me, that when Hector Dhu of Ardenlochic died, his estate ought to be mine; for that she was the child of an elder daughter than the mo-

thers of the Clatterpennys, or the Peabodys. If there be any truth in the traditions of my mother, these news deserve investigation, and luckily I took her papers to Scotland to examine into the affair; but I was told then that Hector Dhu was a stout old bachelor, and might live so many years, that I never thought even of opening the bundles at Edinburgh."

At this juncture, he alertly left the room.

CHAPTER IV.

It was certainly a very extraordinary thing that all those who were interested in the Ardenlochic inheritance should meet together in the way we have described, in the Talbot inn in Southwark. Had a novelist or a dramatic writer been guilty of so improbable an incident, he would have been scouted in the most nefarious manner; but there is no miracle more wonderful than truth, and this surprising incident is related by us with as much brevity as is consistent with perspicuity.

It is true, that before the day was done, Mr Archibald Shortridge, junior, shifted his quarters to the London Coffee-House, in Ludgate Hill, much renowned for its hospitable reception of Glasgow citizens, and other denizens from the west of Scotland.

Mr Threeper, before the sun was set, and it set early, induced the old lady, as we have related, to pitch her tent in Fludyer Street, Westminster; while he deemed it becoming his professional eminence, to take up his abode in an excellent hotel, which we at this moment forget the name of, but it is a house greatly frequented by those who are called in vulgar parlance, the claws of Edinburgh—to say nothing of those myriads of bailies, deputies, and other clanjamphry, who fancy that they have business before Parliament, when it happens that some schemer tells them a road, bridge, or railway, merits the attention of the collective wisdom of such a nest of sapients as a town council.

The party being thus broken up, there was something attractive in the influence of each, and in consequence

they were, though living apart, frequently together.

In the meantime, Mrs Clatterpenny had scarcely removed into her new lodgings, when she chanced to recollect that her son Johnny, who was walking the hospitals, had not yet paid his duty to her. It is true, that her faculties were so much occupied with strange matters, that she had never thought of him at all; but when she did call to mind that he was in the same town with her, and had never come to see her, she was truly an afflicted woman. She rung for the servant-maid of the house, and, with accents that would have pierced a heart of stone, erranded the damsel to bring to her immediately her precious darling.

The maid being fresh from the country, repeated the commands that had been given to her as well as she could to her mistress, but her mistress averied, that she knew not such a person as Mr Johnny residing in all the street. At last the old lady recollected that he lived in Tooly Street, in the Borough, and she contrived at a late hour to make that known. But no Johnny was forthcoming that night, and his anxious mother never closed her eyes, thinking that he perhaps had caught a mortal malady in Guy's Hospital, and greatly lay in need of her blandishments. When this thought had got possession of her brain, which it was not allowed to do till the night was far advanced, and she had pressed her pillow, she was not long till she ascertained even the name of his distemper.

"Goodness me!" said she, "what if it's the cholera, and that I have just

come to this sinful city to lay his head in the grave; but if it is the cholera, surely the doctors would never let me do that." And then having tormented herself with this cogitation, a ray broke in upon her benighted brain; and among other things which she conjured up for her comfort, she remembered that Johnny had written to her a letter, in which he had told her that cholera patients were not received into the hospital which he was attending. In short, Mrs Clatterpenny never knew what it was to let down her eyelids all that night. Her peace was also disturbed by a policeman walking beneath her window; as often as she heard his foot fall on the stones she covered her head, lay trembling, and concluded that he could be nothing less than a London housebreaker. By and bye, however, the dawn began to dapple the east, and betimes she arose, thinking of her Johnny and of the man walking in the street. At last she heard her landlady stirring, and she rose to disclose to her the jeopardy that she had discovered them all to have been in; but it was some time before she proved to the satisfaction of the innocent landlady, that the policeman was a thief, though she had no doubt upon the subject herself.

"But," said she, "if he had not an ill turn to do, what for was he going up and down at the dead hour of night, and looking in at the seams of the windows wherever he saw a light within? That's volumous! And if I thought that Mr Threepier was rightly versed in the jargon of the law, I would go home and leave him to knit the ravelled skein himself; but I have seen, since I brought him with me, that he has not a spur in his head, and I maun stay to keep him right. I would advise every one that may be brought into my situation, to make no covenant with a man of the law till he has been proven in a steam-vessel."

At this moment Mr Threepier, as the day was now advanced, came into her parlour, and sent up word that he was there waiting to take breakfast with her. She took this, in her forlorn estate, very kind of him, little thinking that he thereby would save the price of his breakfast at the hotel, which he intended to charge in his

account, and at the same time make a judicious application to her teapot.

However, she made haste down stairs, and was right well pleased with her visitor.

"This is," said she to him, "very discreet of you to come in such a friendly manner to see me, for really I am no out of the need of friendship. All night I could think of nothing but our Johnny that's at his studies in the hospital here, and a dreadful apparition walking the streets, girding his thoughts for guilt. At times, Mr Threepier, I could not forget yon Peabodys; the old man is just a fright, but his daughter is weel-fair; and if our Johnny can make a conquest of her tender affections, she'll not make an ill match."

"It will be a judicious union," replied Mr Threepier, "for then the doubt that you have, whether your mother or Mr Peabody's was the ELDER daughter of old Ardenlochie, will be got over in a very satisfactory manner."

"I've been thinking so too," replied Mrs Clatterpenny, "but I do not approve of yon curdooing with the lad Tompkins; and I'm just out of the body till I see our Johnny, to give him counsel how to behave in such a jeopardy; for Johnny, I needna tell you, is a very sightly young man, though ye'll say that the crow aye thinks its own bird the whitest. However, Mr Threepier, I'm no a woman given to such vanities; only, it would be the height of injustice if I were to deny, that for my taste, were I a wanton on the eve of a purpose of marriage, I would make our Johnny my option instead of the lad from Virginny—but every one to her own liking."

During this conversation, Mr Threepier was laying in his breakfast; plate of toast after plate had disappeared, till the paucity of materials attracted the attention of Mrs Clatterpenny, insomuch that she could not help remarking, it was well seen the Englishers were a starveling nation, and did not know the comforts of a good breakfast, though they pretended to have a nostril for roast beef at their dinner.

And it's very plain, Mr Threepier, that they have but a scrimp pit notion, after all, of good living. Oh, Mr Threepier, if ye had seen what I have

seen of a Highland breakfast, your mouth would water. When I was a young lady in my teens, before I was married to my dear deceased doctor, I paid a visit to Hector Dhu, and ye would have seen, had ye been in his house then, what a breakfast should be. We had, in the first place, I remember well, though there was just him and me, a plateful of eggs as big as a stack of peats; a mutton ham, boiled whole; a cold hen, left from the dinner the day before, just wanting a wing; four rizzart haddocks, every one of them as big as a wee whale; six farles of crump-cake; three penny loaves—they were a little mouldy, but ye're to expect that in the Highlands;—and a plate of toasted bread, that it would have ta'en a man

of learning to count the slices. That was a breakfast! besides tea and coffee. To be sure the coffee was not very good, and ye might have said, without the breach of truth, that the servant had forgotten to put in the beans; but it was something, I trow different from the starvation of toom plates such as we see here. Do ye know, Mr Threeper, that ye have been so busy in taking your share, seeing there was so little, that ye forgot me altogether? I haven't had devil-be-licket of all the bread that was brought into the room."

At this moment Johnny entered the apartment;—but we must defer to another chapter what passed on that occasion.

CHAPTER V.

Dr Johnny, as young Clatterpenny was called among his companions, had not the talents of his mother. He took more after what his father had been; namely, he was above mediocrity in his appearance, stood on excellent terms with himself, and though it could not be said that he was a young man of ability, he had address enough, with a consequential air, to make himself pass, with a certain class of old women, as one of that description.

His mother was all interjections and fondness at the sight of her son, who had come to breakfast, and, to the great gratification of Mr Threeper, she was not long of making this intension known to the servant of the house; recommending, at the same time, to the astonished menial, to prepare something better than a shaving of bread, for Scotland was not a land of famine.

While the new breakfast was preparing, divers interlocutors were delivered by each of the several parties; and before the tray was served a second time, Dr Johnny understood on what footing Mr Threeper had accompanied his mother. "But," said the old lady, "our chief dependence, Johnny, is on you; for although it can't be doubted that Mr Peabody and me are either of us the true heir, it would save a great fasherie at law if ye would draw up with his daughter, whom I must

say has a comely face, and her likeness is not in every draw-well that a Joe Janet keeks into."

Johnny acknowledged the superiority of the young lady, but expressed some fear that Tompkins had already engaged her affections.

"Not that I," said he, "care much about that, for a woman brought up in the woods, no doubt, seaps at the first gentleman that says a civil word to her."

"Yes," interposed Mr Threeper, "inexperience is easily beguiled."

"That," said Mrs Clatterpenny, "is the next bore to what I said, when my dear deceased husband, the doctor, and his father, made up to me. Heigh, sirs, many changes have happened in the world since then! I was very different from what I'm now; for I was then very well looked, and Mr McCauslin, the merchant, that had a shop on the South Bridge, often and often said sae. But fate's fate; I was ordained to throw myself away on the doctor. Ah, but, with all his faults, he was a man that had a way of his own; and when he went out in the morning, his shoes were like black satin, and the ring on his finger was a carbuncle of great price. Mr Threeper, he was a learned man likewise, and told me that castor oil comes from America; but cousins are worse than castor oil. And he was a jocose man, and had the skin of a crocodile hanging in

the shop, which he used to call our humbug.

"'Dear Doctor,' qu' I one day to him, 'surely they were giants in those days, when such like bugs bit their backs'—which made him laugh so loud and long that he terrified me, lest it was not in his power to stop. But, poor man, every thing under the sun is ordained to have an end, as well as his guffaw."

The advocate having by this time quenched his hunger, could partake, as he said himself, "of nothing further of the toast and tea," sliddered back his chair from the breakfast table, and with a grave professional air, told Dr Johnny, that it was not idle talk that his mother uttered, when she recommended him to cast a sheep's eye at Miss Octavia.

"After," said he, "the gravest consideration that I have been able to bestow on this very difficult case, I have come to a conclusion, that we ought not to go to law if we can make a marriage between you and Mr Peabody's only daughter. Therefore, you see, sir, that much depends upon you; and I am of opinion, that it is a very fortunate thing the young lady is so gracefully endowed."

"That's a very connect speech," said Mrs Clatterpenny; "and, Johnny, my dear, what have you got to gain-say such powerful argolling?"

The young doctor, after duly considering what he had heard, answered: "I will make no rash promises. Miss Peabody is certainly a very eligible match for me in my present state; but if my mother is the heiress, why should I think of marrying her at all? I ought to look to a little better."

"That's very discreet of you," said Mrs Clatterpenny, "if I were the true heir; but if Peabody comes in before me, what do ye say to that?"

"Ah," replied Johnny, "the case is different, for then Miss would be most desirable. Mr Threeper, is there any doubt of that?"

"None," said the lawyer, "none in my opinion; but if we are to go into court with the question, there may be objections raised; and in the present aspect of all things, I would advise you to cherish kindly inclination towards the young lady."

"I would advise you too," said his mother, "for possession is nine

points of the law, and there's no telling what airt the wind blows when there's a gale in the Parliament House."

"I will think of what you have advised, Mr Threeper," said Doctor Johnny.

"Well, I'm glad to hear that," said his mother, "and let no grass grow beneath your feet till ye have paid your respects to the lady this morning in their new lodgings, No. 110, in Spring Gardens; a very creditable place, as I understand. And if ye make haste, ye'll be there before that upsetting young man from Virginy, that they call Mr—house-licat."

Nothing particular at that time took place after this admonition. Doctor Johnny took leave for the purpose of doing what his mother advised; and while he was on the road through the Park to Spring-gardens, Mr Peabody and his daughter were sitting after breakfast discoursing at their ease, respecting Mrs Clatterpenny and her pretensions.

"What could have brought the old lady," said Miss Octavia, "to meet us in London?"

"I don't know," answered her father; "I guess it might be the ship. But if so be that we ain't the inheritors of that 'ere old Scotch Indian chief's location, you may make a better speck of yourself."

"Oh, heavens!" cried the young lady.

"Why, Tavy, you see here," said the old gentleman, "how the cat jumps; you know what a dead everlasting certainty it is to lose property in them 'ere doubts of law."

"But," said the simple maiden, "consider my regard for cousin Clatterpenny."

"I have been," said the old gentleman, "a-making my calculations 'bout it, so will be no more a stump in the way, becase of them 'ere doubts. Oh, Tavy, what be the matter? I guess if she ain't besoomed right away. Help! help!"

At this instant Doctor Johnny made his appearance, and joined in the confusion; but before the love-sick Miss was recovered, the porter from the inn had brought a letter for Mr Peabody, which had come by the post that morning, with a superscription to be delivered immedi-

ately. The old man having got his daughter upright, left her in the hands of Doctor Johnny; and going to a window, read the letter to himself very quietly. But though he made no exclamation, the contents evidently gave him pleasure, and he put the letter folded up again into his waistcoat-pocket, and returned towards the afflicted damsel.

The conversation, in the mean time, between Doctor Johnny and Miss Octavia, shewed him that he had no hope in that quarter. She was a sharp and shrewd observer, and saw that she had not that measure of accomplishments and beauty which would obtain the ascendancy in his breast, and therefore was not long of convincing him that he had nothing to hope for. Indeed there was ill luck in the time of his application, and she felt that she had too long dissembled. Accordingly, she determined to do so no more, and she made short work with the Doctor, soon giving him his dismissal, to which he had no time to reply, when Mrs Clatterpenny and Mr Threeper came in; the lady saying to Mr Peabody as she entered, without observing the condition of Miss Octavia, "Is't really true, Mr Peabody, that in America the advocates and lords of session sit in judgment amang you wanting wigs and gowns? For my part, if I am to pay for law, I wouldna think I gat justice if the advocates and the fifteen hadna wigs nor gowns; I would always like to get all that pertains to a whole suit if I paid for one."

Mr Peabody made no reply to this speech, but touching his forehead significantly, said, "Is she?"

Mr Threeper was taken a little aback, and answered rather rashly, "Sometimes."

Presently, however, he added, "when necessary." Mrs Clatterpenny, very quick in her observations, observed the gestures of her kinsman, and said aside to her man of business, "Have I given him a suspect of my composety?" and then added, "I'll leave you to sift him, and be

sure ye find out all the favourable outs and ins of my anxiety."

"Cousin Peabody," she rejoined aloud, "I'll just step oure and see my sweet friend Miss Octavia. She's a fine creature; and I'm just like my dear deceased husband, who was very fond of Octavos—indeed he was very fond of them. And, oh, but he was a jocose man; for, one day, when I was wearying by myself, seeing him sae taken up with one of his Octavos, and saying, Oh that I were a book instead of a wife, 'I would not object,' said he, 'if ye were an almanack; that I might get a new one every year.'"

With these words she went across the room to Doctor Johnny; and the young lady, who, now recovered, was sitting talking to him on a sofa, and Peabody with Mr Threeper continued their confabulation near the door of the room.

"I calculate," said the Vermont farmer, touching his forehead, "that the old ladge be quite 'roneous."

"Your remark is perfectly just; but she is not altogether *fatuus*, for in that case she could not have persuaded me to come with her, though she can well afford it."

"I guess, then," said Mr Peabody, "she is tarnation rich."

"She will be," replied the advocate drily, "when she is in possession of the Ardenlochie property."

"Aye," replied the old man, "that may be true, but I likewise am an inheritor."

"That you were a relation we have always known."

"But may not I be the heir?" said Peabody.

"Certainly, if there be no other," replied the legal gentleman.

"And if there be another," cried the old man, "what then?" putting his hand into his waistcoat pocket, and pulling out the letter he had just received.

"You can't, that's all," replied Mr Threeper.

"Read that, squire," said the old gentleman, handing the letter to him with a flourish.

CHAPTER VI.

MR THREEPER received the letter; and before looking at it, regarded the Yankee farmer inquisitively; but his countenance remained as imperturbable as the trunk of a pine-tree in the American forest. He then looked at the letter—first at the seal, which told nothing; but on inspecting the superscription, he gave a slight start of recognition,—Mr Peabody eyeing him very steadfastly, but sedately.

"That 'ere letter," says he, "gives me to know, that my claim beats cousin Clatterpenny's to immortal smash."

Mr Threeper made no immediate reply. "Who? in the name of —," cried he. "No, no, Mr Peabody, this letter misinforms you. Conscience of me, but I am astonished, and beginning to be confounded."

"Why," said Mr Peabody, "ain't it one Nabal McGab? Look ye there, he scriptifies himself Nabal McGab, writer to the signet, Edinburgh; and as sure as rifles, he offers to establish my right on shares."

Mr Threeper was amazed; he did not know which way to look—whether to the right or left, or up or down. At last he declared, in a kind of soliloquy, "The family papers were put into his hands on my own advice; and he betrays his trust without consulting me."

Mr Peabody observed, with a little more inflection of accent, "I guess we would call such a dry trick, 'I yank—thou yankest—he or she yanks—we yank—ye yank—they yank—we all yank together.'"

"But this is treason, Mr Peabody; he deceives you, Mr Peabody;—there are others of the Ardenlochie blood in America besides you."

"Well," said the old man, "what of that?"

Mr Threeper, putting his hands to his lips, said, "Hush."

"Wherefore?"

"Hark!" said Threeper, "it was a footstep at the door."

"Well, if so be," said Peabody, "I expect it's my dog, Bonaparte, scraping to come in—if it bea'n't nobody else."

"Mr Peabody," replied the man of

law, in a whisper, "join with us, and we'll all keep the secret."

The old man looked at him sily, and then said, "I s'pose you are on shares with the old lady?"

"Don't talk of it," said Mr Threeper, "but join with us."

"Ah, if Cousin Clatterpenny is not the heir, mother's sister had a sister that was not grandmother to she."

"Gracious," cried Threeper, "you alarm me!"

"But it is as true as nothing," said the Vermont farmer. "She was her aunt in Virginy; and died one day afore I wer'n't born."

"Indeed!" said Threeper; "and was that aunt married?"

"Well, I reckon I can't tell," replied Peabody—adding, "By jinks! I have papers in my velisse, to judicate that 'ere matter—stay while I fetch them."

At these words, Mr Peabody went out of the room, and left Mr Threeper standing on the floor. "Here," said he, "is a new turn up; an aunt in Virginia! Should she have left issue, what is to be done? The old lady may give it up—but how am I to be indemnified?"

Mrs Clatterpenny, seeing him alone, and perplexed, came forward, and, with a wheedling voice, said to him, "Oh, but ye're a man of sagacity; and so," with a softened tone she added, "wi' your counselling, and the help of my own management, he thinks me a conkos mentos—hah, Mr Threeper, what's come over you, that ye're in such constipation?"

"Enough," replied the advocate, "enough has come to my knowledge to drive us both mad. McGab has written to him all the infirmities of our case, and has told him that he was nearer of blood than you."

"Ay," said Mrs Clatterpenny, "that's piper's news,—would e'er I have brought you with me, had mine been a clear case? But I knew you were souple in the law; and being affected with the apprehensions, I ran the risk on shares wi' you, behaved to you—did I not?—in the most discreet manner, when you

came to sponge on me at breakfast-time? But surely it's no past a' possibility to be able to get our Johnny married to his daughter?"

Mr Threeper was in no condition to listen to her; he saw the desperation of her case; he thought how she had gotten to the windward of him in the agreement, and he exclaimed, "To come on such a wildgoose chase to London, and this aunt in Virginia!"

"What did ye say?" cried Mrs Clatterpenny; "mercy on us, what did ye say anent an aunt in Virginy? No possible, Mr Threeper. An aunt in Virginy! My stars, that's mooving."

"Yes," said he, "and she may have had children, too."

Mrs Clatterpenny continued, "An auntie in Virginy with two children! what will become of us! Oh, but ye hae given me poor advice! An auntie in Virginy!—that's the land where the tobacco grows; she will take snuff. I never thought they were wholesome that did. I came at the peril of my life, Mr Threeper; but did I think ye would tell me of an aunt in Virginy?"

Mr Threeper, alarmed at her violence, replied, in a subdued tone, "You know, madam, that I am not to blame."

"Then," cried she, with increasing fervency, "how dost you discover this aunt in Virginy, with two children? Oh, man! oh, man! I thought you were skilled in the law—but an aunt in Virginy beats every thing. Mr Threeper, ye ought to be punished, yea, prosecuted to the utmost rigour of the law, for discovering this aunt in Virginy. What's the worth of your wig now? Oh! oh! my heart is full—an aunt in Virginy!"

With that she flounced out of the room, forgetful of all that was in it; but her son followed, and overtook her before she got into the street, for the lock of the street-door being a draw-bolt, her Scottish cunning could not discover the secret of that implement, and she was unable to let herself out. But when she was out, she made nimble heels, with a silent tongue, to her own lodgings; and in going across the Park, they fell in with Mr Shortridge, to whose care, as it was now near the hour to at-

tend a lecture at the hospital, Dr Johnny consigned her, and hastened through the Horse Guards on his own affairs.

They reached her lodgings before they had any connected conversation. In speaking, however, of Miss Peabody, he expressed some doubt if she would have him; assigning for a reason, that she had some chance of getting a parcel of Highland rocks and heather.

"Oh, Mr Shortridge, that's no a becoming speech—you're no better than—who were ye biting behind their backs?"

"To be plain with you," replied Mr Shortridge, "after coming so long with you without a civil word, your son was in my mind."

"Our Johnny!" cried she. "Mr Archibald Shortridge, junior!"

"Well, madam."

"Your father was the Lord Provost of Glasgow!"

"Yes, Mrs Clatterpenny, and that was something."

"Deed, it was," replied she, "with his golden chain about his neck, his black velvet cloak and cocket hat. Oh but he was a pomp, and therefore I'll never deny ye're without a share of pedigree; but, Mr Archibald Shortridge, junior!"

The young man replied tartly, "what do you want?"

"Oh, nothing particular," said she, "but only just to make an observe—the which is, that there is a preternatural difference between our Johnny and the likes of you; for although I had my superior education in the Lowlands, his great-grandfather was a chieftain, wi' bonnet and kilt, and eagle's feather, his piper proudly marching before him, and his tail behind, when yours, Mr Archibald Shortridge, junior, was keeping a shop, and wearing breeches. So take your change out of that, Mr Archibald Shortridge, junior;"—and she, without any apology for leaving him, mounted to her own room.

Shortridge did not, however, remain long behind her; he also walked away, equally astonished at her behaviour, and unable to account for it, for he was as yet uninformed of the secret which McGab had disclosed, and only knew that Dr Johnny was the old lady's son and heir; that she was, by all accounts, the proper

heiress of the Ardenlochie estate, and had concluded by some process of thought, that it would not be difficult to fix, therefore, Miss Octavia's affections upon him. He was the more convinced of this, as she had received him but coolly when introduced to her, and that her father did not think the son of the Lord Provost of Glasgow quite so important as he had expected. But the anger, the sullenness, and the crisp temper of Mrs Clatterpenny, seemed to him inexplicable: her whole conduct to-

wards him was of the most perplexing kind. However, he went leisurely through the Horse Guards, across the Parade, towards Spring Gardens, to which he had learnt the Peabody had removed; and in going to call on them he walked thoughtfully along. But opposite the gun, in the Park, he ran against the old Squire himself, before he was recognised; and before he had well recovered from this encounter, the Squire said to him—But we shall give their conversation in the next Chapter.

CROCODILE ISLAND.

My favourite inn at Oxford was the Golden Cross. The Angel was admirable in its way; the Star celestial, and the Mitre fit for an archbishop,—but the snug room on the left of the inner court of the Golden Cross was superior to them all. There seemed to be more comfort there than in the gaudier apartments of its rivals, and the company one met with was generally more inclined to be social. About eight o'clock in the evening was “the witching time o’ night,” for at that hour the multitudinous coaches from the North poured in their hungry passengers to a plentiful hot supper. In these hurried refectons I invariably joined. Half an hour very often sufficed to give me glimpses of good fellows whom it only required time to ripen into friends. Many strange mortals I saw, who furnished me with materials for thinking till the next evening; and sometimes I have been rewarded for the wing of a fowl by a glance from a pair of beautiful bright eyes, which knocked all the classics, and even Aldrich’s Logic, out of my head for a week. Three coaches, I think, met at the Golden Cross. There was very little time for ceremony; the passengers made the best use of the short period allowed them, and devoted more attention to the viands before them than to the courtesies of polished life. I made myself generally useful as a carver, and did the honours of the table in the best manner I could. One night I was waiting impatiently for the arrival of the coaches, and wondering what sort of company

they would present to me, when a young man came into the room, and sat down at a small table before the fire, who immediately excited my curiosity. He called for sandwiches, and rum and water, and interrupted his active labours in swallowing them only by deep and often-repeated sighs. He was tall, and strikingly handsome. I should have guessed him to be little more than one or two and twenty, had it not been for a fixedness about the brow and eyes which we seldom meet with at so early a time of life. I was anxious to enter into conversation with him; for, as I have said, I was greatly interested by his appearance. I thought I knew the faces of all the University; and I was certain I had never met with him before. He had not the general appearance of a gownsmen; he was tastefully and plainly dressed; obviously in very low spirits; and finished his second tumbler in the twinkling of a bed-post. As the third was laid down before him, I had just given the preliminary cough with which a stranger usually commences a conversation, when a rush was made into the room by the occupants of all the three coaches, and the Babel and confusion they created prevented me from executing my intention. On that occasion I did not join the party at the supper-table. I maintained my position at the corner of the chimney, very near the seat occupied by the youth who had so strongly excited my attention. The company was more than usually numerous; and a gentleman, closely muffled up,

finding³ no room at the principal board, took his station at the same table with the stranger. The intruder threw off one or two cloaks and greatcoats, and untied an immense profusion of comforters and shawls, revealing the very commonplace countenance of a fat burly man about fifty years of age, with great staring blue eyes, and a lank flaxen wig of the lightest colour I had ever seen. This personage gave his orders to the waiter in a very imperious tone, to bring him a plate of cold beef, and a quart of brown stout, and exhibited various signs of impatience while his commands were executed.

"Cold night, sir," he said, at length addressing the youth. "I've travelled all the way from Manchester, and feel now as hungry as a hunter."

"It takes a man a long time to die of starvation," replied the other. "Men have been known to subsist for ten days without tasting food."

"Thank God, that has never been my case. I would not abstain from food ten minutes longer to save my father from being hanged.—Make haste, waiter!"

The young man shook his head, and threw such an expression of perfect misery into his handsome features, that his companion was struck with it.

"I'm afraid," he said, "you are unhappy, in spite of being so young. You haven't wanted meat so long yourself, I hope.—Waiter, what the devil's keeping you with that 'ere beef?"

"Worse, worse," replied the other, in a hollow voice. "Youth is no preventive against care, or crime, or misery, or—*murder!*"

He added the last word with such a peculiar intonation, that the traveller started, and laid down his knife and fork, which he had that moment taken possession of, and gazed at him as if he were anxious to make out his meaning.

"Don't judge of me harshly," continued the youth; "but listen to me, I beseech you, only for a moment, and you will confer a great obligation on a fellow-creature, and prevent misery of which you can have no conception."

The man thus addressed remained

motionless with surprise. He never lifted his eyes from the deeply melancholy countenance of the narrator; and I must confess I listened with no little earnestness to the disclosure he made myself.

"At sixteen years of age," he said, "I found myself a denizen of the wilds. Shaded from the summer heats, by magnificent oaks of the primeval forest, where I lived; and secured from the winter's cold, by skins of the tiger and lynx, I had not a desire ungratified. Groves of orange-trees spread themselves for hundreds of miles along our river: cocoa-nuts, and all the profusion of fruits and flowers with which the Great Spirit saw fit to beautify the original paradise of man, supplied every want. The eagle's feather in my hair, the embroidery of my wampum belt, pointed out to my followers where their obedience was to be rendered; and I felt myself prouder of their unhesitating submission, and the love with which they regarded me, than that the blood of a hundred kings flowed in my veins. I was Chief of the Chactaws and Muscogulges. My mother was of European origin: her grandfather had visited the then thinly populated regions of North America, in company with several hundred bold and heroic spirits like himself, whose aspirations for the independence and equality of man, had carried them beyond the dull cold letter of the law. His name yet survives in Tipperary; his boldness was the theme of song; and the twelve dastard mechanics, who, at the bidding of a judge, consented to deprive their country of its ornament and hero, and to banish him, with all the nobility of his nature fresh upon him, were stigmatized as traitors to the cause of freedom. In spite, however, of their cowardice and meanness, they could not resist displaying the veneration in which they held him, by entwining his wrists with massive belts; and even around his legs they suspended majestic iron chains, which rattled with surpassing grandeur whenever he moved. He had not been long in the new land to which his merits had thus transferred him, when his name became as illustrious in it as it had been in his own. The name of O'Flaherty is still, I under-

stand, a word of fear to the sleepy-eyed burghers of the law-oppressed towns. But his course was as short as it was glorious. In leading a midnight attack on the storehouse of some tyrannizing merchant, he was shot in the act of breaking open a box which contained a vast quantity of coin. He fell—and though he lived for several weeks, he kept his teeth close upon the residence of his followers. He died, as a hero should die, calm, collected, fearless. Even when the cord with which they had doomed him to perish was folded round his neck, he disdained to purchase an extension of his life by treachery to his friends. “An O’Flaherty,” he said, “can die—but he never peaches.” He left a son who was worthy of his father’s fame. Like him he was inspired with an indomitable hatred of tyranny and restraint; with a noble and elevating desire to bring back those golden days, when all things were in common—when man, standing in the dignity of his original nature, took to himself whatever pleased his fancy, and owed no allegiance to the debasing influence of the law. From this noble stock my mother was descended; and when her beauty and the heroism of her character had raised her to be the consort of the Forest King, she seemed to feel that she was just in the situation for which she was destined by her nature. The pride of ancestry, and the remembrance of the glorious achievements which had rendered the names of her forefathers illustrious, beamed from her eye, and imprinted a majesty upon her brow, which we seek for in vain in females of inglorious birth. Attakul-kulla, which, in the puerile language of the whites, means the Little Carpenter, was my father’s name. On his head, when going forth to battle, he wore a paper cap of the most warlike form, surrounded with miniature saws, and surmounted with a golden gimlet. When I was born, the infinite nations, and kindreds, and tongues which confessed his sway, made every demonstration of satisfaction. The

Muscogulges, the Simmoles, the Cherokees, the Chactaws, and all the other powerful tribes which bordered on the stately Alatomaha, sent deputies to the royal residence to congratulate their monarch on so auspicious an occasion. But, alas! this universal rejoicing was soon turned into mourning. Amongst those who came as ambassadors from the neighbouring powers was Sisquo Dumfki, the rat-catcher, from a kingdom on the banks of the majestic Mississippi. This man was the most celebrated drinker of his nation. The strongest casine* seemed to have no more effect upon his senses than the purest water. At all feasts and solemn entertainments he was the champion of the Chicasaws. His fame was not unknown to the leaders of our tribe. My royal father burned with a passionate thirst for glory—and also for casine. In the happiness of my birth he challenged Sisquo Dumfki to a trial of their strength of stomach. For five days and nights they sat unceasingly swallowing the delicious fluid—five days and nights the calumet sent forth its smoke—never for one moment being lifted from the lips, save to make room for the cocoa-nut shell in which they drank their casine. Sleep at last seemed to weigh heavily on the lids of my royal father,—he was longer in the intervals of applying the goblet to his mouth,—and at last his hand refused its office—his head sank upon his shoulder; and his generous competitor, satisfied with the victory he had gained, covered the imperial person with a robe of leopard skin, and left him to his repose. Repose!—it was indeed his last repose—he opened his eyes but once—groaned heavily—then shouting ‘Give me casine in pailiuls,’—for the ruling passion was strong to the latest hour—he became immoderately sick, and expired. I am afraid to state how much had been drank in this prodigious contest; but it was said by the court flatterers on the occasion, that they had consumed as much liquid as would have supplied a navigable canal from lake Ouagaphe-

* Casine, a sort of usquebaugh in great request among the Indians—and a very good tippie in its way.—*Experto crede.*

nogan to Talahasochte! I was an orphan; and though the death of my father had now raised me to a throne, I was bound by the customs of our nation to revenge it. In this feeling I was bred; I was allowed even from my infancy to drink nothing weaker than casine; my victuals were all seasoned with the strongest rum, so that by the time I was sixteen years of age, my head was so accustomed to the influence of spirituous liquors, that they were harmless to me as milk. Siquo Dumfki was still alive, and still remained the unrivalled hero of his tribe. His death was decreed by my mother the very hour my father died; for this purpose she imbued my infant mind with unmitigated hatred of the murderer, as she called him, of my father, and taught me the happiness and glory of revenge. She talked to me of attaining her object by the hatchet and tomahawk, doubting perhaps that in spite of the training I had received, I should still be vanquished by the superhuman capacity of the rat-catcher; but I was confident in my own strength, and sending a trusty messenger to the encampment of the Chicasaws, I invited him to a solemn feast, and challenged him to a trial of strength. He came. You may imagine, sir, to yourself the feelings which agitated my bosom, when in my very presence, on the spot which was the scene of his triumph, I saw the perpetrator of a father's murder. Such, at least, was the light in which I had been taught, since the hour I was first suspended on the aromatic boughs of the magnolia, to regard the proud, the generous, the lofty Siquo Dumfki. How ill founded was my hatred of that noble individual, you will discover in the sequel of my story.

"On this occasion he did not come alone. At his side, as he stood humbly before me, and paid his compliments to the queen, my mother, I marked with palpitating heart and flushing cheek, the most beautiful young girl I had ever seen. Her limbs, unconcealed by the foolish drapery in which the European damsels endeavour to hide their inferiority, were like polished marble, so smooth and round and beautifully shaped. Round her middle she wore

a light bandage, embroidered with the feathers of the eagle, and this was the sole garment she had on, save that her head was ornamented with a beautiful diadem of heron's plumes. She was so young, so artless, and so ravishingly beautiful, that she took my heart captive at the first glance. I had at that time only twelve wives, selected by the regent from my own peculiar tribe, but several other nations had for some time been importuning me to choose a score or two of consorts from the loveliest of their maidens, and I had for some reason or other delayed complying with their requests. But now I was resolved to marry the whole nation, so as to secure this most beautiful of her sex. Alas! was it not madness thus to give way to these tender emotions, when the first word she uttered conveyed to me the appalling certainty that she was daughter of my deadliest foe—of the very being whom it had been the sole object of my education to enable me to drink to death! But a second look at the enchanting girl made me forgetful of every feeling of revenge. I spoke to her—I found her soft, sweet, delightful,—a daughter of the pathless forest,—stately as the loftiest palms that waved their plumed heads in grandeur to the sky, and pure as the spiral ophrys, with its snow-white flowers, which blossoms so tenderly at their feet. Her name was Nem-rooma, which in your language means the spotless lily—mine, I must inform you, was Quimmolla, the drinker of rum."—

Here the youngman paused, and sighed deeply. I confess I was intensely interested by the manner in which he related his story; the traveller to whom he addressed himself, was apparently fascinated by the wild beauty of his eyes; for the beef still lay untasted before him, and he could not remove his looks, even for a moment, from the countenance of the Indian king. "The feast was at last prepared," he continued, "and Siquo Dumfki and myself were placed in conspicuous situations, but still far enough removed from the spectators to have our conversation private. We drank, and every time the casine hog'shead was replenished, the lovely Nem-

rooma flitted towards us with the cocoa bowl. I retained her hand in mine, and gazed upon her with an expression in my glances, that sufficiently betrayed the interest she excited in my heart. She did not seem displeased with my admiration, but hung down her head and blushed, with such bewitching innocence and beauty, as rendered her a thousand times more enchanting in my eyes than ever. When we had now drank unceasingly for three days, I said to my opponent, 'It grieves me, O Sisquo Dumfki, that this contest must be carried on to the death. Even if you are victorious in this trial, as sixteen years ago you were with my illustrious parent, you have no chance of escaping with your life. I myself, till I became acquainted with your noble sentiments, thirsted for your blood; and now that I know you all that a chief should be, my soul is tortured with regret that it will be impossible to save you.' With an unmoved countenance the hero heard me declare, as it were, his condemnation to certain death. He drained off the bowl which he happened to have in his hand, and replied, 'Death comes only once—the Great Spirit rejoices in the actions of majestic men. There are casine and tobacco in Elysium.' But I was resolved, if possible, to preserve my friend from the destruction prepared for him by my mother. 'Sisquo,' I said, 'let us delay the conclusion of our contest till some fitter opportunity. If you would save your life, and make me the happiest of kings and of mortals, pretend to be overcome by the casine, and ask to be left in this tent to sleep. I will place round it a body of my own guards, with orders to prevent all emissaries from the queen from entering it under pain of death. In the mean time I will wed your daughter, if it seems good to you; and when by this means you are connected with the royal house, your life will become sacred, even from the vengeance of an offended woman.' 'It seems good to me,' he replied, 'O mightiest potentate on Alatomaha's banks; and well pleased shall I resign the victory to you, in hopes of concluding a whole week with you on some future opportunity. With regard to Nem-

rooma—what is she but a silly flower, which will be too highly honoured by being transplanted into the gardens of the mighty Quinmolla?'

"In pursuance of this resolution, the noble Sisquo Dumfki assumed every appearance of total inebriety; he hiccuped, sang, roared, and finally sank down in a state of apparent insensibility. I confess I was astonished at the absence of Nemrooma on this interesting occasion. She came not near to cover her father with skins or leaves, and the duty was left to me of casting over him the royal mantle, and turning his feet towards the fire. With an expressive grasp of the hand, I left him to provide for his safety; for my mother, I was well aware, would take every means in her power to put him to death in revenge for his victory over her husband. On issuing from the tent, I was hailed victor by ten thousand voices; the whole combined nations which owned my sway, seemed delirious with the triumph I had achieved. No conqueror returning from a successful expedition, with the imperial robe purpled to a deeper die with the blood of thousands of his subjects, was ever received with such an enthusiasm of attachment. Calling aside the captain of my guard, I gave him the strictest injunctions to allow no one to enter the tent in which my illustrious competitor reposed, and proceeded to the wigwam of the queen. She was smoking when I entered; and the clouds which circled round her head, gave to her piercing black eyes the likeness of two brilliant stars shining in a lowering heaven.

"'He is dead?' she said; 'my son would scarcely venture into the presence of his mother if the murderer of his father was left alive.'

"'No, my mother,' I replied, 'he is sunk in deep sleep, and we are sufficiently revenged by having conquered at his own weapons the hero of the Chicasaws.'

"'He sleeps!—'tis well. It shall be my care to see that he never awakes—the tomahawk in a woman's hand, is as sure as a poisonous drug in the bowl—for, mark me, Quinmolla, no powers can persuade me, that the glorious Atta-kull-kulla

met with fair treatment at the hand of his rival at the feast. Have I not seen him often and often drink not only for five days, but for weeks and months together, and start up from his debauch as fresh as if he had been bathing in the warrior's streams in the shadowy land? Tell me, my son, that Sisquo Dumfki has for the last time seen the light of day.'

" 'I cannot,' I replied; 'it goes against my soul. He trusts me—why should I be faithless as the hyena or the white men!—No, mother, let him live, for my spirit burns with admiration of the beautiful Nemrooma.'

" 'The feather in thy hair was torn surely from the pigeon's wing, and not the eagle's. What! hast thou no fear of the wrath of your father, whose form I often see gloomily reposing beneath the shadow of the stately palm-tree which he loved the most—fearest thou not, that rushing from the land of spirits, he blasts thee to the earth, with the sight of those frowning brows, which no mortal can look upon and live? Away! thou art unworthy of the blood of a thousand forest kings, who, long ere we removed to these plains, reigned on the shores of the eternal Sire of Rivers; and unworthier still, since you prefer your love to your revenge, of the ancestry of the Milesian lords, the O'Flaherties of the Tipperary wilds.'—I stood astonished at this torrent of indignation, but my rage was at length roused as she proceeded,—'Nemrooma! and what seest thou in that paltry girl to wean thee from the nobler passion of vengeance? But cease to cherish fantastic hopes—the setting sun of yesterday went down upon her death.'

" 'What! hast thou dared to blight the lily which I intended to carry in my bosom—how? when? where?'

" 'The Alatomaha is broad and deep,' replied my mother, 'a canoe is frail and slight—in may a maiden's arm contend with an impetuous river. Alone in a fragile bark—unused to the paddle—she was floated down the stream.'

" 'Wretch,' I exclaimed, losing all respect for her dignity, in the rage that seized me on account of her

cruelty, 'you shall dearly pay for this. Ere the palm-trees are gilded seven times with the morning and evening suns, expect my return, and to suffer for your crimes.'

"I rushed into the open air as I spoke, and leaving tents, wigwams, friends, and subjects far behind me, I darted into the thickest of the forest, and pursued my way to a winding of the river, where I kept a canoe constantly prepared for my fishing expeditions. In it I found a supply of provisions, my rods, and lines; my war-club, and my bow with poisoned arrows. I embarked, and pushing out into the middle of the stream, I pursued my way as rapidly as I could, in hopes of overtaking the beautiful Nemrooma, or perhaps of seeing her on the bank, if she should have been fortunate enough to swim to land. I kept my eyes intently fixed on every bend of the stream, in case her canoe should have been stranded, but in vain. All that day I kept on my course, and began to fear that ere I could overtake her, she would be carried down to a bluff in the river, which we had called Crocodile Island, and in that case I knew there was no hope of her safety. How peacefully, O Alatomaha, glided thy glorious expanse of waters, bearing the vast shadows of the umbrageous oaks upon their bosom, while thy banks were made vocal by the music of unnumbered birds! Little did such a scene of placid beauty accord with the tumultuous throbbings of Nemrooma's agonized breast. I thought what must have been her feelings while floating past those magnificent scenes, clothed with all the verdure of luxuriant nature, and enlivened with the glittering plumage of the various people of the skies, which glanced for a moment across her like glimpses of sunshine, and then flitted once more into the shadows of the woods. The banks were also ornamented with hanging garlands and bowers, formed, as it were, for the retreat of the river divinities, of the most beautiful shrubs and plants. And here and there the eye was delighted with the large white flowers of the ipomea, surrounded with its dark-green leaves.

"But all these enchanting sights were insufficient to divert my thoughts from the probable fate of the beautiful Nemroona. All night I plied my course, and, on the morning, could still discover no trace either of the girl or her canoe. About noon, I was made aware, by the extraordinary sounds which saluted my ears from a distance, that I was approaching the Crocodile lagoon. Inspired by fresh anxiety to overtake her, if possible, before entering on that fearful scene, I plied my utmost strength, and, at a bending of the river, was rewarded for all my labours and anxiety, by a view of the tender bark only a short way in front. Before I could place myself at her side we had entered the dreadful lake, and the placid water was broken into a thousand ripples by the countless multitudes of the alligators which inhabited the place. The noise they made was of the most appalling description. Terrified at the perilous situation in which she was placed, the lovely girl uttered a scream of joy when she saw me, and had only self-possession enough to step from her own canoe into mine, when she fell down in a state of insensibility, from the violence of her contending feelings. No sooner was her frail bark deserted, than it became the object of a fearful battle to the monsters of the deep. A crocodile of prodigious size rushed towards the canoe from the reeds and high grass at the bank. His enormous body swelled; his plaited tail, brandished high, floated upon the lagoon. The waters, like a cataract, descended from his open jaws. Clouds of smoke issued from his nostrils. The earth trembled with his thunder. But immediately from the opposite side a rival champion emerged from the deep. They suddenly darted upon each other. The boiling surface of the lake marked their rapid course, and a terrific conflict commenced. Sometimes they sank to the bottom, folded together in horrid wreaths. The water became thick and discoloured. Again they rose to the surface, and their jaws clapt together with a noise that echoed through the surrounding forest. Again they sank, and the contest ended at the bottom of the lake; the vanquished monster making his escape to the

sedges at the shore. The conqueror now directed his course to the canoe. He raised his head and shoulders out of the water, and putting his little short paws into the boat, he overturned it in an instant, and, in a few moments, fragments of it were swimming about in all directions. When Nemroona saw the horrid scene, she clung convulsively to my arm, and in some degree impeded my efforts to effect our escape. I cautioned her to be still, and pushed with all my force towards the entrance of the river out of the lagoon. But, alas! fortune was here against us. It was the time at which myriads upon myriads of fish take their course up the river; and, as the stream is shallowest at this place, the crocodiles had chosen it as their position to intercept their prey. The whole water, for miles on each side, seemed alive with fish. The line of crocodiles extended from shore to shore; and it was the most horrific sight I ever witnessed, to see them dash into the broken ranks of the fish, and grind in their prodigious jaws a multitude of the largest trout, whose tails flapped about their mouths and eyes, ere they had swallowed them. The horrid noise of their closing jaws—their rising with their prey, some feet upright above the water—the floods of foam and blood rushing out of their mouths, and the clouds of vapour issuing from their distended nostrils, were truly horrifying. Anxious to escape, I now began to paddle towards the shore of the lagoon, in order to land and wait till the army of fish had forced their passage, after which, I concluded, it would be easier for us to elude the satiated monsters; but ere we had got half way across the lake, I perceived we were pursued by two of an unusual size. From these escape by flight was impossible. They rapidly gained upon us, and at last one of them, raising himself out of the water, was just preparing to lay his paw upon the canoe, when I discharged an arrow, which luckily pierced his eye. With a roar of mingled rage and pain, he sank below the water, and left me to prepare for the assault of his companion. With a tremendous cry, he came up, and darted as swift as an arrow under my boat, emerging upright on

my lee-quarter, with open jaws, and belching water and smoke, that fell upon me like rain in a hurricane. Leaving the bow to the skilful Nem-rooma, I seized my club, and beat him about the head, and kept him for a few minutes at a distance. I saw, however, he was making preparations for his final spring, his mouth was opened to a fearful width, when an arrow struck him directly on the tongue, and pinned it to his jaw. He shouted as he felt the pain, and darted off, no doubt, in quest of assistance. I shot to the bank with the speed of lightning, lifted the almost fainting Nemrooma from the canoe, and led her to the foot of an immense magnolia, which I perceived at no great distance. Before we left the river, however, we saw a prodigious number of crocodiles gathered round the boat, and one of them even crawled into it, and we heard our last hope of safety take its leave in the crash of its breaking sides, as it crumbled into fragments beneath the unwieldy monster's weight. The shore, I was aware, was also the resort of incredible multitudes of bears. Our provisions were exhausted, our arrows left in the canoe, and we could see no possibility of avoiding an excruciating death." The narrator here stopt for a moment, and the traveller, breathless with interest, said to him, "For God's sake, tell me, sir, how you got safe off?"

Whilst the stranger prepared to reply, I took advantage of the pause to look round the room. The supper table was deserted. The passengers had all paid their reckoning, and the waiter was standing expectingly at the corner of the sideboard.

"How we got safe off?" replied the Indian chief; "that's just the thing that puzzles me, and I thought you might perhaps be able to assist me."

"I assist you?" said the traveller, "how is that possible?"

"Coach is quite ready, sir," interrupted the waiter.

"The fact is," rejoined the young man, "I have just got to that point, in a tale I am writing for next month's *Blackwood*, and curse me if I know how to get naturally away from the *Crocodile Island*."

"Coach can't wait another moment, sir," said the waiter; "supper, two and sixpence."

"Supper!" exclaimed the traveller, "this d—d fellow with his cock-and-a-bull story, about being king of the jackdaws, or kickshaws, or Lord knows what, has kept me from eating a morsel."

"Coachman can't wait a moment, sir."

"I tell you I haven't tasted a mouthful since I left Birmingham."

"You can't help me to a plan for getting the young people off the island?" said the youth.

"May the devil catch both of them, and a hundred crocodiles eat every bone in their skins!"

"Two and sixpence for supper, sir," said the waiter.

"Two hundred and sixty devils first," cried the traveller in a prodigious passion, buttoning up his cloak and preparing to resume his journey—"let that infernal Indian king, who is only some lying scribbler in a magazine, pay for it himself, for I'm hanged if he hasn't cheated me out of my cold beef, and drank every drop of my porter to the bargain."

"All right, gentlemen," said the coachman in the yard.

"All right," replied the guard; "tsh! tsh! ya! hip—ts! ts!"—and the half-famished outside passenger was whirled along *Covent Market*, and over *Magdalen Bridge*, at the rate of eleven miles an hour.

THE SIEGE OF ANTWERP.

BY LADY EMMELINE STUART WORTLEY.

ONCE more the fierce artillery
 Shakes the pale earth and rends the sky;
 The howitzers their harvests reap—
 Their jubilee the cannon keep.
 The sulphurous gloom—the thunderous crash,
 Burst round—while warrior-weapons clash!
 Still rooted to their guns they stand,
 They of the unswerving heart and hand;
 Those heroes of a narrow'd field,
 Who cannot quail,—who will not yield!
 Well may ye stand as mountains there,
 Ye lions, on your frowning lair;
 Ye proud defenders of a trust,
 That shall not crumble into dust;
 Or if ye stand—or if you fall—
 Famous ye must be, and ye shall;
 For if ye fall—that citadel,
 Your arms defended long and well,
 Shall give to ye—the True and Brave,
 The Soldiers most Majestic Grave!
 Ye shall be honour'd, glorious band!
 Breathing Palladium of your land.
 But may ye fall not!—though before
 Your walls streams forth the Tricolor!
 (Which still retains its rainbow'd hues,
 Though steep'd so oft in crimsoning dews
 Which still its ray of white retains,
 Though darken'd by so many stains!)
 Though France's leaguering hosts be there,
 Where is their conquering Eagle? Where!
 Who led them in all triumph on
 From shore to shore—from throne to throne?
 That Eagle's stormward flight is done!
 And set for him is Victory's Sun!

Where England's winged leviathans,
 And England's ocean-veterans?
 The hurricanes against them rose,
 As erst against their scattered foes,
 When the Armada of proud Spain
 Threaten'd the Sea-Kings with the chain,
 Like Nerves' fetters, doom'd to prove
 Vain as of flax and frost-work wove;
 Then gird ye for the lengthen'd fight,
 And Victory, Victory be with right!
 Though pent in your bastion'd den of war,
 Scanning your armed foes from afar,
 Ye! whose stern bosoms proudly beat,
 Those foes with clashing swords to greet!
 But though the sword be sheath'd, the shell
 Can do its work of slaughter well.
 Hark! how the city's ribs of stone,
 And old foundations seem to groan,—
 As on the thickening tempest sweeps,
 With sound of heavy-rushing deeds.

Mighty Cathedral! Shed thou round
 Breathings to make this—holy ground!
 Where honour, freedom, justice strive—
 Whilst their devoted champions live!

Back, ye assailants! hence! give back!
 Drear Winter howls along your track;
 Have ye forgotten how ye met,
 When your Napoleon's day-star set?
 The grasp your fiery strength that numb'd,
 Where Moscow's palaced pomp succumb'd?
 So! on you royal fortress' heights,
 What mean those ghastly flickering lights?
 Recalling faint such image dire—
 For, oh!—it is—the outburst of fire!
 And spreading, streaming, gathering, now,
 Forcing the haughty flag to bow;
 Red conflagration lights the skies;
 The surging flames now rock, now rise;
 But though their last defence may burn,
 'Tis to their foes their fronts they turn!
 Still shall their battle thunders boom,
 Though from their fiery-circling tomb!
 They stand—Batavia's iron sons—
 Fast by their bastions and their guns.
 And, courage!—ray—that word is vain,
 But Triumph! Ye shall wear no chain.
 The Avenger and his hosts are near!
 The royal leader shall appear!
 The Arbiters' embattled line
 Hath pass'd the deep resounding Rhine!
 Aye Prussia's squadron'd legions wait,
 To ward from you the hour of fate.
 From the loud Baltic's shores they come,
 Soon shall their war-teeds reel in foam;
 Then cease not the loud cannonading,
 While in the weltering trenches wading,
 The Tricolor's ten thousands pour
 Their hostile missiles, more and more.
 Though night with all her shadows stoop,
 Above the thickly-serried troops,
 They scare her with their deadly arms—
 They cannot scare the freemen's hearts!
 Honour to England's old allies,
 While still the Lion-banner flies;
 Honour to those whose strengthen'd hand,
 Wields Freedom's consecrated brand;
 Who in the struggle and the strife,
 In wrath and danger—death and life—
 Honour themselves, their rights, their laws,
 Their land, their king, and kingly cause!

December 13, 1832.

FUTURE BALANCE OF PARTIES.

BEFORE these pages issue from the press, the great contest which now agitates the empire will be terminated, and the effects of the Reform Bill for good or for evil incontestably demonstrated. It is a moment fraught with anxiety to all the friends of their country; of exultation and joy to the numerous party of the Revolutionists; of dismay and apprehension to all those attached to the institutions under which their fathers have lived, and England has prospered. To us who have long contemplated these events through the calm medium of historical reflection, it is neither the one nor the other. We perceive in the events which are passing around us the exact and literal accomplishment of all that we have long predicted as the result of the Reform Bill; and anticipate with more certainty, from the accuracy of our estimate of its effects in the commencement of the movement, its ultimate and certain extinction.

That the great bulk of the middling ranks in all the great towns are inclined to support the Movement party; that they have brought in the Reform candidates out of gratitude for political power conferred, and in anticipation of revolutionary benefits expected, may be considered as now proved to demonstration. With a few exceptions, the importance of which shall be immediately pointed out, all the great towns have brought in persons who are, or profess to be, of the Movement party. The returns from the counties have not yet been obtained; but we are far from sanguine as to their result. Those from Ireland will exhibit a vast preponderance of furious repealing Catholics; those from Scotland, which is nearly as bad, an equal majority of well organized and subservient innovators; men who make a game of revolution, and coolly calculate, it is to be feared, how long the process of demolishing our institutions may maintain them at the head of affairs. The tried loyalty and hereditary right feeling of the English agricultural counties will go far to stem the torrent in a large

part of the heart of the empire; but wherever manufactures prevail, their usual demoralizing influence will be perceived; and every where the fatal L.10 clause has let in a flood of enemies to the constitution, whom it will require all the efforts of the friends of order, and no small change of public opinion in the smaller proprietors, to keep within any thing like due bounds. There is no concealing the fact, that a great majority, probably two-thirds of the new House of Commons, will represent what may now be called, with perfect justice, the Revolutionary party; that is, the large body who consider the Reform Bill as only a means to an end; and value it just because it opens the floodgates to that torrent of innovation which promises soon to overwhelm all the institutions of the empire, and subject us, if not so rapidly, yet not the less surely, to all the levelling principles of revolutionary France.

The friends of the constitution, and among these we number nearly the whole *old* Whiz as well as all the Tory party—all those who attached themselves to particular parties in the state, in the perfect understanding that they were to do nothing to break up its fundamental principles,—are in the utmost alarm at this portentous state of public affairs; and numbers, we know, of the most ardent supporters of the Reform Bill among the higher and educated classes, inwardly execrate the fatal alliance which they formed with the Revolutionists, and the wide door which they have opened to a flood of innovations, which they now find themselves totally unable to prevent. Such men may well mourn over the fortunes of their country, by them irrecoverably blighted: its constitution by them sacrilegiously destroyed; its liberties by them ultimately overthrown. We have no such regrets; we now experience the inward satisfaction of having throughout discharged our duty; resisted equally the seductions of Ministerial influence and the menaces of popular vengeance, and stood by our country to the last, when hundreds

of thousands, who had shared more largely in its blessings, abandoned it to its fate.

There is, however, no room for unmanly despondency. Our readers know whether we have not uniformly taken the gloomiest view of the effects of the Reform Bill, and represented its passing into a law as the commencement of incalculable evils to this country, and to none more so than to its most vehement supporters. Although, however, the result has proved that these anticipations were too well founded, yet the same views lead to the revival of hope, nay of well grounded confidence, in the future triumph of those Conservative principles, without which no society on earth ever yet prospered, and which the present triumph of the Revolutionists is of all other events the one best calculated to accelerate.

There is, in the first place, a well-founded confidence to be placed in the superintendence of Providence, and the justice of the cause which we support. We are not striving to uphold any decayed or corrupted monarchy, like that of France in 1789, or any tyrannical and oppressive government, like that of Charles I. or James II. We are supporting, on the contrary, the most glorious monument of civilisation which the world has ever seen; institutions which have united, to a degree unprecedented in any former age or country, the vigour of popular enterprise with the steadiness of aristocratic determination—a constitution which has blended, beyond any other which ever existed, the utmost extent of popular freedom with the highest degree of public order; under which the empire has grown grey in years of renown, and all the classes it contains attained an unprecedented degree of public prosperity. Those who believe in the existence of a Supreme Power, and the moral government which it exercises over the affairs of the world, can never believe that such institutions are to be permanently destroyed, till those who share in their blessings are unworthy of them, and they have ceased to promote the great ends of the social union. Till this is the case, there is always hope. Reflect how often the English Con-

stitution has been brought to a worse extremity than that to which its enemies have now reduced it. Think on the *Parliamentum insanum*, the wars of the Roses, or the despotism of Cromwell. Such, and so fleeting is the cloud which now passes over the fair face of England; and as bitter and universal as was the repentance of the nation, when the head of Charles dropped from the scaffold, so general will be the return at some future time to those better feelings, which ages of wisdom had produced, and years of infatuation have overwhelmed.

There is, in the next place, a most important ground for hope, in the vigorous, manly, and in many places successful stand, which the Friends of Liberty have made against the combined efforts of Ministerial influence and rabble excitation. There never, in truth, was an Opposition placed in such trying circumstances, or so portentous an union effected to overwhelm every manly and independent feeling. The patriot, in general, is supported either by the Government or the populace. He is either applauded by those whose weight and station entitle them to most respect, or by the vast multitude of his fellow-countrymen, who share in his feelings and animate his exertions. At this time, from an unprecedented combination, these opposing forces draw the same way. The attraction of the sun and the moon operates in the same direction, and can it be wondered at that a flood-tide is the consequence? None of the ordinary motives which influence an Opposition, are now allowed to operate in swelling their ranks; neither the applause of the people, nor the favour of the Government. Nothing remains but the naked feeling of Patriotism, uncheered by the applause of the multitude—unrewarded by the smiles of the great. But if this unexampled combination has diminished their numbers, it has purified their ranks and ennobled their cause. It is now separated from all the passions which seduce and taint mankind; from the giddy love of popularity, the selfish crouching to power, the disgraceful shrinking from danger. The Conservatives who have now stood forth to defend their country from the as-

saults of the Revolutionists, are men who have rejected every temptation, and braved every danger at the call of duty; and such conduct, even in this scene of wickedness, will not go without its reward. The time will come when their conduct in having done so will extort the admiration of a grateful world; and even at this moment of party triumph and assumed exultation, it is envied by all among their opponents who are worthy of the name of men, and hated by their unworthy followers from the bottom of their hearts.

It is this superior energy and vigour of the Conservative party in England, which constitutes the great difference between the progress of the English and the French Revolution. The principles of anarchy have been just as strongly at work in Great Britain, as they were in France forty years ago; they have been urged on in the same manner by the Government, and aided by the same support from the Executive; but nevertheless the progress of dissolution has been incomparably slower in this country than it was in the neighbouring Kingdom. The cause of this difference is to be found solely in the superior energy and vigour of the Conservative party. Instead of flying from the approach of danger, and leaguings with the enemies of their country to menace its independence, the friends of order in England have resolutely stood by its fortunes; they have met its enemies wherever they appeared, in the Senate, in the Press, at the elections on the hustings; and though generally overborne by numbers, or drowned by force, they have never failed to assert the eternal superiority of their cause, by irrefragable arguments and manly eloquence. Such conduct makes us proud of our country; it forbids us ever to despair of its fortunes, and by pointing out one vital point of difference between our convulsions and the French Revolution, justifies the hope that the terrible calamities in which the latter terminated, may be spared to its inhabitants.

The Revolutionists in this country, from the Administration downwards, have been even more reckless in their measures, and inconsiderate in their changes, than the leaders of the French Revolution.

They have none of the excuses which palliated the misgovernment of the Parisian reformers, because they had none of the grievances which there existed to complain of; and the bloody beacon existed in unshrouded deformity to warn them from its approach. They have urged on a movement as fearful, impetuous, and ungovernable as that which brought Louis XVI. to the scaffold. What then has so long delayed the evil, still moderates its dangers, and gives the most desponding still ground to hope for their country? Nothing but the vigour and resolution of the Conservative party; the universal adherence to their country in times of danger; the patriotism, talent, and courage of the nobility, and all the higher classes in the state. It is that, and that only, which has hitherto acted as a drag on the wheels of the Revolution; which has as yet saved from convulsions and bloodshed the infatuated multitude who urge it on; and which, undeterred by danger, unmoved by obloquy, still pursues its glorious course, blessing and to be blessed.

In the third place, the Conservative party have good cause to hope, from the evident and universal impression which they have made on all the educated classes in the state. The elections for Oxford, Cambridge, and Trinity College, Dublin, demonstrate what every person acquainted with the society of persons of education in every part of Great Britain has long known to be the case, that the present Ministry are with that class the most unpopular that ever held the helm of affairs.

The Whig candidates could not shew themselves in Oxford or Cambridge; and at Trinity College, they were defeated by a majority of three to one. Strong in the Tower Hamlets, Marylebone, and St Giles's, — irresistible among the weavers of Manchester, and the blacksmiths of Birmingham, they could not venture a struggle with the educated gentlemen of England even at the Whig University of Cambridge. This is a decisive omen as to the future fate of the empire. Brute strength, physical numbers, cannot, in the end, contend with intellectual superiority; the diamond edge of genius will sever bonds which the strength of

millions could not break. The arms and legs, in a moment of intemperance, may cease to obey the head; but the eternal subjection of matter to mind will not the less, in the end, be asserted. It was not thus at the outset of the French Revolution; all the educated classes there urged on the movement, and their heads began to fall before they were convinced of their error; but the superior intelligence and habits of thought of England, have saved it from this ruinous infatuation. The coming storm has been seen by the education of the country; and they have set themselves manfully to resist it. They were too late in doing so to prevent the onset of the storm, but they may still influence its direction and moderate its fury. The sway of the Revolutionary party is rapidly subsiding in the educated classes; it is altogether extinct in their higher grades, and dying out in the lower. It is still paramount in the middling and lower orders, because they are always swayed by the principle which ten years before influenced the higher. In the present inundation of Movement members into the House of Commons, may be discerned the natural consequence of the absurd pseudo-liberalty which, six or eight years ago, distinguished so many of the young men of rank and fortune at the universities. In the opinions entertained by their successors at this time is to be found the harbinger of a brighter day to future times, and the mirror of public opinion, after a long interval of disaster and suffering, in future years.

These anticipations must be still farther strengthened if it is recollected, in the fourth place, that the middling orders, in whom the strength of the Revolutionary party now lies, must soon be exposed to individual suffering and misery in consequence of the infatuated course which they have pursued, and the wicked leaders whom they have chosen to follow. All the great interests of the country, and with them all the small interests of the country, are at stake. The Church is the first victim; and it has spread its roots too far through the middling classes, not to excite a general and heartfelt feeling of regret and indignation when it is despoiled of its ancient inheritance. The Corn Laws, and the Funds, when they are

assailed, will each affect the livelihood and subsistence of millions. It will no longer be the political power of the higher orders which will be tied to the stake to be worried by the dogs of revolution, but the fortune and subsistence of large masses of the people; and the triumph of the Revolutionists will be dimmed by the tears of the orphan, the cries of the destitute, the wailings of the dying. When those disastrous events occur, as occur they will, it is impossible that a large portion of the middling and lower orders should not break off from the leaders who have ruined and betrayed them. We lament the misery which will then be created, we shall do our utmost to alleviate it, so far as we can, but we know that it is unavoidable. Misery and suffering must tame the fierceness of passion in nations as well as individuals; the laws of nature are not to be broken with impunity; and those, who, disregarding the voice of wisdom, will yield to the tempter, must in sackcloth and ashes repent of their sins, not less in the political than the moral world.

Are these the speculations, merely of philosophy, unsupported by experience? Look at Bristol, and say, what lesson does it teach to the British people, as to the wisdom to be learnt from experience, the fatal effects of indulging their passions. Where was the passion for Reform, and the desire for revolution, so strong as in that devoted city; where is it now so completely extinguished, and the old English feeling so thoroughly revived? Bristol has passed through the fiery ordeal; the natural result of revolutionary passions, has been there felt; the city has been burnt and ruined; its industry and commerce are rapidly decaying, and its wretched inhabitants, taught by suffering, have abjured their errors, and seek, by a return to their ancient principles, to procure a return of their ancient prosperity. What Bristol has suffered and learned, the empire at large must suffer and learn; and when the terrible lesson has been taught, the result will be the same, and the gloomy night of revolution will be followed by the glorious morning of the restoration.

Lastly, the talent and courage which

has burst forth among the young and brilliant leaders of the Conservative band, encourage the warmest hopes of the fate of the empire, when they arrive at such a station as to rule its councils. Difficulties and dangers create men; and the ability which in ordinary times might be buried in obscurity, or perhaps lost in frivolity, is, in these stirring and trying times, called to a nobler sphere, and trained to the exercise of more animating duties. It is with feelings of no ordinary pride that we notice the brilliant exertions which Scotland has made at this eventful crisis. Manchester has rejected Mr Hope; Roxburghshire will probably do the same to Lord John Scott. These events only prove the total unfitness of the class to whom the Reform Bill has given power, to exercise it to their own or their country's advantage, and sets off in brighter colours, by the force of contrast, the splendid talents which they were unable to appreciate. The brilliant eloquence, sound constitutional principles, and enlarged views of these eminent young men, prove how fit they were to form the brightest ornaments of the Senate; their rejection, the miserable prospect of salvation which the Reform Bill affords to the country. But let them not be discouraged; the time will come, when they will speak to as willing as they have hitherto found adverse audiences among the lower orders, and when the admiration which they have universally awakened among the educated gentlemen who could understand, will be shared by the ignorant multitude, who will then have learnt by suffering to appreciate them.

Let those who are depressed by the portentous strength of the Revolutionary party in the new Parliament, console themselves by the reflection of the fleeting nature of popular opinion. Let them recollect what England was when it ran mad with democracy in 1642, and when it was intoxicated with loyalty in 1661. Let them reflect on the revolutionary fervour which convulsed France in 1789, and contemplate the whole National Guard of Paris six years after combating the forces of the Convention, to restore the royal authority in that afflicted city. Let them think of the Duke of Wellington, the idol of the people, the pride of his coun-

try, in 1815, and the same hero stoned in the streets of London in 1830. Let them call to mind the democratic fervour of the time of the Gracchi, and the subsequent reflection of Tiberius, "Oh homines ad servitutem parati!" Let them recollect the transports of Paris and France at the triumph of the barricades, and behold France in two years after bearing with tranquillity the despotic ordinances of Marshal Soult, and preparing, by an overwhelming majority in the Chamber of Deputies, the total extinction of the Liberty of the Press! Examples of this kind, drawn from that inexhaustible mine of political wisdom, the record of past events, are fitted to afford consolation to the rational and upright mind, even in the worst emergencies. They shew, that of all fleeting things, the opinion of the people is the most fleeting; that madness and folly bring about a certain and speedy retribution in the affairs of nations as well as individuals; and that no cause is hopeless to those who have the vigour to maintain, and the courage to defend it.

The duty of the Conservative band, who, in the midst of the general democratic madness, find a place in the Legislature, is sufficiently plain. Let them adhere steadily to their principles; recollect that on them, as the sacred band of Thebans, the sole hopes of their country now rest; and that, victorious or vanquished, the admiration of posterity and the gratitude of their country will attend them if they never swerve from the path of duty. Let them join in no coalitions to throw out the Ministry; disgrace themselves by no unions for a momentary triumph with the Radicals; but steadily and uniformly consider Revolution as the demon which they are sent there to combat, and, by the blessing of God, will ultimately conquer. By uniformly adhering to this principle, they will remain perfectly clear of the march of innovation, and all its ruinous excesses and consequences: they will have nothing to reproach themselves with in their public career; and when suffering has taught the people their errors, and anguish has tamed their passions, it is to them that the nation will turn with tears of repentance, and their patriotism which it will celebrate in strains of exultation.

HYMNS OF LIFE.

BY MRS HEMANS.

I.

THE PRAYER OF THE LONELY STUDENT.

Soul of our souls! and safeguard of the world!
 Sustain—*Thou* only can'st—the sick at heart,
 Restore their languid spirits, and recall
 Their lost affections unto Thee and Thine.

WORDSWORTH.

NIGHT—holy night!—the time
 For Mind's free breathings in a purer clime!
 Night!—when in happier hour the unveiling sky
 Woke all my kindled soul,
 To meet its revelations, clear and high,
 With the strong joy of Immortality!
 Now hath strange sadness wrapp'd me—strange and deep—
 And my thoughts faint, and shadows o'er them roll,
 E'en when I deem'd them seraph-plumed, to sweep
 Far beyond Earth's control.

Wherefore is this?—I see the stars returning,
 Fire after fire in Heaven's rich Temple burning,
 Fast shine they forth—my spirit-friends, my guides,
 Bright rulers of my being's inmost tides;
 They shine—but faintly, through a quivering haze—
 Oh! is the dimness *mine* which clouds those rays?
 They, from whose glance my childhood drank delight!
 A joy unquestioning—a love intense—
 They, that unfolding to more thoughtful sight,
 The harmony of their magnificence,
 Drew silently the worship of my youth
 To the grave sweetness on the brow of truth;
 Shall they shower blessing, with their beams divine,
 Down to the watcher on the stormy sea,
 And to the pilgrim, toiling for his shrine,
 Through some wild pass of rocky Appennine,
 And to the wanderer lone,
 On wastes of Afric thrown,
 And not to *me*?
 Am I a thing forsaken,
 And is the gladness taken
 From the bright-pinion'd Nature, which hath soar'd
 Through realms by royal eagle ne'er explored,
 And, bathing there in streams of fiery light,
 Found strength to gaze upon the Infinite?

And now an alien!—Wherefore must this be?
 How shall I rend the chain?
 How drink rich life again
 From those pure stores of radiance, welling free?
 Father of Spirits! let me turn to Thee!

Oh! if too much exulting in her dower,
 My-soul, not yet to lowly thought subdued,
 Hath stood without Thee on her Hill of Power—
 A fearful and a dazzling solitude!—

And therefore from that radiant summit's crown,
To dim Desertion is by Thee cast down;
Behold! thy child submissively hath bow'd,
Shine on him thro' the cloud!

Let the now darken'd earth and curtain'd Heaven
Back to his vision with Thy face be given!
Bear him on High once more,
But on Thy strength to soar,
And wrapt and still'd by that o'ershadowing might,
Forth on the empyreal blaze to look with chasten'd sight.

Or if it be, that like the ark's lone dove,
My thoughts go forth, and find no resting-place,
No sheltering home of sympathy and love,
In the responsive bosoms of my race,
And back return, a darkness and a weight,
Till my unanswer'd heart grows desolate;
Yet, yet sustain me, Holiest!—I am vow'd
To solemn service high!

And shall the spirit, for thy tasks endow'd,
Sink on the threshold of the sanctuary,
Fainting beneath the burden of the day,
Because no human tone,
Unto the altar-stone,
Of that pure spousal Fane inviolate,
Where it should make eternal Truth its mate,
May cheer the sacred solitary way?

Oh! be the whisper of thy voice within,
Enough to strengthen! Be the hope to win
A more deep seeing homage for Thy name,
Far, far beyond the burning dream of Fame!
Make me Thine only!—Let me add but one
To those refulgent steps all undefiled,
Which glorious minds have piled
Thro' bright self-offering, earnest, child-like, low,
For mounting to Thy throne!
And let my soul, upborne
On wings of inner morn,
Find, in illumined secrecy, the sense
Of that blest work, its own deep recompense.

The dimness melts away,
That on your glory lay,
Oh! ye majestic watchers of the skies!
Through the dissolving veil,
Which made each aspect pale,
Your gladdening fires once more I recognise;
And once again a shower
Of Hope, and Joy, and Power,
Streams on my soul from your immortal eyes.
And, if that splendour to my sobered sight
Come tremulous, with more of pensive light;
Something, tho' beautiful, yet deeply fraught,
With more that pierces thro' each fold of thought,
Than I was wont to trace,
On Heaven's unshadowed face;
Be it e'en so!—be mine, tho' set apart
Unto a radiant ministry, yet still
A lowly, fearful, self-distrusting heart;
Bow'd before Thee, O Mightiest! whose blest will
All the pure stars rejoicingly fulfil

II.

THE TRAVELLER'S EVENING SONG.

FATHER, guide me ! Day declines,
 Hollow winds are in the pines ;
 Darkly waves each giant-bough
 O'er the sky's last crimson glow ;
 Hush'd is now the convent's bell,
 Which erewhile with breezy swell
 From the purple mountains bore
 Greeting to the sunset-shore.
 Now the sailor's vesper-hymn

Dies away.

Father ! in the forest dim
 Be my stay !

In the low and shivering thrill
 Of the leaves, that late hung still ;
 In the dull and muffled tone
 Of the sea-wave's distant moan ;
 In the deep tints of the sky,
 There are signs of tempest nigh.
 Ominous, with sullen sound,
 Falls the closing dusk around.
 Father ! through the storm and shade
 O'er the wild,
 Oh ! be *Thou* the lone one's aid—
 Save thy child !

Many a swift and sounding plume
 Homewards, through the boding gloom,
 O'er my way hath flitted fast,
 Since the farewell sunbeam pass'd
 From the chestnut's ruddy bark,
 And the pools, now low and dark,
 Where the wakening night-winds sigh
 Through the long reeds mournfully.
 Homeward, homeward, all things haste—
 God of might !
 Shield the homeless midst the waste,
 Be his light !

In his distant cradle-nest,
 Now my babe is laid to rest ;
 Beautiful his slumber seems
 With a glow of heavenly dreams,
 Beautiful, o'er that bright sleep,
 Hang soft eyes of fondness deep,
 Where his mother bends to pray,
 For the loved and far away.—
 Father ! guard that household bower,
 Hear that prayer !
 Back, through thine all-guiding power,
 Lead me there !

Darker, wilder, grows the night—
 Not a star sends quivering light
 Through the massy arch of shade
 By the stern old forest made.

Thou! to whose unslumbering eyes
 All my pathway open lies,
 By thy Son, who knew distress
 In the lonely wilderness,
 Where no roof to that blest head
 Shelter gave—
 Father! through the time of dread,
 Save, oh! save!

DESPAIR.

BY THE HON. AUGUSTA NORTON.

Wren's forced to join the thoughtless throng,
 And listen to the midnight song;
 When forced to mingle in the dance,
 Return the nod, and passing glance
 Of smiling fair—I do but dream
 I am the thing that others seem.
 What though the lip may smile at will!
 "The heart—the heart is lonely still!"

Consumption's cheek ne'er looks more pure
 And lovely, than when past all cure;
 And yet that bloom, so fresh, so still,
 Has lent its little aid to kill,
 And speaks to those who watch its hue
 Of sickness, death, and suffering too;
 Though who, just viewing aught so fair,
 Could ever dream that death was there!

And could we see the hearts of those,
 Who haunt the crowd to drown their woes,
 Conceal'd beneath their smiles, we'd find
 Despair—consumption of the mind!
 As sure its end—its means more slow—
 Its seeming health a feverish glow,
 Which throws around a fitful light,
 Then dies—and leaves it doubly night.

Then, when you see me smile and laugh
 With those who pleasure's goblet quaff;
 Think, though you see me drink as deep,
 "Despair may smile, but cannot weep—
 Nay, smile in mockery, alas!—
 As bloom can o'er the features pass,
 When all is death within—yet feel
 A pang that smile can but conceal."

CHARACTERISTICS OF WOMEN.*

No. I.

CHARACTERS OF THE AFFECTIONS.

SHAKSPEARE.

THE female character, with all its attributes, is infinitely shadowed in the pure waters of poetry, and its divinest beauty has been revealed but to those eyes that have worshipped

"All the uncertain imagery received
Into the bosom of that *steady* lake."

Uncertain! So it seems *ele* we have gazed long on the lovely vision; but as the dream deepens, the hovering clouds, the glimpsing blue sky, and the intermingling sunshine assume a stationary splendour, and we feel how pure and how profound is the union of earth with heaven.

In the works of the great poets, we feel "how divine a thing a woman may be made" by nature; in those of the mediocre or the small, we see how terrestrial a thing she may be made by art. Pope was something more than a mediocre poet; but though the Rape of the Lock be a fine fancy, who was ever seriously in love with Belinda? Dr Thomas Browne was something less than a mediocre poet, and who has not yawned till he could yawn no more, in reading the "Paradise of Coquettes?" The Professor made his appeal to posterity, as the "Poet of Woman;" and with a fan in his hand! The passion of love always appeared to him in the light of a flirtation. The lover's heart was broken at a ball, to find his mistress engaged three set-deep to light or heavy dragoons. Bows and curtsies of stately ceremonial, relieved by furtive squeezes of the gloved hand, and whispers addressed as much to the ear-rings as the ears, indistinctly heard in the noise of fiddles, shew how woman may be woo'd and won in a fashionable assembly; and the successful suitor is seen strutting in black satin

breeches and white silk stockings by the side of his betrothed, as they keep pointing their toes in unison towards a sedan chair. The sight is pleasant enough; but a shrewd suspicion arises that they—will *split upon settlements*.

'Twas a noble ambition, no doubt, to desire to be esteemed all over the wide world, "*the Poet of Woman*." For woman has had many poets. Wherever there has been mischief there has been woman; and mischief is the soul of poetry. But for Helen, Troy had not been taken; but for Eve, there had been no Paradise Lost.

The poet of woman must likewise, it is plain, be the poet of man—otherwise he is but the bardling of bachelors. Love is the fountain of all the passions. Bear witness,—Envy, Jealousy, Hatred, and Revenge. Shut your eyes and think for a single moment on any subject—even the national debt—and your mind's ear catches the rustle of a gown or a petticoat. All men, then, are more or less poets of women. Every heart that beats in a virile breast is scribbled over with love-verses, original or fugitive. Not a male come to the age of puberty who has not his bosom-album.

Suppose, then, that in a Series of Seventy Articles we take a survey of the Heart's-delights of the famous poets,—and that we begin with Shakspeare's. We shall follow a fair guide—a lady who has immortalized her name by a work that shews throughout the finest insight into all the virtues of her sex, and the fullest and clearest conception of all the female characters Shakspeare has sketched in a few lines of light, or painted in perfect portraiture with all the hues of heaven.

* *Characteristics of Women, Moral, Poetical, and Historical; with fifty vignette etchings.* By Mrs Jameson. In two volumes. London: Saunders and Otley.

And first,—Characters of the Affections. Hermione, Desdemona, Imogen, Cordelia!

The Affections! What are they? Ask your heart, when, sad or glad, it is touched by thoughts of father, mother, brother, sister, friend, lover, and in its sadness or gladness still feels a serenity as if belonging to the untroubleable regions of the skies. Well does our lady-guide say, that “characters in which the affections and the moral qualities predominate over fancy, and all that bears the name of passion, are not, when we meet with them in real life, the most striking and interesting, nor the easiest to be understood and appreciated; but they are those on which, in the long run, we repose with increasing confidence, and ever new delight.” Beautiful and true. Fancy comes and goes like the rainbow—passion like the storm—transiently beautifying or subliming the clouds of life. But affection is a permanent light, without distinction of night and day, which once risen never sets, and always in mild meridian,

“Seeming immortal in its depth of rest!”

Happy itself in the consciousness of its endurance in spite of all earthly ills, it is happiness to behold it, for the spirit’s deepest desire is for peace.

Yet such characters, Mrs Jameson observes, “are not easily exhibited in the colours of poetry. The less there is of marked impression or vivid colour in a countenance or character, the more difficult to delineate it in such a manner as to captivate or interest us; but when that is done, and done to perfection, it is the miracle of poetry in painting, and of painting in poetry. Only Raffaele and Corregio have achieved it in one case, and only Shakspeare in the other.” Perhaps this is entirely true; yet we are unwilling to think so, and would rather believe that there are, comparatively, so few delightful characters of this kind in poetry and painting, because poets and painters have so seldom tried to delineate them, than that they are in themselves so very difficult of delineation in the hands of genius. One might almost be tempted to think, that, once conceived and felt, they would draw

themselves, and serenely speak or smile in gentlest fiction.

Raffaele and Corregio excelled all other painters in such delineations; but have not other painters wrought in a congenial spirit—and sculptors too—immortalizing the spiritual beauty of the affections? And though Shakspeare and Spenser have surpassed all other mortal men in such pictures of the affections, many hundred visions may be seen gliding through the moonlight umbrage of poetry, almost perfect in their peaceful loveliness, nor unregarded with entire love.

Yet Mrs Jameson expresses herself so finely on this point, that we must quote her words. “When, by the presence or the agency of some predominant and exciting power, the feelings and affections are upturned from the depths of the heart, and flung to the surface, the painter or the poet has but to watch the workings of the passions, thus in a manner made visible, and transfer them to his page or his canvass, in colours more or less vigorous; but when all is calm without and around, to dive into the profoundest abysses of character—trace the affections where they lie hidden, like the ocean-springs—wind into the most intricate convolutions of the heart—patiently unravel its most delicate fibres, and in a few peaceful touches place before us the distinct and visible result,—to do this demanded power of another and a rarer kind.”

Eloquently and nobly spoken; but is this indeed the truth? Is it easier to describe storm than stillness—earthquake and eclipse than the floor and firmament of the gentle spring? Both are difficult—and perhaps to do the one well you must be able—if you choose—as well to do the other; or if that be going too far, to *feel* both equally, and each more intensely from the power of contrast. The workings of the passions are visible, but the painter or the poet has, we suspect, much more to do than merely “to transfer them to his page or canvass, in colours more or less vigorous;” to select, to seize, to grasp, to compound, to scatter—to make one multitudinous groan convulse the whole being of the soul—to shew by one huge heave, that the sea of sorrow is tempest, and

far beyond our sight tumbling with billows.

But let us not keep our readers any longer from Mrs Jameson's admirable expositions of Shakspeare's "Characters of the Affections." She finely and truly says, that "Imogen, Desdemona, and Hermione, are three women placed in situations nearly similar, and equally endowed with all the qualities which can render that situation striking and interesting. They are all gentle, beautiful, and innocent; all are models of conjugal submission, truth, and tenderness; and all are victims of the unfounded jealousy of their husbands. So far the parallel is close, but here the resemblance ceases; the circumstances of each situation are varied with wonderful skill, and the characters, which are as different as it is possible to imagine, conceived and discriminated with a power of truth and a delicacy of feeling yet more astonishing. Critically speaking, the character of Hermione is the most simple in point of dramatic effect—that of Imogen the most varied and complex. Hermione is most distinguished by her magnanimity and her fortitude, Desdemona by her gentleness and refined grace, while Imogen combines all the best qualities of both, with others which they do not possess; consequently she is, as a character, superior to either; considered as woman, I suppose the preference would depend on individual taste."

Hermione is "a queen, a matron, and a mother;" and all at once, in the midst of all those dignities and sanctities, her husband, Leontes, on slight grounds, believes her guilty of infidelity with his friend, Polixenes. She is thrown into a dungeon, brought to trial, defends herself nobly, and is pronounced innocent by the oracle—swoons away with grief—is supposed dead—and after many years is reconciled to her husband. Such, in few words, is the dramatic situation. The character of Hermione exhibits, says Mrs Jameson, "dignity without pride, love without passion, and tenderness without weakness."

"It does so indeed; and never did critic speak more truth in fewer words."

"To conceive a character, in which there enters so much of the negative, re-

quired perhaps no rare and astonishing effort of genius, such as created a Juliet, a Miranda, or a Lady Macbeth; but to delineate such a character in the poetical form; to develop it through the medium of action and dialogue, without the aid of description; to preserve its tranquil, mild, and serious beauty, its unimpassioned dignity, and at the same time keep the strongest hold upon our sympathy and our imagination; and out of this exterior calm, produce the most profound pathos, the most vivid impression of life and internal power:—it is this which renders the character of Hermione one of Shakspeare's masterpieces.

"Hermione is a queen, a matron, and a mother: she is good and beautiful, and royally descended. A majestic sweetness, a grand and gracious simplicity, an easy, unforced, yet dignified self-possession, are in all her deportment, and in every word she utters. She is one of those characters, of whom it has been said proverbially, that 'still waters run deep.' Her passions are not vehement, but in her settled mind the sources of pain or pleasure, love or resentment, are like the springs that feed the mountain lakes, impenetrable, unfathomable, and inexhaustible."

Our attention is then directed to the many fine touches, scattered over the Play, which convey to us part of the character of Hermione, through the impressions which she produces on all around her, a custom with the mightiest Master. First her surpassing beauty—

"This jealousy

Is for a *precious* creature: as she is *rare*,
Must it be great."

"If one by one you wedded all the world,
Or from the all that are took *something*
good

To make a perfect woman; she you kill'd
Would be unparalleled."

"I might have look'd upon my queen's
full eyes,

Have taken treasures from her lips—

——— and left them

More rich for what they yielded."

All have perfect confidence in her goodness and innocence—all but him who had lain so many years within her bosom.

"For her, my lord,
I dare my life lay down, and will do't, sir,
Please you t' accept it, that the queen is
spotless

I' the eyes of heaven, and to you.

Every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh, is false
If she be so."

And when she is spoken of, in what language of boundless respect and devotion! "Most sacred lady," "Sovereign," "Dread Mistress." With what feeling does she receive the first intimation of her husband's jealous suspicions? "with incredulous astonishment."

"It is not that, like Desdemona, she does not, or cannot understand; but she will not. When he accuses her more plainly, she replies with a calm dignity—

"Should a villain say so—
The most replenished villain in the world—
He were as much more villain; you, my lord,
Do but mistake."

This characteristic composure of temper never forsakes her; and yet it is so delineated that the impression is that of grandeur, and never borders upon pride or coldness: it is the fortitude of a gentle but a strong mind, conscious of its own innocence. Nothing can be more affecting than her calm reply to Leontes, who, in his jealous rage, heaps insult upon insult, and accuses her before her own attendants, as no better "than one of those to whom the vulgar give bold titles."

"How will this grieve you,
When you shall come to clearer knowledge,
That you have thus published me to all eyes?
—My lord,
You sense can hold me thoroughly than
To say you do not understand."

"Her mild dignity and saint-like patience, combined as they are with the strongest sense of the cruel injustice of her husband, thrill us with admiration as well as pity; and we cannot but see and feel that for Hermione to give way to tears and feminine complaints under such a blow, would be quite incompatible with the character. Thus she says of herself, as she is led to prison:

"There's some ill, I am sure,
I must be patient till the heavens look
With an aspect more favourable. Good, my lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are; the want of which I have
Perchance, shall dry your pities; but I have
That honourable grief lodged here, that burns
Worse than tears; draw it. Beseech you all, my lords,
With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me, and so
The king's will be performed!"

"When she is brought to trial for supposed crimes, called on to defend herself, 'standing to prate and talk for life and honour,' before who please to come and hear, the sense of her ignominious situation—all its shame and all its horror press upon her, and would even crush her magnanimous spirit, but for the consciousness of her own worth and innocence, and

the necessity that exists for asserting and defending both.

"It powers divine
Behold our human actions, as they do,
I doubt not, then, but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience."

"For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief, which I would spare. For
honour—
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for."

"Her earnest, eloquent justification of herself, and her lofty sense of female honour, are rendered more affecting and impressive by that chilling despair, that contempt for a life which has been made bitter to her through unkindness, which is betrayed in every word of her speech, though so calmly characteristic. When she enumerates the unmerited insults which have been heaped upon her, it is without asperity or reproach, yet in a tone which shows how completely the wrong has entered her soul. Thus, when Leontes threatens her with death

"I will spare your throats;
The blood which you would fight me with I lack,
To give you life he is coming to kill.
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
I have lost; for I do not believe,
But know I have it went. My second son,
And he that is my body, from his presence
I have banished; and my third comfort,
—My first-born, my first child, my first love,
The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,
He has sold to a stranger. Myself on every post
I have sent to search for it; with modest hatred,
As children prey on old men, which brings
To women cruel reproach. I have, my lord,
Heard of such things; but the open ear of Leontes
Has not heard of it. Now, my lords,
I have heard of it; I have here done,
And I have done it. Therefore, proceed,
But yet that I may take my son. No life,
I have lost a crown;—but for mine honour,
Which I would freely, if I should be condemn'd
Upon sufferance, I would sleep else,
For you, my lords, do me awake, I tell you,
Tis to die, and to be dead."

On one point the character of Hermione has been considered open to criticism; and it is well with any character, either in fiction or real life, to be open to criticism but on one point. Open to criticism! Shut, as you suppose, all doors in a critic's face, and the poor prying creature may perhaps find one off the latch, or slightly ajar, or but loosely locked, or weakly bolted; and in he will prance, like a savage donkey, to bray among Christians. Now, it is asked, could Hermione have obstinately enacted the recluse for sixteen years, nor been melted by her husband's repentance? Will such critics be pleased to inform us how long she should have stood out? Four years? six? eight? Shakspeare chose sixteen; and he was right in so choosing.

ing, had it been for no other reason than to bring to her mother's arms the prettiest of pastorals, Perdita. But he had other reasons for shewing how

"Religion hallowed that severe sojourn."

And here they are, "in thoughts that breathe and words that burn." There is no such philosophical criticism in Schlegel, nor yet—so far as we know—in Goethe. Woman alone knows the heart of woman.

"I have heard it remarked, that when she secludes herself from the world for sixteen years, during which time she is mourned as dead by her repentant husband, and is not won to relent from her resolve by his sorrow, his remorse, his constancy to her memory; such conduct, argues the critic, is unfeeling as it is inconceivable in a tender and virtuous woman. Would Imogen have done so, who is so generously ready to grant a pardon before it be asked? or Desdemona, who does not forgive because she cannot even resent? No, assuredly; but this is only another proof of the wonderful delicacy and consistency with which Shakespeare has discriminated the characters of all three. The incident of Hermione's supposed death and concealment for sixteen years, is not indeed very probable in itself, nor very likely to occur in every-day life. But besides all the probability necessary for the purposes of poetry, it has all the likelihood it can derive from the peculiar character of Hermione, who is precisely the woman who could and would have acted in this manner. In such a mind as hers, the sense of a cruel injury, inflicted by one she had loved and trusted, without awakening any violent anger, or any desire of vengeance, would sink deep—almost incurably and lastingly deep. So far she is most unlike either Imogen or Desdemona, who are portrayed as much more flexible in temper; but then the circumstances under which she is wronged are very different, and far more unpardonable. The self-created, frantic jealousy of Leontes is very distinct from that of Othello, writhing under the arts of Iago; or that of Posthumus, whose understanding has been cheated by the most damning evidence of his wife's infidelity. The jealousy which in Othello and Posthumus is an error of judgment, in Leontes is a vice of the blood: he suspects without cause, condemns without proof; he is without excuse,—unless the mixture of pride, passion, and imagination, and the predisposition to jealousy

with which Shakespeare has portrayed him, be considered as an excuse. Hermione has been openly insulted: he to whom she gave herself, her heart, her soul, has stooped to the weakness and baseness of suspicion, has doubted her truth, has wronged her love, has sunk in her esteem, and forfeited her confidence: she has been branded with vile names; her son, her eldest hope, is dead—dead through the false accusation which has stuck infamy on his mother's name; and her innocent babe, stained with illegitimacy, disowned and rejected, has been exposed to a cruel death. Can we believe that the mere tardy acknowledgment of her innocence could make amends for wrongs and agonies such as these? or heal a heart which must have bled inwardly, consumed by that untold grief, 'which burns worse than tears drown?' Keeping in view the peculiar character of Hermione, such as she is delineated, is she one either to forgive hastily or forget quickly? and though she might, in her solitude, mourn over her repentant husband, would his repentance suffice to restore him at once to his place in her heart? to efface from her strong and reflecting mind the recollection of his miserable weakness? or can we fancy this high-souled woman—left childless through the injury which has been inflicted on her, widowed in heart by the unworthiness of him she loved, a spectacle of grief to all—to her husband a continual reproach and humiliation—walking through the *parade* of royalty in the court which had witnessed her anguish, her shame, her degradation, and her despair? Methinks that the want of feeling, nature, delicacy, and consistency, would lie in such an exhibition as this. In a mind like Hermione's, where the strength of feeling is founded in the power of thought, and where there is little of impulse or imagination,—'the depth, but not the tumult of the soul,'—there are but two influences which predominate over the will,—time and religion. And what then remained, but that, wounded in heart and spirit, she should retire from the world?—not to brood over her wrongs, but to study forgiveness, and wait the fulfilment of the oracle which had promised the termination of her sorrows. Thus a premature reconciliation would not only have been painfully inconsistent with the character, it would also have deprived us of that most beautiful scene, in which Hermione is discovered to her husband as the statue or image of herself. And here we have another instance of that admirable art, with which the dramatic character is fitted

to the circumstances in which it is placed : that perfect command over her own feelings, that complete self-possession necessary to this extraordinary situation, is consistent with all that we imagine of Hermione ; in any other woman it would be so incredible as to shock all our ideas of probability."

The same critics who found fault with Hermione for her obstinate and sullen seclusion of sixteen years, have found a stumblingblock in the Living Statue. The scene is extravagant, absurd, unnatural, incredible ; and so it is to critics without feeling, passion, fancy, imagination, to all of which that wondrous scene appeals, and over all of which it triumphs. The delusion is like reality, and the reality like delusion, and in delight they both are dreadful. The sixteen years are swallowed up in that one moment. Never was the passion of joy so tragic. Had Leontes been a nobler being, it had proved mortal. But our words are tame—here are paragraphs poured forth in true inspiration.

"This scene, then, is not only one of the most picturesque and striking instances of stage effect to be found in the ancient or modern drama, but, by the skilful manner in which it is prepared, it has, wonderful as it appears, all the merit of consistency and truth. The grief, the love, the remorse, and impatience of Leontes, are finely contrasted with the astonishment and admiration of Perdita, who, gazing on the figure of her mother like one entranced, looks as if she were also turned to marble. There is here one little instance of tender remembrance in Leontes, which adds to the charming impression of Hermione's character.

'Chide me, dear stone' that I may say indeed
Thou art Hermione ; or rather thou art she
In thy not chiding, for she was as tender
As infancy and grace.

Thus she stood,
Even with such life of majesty,—warm life,
As now it coldly stands ; when first I wou'd her !

The effect produced on the different persons of the drama by this living statue—and effect which at the same moment is, and is *not* illusion—the manner in which the feelings of the spectators become entangled between the conviction of death and the impression of life, the idea of a deception and the feeling of a reality, and the exquisite colouring of poetry and touches of natural feeling with which the whole is wrought up,—till wonder, expectation, and intense pleasure, hold our pulse and

breath suspended on the event,—are quite inimitable.

"The expressions used here by Leontes,

'Thus she stood,
Even with such life of majesty—*warm life*.
The fixture of her eye has motion in't,
And we are mock'd with art !'

And by Polixenes,

'The very life seems warm upon her lip,'

appear strangely applied to a statue, such as we usually imagine it—of the cold colourless marble ; but it is evident that in this scene Hermione personates one of those images or effigies, such as we may see in the old gothic cathedrals, in which the stone, or marble, was coloured after nature. I remember coming suddenly upon one of these effigies, either at Biele or at Fröburg, which made me start : the figure was large as life ; the drapery of crimson, powdered with stars of gold ; the face, and eyes, and hair tinted after the life, though faded by time ; it stood in a gothic niche, over a tomb, as I think, and in a kind of dim uncertain light. It would have been very easy for a living person to represent such an effigy, particularly if it had been painted by that 'rare Italian master, Julio Romano,' who, as we are informed, was the reputed author of this wonderful statue.

"The moment when Hermione descends from her pedestal to the sound of soft music, and throws herself without speaking into her husband's arms, is one of inexpressible interest. It appears to me that her silence during the whole of this scene (except where she invokes a blessing on her daughter's head) is in the finest taste as a poetical beauty, besides being an admirable trait of character. The misfortunes of Hermione, her long religious seclusion, the wonderful and almost supernatural part she had just enacted, have invested her with such a sacred and awful charm, that any words put into her mouth, must, I think, have injured the solemn and profound pathos of the situation.

"There are several among Shakspeare's characters which exercise a far stronger power over our feelings, our fancy, our understanding, than that of Hermione ; but not one,—unless perhaps Cordelia,—constructed upon so high and pure a principle. It is the union of gentleness with power which constitutes the perfection of mental grace. Thus, among the ancients, with whom the *graces* were also the *charities*, one and the same word signified equally *strength* and *virtue*. This feeling, carried into the fine arts, was the secret of the antique grace—the grace of repose. The

same eternal nature—the same sense of immutable truth, and beauty, which revealed this sublime principle of art to the ancient Greeks, revealed it to the genius of Shakspeare; and the character of Hermione, in which we have the same largeness of conception and delicacy of execution,—the same effect of suffering without passion, and grandeur without effort, is an instance, I think, that he felt within himself, and by intuition, what we study all our lives in the remains of ancient art. The calm, regular, classical beauty of Hermione's character is the more impressive from the wild and gothic accompaniments of her story, and the beautiful relief afforded by the pastoral and romantic grace which is thrown around her daughter Perdita."

The character of Paulina is well understood by our fair critic, who, in several places, speaks of the use Shakspeare delighted so powerfully to make of the great principle of contrast. She observes, that it is admirable how Hermione and Paulina, while sufficiently approximated to afford all the pleasure of contrast, are never brought too nearly in contact on the scene or in the dialogue. Only in the last scene, when, with solemnity befitting the occasion, Paulina wishes the majestic figure to "descend, and be stone no more," and where she presents her daughter to her, "Turn, good lady! our Perdita is found." To have done otherwise, she remarks, would have been a fault in taste, and would have necessarily weakened the effect of both characters—either the serene grandeur of Hermione would have subdued and overawed the fiery spirit of Paulina, or the impetuous temper of the latter must have disturbed in some respect our impression of the calm, majestic, and somewhat melancholy beauty of Hermione.

Of Perdita, Mrs Jameson speaks in another part of her work, under the class of "Characters of Passion and Imagination;" but we cannot resist the temptation of introducing here some of her fine sentences concerning that incomparable "union of the pastoral and romantic with the classical and poetical, as if a Dryad of the woods had turned shepherdess. The perfections with which the poet has so lavishly endowed her, sit upon her with a certain careless and picturesque grace, 'as though they

had fallen upon her unawares.' Thus Belphebe, in the *Fairy Queen*, issues from the flowering forest with hair and garments all besprinkled with the leaves and blossoms they had entangled in her flight; and so arrayed by chance and 'heedless hap,' takes all parts with 'stately presence and with princely port,' most like to Perdita."

'Tis surely the loveliest pastoral poem in the world, this of Florizel and Perdita. All unknown to Hermione, in her sad seclusion, has her lost child been leading a life of beautiful innocence and happiness; and the princely son of the man whom her infatuated husband had suspected her of loving too well, has woo'd and won the royal shepherdess. There is something infinitely delightful in such an alliance, that finally heals and restores, and brings all disturbances within the dominion of reconciliation and peace.

"The qualities which impart to Perdita her distinct individuality, are the beautiful combination of the pastoral with the elegant—of simplicity with elevation—of spirit with sweetness. The exquisite delicacy of the picture is apparent. To understand and appreciate its effective truth and nature, we should place Perdita beside some of the nymphs of Arcadia, or of the Italian pastorals, who, however graceful in themselves, when opposed to Perdita, seem to melt away into mere poetical abstractions: As, in Spenser, the fair but fictitious Florimel, which the subtle enchantress had moulded out of snow, 'vermilion tinctured,' and informed with an airy spirit, that knew 'all wiles of woman's wits,' fades and dissolves away, when placed next to the real Florimel, in her warm, breathing, human, loveliness.

"Perdita does not appear till the fourth act, and the whole of the character is developed in the course of a single scene, (the third,) with a completeness of effect which leaves nothing to be required—nothing to be supplied. She is first introduced in the dialogue between herself and Florizel, where she compares her own lowly state to his princely rank, and expresses her fears of the issue of their unequal attachment. With all her timidity, and her sense of the distance which separates her from her lover, she breathes not a single word which could lead us to impugn either her delicacy or her dignity."

The impression of her perfect beauty and airy elegance of demeanour—the artless manner in which her innate nobility of soul shines forth through her partial disguise—her natural loftiness of spirit, breaking out when she is menaced and reviled by the king, as one whom his son has degraded himself by merely looking on—the immediate recollection of herself, and of her humble state; and her hapless love, so full of beauty, tenderness, and nature—that sense of truth and rectitude, that upright simplicity of mind which disdains all crooked and indirect means, and would not stoop for an instant to dissemblance, while it is mingled with a noble confidence in her love, and in her lover—to all these delightful traits and touches our attention is turned with the finest perception of the natural and poetical, in the accompanying extracts, which breathe of beauty like the groves in spring.

"This love of truth, this *unaffectedness*, which forms so distinct a feature in the character of Perdita, and mingles with its picturesque delicacy a certain firmness and dignity, is maintained consistently to the last. When the two lovers fly together from Bohemia, and take refuge in the court of Leontes, the real father of Perdita, Florizel, presents himself before the king with a feigned tale, in which he has been artfully instructed by the old counsellor Camillo. During this scene, Perdita does not utter a word. In the strait in which they are placed, she cannot deny the story which Florizel relates; she will not confirm it. Her silence, in spite of all the compliments and greetings of Leontes, has a peculiar and characteristic grace; and at the conclusion of the scene, when they are betrayed, the truth bursts from her as it instinctively, and she exclaims with emotion,

"The heavens set spies upon us—will not have
Our contract celebrated."

"After this scene Perdita says very little. The description of her grief, while listening to the relation of her mother's death, and of her deportment as she stands gazing on the statue of Hermione, fixed in wonder, admiration, and sorrow, as if she too were marble—

"O royal piece!
There's magic in thy majesty, which has
From thy admiring daughter ta'en the spirits,
Standing like stone beside thee!"

are touches of character conveyed indirectly, and which serve to give a more finished effect to this beautiful picture."

From Hermione, after many years of sorrow restored to life and light, turn we to Desdemona, after a few months' bliss delivered into the darkness of death and the grave. "All that can render sorrow majestic is gathered around Hermione—all that can render misery heart-breaking is assembled round Desdemona! The wronged but self-sustained virtue of Hermione commands our veneration; the injured and defenceless innocence of Desdemona so wrings the soul, 'that all for pity we could die!'"

Wordsworth's fine line is familiar to all ears.

"The gentle lady married to the Moor."

Yet Desdemona displays at times, quoth our fair critic, "a transient energy, arising from the power of affection; but *gentleness* gives the prevailing tone to the character. So thought Othello. "Then of so gentle a condition?" *Iago*. "Aye, too gentle." Poison presented in a flower! Yet gentle as she is—to excess—to passiveness—to non-resistance—it is here truly said, that to us who perceive her character as a whole, the extreme gentleness is portrayed with such exceeding refinement, that the effect never approaches to feebleness. If it ever do, Oh, Heavens! think on the face of the Moor when madden'd! Desdemona says, that when he rolled his eyes, he was "*fatal then*;" so it would seem that she had seen him in fits before he thought of smothering her with pillow and bolster. Once only in her whole life had she ever *prevaricated*; about the handkerchief, when Othello said, "*there's magic in the web of it*." Nor do we remember to have heard the remark Mrs Jamieson makes on that prevarication:—"Desdemona, whose soft credulity, whose turn for the marvellous, whose susceptible imagination had first erected her thoughts and affections to Othello, is precisely the woman to be frightened out of her senses by such a tale as this, and betrayed by her fears into a momentary tergiversation. It is most natural in such a being, and shows us that even in the sweetest

natures, without moral energy there can be no completeness and consistency." Once she prevaricated, and once she lied.

"*Emilia.* O, who hath done this deed?
Des. Nobody; I myself; farewell!

Commend me to my kind lord; O farewell!"

Othello. She's, like a liar, gone to burning hell!

'Twas I that kill'd her.'

Like a liar gone to burning hell! a jaundiced, a swarthy, and a bloody judgment. Was ever forgiveness so taken up, before our very eyes, on angel wings, to heaven!

We would not for all the world say one word in disparagement of Hermione; but the dignity of that "Queen, matron, and mother," elevating as it is, and most noble, affects us not so profoundly as the innocence—the holy ignorance of Desdemona.

"When Othello first outrages her in a manner which appears inexplicable, she seeks and finds excuses for him. She is so innocent, that not only she cannot believe herself suspected, but she cannot conceive the existence of guilt in others.

"Something, sure, of state,
Either from Venice, or some unhatch'd practice
Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to her,
Hath puddled his clear spirit."

"'Tis even so—
Nay, we must think, men are no gods,
Nor of their look for such observances
As fit the bridal."

And when the direct accusation of crime is flung on her in the vilest terms, it does not anger but stun her, as if it transfixed her whole being: she attempts no reply, no defence; and reproach or resistance never enter her thought;

"Good friend, go to him—for by this light of heaven

I know not how I lost him: here I kneel:—
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
Either in discourse of thought or actual deed;
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,
Delighted them in any other form;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will, though he do shake me off
To beggarly divorcement, love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do much,
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love.

"And there is one stroke of consummate delicacy, surprising, when we remember the latitude of expression prevailing in Shakspeare's time, and which he allowed to his other women generally: she says, on recovering from her stupefaction—

"Am I that name, Iago?"

Iago. What name, sweet lady?

Des. That, which she says my lord did say I was.

So completely did Shakspeare enter into the angelic refinement of the character.

"Endued with that temper which is the origin of superstition in love as in religion,—which, in fact, makes love itself a religion,—she not only does not utter an upbraiding, but nothing that Othello does or says, no outrage, no injustice can tear away the charm with which her imagination had invested him, or impair her faith in his honour; 'Would you had never seen him!' exclaims Emilia.

"*Des.* So would not I!—my love doth so approve him,
That even his stubbornness, his chuffs and frowns,
Have grace and favour in them."

The character is felt rightly by this—her most eloquent eulogist of her virtues—to be vitally the same as that of Miranda. Throughout the whole of the dialogue appropriated to Desdemona, there is not, it is hinted, one general observation. Words are with her the vehicle of sentiment, and never of reflection; just as they always are with the Lady of the Enchanted Isle, and with no other of Shakspeare's female characters of any importance or interest—not even Ophelia.

"Desdemona, as a character, comes nearest to Miranda, both in herself as a woman, and in the perfect simplicity and unity of the delineation; the figures are differently draped—the proportions are the same. There is the same modesty, tenderness, and grace; the same artless devotion in the affections, the same predisposition to wonder, to pity, to admire; the same almost ethereal refinement and delicacy; but all is pure poetic nature within Miranda and around her: Desdemona is more associated with the palpable realities of every-day existence and we see the forms and habits of society tinting her language and deportment: no two beings can be more alike in character—nor more distinct as individuals."

Othello, beyond all doubt, was a blackamoor. "To spells and mixtures powerful o'er the blood," her farther simply imputed Desdemona's love, and Iago, with devilish malignity, to another cause, "aye there's the point." But Shakspeare knew better—and saw how it was beguiled into her bosom by "disparity of age, character, country, complexion." We who are admitted into the secret, says Mrs Jameson; see her love rise naturally and necessarily

out of the leading propensities of her nature.

"At the period of the story a spirit of wild adventure had seized all Europe. The discovery of both Indies was yet recent; over the shores of the western hemisphere still fable and mystery hung, with all their dim enchantments, visionary terrors, and golden promises; perilous expeditions and distant voyages were every day undertaken from hope of plunder, or mere love of enterprise; and from these the adventurers returned with tales of 'Antres vast and deserts wild—of cannibals that did each other eat—of Anthropophagi, and men whose heads did grow beneath their shoulders.' With just such stories did Raleigh and Clifford, and their followers, return from the New World: and thus by their splendid or fearful exaggerations, which the imperfect knowledge of those times could not refute, was the passion for the romantic and marvellous nourished at home, particularly among the women. A cavalier of those days had no nearer, no surer way to his mistress's heart, than by entertaining her with these wondrous narratives. What was a general feature of his time, Shakspeare seized and adapted to his purpose with the most exquisite felicity of effect. Desdemona, leaving her household cares in haste, to hang breathless on Othello's tales, was doubtless a picture from the life; and her inexperience and her quick imagination lend it an added propriety: then her compassionate disposition is interested by all the disastrous chances, hair-breadth 'scapes, and moving accidents by flood and field, of which he has to tell; and her exceeding gentleness and timidity, and her domestic turn of mind, render her more easily captivated by the military renown, the valour, and lofty bearing of the noble Moor—

'And to his honours and his vibrant part,
Does she her soul and fortunes consecrate

"The confession and the excuse for her love is well placed in the mouth of Desdemona, while the history of the rise of that love, and of his course of wooing, is, with the most graceful propriety, as far as she is concerned, spoken by Othello, and in her absence. The last two lines summing up the whole—

'She loved me for the dangers I had pass'd,
And I loved her that she did pity them'—

comprise whole volumes of sentiment and metaphysics."

"I will only add, that the source of the pathos throughout—of that pathos which at once softens and deepens the tragic

effect—lies in the character of Desdemona. No woman differently constituted could have excited the same intense and painful compassion, without losing something of that exalted charm, which invests her from beginning to end, which we are apt to impute to the interest of situation, and to the poetical colouring, but which lies, in fact, in the very essence of the character. Desdemona, with all her timid flexibility and soft acquiescence, is not weak; for the negative alone is weak, and the mere presence of goodness and affection implies in itself a species of power;—power without consciousness, power without effort, power with repose—that soul of grace!"

You have seen a large lustrous star, shining so resplendently that none but itself was regarded, although many other fair lights were around their queen, when all at once a long deep line of clouds, that had arisen, you knew not whence, before some strong gust in the upper region, has wholly hidden it, and brought darkness over all the heavens. Dim hours glimmer by, and, lo! again the same luminary, less bright but not less beauteous, is burning in the zenith. Such a star was Hermione. You have seen a milder, a meeker orb—dewy in its first rising—and ere long struggling in its "innocent brightness," through melancholy mists, till strangled by a savage tempest. An image of Desdemona! And when the cloud-rack is driving fast, yet glimpses of blue sky are interspersed peacefully among the shifting congregation of vapours, ever and anon an Urn of Light reappears and retires, now with a mournful and now almost with a joyful beauty, in its lonely pilgrimage along the wooded ridges of the mountains. Imogen!

Of those Three Ladies, which is the loveliest and the best? "Of all Shakspeare's women, considered as individuals rather than as heroines, Imogen is the most perfect. There is no female portrait that can be compared to Imogen as a woman—none in which so great a variety of tints are mingled together in such perfect harmony. In her we have all the fervour of youthful tenderness, all the romance of youthful beauty, all the enchantment of ideal grace,—the bloom of beauty, the brightness of intellect, and the dig-

nity of rank, taking a peculiar hue from the conjugal character which is shed over all like a consecration and a holy charm." It is thus that this delightful writer expresses generally her conception of a character, and then she proceeds to evolve it, and to illustrate it by the most beautiful and apt quotations.

"It is true, that the conjugal tenderness of Imogen is at once the chief subject of the drama, and the pervading charm of her character; but it is not true, I think, that she is merely interesting from her tenderness and constancy to her husband. We are so completely let into the essence of Imogen's nature, that we feel as if we had known and loved her before she was married to Posthumus, and that her conjugal virtues are a charm superadded, like the colour laid upon a beautiful groundwork. Neither does it appear to me, that Posthumus is unworthy of Imogen, or only interesting on Imogen's account. His character, like those of all the other persons of the drama, is kept subordinate to hers; but this could not be otherwise, for she is the proper subject—the heroine of the poem. Every thing is done to ennoble Posthumus, and justify her love for him; and though we certainly approve him more for her sake than for his own, we are early prepared to view him with Imogen's eyes; and not only excuse, but sympathize in her admiration of one

* Who sat 'mongst men like a descended god."

* Who lived in court, which it is rare to do,
Most praised, most loved;
A sample to the youngest; to the more mature
A glass that feated them."

And with what beauty and delicacy is her conjugal and matronly character discriminated! Her love for her husband is as deep as Juliet's for her lover, but without any of that headlong vehemence, that fluctuating amid hope, fear, and transport—that giddy intoxication of heart and sense, which belongs to the novelty of passion, which we feel once, and but once, in our lives. We see her love for Posthumus acting upon her mind with the force of an habitual feeling, heightened by enthusiastic passion, and hallowed by the sense of duty. She asserts and justifies her affection with energy indeed, but with a calm and wife-like dignity—

* Cym. Thou took'st a beggar, wouldst have made my throne
A seat for baseness.

Imogen. No, I rather added a lustre to it.

Cym. O thou vile one!

Imogen. Sir,

it is your fault that I have loved Posthumus;

You bred him as my playfellow, and he is
A man worth any woman: overbuys me
Almost the sum he pays."

"When Posthumus is driven into exile, he comes to take a last farewell of his wife:

* Imogen. My dearest husband,
I something fear my father's wrath, but nothing
(Always reserved my holy duty) what
His rage can do on me. You must be gone,
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes: not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world
That I may see again.

Posthumus. My queen! my mistress!
O lady, weep no more! lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness.
Than doth become a man. I will remain
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth.

Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The loathness to depart would grow—Adieu!

Imogen. Nay, stay a little:
Were you but riding forth to all yourself,
Such parting were too petty.

Look here, love,
This diamond was my mother's: take it, heart,
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead!"

"Imogen, in whose tenderness there is nothing jealous or fantastic, does not seriously apprehend that her husband will woo another wife when she is dead. It is one of those fond fancies which women are apt to express in moments of feeling, merely for the pleasure of hearing a protestation to the contrary. When Posthumus leaves her, she does not burst forth in eloquent lamentation, but that silent, stunning, overwhelming sorrow, which renders the mind insensible to all things else, is represented with equal force and simplicity.

* Imogen. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is.

Cym. O destroy it thing,
That shouldst repair my youth! thou heapest
A year's age on me.

Imogen. I beseech you, sir,
Harm not your self with your vexation; I
Am senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

Cym. Past grace! obedience!

Imogen. Past hope, and in despair—that way
past grace."

Imogen, we believe, was the most beautiful being ever beheld by Shakespeare.

"Cytherea,
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh
lily,
And whiter than the sheets! That I
might touch!
But kiss—one kiss! Rubies unparagoned
How dearly they do't! 'Tis her breathing
that
Perfumes the chamber thus. The flame
o' the taper
Bows toward her; and would underpeep
her lids
To see the enclos'd lights now canopied
Under those windows, white and azure,
lured

With blue of heaven's own tint !

* * * * On her left breast,

A mole, cinque-spotted, like the crimson drop

I' th' bottom of a cowslip !

* * * * Under her breast

(Worthy the pressing) lies a mole, right proud

Of that most delicate lodging—by my life
I kiss'd it, and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full."

These are all descriptions of her loveliness given by the licentious Iachimo, and yet how its purity purifies even his thoughts—how the chaste composure of her sleep, too holy to be voluptuous, subdues his passion, and arrests his steps in admiration and worship!

Secretly wedded, we almost forget that Imogen is not a virgin. Mrs Jameson remarks that the stupid obstinate malignity of Cloten, and the wicked machinations of the Queen,

"A father cruel and step-dame false,
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady."

justify whatever might need excuse in the conduct of Imogen—as her concealed marriage, and her flight from her father's court—and serve to call out several of the most beautiful and striking parts of her character—particularly that decision and vivacity of temper which in her harmonize so beautifully with exceeding delicacy, meekness, and submission. In the scene with her detested suitor there is at first a careless majesty of disdain—but when he dares to provoke her by reviling the absent Posthumus, her indignation heightens her scorn, and her scorn sets a keen edge on her indignation.

And here we cannot omit noticing another of those fine observations that drop so naturally from the mind of feminine genius. "One thing more must be particularly remarked, because it serves to individualize the character from the beginning to the end of the poem. We are constantly sensible that Imogen, besides being a tender and devoted woman, is a princess and a beauty, at the same time that she is ever superior to her position and her external charms. There is, for instance, a certain airy majesty of deportment—a spirit of accustomed command breaking out every now and then—

the dignity, without the assumption of rank and royal birth."

But, in few words, Posthumus reveals to us the character of the sinless creature he had in his delusion doomed to death.

"She of my lawful pleasure me restrained,
And prayed me oft forbearance; did it with

A prudency so rosy, the sweet view on't
Might well have warm'd Old Saturn, that
I thought her
As chaste as unsunned snow!"

It was not to be thought that such a critic would overlook any passages or incidents that convey strong impression of the tenderness of Imogen for her husband; and she quotes several, mentioning at the same time the unobtrusive simplicity with which they are introduced, and the perfect unconsciousness on her part, which adds to the effect. Thus, when she has lost her bracelet—

"Go, bid my women
Search for a jewel, that too casually
Hath left mine arm. It was thy master's: 'bless me
If I would lose it for a revenue
Of any king in Europe. I do think
I saw't this morning; confident I am,
Last night 'twas on mine arm—I kiss'd it.
I hope it has not gone to tell my lord
That I kiss'd him but he."

It had so gone—and our knowledge that Iachimo had stolen it, makes the expression of that hope not only natural but pathetic—which else might have seemed too fantastical.

When she opens her bosom to meet the death to which her husband had doomed her, she finds his letters preserved next her heart.

"What's here?
The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus?—
Soft, we'll no defence."

The baseness and folly of the conduct of Posthumus in staking his ring on the virtue of his wife, admits, says our admirable critic, of no defence, and has been justly censured. But on proceeding to shew that Shakspeare, feeling that Posthumus needed every excuse, has managed the quarrelling scene between him and Iachimo with the most admirable skill, she makes for him an excellent defence—almost a

justification. For Posthumus is not, as in the original tale, the challenger, but the challenged, and could hardly, except on a moral principle much too refined for those rude times, have declined the wager without compromising his own courage, and his faith in the honour of Imogen. His conduct, therefore, was foolish, no doubt; but it was not base—nor was his order to Pisanio to kill her cruel (for the times); since he believed on damning evidence, that “thy mistress, Pisanio, hath played the strumpet in my bed—the testimonies whereof lie bleeding in me.” But if he were cruel in commanding her to be killed, remember his agony over the bloody token of Imogen’s death, in the field between the British and Roman camps. Though he even then believed her guilty, he passionately desired that Pisanio “had saved the noble Imogen to repent.” And what makes him “disrobe himself of his Italian weeds, and suit himself as does a British peasant?” He answers—“So I’ll die for thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life is every breath a death.” His guilt against her still believed guilty, he longs to cleanse by such expiation. There fore, honour to the loyal Leonatus.

It is hard to say whether Imogen appears more admirable in the interview with the false Italian who attempts her honour, or in the scene with Pisanio, near Milford Haven, when she is told she is to die for infidelity to her husband’s bed.

“In the interview between Imogen and Iachimo, he does not begin his attack on her virtue by a direct accusation against Posthumus; but by dark hints and half-uttered insinuations, such as Iago uses to madden Othello, he intimates that her husband, in his absence from her, has betrayed her love and truth, and forgotten her in the arms of another. All that Imogen says in this scene is comprised in a few lines—a brief question or a more brief remark. The proud and delicate reserve with which she veils the anguish she suffers, is inimitably beautiful. The strongest expression of reproach he can draw from her, is only, ‘My lord, I fear, hath forgot Britain.’ When he continues in the same strain, she exclaims in an agony, ‘Let me hear no more!’ When he urges her to revenge, she asks, with all the simplicity of virtue, ‘How should

I be revenged?’ And when he explains to her how she is to be avenged, her sudden burst of indignation, and her immediate perception of his treachery, and the motive for it, are powerfully fine: it is not only the anger of a woman whose delicacy has been shocked, but that of a princess insulted in her court.

‘Away! I do condemn mine ears, that have so long attended thee. If thou wert honourable, Thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue, not for such an end thou seek’st, as base as strange. Thou wrong’st a gentleman, who is as far from thy report, as thou from honour, and sohest’st here a lady that disdains Thee and the devil alike.’

“It has been remarked by Hazlitt, that ‘her readiness to pardon Iachimo’s false imputation, and his designs against herself, is a good lesson to prudes, and may show that where there is a real attachment to virtue, there is no need of an outrageous antipathy to vice.’

“This is true; but can we fail to perceive that the instant and ready forgiveness of Imogen is accounted for, and rendered more graceful and characteristic by the very means which Iachimo employs to win it? He pours forth the most enthusiastic praises of her husband, professes that he merely made this trial of her out of his exceeding love for Posthumus, and she is pacified at once; but with exceeding delicacy of feeling she is represented as maintaining her dignified reserve and her brevity of speech to the end of the scene.”

Hazlitt’s remark is bad and false; Mrs. Jameson’s remark is good and true; Imogen had an outrageous antipathy to vice; and so we hope has every virtuous woman, when solicited to sin, in her husband’s absence from home on foreign travel, by an audacious villain like Iachimo.

“We must also observe how beautifully the character of Imogen is distinguished from those of Desdemona and Hermione. When she is made acquainted with her husband’s cruel suspicions, we see in her deportment neither the meek submission of the former, nor the calm resolute dignity of the latter. The first effect produced on her by her husband’s letter is conveyed to the fancy by the exclamation of Pisanio, who is gazing on her as she reads:

What shall I need to draw my sword? The paper has cut her throat already! No, ‘tis slander, Whose edge is sharper than the sword!

And in her first exclamations we trace besides astonishment, and anguish, and the acute sense of the injustice inflicted on her, a flash of indignant spirit which

we do not find in Desdemona or Hermione.

'Tis false to his bed!—what is't to be false?
To lie in watch there, and to think of him?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? If sleep charge
nature,
To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myself awake?—that's false to his bed,
Is it?

"This is followed by that affecting lamentation over the falsehood and injustice of her husband, in which she betrays no atom of jealousy or wounded self-love, but observes, in the extremity of her anguish, that after *his* lapse from truth, 'all good seeming would be discredited,' and she then resigns herself to his will with the most entire submission."

Imogen has now

"Forgot that rarest treasure of her cheek,

Exposing it unto the greedy bite
Of common kissing Titan, and forgot
Her laboursome and dainty trims wherein
She made great Juro angry,"

and is standing, in boy's clothes, before the cave of Belarius. She enters, and how perfectly beautiful the picture in the few following lines! Belarius says to the noble boys, Guiderius and Averagus,

"Stay! come not in!

But that it eats our victuals, I should think

Here were a fairy!

Guil. What's the matter, sir?

Bel. By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly paragon! Behold divineness
No elder than a boy!

Imo. Good masters, harm me not:

Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought

To have begged or bought what I have took; Good truth,

I have stolen neught; nor would not, though I had found

Gold strew'd o'the floor. There's money for my meat:

I would have left it on the board, so soon
As I had made my meal, and parted
With prayers for the provider.

Guil. Money, youth?

Arr. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!

As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty gods!

Imo. I see you are angry.

Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have died, had I not made it."

But what heart has not kindled at the sudden love and friendship of those two young nobles of nature for the beautiful boy Imogen, their pity

for poor sick Fidele, and their sorrow for his supposed death!

"*Arr.* The bird is dead,
That we have made so much on! I had rather
Have skipped from sixteen years of age to sixty,
To have turned my leaping time into a crutch,
Than have seen this!"

In her seeming death in that cave, Imogen is more beautiful even than in her own chamber, when Iachimo describes her as she lies in sleep. All gentlest and tenderest epithets of love, and sorrow, and pity, are lavished on the fair Fidele, then thought to be a corpse, by those young poets, and princes, and paragons of nature. And when they have lightened the burden of their sorrow, by pouring it out in all wildest and most wailing lamentations, yet all "beautiful exceedingly" in the imagery of the woods, how pure and deep the moral vein that sanctifies their elegiac song! But from beneath all their sweet and sad bestrewnments, she who is their sister revives, unconscious of having lain so long in that perilous swoon—"Yes, sir, on Milford-haven; which is the way?" The most touching words her pale lips could have uttered—and we feel, as she returns to sorrow and suffering, as if these funereal obsequies had been celebrated but in a dream!

Mrs Jameson, with the best taste, says but little of Imogen in the cave. She alludes to the preservation of her feminine character under her masculine attire, her delicacy, her modesty, and her timidity, which are all managed with the most perfect consistency and unconscious grace. Nor must we, says she, forget that her "neat cookery," which is so prettily eulogised by Guiderius—

"He cut our roots in characters,
And sauced our broths, as Juno had been sick,
And he her dieter,"

formed part of the education of a princess in those remote times. To say more of such painting and such poetry, so wild as almost to be preternatural, and yet natural all over, and of wondrous elevation, she herself felt would be worse than needless,

and in her delight and admiration her eloquent lips are mute.

But we must give the beautiful conclusion of her critique :—

"The catastrophe of this play has been much admired for the peculiar skill with which all the various threads of interest are gathered together at last, and entwined with the destiny of Imogen. It may be added, that one of its chief beauties is the manner in which the character of Imogen is not only preserved, but rises upon us to the conclusion with added grace: her instantaneous forgiveness of her husband before he even asks it, when she flings herself at once into his arms, 'Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?'

and her magnanimous reply to her father, when he tells her, that by the discovery of her two brothers she has lost a kingdom—

'No—I have gained two worlds by it—

clothing a noble sentiment in a noble image, give the finishing touches of excellence to this most enchanting portrait.

"On the whole, Imogen is a lovely compound of goodness, truth, and affection, with just so much of passion, and intellect, and poetry, as serve to lend to the picture that power and glowing richness of effect which it would otherwise have wanted; and of her it might be said, it we could condescend to quote from any other poet with Shakspeare open before us, that 'her person was a paradise, and her soul the cherub to guard it.'"

We come now to Cordelia. Wordsworth says, that to her

"The meanest flower that blows can give Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

To weep over a flower, would scarcely, under any circumstances, except association with miserable sufferings of the heart, be becoming in a man not only full-grown, but "somewhat declined into the vale of years." Yet tears flow from profound depths; and we wish Wordsworth, in place of that startling assertion, would express some of those thoughts inspired by the sight of "the meanest flower that blows," that are "too deep for tears."

They would probably be not a little lachrymose. But Mrs Jameson rightly says, that "there is in the beauty of Cordelia's character, an effect too sacred for words, and almost 'too deep for tears,' within her heart is a fathom-

less well of purest affection, but its waters sleep in silence and obscurity. Every thing in her seems to lie beyond our view, and affects us in a manner which we feel rather than perceive. The character appears to have no surface, no salient points on which the fancy can readily seize; there is little external development of intellect, less of passion, and still less of imagination." It is completely made out in the course of a few scenes, and we are surprised to find, that in these few scenes there are materials enough for twenty heroines. She then gives us her idea of Cordelia's character :—

"It appears to me that the whole character rests upon the two sublimest principles of human action,—the love of truth and the sense of duty; but these, when they stand alone, (as in the *Antigone*), are apt to strike us as severe and cold. Shakspeare has, therefore, wreathed them round with the dearest attributes of our feminine nature, the power of feeling and inspiring affection. The first part of the play shows us how Cordelia is loved, the second part how she can love. To her father she is the object of a secret preference; his agony at her supposed unkindness draws from him the confession, that he had loved her most, and 'thought to set his rest on her kind nursery.' Till then she had been 'his best object, the argument of his praise, balm of his age, most best, most dearest!' The faithful and worthy Kent is ready to brave death or exile in her defence; and afterwards a farther impression of her benign sweetness is conveyed in a simple and beautiful manner, when we are told that 'since the lady Cordelia went to France, her father's poor fool had much pined away.' We have her sensibility 'when patience and sorrow strove which should express her goodliest;' and all her filial tenderness when she commits her poor father to the care of the physician, when she hangs over him as he is sleeping, and kisses him as she contemplates the wreck of grief and majesty."

We have then, accompanied by illustrative quotations, unpretending but admirable remarks on Cordelia's mild magnanimity, as it shines out in her farewell to her sisters, of whose evil qualities she is perfectly aware,—in the modest pride with which she replies to the Duke of Burgundy—the motives with which she takes up arms, "not for ambition but a dear father's rights,"—in her

calm fortitude and elevation of soul arising out of a sense of duty, after her defeat, and lifting her out of all consideration of self, while she feels and fears only for her father. What follows is more striking, and shews how genius can utter sentiments as original as just, even on a subject that is felt, if not understood, by all the world.

"But it will be said that the qualities here exemplified—as sensibility, gentleness, magnanimity,—fortitude, generous affection—are qualities which belong, in their perfection, to others of Shakspeare's characters—to Imogen for instance, who unites them all: and yet Imogen and Cordelia are wholly unlike each other. Even though we should reverse their situations, and give to Imogen the filial devotion of Cordelia, and to Cordelia the conjugal virtues of Imogen, still they would remain perfectly distinct as women. What is it, then, which lends to Cordelia that peculiar and individual truth of character which distinguishes her from every other human being?

"It is a natural reserve, a tardiness of disposition 'which often leaves the history unspoke which it intends to do,'—a subdued quietness of deportment and expression—a veiled shyness thrown over all her emotions,—her language and her manner—making the outward demonstration invariably fall short of what we know to be the feeling within. Not only is the portrait singularly beautiful and interesting in itself, but the conduct of Cordelia, and the part which she bears in the beginning of the story, is rendered consistent and natural by the wonderful truth and delicacy with which this peculiar disposition is sustained throughout the play."

Many have written well—ourselves mayhap among the number—of Cordelia—none better than Charles Lamb and Mrs Jameson. You will find our account of her character and condition in Drake's *Life of Shakspeare*, quoted from an antique number of *Maga*. The Doctor calls it incomparable—but here is something at least as good—pardon the harmless vanity of a simple old man:—

"In early youth, and more particularly if we are gifted with a lively imagination, such a character as that of Cordelia is calculated above every other to impress and captivate us. Any thing like mys-

tery, any thing withheld or withdrawn from our notice, seizes on our fancy by awakening our curiosity. Then we are won more by what we half perceive and half create, than by what is openly expressed and freely bestowed. But this feeling is a part of our young life: when time and years have chilled us, when we can no longer afford to send our souls abroad, nor from our own superfluity of life and sensibility spare the materials out of which we build a shrine for our idol—then do we seek, we ask, we thirst for that warmth of frank, confiding tenderness, which revives in us the withered affections and feelings, buried but not dead. Then the excess of love is welcomed, not repelled—it is gracious to us as the sun and dew to the seared and withered trunk, with its few green leaves. Lear is old—"four-score and upward"—but we see what he has been in former days: the ardent passions of youth have turned to rashness and wilfulness; he is long passed that age when we are more blessed in what we bestow than in what we receive. When he says to his daughters 'I gave ye all' we feel that he requires all in return, with a jealous, restless, exacting affection which defeats its own wishes. How many such are there in the world? How many to sympathize with the fiery, fond old man, when he shrinks as if pettified from Cordelia's quiet calm reply!

Lear. Now our joy,

Altho' the last not least—

What can you say to draw

A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.

Nothing, my lord.

Lear. Nothing?

Cord. Nothing.

Lear. Nothing; can come of nothing—speak again.

Cord. Unhappy that I am; I cannot heave

My heart into my mouth. I love your majesty

According to my bond, nor more, nor less."

"Now this is perfectly natural. Cordelia has penetrated the vile characters of her sisters. Is it not obvious that in proportion as her own mind is pure and guileless, she must be disgusted with their gross hypocrisy and exaggeration, their empty protestations, their 'plaited cunning'; and would retire from all competition with what she so disdains and abhors,—even into the opposite extreme? In such a case, as she says herself—

'What should Cordelia do?—love and be silent.'

For the very expressions of Lear—

'What can you say to draw

A third more opulent than your sisters?'

are enough to strike dumb for ever a generous, delicate, but shy disposition, such as is Cordelia's, by holding out a bribe for professions.

"If Cordelia were not thus portrayed, this deliberate coolness would strike us as verging on harshness or obstinacy; but it is beautifully represented as a certain modification of character, the necessary result of feelings habitually, if not naturally, repressed; and through the whole play we trace the same peculiar and individual disposition—the same absence of all display—the same sobriety of speech veiling the most profound affections—the same quiet steadiness of purpose—the same shrinking from all exhibition of emotion.

"*Tous les sentimens naturels ont leur pudeur,*" was a *visa voce* observation of Madame de Staël, when disgusted by the sentimental affectation of her imitators. This '*pudeur*,' carried to an excess, appears to me the peculiar characteristic of Cordelia. Thus, in the description of her deportment when she receives the letter of the Earl of Kent, informing her of the cruelty of her sisters and the wretched condition of Lear, we seem to have her before us.

Kent. Did your letters pierce the queen to any demonstration of grief?

Genl. Ay, sir, she took them, and read them in my presence:

And now and then an ample tear stole down Her delicate cheek. It seemed she was a queen Over her passion; who, most rebel like, Sought to be king over her.

Kent. O then it moved her!

Genl. Not to a rage.

Faith, once or twice she heaved the name of father

Pantingly forth, as if it pressed her heart,
Cried, *Sisters! sisters! Shame on ladies—Sisters!*
What! 't the storm! 't the night!
Let pity not be heard! Then she shook
The holy water from her heavenly eyes,

Then away, she started, to deal with grief alone.

"Here the last line—the image brought before us of Cordelia starting away from observation, 'to deal with grief alone,'—is as exquisitely beautiful as it is characteristic.

"But all the passages hitherto quoted must yield in beauty and power to that scene, in which her poor father recognises her, and, in the intervals of distraction, asks forgiveness of his wronged child. The subdued pathos and simplicity of Cordelia's character, her quiet but intense feeling, the misery and humiliation of the bewildered old man, are brought before us in so few words, and at the same time sustained with such a deep intuitive knowledge of the innermost workings of the human heart, that as there is nothing surpassing this scene in Shakespeare himself, so there is nothing that can be compared to it in any other writer.

Cor. How does my royal lord? How fares your majesty?

Lear. You do me wrong to take me out of the grave.

Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears Do scald like molten lead,

Cor. Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a spirit, I know: When did you die?

Cor. Still, still far wide!

Phys. He's scarce awake: let him alone awhile.

Lear. Where have I been? Where am I?

Fair daylight?—

I am mightily abused. I should even die with pity To see another thus. I know not what to say. I will not swear these are my hands. Let's see; I feel this pin prick. Would I were assured Of my condition.

Cor. O look upon me, sir,

And hold your hands in benediction o'er me. No, sir, you must not kneel.

Lear. Pray, do not mock me: I am a very foolish, fond old man, Fourscore and upwards, and to deal plainly with you,

I fear I am not in my perfect mind.

Methinks I should know you, and know this man,

Yet I am doubtful: for I am mainly ignorant

What place this is: and all the skill I have

Remembers not these garments, nor I know not

Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me,

For as I am a man, I think this lady

To be my child Cordelia.

Cor. And so I am, I am!

Lear. Be your tears wet? Yes, faith. I pray you

weep not:

If you have poison for me, I will drink it.

I know you do not love me, for your sisters

Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:

You have some cause, they have not.

Cor. No cause, no cause.

"As we do not estimate Cordelia's affection for her father by the coldness of her language, so neither should we measure her indignation against her sisters by the mildness of her expressions. What, in fact, can be more eloquently significant, and at the same time more characteristic of Cordelia, than the single line when she and her father are conveyed to their prison—

'Shall we not see these daughters and these sisters?'

The irony here is so bitter and intense, and at the same time so quiet, so feminine, so dignified in the expression, that who but Cordelia would have uttered it in the same manner, or would have condensed such ample meaning into so few and simple words?

"We lose sight of Cordelia during the whole of the second and third, and great part of the fourth act; but towards the conclusion she reappears. Just as our sense of human misery and wickedness, being carried to its extreme height, becomes nearly intolerable, 'like an engine wrenching our frame of nature from its fixed place,' then, like a redeeming angel, she descends to mingle in the scene, 'loosening the springs of pity in our eyes,' and relieving the impressions of pain and terror by those of admiration and a tender pleasure. For the catastrophe, it is indeed terrible! wondrous terrible! When Lear enters with Cordelia dead in his arms, compassion and awe so seize on all our faculties, that we are

left only to silence and to tears. But if I might judge from my own sensations, the catastrophe of Lear is not so overwhelming as the catastrophe of Othello. We do not turn away with the same feeling of absolute unmitigated despair. Cordelia is a saint ready prepared for heaven—our earth is not good enough for her: and Lear!—O who, after sufferings and tortures such as his, would wish to see his life prolonged? What! replace a sceptre in that shaking hand?—a crown upon that old grey head, on which the tempest had poured in its wrath?—on which the deep dread-bolted thunders and the winged lightnings had spent their fury?—O never, never!

‘Let him pass! he hates him
That would upon the rack of this rough world
Stretch him out longer.’

In an introductory dialogue between Alda and Medon (the fair critic and a friend) full of spirit and grace, Medon asks, “do you really expect that any one will read this little book of yours?” and Alda answers, “no one writes a book without a hope of finding readers, and I shall find a few.” But she adds fervently, “out of the fullness of my own heart and soul have I written it. In the pleasure it has given me, in the new and various views of human nature it has opened to me, in the beautiful and soothing images it has placed before me, in the exercise and improvement of my own faculties, I have already been repaid.” But Medon asks how she could choose “such a threadbare subject,” hinting that Alda has written the book to maintain the superiority of the female sex. Some of Shakspeare’s women, he allows, are fit indeed to “inlay heaven with stars;” but very unlike those who at present walk upon the earth.

Many, doubtless, after Medon, will call the “subject threadbare.” The heavens themselves have to many eyes a threadbare look—not absolutely tatter’d, but sorely worn, like the blue surtout—the more the pity—of a Polish patriot or a Spanish refugee. In the same predicament seem Shakspeare and the sky. But as to nobler optics “the eternal heavens are fresh and strong,” so are the songs of the Swan of Avon. Never, till now, have Shakspeare’s female characters, except when like stars they “were out in twos and

threes,” been done justice to on the luminous page of philosophical criticism. Mrs Montague was a woman of much merit in her day; but, compared to Mrs Jameson, was as an owl to a nightingale. True, that

“Of all the birds that I do see,
The owl is the wisest in her degree;”

and her degree was that of a Doctor in Civil Law. The good lady dined out and in on the credit of her criticism, and ought to have been thankful that she died not of a surfeit. Mrs Jameson, we should guess from her writings, is a domestic character, and fond of “parlour twilight.” She manifestly belongs to no coterie; but there is no society, however distinguished, that her fine genius, talents, and accomplishments, would not grace. In these, her exquisite commentaries on the impersonations of the virtues of her sex, she has “done the state some service,” and they will know it. “Long experience of what is called the world, of the folly, duplicity, shallowness, selfishness, which meet us at every turn, too soon,” she well says, “unsettles our youthful creed. If it only led to the knowledge of good and evil, it were well; if it only taught us to despise the illusions, and retire from the pleasures of the world, it would be better. But it destroys our belief, it dims our perception of all abstract truth, virtue, and happiness; it turns life into a jest, and a very dull one too. It makes us indifferent to beauty, and incredulous of goodness; it teaches us to consider self as the centre on which all actions turn, and to which all motives are to be referred. While we are yet young, and the passions, powers, and feelings, in their full activity, create to us a world within, we cannot fairly look on the world without—all things then are good. When we first throw ourselves forth, and meet burrs and briars on every side, which stick to our very hearts; and fair tempting fruits, which turn to bitter ashes in the taste, then we exclaim with impatience, all things are evil. But at length comes the calm hour, when they who look beyond the superficies of things begin to discern their true bearings: when the perception of evil, and sorrow, and sin, brings also the perception of some opposite

good, which awakens our indulgence, or the knowledge of the cause which excites our pity."

These fine sentiments, so finely expressed, introduce a noble eulogium on the moral and philosophical genius of Shakspeare. For in his pages, says this gifted lady, the crooked appears straight, the inaccessible easy, the incomprehensible plain. All we seek for is found there; his characters combine history and real life; they are complete individuals, whose hearts and souls are laid open to us—all may behold and judge for themselves.

"*Medon.* He flattered no bad passion, disguised no vice in the garb of virtue, trifled with no just and generous principle. He can make us laugh at folly, and shudder at crime, yet still preserve our love for our fellow beings, and our reverence for ourselves. He has a lofty and a fearless trust in his own powers, and in the beauty and excellence of virtue; and, with his eye fixed on the load-star of truth, steers us triumphantly among shoals and quicksands, where with any other pilot we had been wrecked;—for instance, who but himself would have dared to bring into close contact two such characters as Iago and Desdemona? Had the colours in which he has arrayed Desdemona been one atom less transparently bright and pure, the charm had been lost; she could not have borne the approximation: some shadow from the overpowering blackness of his character must have passed over the sunbright purity of hers. For observe, that Iago's disbelief in the virtue of Desdemona is not pretended, it is real. It arises from his total want of faith in all virtue; he is no more capable of conceiving goodness, than she is capable of conceiving evil. To the brutal coarseness and fiendish malignity of this man, her gentleness appears only a contemptible weakness; her purity of affection, which 'saw Othello's visage in his mind,' only a perversion of taste; her bashful modesty only a cloak for evil propensities:—so he represents them with all the force of language and self-conviction, and we are obliged to

listen to him. He rips her to pieces before us—he would have bedeviled an angel! yet such is the unrivalled, though passive delicacy of the delineation, that it can stand it unhurt, untouched. It is wonderful!—yet natural as it is wonderful. There are still people in the world, whose opinions and feelings are tainted by an habitual acquaintance with the evil side of society, though in action and intention they remain right; and who without the real depravity of heart and malignity of intention of Iago, judge as he does of the characters and productions of others."

Alda is then asked by Medon, if there be indeed in the world many "women in whom the affections and the moral sentiments predominate," and she answers many such; for the development of affection and sentiment is more quiet and unobtrusive than that of passion and intellect and less observed. It is more common too, and therefore less remarked; but in women it generally gives the prevailing tone to the character, except where vanity has been made the ruling motive. Alda, therefore, wanted character in its essential truth, not modified by particular customs, by fashion, by situation; she wished to illustrate the manner in which the affections would naturally display themselves in women, whether combined with high intellect, regulated by reflection, and elevated by imagination, or existing with perverted dispositions, and purified by the moral sentiments. "I found all in Shakspeare; and his delineations of women, in whom the virtuous and calm affections predominate, and triumph over shame, fear, pride, resentment, vanity, jealousy, are perfect in their kind, because so quiet in their effect."

How nobly Mrs Jameson has discharged one part of her gracious task we have now seen;—and next month we shall be delighted to accompany her in her exposition of the Characters of Passion and Imagination.

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CHARACTERISTICS OF WOMEN.*

No. II.

CHARACTERS OF THE AFFECTIONS.

SHAKESPEARE.

Much has been said and sung in praise of this our era or age. To hear some people speak, you would think it the most illustrious since the Flood; that not till now had the human soul reached its full stature, and been firmly knit in all its powers. According to their creed, Sensation, Perception, Judgment, Abstraction, Taste, Imagination, Genius, Reason, are now all as excellent faculties as they ever can be in mortal nature. Compared with the past, the present is a glorious time, and we can only hope that its glories will survive in the future. Dawning has grown meridian; nor is there need of another sun to rise on midday, so splendid the illumination of the mental heavens. "The fond admirers of departed worth," must moderate their enthusiasm—hang down their heads and be mute. The "March of Intellect" has left, dwindled in the distance, shapes whose stature once seemed to reach the sky.

We smile to read that there were giants in those days; for to the "large orbs of our majestic eyes," they are but pigmies. Of all obsolete beliefs, the most absurd is that in the wisdom of our ancestors.

But, strange to note, as much has been said and sung in disparagement of this our era or age. It has been eloquently lamented that the ancient spirit is dead—dead and buried. The "Fancy's Midwife" is a sinecurist—for she is called on to assist at no new births. And how should she, since Fancy's self is effete; and her elder sister, Imagination, once so prolific in her loveliness, a Polyandrist with all her Passions of old ardent as bridegrooms and affectionate as husbands in that long honeymoon that for ages knew no setting, has been by her lords and masters "flung off to beggarly divorcement?" As for Reason, she has turned her eyes outwards from herself and her own

* Characteristics of Women, Moral, Poetical, and Historical; with fifty vignette etchings. By Mrs Jameson. In two volumes. London: Saunders and Otley.

being—become “of the earth, earthy” —and goes by steam on railroads with prodigious velocity, along matter where all things have at last found their level. ’Tis an age of mere machinery, and all its pride is in Dynamics.

They who “live in the spirit of this creed,” can see nothing but steam-engines. Up and down for ever before their eyes is moving a prodigious piston. Every thing seems to them to have life—nothing to have soul. All is animated and in motion, but spirit and thought are denied to be anywhere amidst that continual clatter; for

“They are not of this noisy world, but silent and divine.”

It is not for us to compose such quarrels. But they disturb us not, for ours is the perpetual equanimity of Thoughtful Love. The “soul of the world” sometimes changes its outward aspect, although its inner self be unchanged; and sometimes, after change wide and deep has taken place within it, externally it looks almost the same; as, after a long night’s unsuspected thaw, ice that you believed could sustain an army, sinks treacherously beneath your feet, and then you begin to see water floating over the whole lake that is fast breaking up from its frozen slumber.

Something of this sort may be going on now. There may be a breaking up of old bondage. Like a freed-man, the human mind may, with the stately steps of recovered liberty, be trampling upon its chains. But, alas and alackaday! what if we are forced to exclaim, as we look on the vagaries of too many of the manumitted—

“See the blind beggar dance! the cripple sing!”

For our own single and simple selves, no faith have we in the superiority of this age over the ages that have preceded it; nor do we accuse it either of any inferiority; being well pleased to live out our appointed time under the manifold blessings of a merciful Providence scattered in shower and sunshine wide over our Father-Land. Great men *have been* among us; great men *are* among us; or if that be by any in aught de-

nied, hardly has the trembling of their palls subsided into the utter stillness of their sepulchres. Great and shining lights are for ever rising and setting; but to some eyes they look lustrous only when burning in the beauty of life; to others, it would seem that they must be sanctified by the mists of death, before they can be felt to be objects of admiration or worship.

We need not fear to say, that however enlightened in much may be the mind of that man who indulges himself in scornful or contemptuous appreciation of the moral and intellectual worth of this age, it must be in much dimmed or obscured; and that a still deeper darkness must dwell in his mind who thinks himself coeval with the birth and reign of the only true light. Both are blind. Yet, perhaps, though the “laudator temporis acti” appear the more pardonable, because of the magnifying power of the clouds and shadows resting on the bygone world, which all strangely seems to belong to the imagination where all is invested with glory, yet we cannot overlook, in his love and honour of the dead, his coldness and injustice to the living; nor forgive the envy or the jealousy which all unknown to himself may be lurking in his heart, and making him thus indifferent to the greatness before his eyes, or averse to gaze on its splendour. His reverence of the dead may in itself be perfectly pure; but not so his regard for the living, towards whom he may look as objects that in their eminence and altitude “intercept the sun’s glad beams,” and keep his ambitious spirit in the shade. Dead men tell no *more* tales—they write no *more* poems. But great geniuses who are walking among us and above us, are emerging ever and anon like suns, bringing or brightening the day, and he wishes they were dead; nay, shudder not at the expression of such a sentiment—for is it not worse to wish they had never been born—and worst of all to deny or derogate from their God-given glory as long as it shines high in the firmament—admiring it more freely as we perceive it about to set—and lavishing our admiration on the “mighty orb of song” only when it has sunk for ever?

The people, again, who praise so extravagantly and erringly the present, are in general not so unjust to the past as ignorant of it. "Out of sight, out of mind." But ear and eye are for ever ministering love, and joy, and pride, till their life is felt to be, in its fulness, the only life—their age the only age. All around them are bold bright breathing realities; nor dream they of awaking from their tombs, unsubstantial phantoms. The dead have buried the dead—let the living love and eulogize the living—with their lofty heads let them all strive to strike the stars.

But we are philosophers. To us there is no past—no present—no future—no Time. We are a man but of one Idea—of BEING. We are happy or miserable according to the light shining on—*is*. Has—has been—*is is*. It is lovely or terrible—good or wicked—heaven or hell. Homer—Pindar—Sophocles—Virgil—Dante—Milton—Shakspeare—Byron—Wordsworth—Scott—all *are*: standing together like great trees—and we in our worship are the old Druids.

But we are waxing mystical. All we mean to say is, that the Good and the Fair live in the amalgamating and immortalising spirit of Love—and that Love has but to open its eyes to behold the Good and the Fair, of which the horizon is boundless. But Love may be moody and capricious; may wink or drop its eyelids, or look askance, and then it sees imperfectly or amiss; or may hold its hands before its all-seeing orbs, till its brain be blind as dust. Then, "as a picture to a blind man's eyes," or to a brute's, is not only the material creation but the spiritual too, even to the eyes of Love; and this life loses the light of poetry, just as the earth is darkened by a Total Sun Eclipse.

The grand secret, then, is to preserve in us the spirit of Love. That is indeed

"The consecration and the poet's dream;"

and that dead or inert, "how stale, flat, and unprofitable, seem to us all the uses of this world!" and unexistent the world of imagination. While that lives, and moves, and has its being, it never wants fitting food; nor need ever be famished or satiated in dearth or plenty—little suffi-

cing—and all not being overmuch. But how many causes are constantly at work to smother that mounting flame! Even in the noblest nature, how utterly, at times, it seems to be extinguished, as if frost were on the fuel with which they feed it! The more comprehensive it is, the more intense; for while it gathers, as it spreads, all substances in which the element lurks, the very atmosphere is rarified, and there is no vapour to damp the fire. But see how men of genius, false to themselves and to the cause they were sent to champion, the cause of truth, narrow their sympathies, hedging them within a pale of prejudices, and in literature, poetry, and philosophy, and

"To partly give up what was meant for mankind"

Thus, there are richly endued minds, whose sympathies with genius might have been universal, that will admire no poetry but that of the Elizabethan age. Others eschew Shakspeare, and kiss the toe of Pope. Many are all for Byron, the poet, they say, of the darker, the sterner, and the fiercer passions. Scott's admirers are all chivalrously disposed, while the Wordsworthians worship the stillness of nature in the religion of the woods. But what should hinder the same mind from being elevated by delight in the study of one and all of the great masters? Nor is admiration of all inconsistent with preference of one; according to that mysterious constitution of each individual soul, which, though the senses are nearly the same in all men, gives a different shape and seeming to all objects, so that the same rose is a different rose to every pair of eyes in this world, and so also is the rainbow.

At the bottom of many of such prejudices and bigotries lies pride. By exclusive worship, men imagine they elevate the character of its object, and likewise their own—or rather their own reputation. "There is an Idol! You think it mean; but we tell you it is magnificent, and that what you think clay and iron, is gold and ivory. Were you as wise as we, you too would fall down and worship it, as we do in spirit and in truth." Converts are made; and the sect, as it is enlarged, becomes more and

more intolerant alike of any other faith and of any other good works, Goëthe was a great man; but his devotees see but Goëthe in the universe

But such love, though narrow and exclusive, may be steadfast; and, indeed, is sometimes as permanent as it is passionate. Weaker minds fluctuate in their affection for the beautiful, and in poetry change their religion every year. They are incapable of attachment. For novelty is the charm most powerful over their whole nature; and novelty carries its own death-warrant in its name. Fickle in literature as in love, they have forgotten in autumn the lay and the lady they raved about in spring. Rogers—Campbell—Moore—Southey—Scott—Byron—have all in succession had their day of dominion over such subjects, who now do no homage to those “grey discrowned heads,” but, after a six months’ allegiance to Barry Cornwall, have paid their court on bended knee to the Kings and Queens of the *Annals*, and finally settled down into chief contributors to their own *Albums*, where they reign in state over the royal family of the *Fugitives* and the *Ephemerals*.

Sad and sorry are we to think that the Love of Poetry is not what it should be in the land where the genius of Poetry has achieved its highest triumphs. If at first sincere, it will be faithful to the last. For it flows not from sensibility alone, but from reason, “and is judicious;” it may be chastened without being chilled; and a tempered delight, such as can never die, arises, in the course of nature, from that enthusiasm that cannot survive the season of youth. But then, as Thought is the chief element of the imaginative as of the moral state of the soul, people who give up thinking, or worse still, perhaps, who turn all their thoughts into worldly channels, lose not only their power but their sense of the poetical, and become aware of something not a little absurd in Shakspeare.

It would seem as if the multitude of persons who give up thinking altogether, as they advance if not in life at least in years, is in this country very great; and we have but to look about us to see how mighty is the number of those who do think,

and that too most strenuously, delivered up bound, soul and body, to pursuits, high or low, of worldly ambition. To them Poetry either is not, or they regard it but as a matter of amusement or moonshine; or they turn from it with scorn; or they desire to forget it as something that they know to be too high for them, and reminding them, with the pain of regret and shame, of their better being now repressed or oppressed within them by the calls or necessities of the lot they have chosen in life.

Yet apart and aloof from all such, though often seeming to be of them, how many thousands on thousands of pure, high, and strong spirits, must there be in this our Britain, who feel and know right well what true poetry is, and who, whether famous or obscure, are the true poets! There may be some defects in our system of education, but our schools and colleges annually send forth into the walks of the world many noble youths who have drunk at the well-heads of inspiration. There may be some defects, too, in our system of domestic life, but round how many happy hearths are the Manners and the Virtues assembled, and where else, in all the world, are maids and matrons so innocent, so thoughtful, as in British homes?

The Reading Public is a huge unwieldy blue-stocking, but the Reading Private is a slim-ankled lady, with hose as white as snow. To be praised in reviews, and magazines, and newspapers, may be all very pleasant, but the poet’s heart must be touched with divinest joy to know that his lays, if true to nature, will be read and listened to, perhaps with tears and sobs, by simple spirits in simple dwellings, where all life is simple, and poetry akin to religion.

In the great world there is a fashion in poetry as in all other things; yet ’tis but rarely that bad poetry is fashionable—at least in our country and in our age. But not unfrequently the poetry matronized by fashion is sufficiently so-so-ish; and in those instances, as in Byron’s, where it has been of the highest excellence, circumstances, accidental or extrinsic, have kindled the rage which expired or cooled, when they ceased, or lost their chief power of excitement. In

the world of fashion the finest things in Byron could, except by the few of nobler nature, who cannot help belonging to it, have been but very imperfectly understood; and though glorious poetry will make itself felt almost anywhere, and bursts of passion electrify even the palsied into convulsive life, yet commonly the most questionable passages were most spouted, and often some, of which the expression was as imperfect as the sentiment was false. All who know what poetry is, and what fashion, know this—that strains of the very highest mood would in that irrational world be utterly unintelligible; and that the diviner spirit of poetry never there received even a pretended homage.

But the true love of true poetry never dies—and we wish to withdraw our words, if we said that it is not strong now in the nation's heart. But it is deep, not loud. And we are too wise a people, with all our follies, to prate about poetry, when we should be employed about things prosaic. How many libraries there are in this island! Few containing fifty volumes, that have not two or three of poetry; and thousands on thousands, where are ranged in all honour all the works immortal of all the great sons of song. Nor of them only, but of the *POETE MINORES*, too, who, however they may dislike the epithet, are distinguished among the millions of their fellow-creatures, by the possession of some portion of that divine flame of which no spark ever fell without something beautiful beneath it springing up to life.

The love of literature in a nation so highly civilized as ours, yet so ardently engaged in affairs of life, is a strong steady under-current that keeps flowing constantly on, while the upper waters are ruffled or tempestured by opposing blasts that darken the surface or whiten it with spray. Thought, Feeling, Imagination, have their own ample and serene domain, where they are not indolent or idle, but alive and active in their delight. In such quiet regions there is better talk than about the "last new Poem." Good books win their way, sooner or later, and by many pleasant paths, into the peaceful repositories of knowledge; and fine thoughts and noble sentiments are participated,

and sympathized with, far beyond what humble or desponding genius, unassured of its sway over the heart, might hope or suspect. The restless desire of novelty is there unknown; books are valued by their worth, and that worth is appreciated by their effect on sound heads and sincere hearts, that think and feel for themselves, without slavishness as without presumption. A good book bought and paid for is a treasure to the enlightened and loving mind of one not rich in this world's goods; it is not perused with that vain and giddy passion of curiosity which expends itself on a single reading, and never more returns to the object it burned to enjoy; but recurrence is had to its pages in many an hour of leisure from household cares and duties, and the thoughtful spirit overflows again and again with a new and an increased delight.

If all this be matter of fact, it is cheering to the heart of the benevolent critic; for he feels assured, that provided he but pour out his own opinions and sentiments in the fervour of truth, on any subject of permanent interest—on any good book—new or old—in few hands or in all—his effusions will give gratification to no inconsiderable number of congenial and kindred spirits. It is especially so with Poetry. It flourishes in immortal youth. Who ever tired of reading Homer, or Spenser, or Milton, or Shakspeare? or of reading what has been written about them by not unworthy critics? Why, there were our own articles about the "blind old man of Scio's rocky isle," thrown off, each at a heat, from no other impulse than that of admiration and wonder; and late in the day as they were produced, they appear to have been perused with pleasure by many who, till thus reminded of them, had forgotten Homer and his *Iliad*.

It may still be the same even with Shakspeare. The Myriad-minded has had many million worshippers. His tragedies are all revelations. But not yet have the mysteries therein been elucidated beyond need of farther light. He may yet be more clearly understood, more profoundly felt—new vistas may be opened up in that magnificent umbrage, shewing gleams of sea or shadows of moun-

tain—and wider become our visual span over the Land of Faëry. Compare Voltaire with Schlegel! and what advance in the world's knowledge of the Prophet and Priest of Nature! How the black-letter dogs barked at the Swan of Avon! But what was the worth of the whole pack in estimation with the wit and wisdom of Charles Lamb! Samuel Johnson himself, though one of the grandest of God's creatures, comprehended not, in full, the genius of the greatest of all poets. He passed from reverence to disdain—from wonder to contempt—measuring all he found there by the standard of his own experience “of man, of nature, and of human life,” forgetting that what he judged was—Inspiration. For how long, and by how many, even of the most enlightened, were Shakspeare's women thought poor pictures of the brighter and better half of humanity! Considerate persons sought for causes to account for that deplorable deficiency; and the good-natured easy world was satisfied with the explanation, that in those days female characters were enacted by boys, and that therefore poor Shakspeare had nothing for it but to accommodate them all to the capacities of such representatives. But the blind eyes of heresy were couched, and she became a true believer in the angelical being of woman, as revealed from heaven to heaven's own darling genius; and in the stainless robes of their flowing beauty, arose before the eyes of love and pity, Hermione, and Imogen, and Desdemona, and Cordelia, and the rest, whose aspect is as the calm of the superior skies, “inaccessible to earth's pollution,” though saddened, even in that their own region, with its mortal troubles. And have we not again seen, how female genius has rendered “the beauty still more beautiful,” and shewn in woman's heart, “even in the lowest depths a lower deep,” of love, of innocence, of virtue, of religion?

Exhausted indeed! What—and the subject—Shakspeare! The characteristics of women—exhausted! No—not till Joanna Baillie, “Tragic Queen,” has dropt her lyre for ever—not till the Hemans has ceased her wild and melancholy strains—not till the rich-toned voice of fair Landon

be mute—not till Caroline Bowles has joined her sister-seraphs in heaven!

It may be all very well for you to say so, who are an elderly unmarried man, with a worthy widow woman for your housekeeper. No doubt she has been exhausted long since—and during the process of her exhaustion, many a bottle, too, of ratifia. But in woman's heart know that there are a thousand springs one and all inexhaustible, though they keep flowing for ever. Woe to the hand that infuses bitterness there, for in nature they are most sweet; woe to the hand that muddies them, for untroubled they are limpid at their source as when given back in dew from heaven to earth, dropt tremblingly on the rose's leaf in the breathless twilight!

We cannot bid farewell to the “*Characters of the Affections*” so beautifully developed in our last Number by the most enlightened eulogist of Shakspeare's loveliest idealities, *Hermione*!

“A perfect woman

To warn, to comfort,

and!

Yet warning, comforting, and commanding all in vain—such the insatuated jealousy of her unworthy lord. 'Tis the meanest—the basest of all passions—when carelessly it inflames a narrow and a shallow heart. Invading a large heart, 'tis like a grim army of demons—terrible. Shall conjugal love not exultingly enjoy the privilege of friendship? Next to her husband Leontes, is Polixenes, the brother of his soul, dear to Hermione. To Sicily sacred is her life—to Bohemia her hand is open. Of friendship she is lavish as of love, and both are clear as day in her holy innocence. But in the midst of her stately happiness, the Queen, the matron, and the mother, is covered all at once with dishonour as with a garment. Odious in her husband's eyes, before ours she waxes brighter and more bright “with something of an angel light.” Disbelieved but by one human being, she appeals to Heaven, and Heaven declares her sinless. At such a crisis of her fate, conscience communes willingly with the sky, and we are not startled by the sublime fiction of the response and judgment of an Oracle. The

heart of her one princely boy has burst—it is broken—and he is dead of the passion of shame—not for his mother's sake so much as his father's—

—“the young Prince, whose honourable thoughts,
Thoughts high for one so tender, cleft the heart
That could conceive, a gross and foolish sire
Blemished his gracious dam!”

Her one royal girl is exposed to perish; and how touchingly is that story told by Antigonus, soliloquizing in a desert country near the sea! In the lustre of virtue, and the gloom of agony, the childless widow—for though forgiving her husband all, she has pronounced a solemn divorce—retires into seclusion from love and life, deep, dark, and incommunicable as the grave. Into that sixteen years' penance—not for her own sin, for she is pure, but for her husband's, with whom she doubtless has vowed to be reconciled on the bed of death (but Heaven brings, in its own good time, a more blissful reconciliation)—imagination fears, in its reverence, even for one moment to enter. It could not have been wholly unhappy, self-sustained as Hermione was by her devotion to one holy purpose; and that she acted right all hearts feel on her wondrous reappearance among the living as from the dead. That is the moment when we should have felt that Shakspeare had erred, if erred he had, in that her long sunless immurement. But our whole nature leaps up in a fit of joy, to hail the apparition; and, seeing that Hermione lives, we forgive Leontes, and sympathize with his undeserved happiness, for sake of her standing there serenely and spiritually beautiful, whom we in our ignorance had idly mourned as long ago blended with the insensate dust.

When Hermione comes down from the pedestal, passionate as is the joy of Leontes witnessing that apparent miracle, it is but on her alone that we gaze and think. Paulina, not abruptly, but boldly, as was natural to her fearless character, says,

“Hark a little while.
Please you to interpose, fair madam;
kneel,

*And pray your mother's blessing! Turn,
good lady!*

Our Perdita is found.

Herm. You gods, look down,
And from your sacred vials pour your
graces

*Upon my daughter's head! Tell me, mine
own,*

Where hast thou been preserved? Where
lived? How found

Thy father's court? For thou shalt hear
that I,

Knowing by Paulina that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being, have pre-
served

Myself to see the issue.”

What says Hermione to Leontes on their reunion? Not one word. But Polixenes says, “She embraces him;” and Camillo, “She hangs upon his neck! If she pertain to life, let her speak too.” The statue has stirred—moved—descended—and embraced; but it is yet silent. Camillo seems almost to discredit his eyes. He doubts “if she pertain to life.” “Let her speak!” and her first found words are a prayer to the gods to bless her daughter. She does not doubt that it is her daughter. The faithful Paulina has told her it is; and the Oracle, who had pronounced herself innocent, would not, she knew, have beguiled her with false hopes that her child was in being. This is Hope—and this is Faith—and this—the peace that passeth all understanding—is their reward.

We have been somewhat too hard on poor Leontes. We must not blame him for having breathed a disease. He has dree'd a rueful punishment. All the atonement that could be made for his crime he did make—and the heavens had been long hung with black over his head. His crown was worthless in his eyes—his throne the seat of misery. Never for one day, we may believe, had he not been haunted by the ghost of his little son, who died of a broken heart—of the baby exposed in the wild, and never heard of any more, either she or Antigonus. When Paulina says to him, on the arrival of Florizel at his court,

“Had our Prince,
Jewel of children, seen this hour, he had
paired
Well with this lord; there was not full a
month
Between their births.

Leontes. Prythee, no more !
Thou knowest
He dies to me again when talk'd of."

Paulina! thou wast bitter there—and what a pang was thine, Leontes! We almost love Leontes, in spite of his old sin, for his reception of Florizel.

" Leontes. The blessed gods
Purge all infection from our air, whilst you
Do climate here! You have a holy father,
A graceful gentleman; against whose
person,
So sacred as it is, I have done sin;
For which the heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me issueless; and your father's
blessed
(As he from heaven merits it) with you,
Worthy his goodness. *What might I have
been,*
*Might I as a son and daughter now have
behold on,*
Such goodly things as you?"

His love for Hermione, whom, as Paulina somewhat harshly tells him, he had "killed," suffers no abatement any more than his repentance and his remorse. They are all alike sincere. The memory of her beauty is fresh as ever after all those long, dreary, and dismal years; and when Paulina says to him, as he gazes on Perdita, ere she is known by him to be his daughter,

" Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in't; not
a month
'Fore your queen died, she was more
worth such gazes
Than what you look on now!"

He answers meekly,

*" I thought of her
Even in these looks I make!"*

And how could he help it? For we are told afterwards of "the majesty of the creature in resemblance of the mother." His silence on first beholding the supposed statue of Hermione, which he had brought Perdita to look at along with him, is affecting; his ejaculations, broken and passionate, are so too; and when Paulina, as he offers to kiss the statue, tells him to refrain, for that she will make it move, indeed descend, and take him by the hand, while all who think it unlawful business may depart, Leontes, as if some wild dim hope

were preternaturally beating in his heart, says,

" Proceed!
No foot shall stir."

On receiving her embrace, he utters but a very few words, by joy struck mute. It would be unchristian not to forgive Leontes.

Sweet IMOGEN! why madest thou with Posthumus a clandestine marriage? Because the queen was a wicked and cruel stepmother, and would have cared no more to poison thee in the palace than a rat. No blame attaches to a daughter on account of any virtuous love-affair, who has a bad mother. But, besides, the provocation she suffered from that clumsy calf Cloten was loathsome, and loveable was the embrace of the manly Leonatus. For we are assured on the word of a "gentleman," that he was

*" a creature such
As, to seek through the regions of the
earth
For one his like, there would be some-
thing failing;
In him that should compare. I do not
think,
So fair an outward, and such stuff within,
Endows a man but he."*

*" All the learning that his time
Could make him the receiver of he took
As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd, and
In his spring became a harvest; lived in
court,
(Which rare it is to do,) most praised,
most loved;
A sample to the youngest; to the more
mature,
A pluss that teated them; and to the
graver,
A child that guided dotards; to his mi-
tress,
For whom he now is banish'd,—her own
price
Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his
virtue;
By her election may be truly read,
What kind of man he is."*

Fair reader, canst thou blame Imogen? and hear how tenderly her husband speaks to her on the eve of his banishment.

*" My queen! my mi-tress!
O lady! weep no more; lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man!"*

" Write, my queen!

And with mine eyes I'll drink the words
you send,
Though ink be made of gall!"

But to deceive her father! The very contrary is the truth. Cymbeline—second-wife-ridden—wished her to marry Cloten—but Imogen "chose an eagle, and did avoid a puttock." What else could his majesty expect? She tells him plainly, in justification of herself and husband,

"Sir,
It is your fault that I have loved Posthumus:

You bred him as my play-fellow; and he is
A man, worth any woman!"

Is she too bold in thus speaking the truth to her father? The next moment her heart sinks, and when he asks her, "Art thou mad?" She answers—

"Almost, sir: Heaven restore me! Would
I were
A next herd's daughter! and my Leonatus
Our neighbour shepherd's son!"

The *Clandestine Marriage*, then, is vindicated? It is—sacredly. For "she referred herself unto a poor but worthy gentleman." And though her husband is under ban, Imogen will not suffer even the Queen to look in his disparagement. Pisanio informs them that Cloten had drawn on his master, who rather played than fought, and the soul of the young wife is up, as she says sarcastically—

"To draw upon an exile! O brave sir!
I would they were in Afric both together;
*Myself by with a wolf, that I might prick
The gear-back.*"

Maid—bride—wife—and widow, all in one bright glimpse, and one black gloom of time! In her conjugal affection dutiful and beautiful, little doth that wicked stepmother know of the heart of Imogen.

"Queen. Weeps she still, sayest thou?
Dost thou think in time
She will not quench, and let instructions
enter,
Where *folly* now possesses?"

To the poisoner rock-fast love deserves no better name than "*folly*!" Lear, indeed, used almost the same word—but oh! with what other meaning, to his Cordelia!

"See! my *poor fool* is dead!"

And sets it so very bright a jewel in the crown of wedded faith to turn a deaf ear to the seducer? It sets none at all. Nor thought Shakspeare that it did; but above the blackness of Iachimo's guilt the soul of Imogen "star-bright appears." The cunning of the serpent serves to shew the simplicity of the dove. But 'tis a simplicity stronger to guard that holy bosom, than a sevenfold shield of ethereal temper. No temptation had she to sin. The "yellow Iachimo" was even a greater fool than knave. He knew not that

"Virtue never may be moved,
Though lewdness count her in the shape
of heaven!"

But in her dialogue with that dunce, (and clever as he was thought, he was the Prince of Dunces,) the lady's whole character flashed from out her burning eyes, while they withered the libeller of her liege-lord; and her whole character smiled again in the softened orbs, as from his false lips—true at least in this—she listened to the recital of her husband's virtues. We carry the remembrance of that scene along with us when we see her on her way to Milford-Haven—reading that heart-cleaving letter in the handwriting of her own Leonatus—praying passionately—almost proudly—and scarce upbraidingly—for death from Pisanio's sword. Yet she more than submits—she desires still to live. Her husband may be restored from his disease—and by her be more than forgiven. To love like her's life is sweet. Therefore she becomes Fidele, and an inmate of the outlaw's cave.

"Flowers laugh before her in their beds,
And fragrance in her footing treads!"

Her presence beautifies the savage scenery of the forest; and the spirit of Love, breathing through that dim disguise, pervades the heroic hearts of her unknown brothers, uniting the bold and bright with the fearful and the fair, in the mysterious instinct of nature. She seems to die, and that dirge deepens at once our love and our sorrow, as we think of her now a spirit in heaven. So profound and perfect is our pity, as we listen to that poetry and that music—a forest hymn indeed!—that we are al-

most reconciled, even as Guiderius and Arviragus are, to I'dele's death.

"*Gui.* Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages ;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,

Home art gone and ta'en thy wages :
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Gui. No exorciser harm thee !

Arr. Nor no witchcraft charm thee !

Gui. Ghost unlaid forbear thee !

Arr. Nothing ill come near thee !

Both. Quiet consummation have ;
And renowned be thy grave !"

We remember that we used to think of old that Imogen's passion on finding what she believed was the dead body of Posthumus, was not enough *intense*. Boy-critics then were we on Shakspeare—now we are an old man. What is the truth? Imogen has awoke from a poisoned swoon—and has been bestrewed with flowers like one of the dead. As the swoon has gone, on comes sleep. "Faith, I'll lie down and sleep." Something human-like is beside her on the ground; and on the uncertain vision she says to herself, "but soft! no bedfellow!" Then seeing that it is indeed a body, she utters that beautiful exclamation—

"O gods and goddesses !

Those flowers are like the pleasures of the world ;

This bloody man the care on't. *I hope I dream !*"

For a while longer she knows not whether she be or be not in the power of a dream; all she knows is, that her whole being is possessed by fear and trembling. She says,

"But if there be

Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!"

Her fancy—her imagination—as she lies there half-entranced—are bewildered by and bewilder her passion—and all the language then given utterance to in her strange agony is pitched wild and high, a wonderful wailing of poetry.

"The dream's here still! it is even when
I wake,

Without me as within me, not imagined,
felt.

A headless man !"

At that moment her emotion must be—horror. In it all her senses are

bound up; but it relaxes its hold, and she now has the whole miserable use of her eyes. "The garment of Posthumus!" The human heart can suffer but a measure—in hers, it has been an overflowing one—of any one passion. Her actions, her words, are now calmer—they shew almost composure—she inspects the body of her husband with a fearful accuracy of love.

"I know the shape of his leg; this is his
hand;

His foot Mercurial; his Martial thigh;
The brawns of Hercules; but his Jovial
face—

Murder in heaven! How? 'Tis gone!"

Had she seen him lying unmutated in the majestic beauty of death, she would have poured out her heart in tenderest grief, and there would have been more of what is commonly called *pathos* in her lamentations. But the bloody neck—the sight, the touch of that extorts but one wild cry. "Murder in heaven!" "How? 'tis gone!" Who but a Siddons could have uttered these words in shrieks and moans! with suitable accompaniment of stony eyeballs, clay-white face, and the convulsive wringing of agonized hands! Out of the ecstasy of horror, and grief, and pity, and love, and distraction, and despair arise—indignation and wrath towards his murderers. Pisanio! be all curses darted on thee! and that "irregulous devil, Cloten!" All is at once brought to light. The circumstantial evidence of their guilt is "strong as proof of Holy Writ," or rather she sees the murderers revealed, as in a lurid flash of lightning. Forgery! poisoning! assassination! "Damned Pisanio!" "Pisanio!" "Pisanio!" "Damned Pisanio!" "This is Pisanio's deed!" "'Tis he and Cloten!" "Pisanio's deed and Cloten's!" "O, 'tis pregnant, pregnant!" Thus she clenches the proof of their guilt by the iteration of their accursed names, the very sound of every syllable composing them being to her ears full of cruelty and wickedness.

"Where is thy head? where's that? Ah
me! where's that?

*Pisanio might have killed thee at the heart,
And left this head on !*"

But, had his heart been stabbed, and his breast all blood-bedabbled,

would her woe have been less wild? Then had she thought, "he might have spared the heart!" Distracted though she be, and utterly prostrate, what a majestic image crosses her brain, as she gazes on the majestic corpse!

'From this most bravest vessel of the world
Struck the main-top!'"

"O!—

Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
That we the horrid may seem to those
Which chance to find us: O, my lord!
my lord!"

Does she smear her face with his blood? A desperate fancy! In her horror she madly desires to look horrid; and all this world being terribly changed to her, she must be terribly changed too, and strike with allright "those which chance to find her." She has forgot the cave and its dwellers, that, as she was recovering from her swoon, kept glimmering before her eyes. She thinks no more that she "was a cave keeper, and cooked to honest creatures"—to her Guidaricus and Arviragus have ceased to be--their beautiful images are razed out from her brain. She cares not on what part of the wide wild world she may be lying now; and her last words, ere once more stop the beatings of her heart, are, "O, my lord! my lord!" And who are "those who chance to find her?" Lucius, a captain, and other officers, and a soothsayer, conversing about the war.

"Lucius. Soft, ho! what trunk is here.
Without his top? The ruin speaks, that
sometime

It was a worthy building! How! a page!
Oh dead, or sleeping on him? But dead
rather:

For nature doth abhor to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleep upon the
dead.

Let's see the boy's face!"

So felt Lucius—a veteran Roman general. But Imogen, a young British lady, "abhorred not to make her bed with the defunct, or sleep upon the dead;" she had said "but soft! no bedfellow!" Believing it was her husband's corpse she laid down her head, where it had often lain before, and there found oblivion.

Fidele at once finds favour in the eyes of the Roman Lucius and his

attendants, as she had done in the eyes of the Briton Belarius and his princely boys. Lying on that bloody pillow, she utters these most touching words.

"This was my master,
A very valiant Briton, and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain:—
Alas!

There are no more such masters: I may
wander

From east to occident, cry out for service,
Try many, all good, serve truly, never
Find such another master."

"Lucius. Thy name?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very
same.

Thy name well fits thy faith; thy faith
thy name.

Will take thy chance with me: I will not
say

Thou shalt be so well master'd, but, be
sure,

No less beloved.

Go with me.

I do. I'll follow, sir. But first, an't
please the gods,

I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
As the poor pick axes can dig; and
when

With wild wood-leaves and weeds I have
strew'd his grave,

And on it said a century of prayers,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep, and
sigh;

And leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me.

Imo. Ay—good youth;

And rather father thee than master thee.
My friends,

The boy hath taught us many duties:
let us

Find out the prettiest daisied plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and parti-
sans

A grave! Come—arm him! Boy, he is
preferred

By thee to us; and he shall be interred
As soldiers can. B. cheerful; wipe thine
eyes."

The scene is perfect. The flow and ebb of passion is felt by us to be obeying, like the sea, the mysterious law of nature. The huge waves of woe have subsided almost into a calm. The strength of love is now the support of Imogen's life—and the sense of duty. She has no wish either to die or to live; but her despair is no longer distraction; and having grieved till she could grieve no more, and reached the utmost limits of sorrow, there

she is willing submissively to endure her lot. "*Leaving so his service!*" not till with her own fingers she had helped to dig her master's grave! That done, and he buried, "I follow you, so please you entertain me." The warrior bids her "be cheerful and wipe her eyes;" and we can believe that Imogen obeys one half of the injunction—that she does "wipe her eyes;" but as to being "cheerful," never more may a smile visit for a moment that beautiful countenance—though Lucius, looking on it, may believe that his page is happy. To him she is but Fidele; to us—Imogen.

It is wonderful how our pity is never impaired by our knowledge, all the while, that the corpse is not that of Posthumus but Cloten's. Perhaps we forget that it is so; assuredly there is no interruption given to our sympathy; we partake in the same delusion, which is only dispelled at last, to our great relief, by the last words of Lucius,

"Some felts are means the happier to arise."

It was just the same with our feelings for Imogen herself in the forest-cave. The young princes believed her dead—and we, though we knew she was but in a swoon, believed so too—almost sufficiently for any amount of sorrow. The thought that Fidele was not dead but sleeping, was so dim, that it marred not the emotions with which we beheld her funeral rites, and heard the dirge chanted, to the scattering over her fair body of leaves and flowers.

Poor Cloten! He must have been a fine animal, to be mistaken, a headless trunk, for Posthumus. He met with scurvy usage in the forest. Guiderius treated him rather unceremoniously, after hunter's fashion.

"*Re-enter Guiderius with Cloten's head.*
This Cloten was a fool; an empty purse,
There was no money in't, not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none."

"*Re-enter Guiderius.*
I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,
In embassy to his mother; his body's
lostage
For his return."

But what took him so far from home, and into such salvage places? "Post-

humus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off; thy mistress enforced; thy garments cut to pieces before thy face; and all this done, spurn her home to her father, who may, haply, be a little angry for such rough usage." The game of heads is one that two can play at; and Guiderius was first in hand. But why did not Cloten "enforce his mistress" when she was lying in his bosom? Beyond all credibility, she laid herself down in her loveliness even within his very arms. But his courage was cooled—oh! the craven—and he offered not to take even the most innocent little liberty with her peerless person. There was some excuse for his frigidity—why?—for he had lost not only his heart but his head. 'Tis a pretty piece of retributive justice.

• Like a glory from afar, like a reappearing star,"

Imogen shews herself, at the close of this "strange eventful history," in Cymbeline's tent. A gallant company, Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio the faithful, lords, officers, and attendants, Cornelius the physician and ladies, Lucius, Iachimo, the soothsayer and other Roman prisoners guarded, and *behind* POSTHUMUS and IMOGEN. A burst of sunshine brightens a day of storm. There are glorious revelations.

"*Guiderius.* This is sure Fidele!
Aug. to Posth. Why did you throw
your wedded lady from you?

Think, that you are upon a rock; and now
Throw me again. [*Embracing him.*]

Belarius. I, old Morgan,
Am that Belarius whom you sometime
banished:

Mighty sir,
These two young gentlemen, that call me
father,
And think they are my sons, are none of
mine;

They are the issue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting.

Cymbeline. O Imogen!
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom!
Imogen. No, my lord;

I have got two worlds by't.—O my
gentle brothers,
Have we thus met? O never say here-
after,

But I am truest speaker: you call'd me
brother,

When I was but your sister; I you brothers,

When you were so indeed.

Cymbeline. The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought,

He would have well become this place, and graced

The thankings of a king.

Posthumus. I am, sir,

The soldier that did company these three In poor beseeching."

Cloten, being a high-born clown, had honourable death and honourable burial. The Queen is dead—"with horror madly dying, like her life"—and there is happy ending.

"*Cymbeline.* Laud we the gods;

And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils

From our blessed altars!"

The "Winter's Tale" and "Cymbeline," affect us with the same kind of interest. They are kindred creations, "alike, but, oh! how different!" They are the two most delightful dramas in the whole world. Add to them, "As you like it," "The Midsummer Night's Dream," and "The Tempest," and you have the "Planetary Five," whom all eyes may worship.

But the "Winter's Tale" and "Cymbeline" do each other the most resemble—beginning, middle, and end—and their spirit is beauty.

In each the story opens in a court—courts of no common character—the Sicilian and the British—but at no given era—or if given, obscurely and uncertainly; as if no chronology had been kept, and history were not even so much as an "old almanack!"

Hermione and Imogen are both of royal state—a queen and a princess. Both are wedded; but the one is a mother and a matron,—the other, though a bride, looks still as if a virgin. But Hermione had once been of as delicate, as fragile form as Imogen, and Imogen in a few years will be as stately and dignified as Hermione.

Both are suspected—believed by their lords, to be guilty of incontinence—though pure as unfallen snow in its white cloud in heaven. Hermione appeals to the supernal powers, and an oracle proclaims her innocence. Imogen has fallen on still more evil times—and for her the

heavens are mute. The offended majesty of the Sicilian Queen simulates death, and seeks a living tomb. The persecuted simplicity of the British Princess takes refuge from her lord's injustice in a cave of the forest. After many long silent years, Hermione descends, a living statue from its pedestal, and receives her husband into her forgiveness. A few weeks (or but days?) of wild and woeful wandering brings Imogen to the royal tent, and to the bosom of the once more loyal Leonatus. Perdita, a new star, rises in the Sicilian skies—and Guiderius and Arviragus, new twin-stars, are bright in that of Britain.

As nowhere else in all poetry do we so sweetly feel "that lowly shepherd's life is best," as in the pastoral picture of Florizel and Perdita, so nowhere else in all poetry do we so strongly feel the "high life of a hunter," as when we behold those princely boys, Guiderius and Arviragus, bounding along the silvan rocks.

But turn we now to take another farewell look of Desdemona and Cordelia.

The "gentle Desdemona, too," like Imogen, wedded without her father's consent or knowledge; so we believe did Juliet, so did Jessica, and so fain would Perdita have done, and mayhap, had Prospero been unreasonable, even Miranda. Shakespeare is a dangerous author to young ladies who are not orphans. Yet what else could the poor dear innocent affectionate loving young creatures do? Brabantio, that surly old licenser of the press, would never have given his *imprimatur* to an essay on marriage by the Moor. That's flat. Nobody knew that better than his own daughter—and nature never told the "gentle Desdemona" to keep all her gentleness for her sire. None of the "wealthy curled darlings of our nation" had taken her fancy, her feelings, or her heart; but Brabantio, though right in calling her "tender, fair, and happy," was wrong in affirming that her indifference to them proved her to be "opposite to marriage." Iago grossly calls Othello "a black ram," Brabantio speaks with disgust, of his "sooty bosom," and mine Ancient afterwards, in Cyprus, again sarcastically speaks of the "Black Othello." All that is very

well. But not only did Desdemona see "Othello's visage in his mind," but his complexion, as long as he kept his temper, does not appear to have been generally thought repulsive. People at large who know him express no surprise or astonishment at hearing that the noble general had married a beautiful white wife—even the "divine" Desdemona. The fairest women are seen every day marrying what must always seem to us the ugliest men, and for love, or if not for love, for hatred—a still more unaccountable case. Nor had those ugliest men—as far as we ever heard—seen the "Anthropophagi, and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders," nor could the most eloquent of them have delivered a speech, composed for the occasion by a literary friend, half as long as Othello's, in the Council Chamber, even with the assistance of copious notes on a paper that, if observed, might appear to be the lining of his hat. Where is the wonder, then, of that happening once on a time in Venice, which is perpetually happening, without one circumstance of alleviation, in London, and Manchester, and Liverpool, and Birmingham, and Bristol, and Edinburgh, and Glasgow (we know a case in Paisley), namely, that an ugly elderly gentleman wins, woos, and wears a beautiful young lady, fresh and fair from a boarding school, and an adept, though a novice "in house affairs." But in good truth Othello was the finest man of his time—the Captain of the Venetian Six-Foot Club. He was yet in his prime—that is, "somewhat declined into the vale of years, but that not much." No strong-bodied, strong-minded, strong-souled, strong-hearted man reaches his true prime till he is turned of forty; and he keeps in it till sixty—being probably at seventy threatened with a small family by a second or third wife. Othello was also, as all the world knows, the most eloquent man of the age—"Rude am I in speech, and little graced with the set phrase of peace!" So Burke used to speak of "my poor abilities." But hear the Duke of Venice. "I think this tale would win my daughter too," or any other woman. He was the bravest, and the most victorious, and descended—we chance to know—from

the kingly line of Gebel el Tuaric. For how many hundred years did the Moors keep marrying—or worse—Spanish ladies in the Peninsula?

The "gentle Desdemona," then, stands acquitted of all blame, in every court of conscience, and honour, and taste in Europe. But Othello was a modest man, and had within him the germs of fear, and doubt, and jealousy, which, under the infusion of the bitter waters of suspicion poured upon them by the diabolical cunning and malignity of Iago, expanded into a huge hideous flower ten times blacker than the "sooty bosom" in which that deadly nightshade grew—and thence distraction, delirium, danger, despair, and death.

Desdemona was truly a Character of Affection—but of passion too—and likewise of imagination. In her nature affection was predominant—and she was purest of the pure. But she would not "be left behind, a moth of peace,"—an unenjoyed bride.

"If he go to the war,
The rites for which I love him are denied me;"

and she blushes not—nor needed she to blush—in making that avowal in the face of the senate. That was passion—hallowed passion. And witness their meeting after the storm in Cyprus:—

"Oth. O my fair warrior!

Drs. My dear Othello?

Oth. It gives me wonder great as my content,

To see you here before me. O my soul's joy!

If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have waken'd death!

And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas,

Olympus-high; and duck again as low
As hell's from heaven! If it were now to die,

'Twere now to be most happy; for I fear

My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

Desd. The heavens forbid,
But that our loves and comforts should increase,

Even as our days do grow!

Oth. Amen to that, sweet powers!

I cannot speak enough of this content,
It stops me here; it is too much of joy;

And this, and this, the greatest discord
be, [Kissing her.
That e'er our hearts shall make."

That was passion—hallowed passion
—but a fiend was to blast the heaven
it brought in its mingled breath.

"*Iago*. O you are well tuned now,
But I'll set down the pegs that make this
music!"

And that she had imagination, she
shewed the Moor "by devouring up
his discourse,"

"Wherein of antres vast, and deserts
idle,

Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose
heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to speak."

Some one has said, that we "think
as little of the persons of Shak-
speare's heroines as they do them-
selves, because we are let into the
secrets of their hearts, which are
more important." The remark is in
every way poor. In what great tra-
gic dramas are women nobly "doing
or suffering" taken up about their
persons? In none; and in all we
are let into the secrets of their
hearts. But the remark is not true
with respect to us. We do think
very much of their persons, and so
did Shakespeare. And of the persons
of none of them all more than Des-
demona's.

"*Mon*. But, good lieutenant, is your
general wived?

Cas. Most fortunately: he hath
achieved a maid,
That paragons description, and wild fame;
One that excels the quirks of blazoning
pens,
And in the essential vesture of creation,
Does bear all excellency."

"*Cas*. He has had a most favourable
and happy speed:
Tempests themselves, high seas, and
howling winds,
The gutter'd rocks, and congregated
sands,
Traitors ensteep'd to clog the guiltless
keel,

As having sense of beauty, do omit
Their mortal natures, letting go safely by
The divine Desdemona."

"*Cas*. The riches of the ship is come
on shore!
Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your
knees:
Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of
heaven,

Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
Enwheel thee round!"

* * * * *

"*Iago*. She is sport for Jove.

Cas. She's a most exquisite lady.
An inviting eye; and yet methinks right
modest.

She is indeed perfection."

And in what graceful accomplish-
ments befitting her gentle condition
did Desdemona not excel?

"Is free of speech, sings, plays, and
dances well."

"So delicate with her needle! An ad-
mirable musician! O she will sing the
savageness out of a bear! Of so high and
plenteous wit and invention!"

Othello himself tells us so the
very instant he had said—

"Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be
damned to-night!"

On both sides the love was perfect
love. On Othello's, high and heroic,
and exulting in its guardian power ex-
tended like a shield over the blessed
object of a new delight. On Desde-
mona's, pure, profound, devoted, and
fearlessly happy, in the pride of ha-
ving her destiny linked with that glo-
rious alien who was the pride and
the prop of the state. Nature made
them for each other—though he was
sable, and she exceeding fair—his
soul made of fire, and hers of the
moonlight—and nothing in the com-
mon course of nature hindered that
through all life long they should be
blessed. But power is given to the
Prince of the Air to trouble with
perplexity and confusion the clearest
and the noblest spirits—and he had
an earthly minister of his will, a devil
in a human shape—"I look down
towards his feet—but that's a fable"
—that leered, and sneered, and in-
sinuated, and lied, and whispered
Othello into a murderer.

Desdemona's case was a far dif-
ferent one, indeed, from that of either
Hermione or Imogen. Hermione
had with her all the court. Leontes
was furious, but not terrible—his
senseless anger wanted the dreadful-
ness of deadly wrath. His queen
was granted a public trial. And
nobly she stood up in her own de-
fence. Appeal being made to the
Oracle, in her innocence she had no-
thing to fear. Her dignity was that
of a noble nature; and self-support-

ed, heaven-acquitted, her very stature seems to rise before our imagination at the reading of the response. No fears have we for her from the beginning to the end of her husband's jealousy—we foresee her triumph. Imogen has not to look on the face of Posthumus while he is meditating her murder. At hearing of that letter her agony is great—but she soon sees that she has no reason to shudder at Pisanio's sword. Her adventures are wild; but with grief and horror are mingled comfort and peace, and all she meets sympathize with her in her known and unknown affliction. Most beautiful is her character in all her trials; but her very despair seems to fade into melancholy, like mournful music or moonlight. Nothing happens to shake our trust, for a moment, in a happy ending; the fair pilgrim we know well is not to be a martyr; her sufferings are not those of one who is to be herself a sacrifice. But Desdemona! she is seen to be circumvented, almost from the very first change on the Moor's face, with inevitable doom. For a while she herself has no fears, for she knows not of what she is suspected—that she is suspected at all; nor can she be made to comprehend that in Othello's soul there is any evil thought towards her—her innocence being so perfect that she cannot even imagine guilt.

Emil. Pray heaven, it be state matters, as you think;
And no conception, nor no jealous toy,
Concerning you.

Des. Alas, the day! I never gave him cause.

Emil. But jealous souls will not be answer'd so:

They are not ever jealous for the cause,
But jealous for they are jealous: 'tis a monster,

Begot upon itself, born on itself.

Des. Heaven keep that monster from Othello's mind!"

A prayer for him, not for herself—so blind in her simplicity is the most innocent of victims!

Even after she can no longer doubt that "this monster has entered Othello's mind," she feels but for him; and all her demeanour is marked by a "sadder cheer." But still she is happy, so profound is her love. Ere long she becomes very mournful

to think of the change from the days when first

"She loved him for the dangers he had past,
And he loved her because she pitied them."

And then, as if stupified by his dreadful looks, she resigns herself with but feeble resistance to the feeling of her fate.

Des. By my troth, I'm glad on't.

Oth. Indeed!

Des. My lord?

Oth. I am glad to see you mad.

Des. How, sweet Othello!

Oth. Devil! [*Striking her.*]

Des. I have not deserved this.

Oth. O devil! devil!

Des. I will not stay to offend you.

[*Going.*]

Oth. Hence! avaunt!

[*Exit Desdemona.*]

That blow (only a blackamoor could have struck it) has killed all the strength that lodged in Desdemona's heart—but love. She is more than passive now—for she walks in the fear of the shadow of death. Sent for, she comes—"My lord! what is your will?"

Oth. Let me see your eyes; look in my face.

Des. What horrible fancy's this?"

Yet in the midst of all Othello's mortal wrath, foaming with surf, she cannot think how that she can be its cause!

"If, haply, you my father do suspect,
An instrument of this your calling back,
Lay not the blame on me!"

"I hope my noble lord esteems me honest."

"Alas! what ignorant sin have I committed!"

Oth. What committed?

Impudent strumpet!

Des. By heaven! you do me wrong.

Oth. Are you not a strumpet?

Des. No; as I am a Christian!

If to preserve this vessel for my lord,
From any other soul unlawful touch,
Be—not to be a strumpet, I am none.

Oth. What, not a whore?

Des. No; as I shall be saved!

Oth. Is it possible?

Des. O, heaven forgive us!

Oth. I cry your mercy then.

I took you for that cunning whore of Venice

That married with Othello."

We know not how Hermione, how Imogen would have stood this; but Desdemona, on waking from her half-sleep, says to Emilia—

“Pr’ythee, to night
Lay on my bed my wedding-sheets—re-
member!”

She knew that she was to be murdered—yet in her the love of life at last was strong—and piteously does she plead to the roaring sea—but not so strong as her love of her own innocence—both together less than her love of Othello!

“Des. A guiltless death I die!

Emil. O who hath done this deed?

Des. Nobody; I myself; farewell!

Commend me to my kind lord; O, fare-
well! [Dies.”

The lady who has best of all spoken of Desdemona, supplies us with a farewell. “She is a victim consecrated from the first”—“an offering without blemish”—alone worthy of the grand final sacrifice; all harmony, all grace, all purity, all tenderness, all truth, all forgiveness!

CORDELIA! how happened it in nature that thou wert own sister to Goneril and Regan? You were all three brought up together—saw the same sights—heard the same sounds—danced over the same sward—slept under the same roof—were bred in the same faith. And yet, lo! a Scraph and two Fiends!

O Lear! foolish must thou have been, even before old age came upon thee, never once to have suspected aught of evil in the daughters who afterwards drove thee mad! No—it shewed thee of a noble nature. Their “beauty made thee glad;” and a father’s love, boundless and bright as a cloudless heaven, in its embracement, believed that beauty to be virtue.

The old king—we may well suppose—had no doubts of the equal filial affection of all the three. ’Twas but a fond scheme for meting out among them his dominions in equal measure. He expected to hear from their lips but various expression of the same superlative love. Viewed in this light, there is nothing to find fault with—nothing absurd—in the father’s fond conceit. And how beautifully do they all three speak!

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“Lear. Tell me, my daughters,
(Since now we will divest us, both of
rule,
Interest of territory, cares of state.)
Which of you, shall we say, doth love us
most?

That we our largest bounty may extend
Where merit doth most challenge it.—
Goneril,

Our eldest born, speak first.

Gou. Sir, I

Do love you more than words can wield
the matter,

Dearer than eye-sight, space, and liberty;
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare;
No less than life, with grace, health,
beauty, honour;

As much as child e’er lov’d, or father
fount.

A love, that makes breath poor, and
speech unable;

Beyond all manner of so much I love
you.

Cor. What shall Cordelia do? Love,
and be silent. [Aside.

Lear. Of all these bounds, even from
this line to this,

With shadowy forests and with cham-
pains rich’d,

With plentiful rivers and wide-skirted
meads,

We make thee lady: To thine and Al-
bany’s issue

Be this perpetual.—What says our se-
cond daughter,

Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall?
Speak.

Reg. I am made of that self metal
as my sister,

And prize me at her worth. In my true
heart

I find, she names my very deed of love;
Only she comes too short,—that I profess

Myself an enemy to all other joys,
Which the most precious square of sense

possesses;
And find, I am alone felicitate

In your dear highness’ love.

Cor. Then poor Cordelia! [Aside.
And yet not so; since, I am sure, my

love’s
More richer than my tongue.

Lear. To thee, and thine, hereditary
ever,

Remain this ample third of our fair king-
dom;

No less in space, validity, and pleasure,
Than that confin’d on Goneril.—Now,

our joy,
Although the last, not least; to whose

young love
The vines of France, and milk of Bur-
gundy,

Strive to be interest’d; what can you
say, to draw

A third more opulent than your sisters? "Obey you, love you, and most honour you,"

Speak.

Cor. Nothing, my lord.

Lear. Nothing?

Cor. Nothing.

Lear. Nothing can come of nothing; speak again.

Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave

My heart into my mouth: I love your majesty

According to my bond; nor more, nor less.

Lear. How, how, Cordelia? mend your speech a little,

Lest it may mar your fortunes.

Cor. Good my lord,

You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me: I Return those duties back as are right fit,

Obey you, love you, and most honour you.

Why have my sisters husbands, if they say They love you, all? Haply, when I shall wed,

That lord, whose hand must take my plight, shall carry

Half my love with him, half my care, and duty:

Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters, To love my father all.

Lear. But goes this with thy heart?

Cor. Ay, good my lord.

Lear. So young, and so untender?

Cor. So young, my lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be so,—Thy truth then be thy dower.

For, by the sacred radiance of the sun;
The mysteries of Hecate, and the night;
By all the operations of the orbs,
From whom we do exist, and cease to be;

Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,

And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hold thee, from this, for ever. The barbarous Scythian,

Or he that makes his generation messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom

Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,

As thou, my sometime daughter."

As thou, my sometime daughter."

As thou, my sometime daughter."

As thou, my sometime daughter."

As thou, my sometime daughter."

As thou, my sometime daughter."

As thou, my sometime daughter."

As thou, my sometime daughter."

As thou, my sometime daughter."

As thou, my sometime daughter."

As thou, my sometime daughter."

As thou, my sometime daughter."

is a noble epitome of filial duties, and might satisfy any father. But its simplicity seemed tame to Lear's heated brain, with the sound of Regan's and Goneril's magniloquence in his ears; and had not her repugnance to their false and hollow rhetoric been so strong in her truthful heart, Cordelia would not have been slow to soothe her old, almost doting father's impatience, by giving a warmer glow and a brighter colouring than was her wont to her silver speech.

The Disinherited undergoes the indignity of rejection from Burgundy, whom we know at that moment she did not love; but France, who had exchanged hearts with her, says, that to believe aught wrong of her, "most best, most dearest, reason without miracle could never plant in me." We see a crown already on her head. How beautifully is her character now evolved!

"*Cor.* I yet beseech your majesty,
(If for I want that gab and only art,
To speak and purpose not; since what I
well intend,
I'll do't before I speak,) that you make known

It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,
No unchaste action, or dishonour'd step,
That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour.

But even for want of that, for which I am richer;

A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue
That I am glad I have not, though, not to have it,

Hath lost me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou
Hast not been born, than not to have pleas'd me better.

France. Is it but this? a tardiness in nature,

Which often leaves the history unspeoke,
That it intends to do?—My lord of Burgundy,

What say you to the lady? Love is not love,

When it is mingled with respects, that stand

Aloof from the entire point. Will you have her?

She is herself a dowry.

Bur. Royal Lear,
Give but that portion which your self propos'd,

And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Duchess of Burgundy,

And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Duchess of Burgundy,

And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Duchess of Burgundy,

And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Duchess of Burgundy,

Lear. Nothing: I have sworn; I am firm.

Bar. I am sorry then, you have so lost a father,
That you must lose a husband.

Cor. Peace be with Burgundy!
Since that respects of fortune are his love,
I shall not be his wife.

France. Fairest Cordelia, thou art
most rich, being poor;
Most choice, forsaken; and most lov'd,
despis'd!

Thine and thy virtues here I seize upon:
Be it lawful, I take up what's cast away.
Gods, gods! 'tis strange, that from their
cold'st neglect

My love should kindle to inflam'd respect.—

Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to
my chance,
Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair
France

Not all the dukes of wat'rish Burgundy
Shall buy this unpriz'd precious maid of
me, —

Tad them farewell, Cordelia, though un-
weld.

Thou lovest here, a better where to find."

Cordelia is not *in love*. But love
is in her—meek and gentle love,
wifelike ere yet she be a bride. Her
behaviour already proves that she
spoke the sacred truth when she
said,

"Haply, when I shall wed,
That hood, whose hand must take my
plight, shall carry
Half my love with him, half my care,
and duty:
Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,
To love my father all."

The native dignity of her guileless-
ness and innocence seems to rise in
her confiding surrender of herself to
the guardianship of France, who is
himself kingly in our eyes, as he
"seizes upon" the "unprized pre-
cious maid," that she may in empery,
as in nature, be a sovereign Queen.

"Then like the rainbow's lovely form,
She vanishes amid the storm."

Not again, till the middle of the
fourth act, do we, with our bodily
eyes, behold Cordelia. But during
all the intermediate terrors and hor-
rors, her visionary image, ever and
anon, seems, dovelike, gliding by;
and oh! that it might settle down
by the Old Man's side! He had soon
felt her loss, ere yet began his worst
malady and all its miseries.

"*Knight.* Since my young lady's going
into France, sir, the fool hath much pined
away.

Lear. No more of that; I have noted it
well."

When his heart is cut—cleft by
Goneril—he piteously cries—

"O most small fault,
How ugly didst thou in Cordelia shew!
Which, like an engine, wrench'd my
frame of nature
From its fix'd place; drew from my heart
all love,
And added to the gall!"

Yet, except on these two occa-
sions, Lear never alludes to Corde-
lia. In his insanity he has forgotten
her utterly—she is to him as if she
had never been born. "Our Joy!
though last, not least," has dropt
away into oblivion. O worst be-
reavement! when loss of reason is
loss of love! But his Cordelia comes
flying towards him now, like a dove
with healing under her wings. She
has heard all—she has shpook

"The holy water from her heavenly
eyes,"

and crossed the sea to his rescue.

"*Cor.* Alack, 'tis he; why, he was
met even now
As mad as the vex'd sea; singing aloud;
Crown'd with rank fumiter, and furrow
weeds,
With harlocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-
flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn.—A century send
forth;
Search every acre in the high-grown field,
And bring him to our eye.—

(*Exit an OFFICER.*)—

What can man's wisdom do,
In the restoring his bereaved sense?
He, that helps him, take all my outward
worth.

Phy. There is means, madam;
Our foster-nurse of nature is repose,
The which he lacks; that to provoke in
him,

Are many simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of anguish.

Cor. All bless'd secrets,
All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth,
Spring with my tears! be aidant, and re-
mediate,

In the good man's distress!—Seek, seek
for him;

Let his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life
That wants the means to lead it.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. Madam, news;

The British powers are marching hitherward.

Cor. 'Tis known before; our preparation stands

In expectation of them.—O dear father, it is thy business that I go about;

Therefore great France

My mourning, and important tears, hath pitied.

No blown ambition doth our arms incite, But love, dear love, and our aged father's right;

Soon may I hear and see him!

[*Exeunt.*]

The same still, serene, heavenly being, as when she first meekly bore her father's curse! Even now the passion of pity in her soul is profound rather than disturbed—it dwells on the image of her father's person, as it had been described to her, crowned with that rueful diadem. Calmly she gives her orders "to search every acre in the high-grown fields"—and calmly she promises "all her outward worth" to those who shall help "in the restoring of his bereaved sense." Calmly she listens to the Physician, who holds out the hope of the restorative power of sleep; and calmly, but how devoutly, she prays—

"All bless'd secrets,

All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth, Spiring with my tears! be aidant, and remediate,

In the good man's distress!"

What love, grief, pity, forgiveness, in that one word "*good*!" No—not forgiveness. For she had never—at no time—felt any sense of injury towards her father. Least of all—*now!*

"*Cor.* O thou good Kent, how shall I live, and work,

To match thy goodness? My life will be too short,

And every measure fail me.

Kent. To be acknowledg'd, madam, is overpaid.

• All my reports go with the modest truth;

Nor more, nor clipp'd, but so.

Cor. Be better suited;

These words are memories of those worse hours;

• I pry thee, put them on.

Kent. Pardon me, dear madam;

Yet to be known, shortens my made intent;

My boon I make it, that you know me not,

Till time and I think meet.

Cor. Then be it so, my good lord.— How does the king?

(*To the Physician.*)

Phys. Madam, sleeps still.

Cor. O you kind gods,

Cure this great breach in his abused nature!

The ununed and jarring senses, O, wind up,

Of this child-changed father!

Phys. So please your majesty,

That we may wake the king? he hath slept long.

Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed

If the sway of your own will. Is he arrayed?

Cor. Ay, madam; in the heaviness of his sleep,

We put fresh garments on him.

Phys. Be by, good madam, when we do awake him;

I doubt not of his temperance.

Cor. Very well.

Phys. Please you draw near,—Lauder the music there.

Cor. O my dear father! Restoration, hang

Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss

Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters

Have in thy reverence made!

Kent. Kind and dear princess!

Cor. Had you not been their father, these white flakes

Had challenged pity of them. Was this a face

To be exposed against the warring winds? To stand against the deep-draughted thunder?

In the most terrible and nimble stroke

Of quick, cross lightning? to watch (poor peevish)

With this thin helm. Mine enemy's dog, Though he had bit me, should have stood that night

Against my fire: And wast thou fain, poor father,

To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,

In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!

'Tis wonder, that thy life and wits at once

Had not concluded all.—He wakes; speak to him.

Phys. Madam, do you; 'tis fittest.

Cor. How does my royal lord? How fares your majesty?

Lear. You do me wrong, to take me out o' the grave:—

Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound

Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own
tears

Do scald like molten lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a spirit, I know: When
did you die?

Cor. Still, still, far wide!

Phys. He's scarce awake; let him
alone awhile.

Lear. Where have I been? Where am
I?—Fair daylight?—

I am mightily abus'd.—I should even die
with pity,

To see another thus.—I know not what
to say—

I will not say so, these are my hands:—
let's see;

I feel this pin prick.—Would I were as-
sail'd

Of my condition!

Cor. O, look upon me, sir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er
me:—

No, sir, you must not kneel.

Lear. Pray, do not mock me:

I am a very foolish fond old man,
Four score and upward; and, to deal
plainly,

I fear, I am not in my perfect mind.

Me'banks, I should know you, and know
this man;

Yet I am doubtful, for I am mainly ig-
norant

What place this is; and all the skill I
have

Remembers not these garments; nor I
know not

Where I did lodge last night. Do not
laugh at me;

For, as I am a man, I think this lady

To be my child Cordelia.

Cor. And so I am, I am.

Lear. Be your tears wet? Yes, 'faith.

I pray, weep not:

If you have poison for me, I will drink
it.

I know you do not love me; for your
sisters

Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:
You have some cause, they have not.

Cor. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in France?

Kent. In your own kingdom, sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Phys. Be comforted, good madam: the
great rage,

You see, is cur'd in him: and yet it is
danger

To make him even o'er the time he has
lost.

Desire him to go in; trouble him no
more,

Till further settling.

Cor. Will't please your highness walk?

Lear. You must bear with me:

Pray now, forget and forgive: I am old,
and foolish.

[*Exeunt LEAR, CORDELIA, Phy-
sician, and Attendants.*]

Has Lear been shewn, for the first
time, to Cordelia's eyes—asleep?
So it seems to us.

"*Cor.* Is he arrayed?

Gent. Ay, madam; in the heaviness
of his sleep,

We put fresh garments on him."

She had not been suffered, angel of
mercy though she was, to look on
her father in a madman's garb! The
same calm Cordelia! How consider-
ate to Kent!

"Be better suited,

These weeds are memories of those wors-
er hours.

I pry'thee, put them off."

Kent had been telling her the
whole woful story while his Lord
the King was sleeping. Implicitly
as a child she delivers up her hope-
ful and trustful soul to the Physi-
cian. "Very well!"

While music is playing that it may
compose his sleep, she lets fall her
kisses, with words holy as them-
selves—and the touch awakens an
agony of passion. Cordelia is calm
no longer, and breaks out into vehe-
ment questionings of pity, wonder,
and indignation—but prevalent is
still the pity—her sisters are soon
forgotten—all his most abject and
rueful sufferings crowd upon her,—
till—"he wakes,"—and then, with
her high characteristic calmness and
composure, commanding down the
gush of tenderness that must at that
moment have been choking her ut-
terance, she merely says to the Phy-
sician—"speak to him!" But idle
indeed all commentaries on such re-
velations.

Cordelia is a conqueror. Disease
and madness sink before her power.
In the spiritual kingdom she is
mighty to save. But in the war
fought with weapons of clay, the
Merciful cannot cope with the Cruel.
Hate and Sin triumph over Love and
Piety; and Lear, half-restored to his
poor wits and wholly to his right af-
fections, and his ministering angel,
are prisoners "to these daughters
and these sisters," and that ambitious
Bastard, their savage paramour.

"Edm. Some officers take them away :
good guard ;

Until their greater pleasures first be
known,

That are to censure them.

Cor. We are not the first,
Who, with best meaning, have incurr'd
the worst.

For thee, oppressed king, am I cast down ;
Myself could else out-frown false fortune's
frown.—

Shall we not see these daughters, and
these sisters ?

Lear. No, no, no, no ! Come, let's
away to prison :

We two alone will sing like birds i'the
cage :

When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll
kneel down,

And ask of thee forgiveness : So we'll
live,

And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and
laugh

At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news ; and we'll talk with
them too,—

Who loses, and who wins ; who's in,
who's out ;—

And take upon us the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies : And we'll
wear out,

In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of
great ones,

That ebb and flow by the moon.

Edm. Take them away.

Lear. Upon such sacrifices, my Cor-
delia,

The gods themselves throw incense. Have
I caught thee ?

He, that parts us, shall bring a brand
from heaven,

And fire us hence, like foxes. Wipe thine
eyes ;

The gougiers shall devour them, flesh and
fell,

Ere they shall make us weep : we'll see
them starve first.

Come. [Exit LEAR and COR-
DELIA, guarded.]

What a blessed change has been
wrought on poor old Lear ! No
more he cries

" the tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else,
Save what beats here."

He has forgotten the hovel on the
heath—the creature " crown'd with
rank fumiter," " singing aloud," " as
mad as the next sea"—he will not
think of those " unnatural hags."—
" No—no—no—no"—but the pri-
son to which he and his Cordelia are

doomed, shines like a place of ver-
nal and summer joy.

" We two alone will sing like birds i'the
cage."

And to higher thoughts than of plea-
santness and peace, " the aged mo-
narch's soul awoke." The very es-
sence of his being seems to have
come sublimed from the furnace of
affliction. A loftier occupation shall
be his in his dungeon, than he had
ever dreamt of in his palace.

" And take upon us the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies !"

As if—saith Samuel Johnson—so-
lemnly—we were angels commis-
sioned to survey and report the lives
of men, and were consequently en-
dowed with the power of prying in-
to the original motives of action and
the mysteries of conduct.

" Enter LEAR, with CORDELIA dead in his
arms ; EDGAR, Officer, and Others.

Lear. Howl, howl, howl, howl !—O,
you are men of stones ;

Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use
them so

That heaven's vault should crack :—O,
she is gone for ever !—

I know when one is dead, and when one
lives ;

She's dead as earth :—Lend me a look-
ing-glass ;

If that her breath will mist or stain the
stone,

Why, then she lives."

" And my poor fool is hang'd !—
no life !

Do you see this ? Look on her,—look,
—her lips,—

Look there, look there !— [He dies.]

Almost every word spoken by
Cordelia have we here set down ;
how few they are—but in power how
mighty ! Well and beautifully does
the gifted lady, whose work has been
lying before us while we have been
writing, say, that " if Lear be the
grandest of Shakspeare's Tragedies,
Cordelia, in herself, as a human be-
ing, governed by the purest and ho-
liest impulses and motives, the most
refined from all dross of selfishness
and passion, approaches nearest to
perfection ; and in her adaptation, as

a dramatic personage, to a determinate plan of action, may be pronounced altogether perfect. Amid the awful, the overpowering interest of the story; amid the terrible convulsions of passion and suffering, and pictures of moral and physical wretchedness, which harrow up the soul, the tender influence of Cordelia, like that of a celestial visitant, is felt and acknowledged without being quite understood. Like a soft star that shines for a moment from behind a stormy cloud, and the next is swallowed up in tempest and darkness, the impression it leaves is beautiful and deep,—but vague. From the simplicity with which the character is dramatically treated, and the small space it occupies, few are aware of its internal power or its wonderful depth of purpose. If Cordelia remind us of any thing on earth, it is of one of those Madonnas in the old Italian pictures, ‘with downcast eyes beneath th’ Almighty dove;’ and as that heavenly form is connected with our human sympathies only by the expression of maternal tenderness or maternal sorrow, even so Cordelia would be almost too angelic, were she not linked to our earthly feelings, bound to our very hearts, by her filial love, her wrongs, her suffering, and her tears.”

In the story of King Lear and his Three Daughters, as it is related in the “delectable and mellifluous” romance of *Perce Forest*, and in the *Chronicle of Geoffrey of Monmouth*, the conclusion is fortunate. Mrs. Jameson says that she supposes “it is by way of amending his errors, and bringing back this daring innovator to sober history, that it has been thought fit to alter the play of Lear for the stage as they have altered *Romeo and Juliet*. They have converted the seraph-like Cordelia into a pining love-heroine, and sent her off victorious at the end of the play,—exit with drums and colours flying—to be married to *Edgar*.” This last is rather too bold a stroke for a wife, seeing that Cordelia has a husband already—the King of France. But him, we presume, they put out of the way by death, or divorce; and Cordelia walks off in the character of the Widow Bewitched.

We have never been so fortunate as to read this version of the story,

nor yet to see it acted; but we believe the original sinner was Tate, of the firm of Tate, Brady, and Co. Dr. Johnson observes, “that though the important moral, that villainy is never at a stop, that crimes lead to crimes, and at last terminate in ruin, be incidentally enforced, yet Shakspeare has suffered the virtue of Cordelia to perish in a just cause, contrary to the natural ideas of justice, to the hope of the reader, and what is yet more strange, to the faith of the *Chronieler*.” And he seems surprised that this conduct is justified by the *Spectator*, who blames Tate for giving Cordelia success and happiness in the alteration, and declares that in his opinion “the tragedy has lost half its beauty.” Samuel sides with Tate against Shakspeare and Addison. But though Samuel—in this case—be in the wrong, we cannot but respect and love the high-minded and tender-hearted heretic. “A phy,” quoth he, “in which the wicked prosper, and the virtuous miscarry, may doubtless be good, because it is a just representation of the common events of human life; but since all reasonable beings naturally love justice, I cannot easily be persuaded that the observation of justice makes a play worse; or that if other excellencies are equal, the audience will not always rise better pleased from the final triumph of persecuted virtue. In the present case, the public has decided. Cordelia, from the time of Tate, has always retired with victory and felicity. And if my sensations could add any thing to the general suffrage, I might relate I was many years ago so shocked with Cordelia’s death, that I know not whether I ever endured to read again the last scenes of the play till I undertook to revise them as an editor.”

Too harrowing had been the horror—too dreadful the terror—the pity too severe, to the shuddering soul of him, rightly called the great English Moralist. He could not endure to see Lear enter with Cordelia dead in his arms—to hear him utter “O my poor fool is hanged!” He was afraid to read those scenes—glad to escape from the belief that such wretchedness could be in this world—happy to see sunshine stream down at last from the black sky, and

settle into a spot of peace on the bosom of the green earth. For sake of such relief from pathos too intense, he was willing to sacrifice the most awful triumph ever achieved by the genius of mortal man over the darkest mysteries of our nature.

Blame him not—rather let him have our reverence. Neither, surely, is he to be found fault with for saying, that “since all reasonable beings love justice, he cannot easily be persuaded that the observation of justice makes a play worse.” It must always make it better. But is there here any injustice? To the last moment of her life Cordelia was happy—

“Fair creature! to whom Heaven
A calm and sinless life, with love, hath
given!”

A few days of what we might call misery were all she ever suffered. She could not change insanity into perfect health—but she said—

“O my dear father! Restoration, hang
Thy medicine on my lips; and let this
kiss
Repair those violent harms, that my two
sisters
Have in thy reverence made!”

And Restoration came at that invocation, and did her bidding; so that, when afterwards sent to prison together, Lear said they two would sing there, like “birds i’ the cage!” And so they did; till a slave stole in upon their holy communion, and Cordelia in a moment was murdered—and sent to bliss.

“O fairest flower! no sooner blown than
blasted!”

For not till then was the beauty of Cordelia’s being full-blown, under the sunshine of joy and the dews of pity—it was perfect—and in its perfection ceased to be on earth, and was transferred to heaven.

“Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and t’en thy wages.”

What were they—her wages? Blessings from her father’s quieted eyes! the still delight of duty unconscious of its own grandeur in the depth of love!

Schlegel speaks well—“after surviving so many sufferings, Lear can only die in a tragical manner

from his grief for the death of Cordelia; and if he is also to be saved, and to pass the remainder of his days in happiness, the whole loses its meaning. According to Shakespeare’s plan, the guilty, it is true, are all punished, for wickedness destroys itself; but the auxiliary virtues are everywhere too late, or overmatched by the cunning activity of malice. The persons of the drama have only such a faint belief in providence as heathens may be supposed to have; and the poet here writes to shew us that this belief requires a wider range than the dark pilgrimage on earth to be established in its utmost extent.” Most true. Only the light from beyond the grave can enable our eyes to see into the mystery of the darkness in which all things on this side of it are shrouded; and poetical justice itself can only be felt in the spirit of religion.

Charles Lamb, alluding to Tate’s botchings, says well—“It is not enough that Cordelia is a daughter, she must shine as a lover too.” Where is her husband? He seems to have come with her across the Channel—but to have been recalled by some sudden disturbances in France. Nobody doubts that Cordelia was a perfect wife. That is implied in her filial piety. But her conjugal duties were for a while to lie dormant and forgotten—along with her lord and their mutual love. She was sent on a higher mission—and in Nature’s holiest cause she was a martyr. “A happy ending!” exclaims Mr Lamb—“as if the living martyrdom that Lear had gone through—the flaying of his feelings alive, did not make a fair dismissal from the stage of life, the only decorous thing for him. If he is to live and be happy after, if he could sustain the world’s burden after, why all this pudder and preparation—why torment us with all this unnecessary sympathy? As if the childish pleasure of getting his gilt robes and sceptre again could tempt him to act over again his misused station—as if, at his years and with his experience, any thing was left but to die!”

Characters of the Affections! Hermione, Imogen, Desdemona, and Cordelia! Farewell. May we now be permitted to philosophize?

The language of ethical writers in general seems to oppose the idea of making the Affections objects of moral approbation.

Thus Dr Reid, (Essay V., Chap. 5.) speaks unequivocally:—"If virtue and vice be a matter of choice, they must consist in voluntary actions, or in fixed purposes of acting according to a certain rule, when there is opportunity, and not in qualities of mind which are involuntary."

Thus Mr Stewart, (*Outlines*, 257, 258,) more explicitly still:—"The propriety or impropriety of our conduct depends in no instance on the strength or weakness of the affection, but on our obeying or disobeying the dictates of reason and of conscience." In connexion with which he says, "our affections were given us to arrest our attention to particular objects, whose happiness is connected with our exertions; and to excite and support the activity of the mind, when a sense of duty might be insufficient for the purpose."

Both these writers here speak what may be considered as the received language of moralists. They are not proposing new views, but referring to acknowledged principles.

In all these observations it is laid down as an unquestionable maxim, that in order to constitute virtue, there must be in the mind of the agent at the time a knowledge of his conformity with the rule of virtue. It is further represented that to make any thing a free election, which the affections are

Now, we cannot help thinking, that notwithstanding both these maxims, which would exclude the affections, generally speaking, from morality, they are nevertheless justly esteemed, by the common sentiment of mankind, as the great constituents of virtue.

Let us speak first of a class of affections which are looked upon with the highest respect, and most decided moral approbation—those which regard parents; and we would ask, whether a child whose mind is much filled with these affections, is full of reverence, of fond and grateful feeling, towards those to whom it seems to itself to owe all things, tenderly fearful to give them pain, and only solicitous to do their

pleasure, does or does not bear a mind of which the *state* itself, considered without respect to the particular actions it suggests, but regarded as a frame of mind, (only with confidence that it is sufficiently sincere and fixed to produce its own actions when occasion may arise,) is not an object of moral approbation? Now there can be but one answer, that the filial piety of such a child would be the object of our very purest and highest and most delighted praise. Yet in such a mind there shall be no consideration that these feelings are right, and that feelings different from these would be wrong. There shall be nothing but the pure and simple inspiration of affection. Still less would there be in such a temper of mind, and in all the feelings that sprung up in it, any thing of election or choice. The very supposition that they are affections, precludes all choice. The acts indeed are matter of choice, but they derive their worth and character solely from the motive, in which there is here no choice; and even these are not considered by the mind by any rule of right, but are tried merely how far they accord with the feelings that are in the heart.

Now, this single case, if it be admitted, will entirely set aside the absolute authority of those two principles which we have cited from Dr Reid and Mr Stewart, and which are very commonly admitted. It will shew that these rules require to be explained, and to be much restricted in their application; that if they are useful, it is in particular cases; but that as absolute *tests of morality*, in which sense they are proposed, they do not hold good;—since here is a case of a very high moral order, in which they are totally inapplicable. And this case, it will be observed, though proposed as a single one, is merely the representative of a very extensive order of moral cases,—*all* those of pure, good, rightly-directed native affection. The instance of a mind so perfectly pure and good as we have supposed, is a rare one, but such do occur; and it would be no vindication, but the strongest objection, to a theory of morals, that it would not include those cases, however rare, which were rare only from the height of moral excellence they implied. We

have represented nearly the only case in which it is supposable that the mind may be full of spontaneous goodness, without having yet begun to judge itself by any rule of right and wrong. But the same will hold of innumerable affections. Does it diminish the merit of gratitude in our eyes, that it comes as a spontaneous and irresistible movement upon the heart? Or do we approve more of him who measures the returns of kindness which he will make, precisely to what the kindness done requires, than of him whose unsatisfied feelings persuade him that he has never done enough? Imagine him who fights in his country's battles, and to whom nothing that his power can do seems sufficient to satisfy his longing desire to render her service; only admitting that his desire is for her, and not for himself. Or suppose any of the acts of kindness which one human being renders to another. Does the quick strong impulse from which it flows, take away the ground of approbation, or does it constitute it?

It is true that passing emotions of right feeling are not virtue; nor is a single good affection. But suppose any man, who in all the various relations of life feels kindly, warmly, generously, and who in performing all its offices is influenced by the pleasure he feels, and by a sense of natural aversion to that which would be contrary to his just, kind, right feelings—should we withhold our esteem from such a man, and say that his feelings had no moral quality because they were involuntary? or his actions, because they were prompted by his feelings, and not measured to a known rule of right?

We are inclined to think, that by far the greater part of the moral approbation and disapprobation we bestow in life, is given from recognising the presence or absence of such right affections.

If the nature of man be truly considered, and the purport of the greater part of the moral instruction which he receives, and the moral discipline he passes through, it will be found that the great object of all is to frame him to right feelings. Are these feelings right and moral only because they have been formed in the mind against nature? And do they lose their character when by greater hap-

piness of disposition, and of the circumstances of life, they are found there unforced, springing up in the very bounty of nature?

The most perfect regulation of the mind towards the Supreme Being, is a regulation of feelings. Does it diminish in our esteem the regard due to the most perfect piety, that it was from the beginning a predominant feeling in the soul?—and that it has not been slowly framed, by thought, self-conquest, and the exercises of religion?

This cursory notice of some of the more important dispositions of our nature may serve to satisfy us that there is some great defect in those ethical theories, which represent volition, and the conscious reference to a rule of right, as necessary to constitute a proper object of our moral approbation. To us it would appear more consonant to our natural feelings and to truth to say, that if it had been possible for man, constituted as he is, to have been from his birth good, without any consideration that he was so, or any temptation of evil entering into his mind to tell him that he had a conscience,—if all his affections for earth and heaven could have been right, and pure, and strong, and all in their just proportion, so that every allurements to ill that could have been offered to him should have appeared not matter of deliberation but of abhorrence,—that this state, which, according to the ethical maxims in question, must be without any merit or claim to praise, would have been in truth the highest moral state conceivable. These maxims then cannot be supported.

But, constituted as human nature is, this state is not possible. In man good is mixed with evil, and it is this mixture which gives occasion to all ethical enquiry. The contention between good and evil is that strife of which conscience is the umpire. It is reflection on the tendencies of these two opposite forces that gives rise to a rule of right. It is the allurements which both good and evil offer to the mind, that makes virtue a matter of volition and choice. From this mixed state, then, and this subjection of human nature to two different powers, arises a great department of morality. And, as it appears to us, all that has been usually

taken into account in the disquisitions of ethical writers.

Between these two different powers the human will must make election, *determining itself* to good. To enlighten the mind to choose, and to strengthen it in its adherence to right choice, has been the great object of all moralists. It is the most important object, undoubtedly, for it is when man wavers, or when he has fallen, that he needs aid; and those affections which are right from the beginning, rather seem to dispense with such succour. To this situation, then, of man tempted and struggling, the attention of speculative and practical moralists has been principally directed, and to this the greater part of their technical language bears reference. The most marked term, especially, of their whole language, "moral obligation," refers to this state solely, and to this the answering word of ordinary language, conscience, seems in like manner to apply.

The consideration of the difference between the spontaneous virtue of right affections, and that virtue which arises in the struggles of difficult duty, appears to explain the defective and partial view which some writers have taken of the whole of morality.

Virtue appears for the most part to be, in ethical language, a term of very undefined application. It is of very comprehensive significance, but is sometimes used with a tendency to one meaning in preference, and sometimes to another, so as to produce seeming contradictions among different writers, using the word not in the same sense. Thus some speak of virtue as equivalent with the exact discharge of all moral obligation. But our natural sentiment prompts us to use it in a more extended sense. Surely such affections as those of which we have spoken are called by us virtuous. But we are apt to apply this name especially to describe with force and warmth the highest exertions of our moral nature. These highest exertions occur when some opposition is overcome. And it appears to us that generally we apply this highest description of moral superiority to those cases where the temptations of evil are overcome, or where weaknesses, known or presumed, of our inferior

nature, are greatly vanquished. Thus in the struggle of the soul, when strong passion pulls against the sense of duty and against the nobler affections, but these triumph, this is one of the cases, where we emphatically apply the name of virtue to that moral power in the mind which has maintained it from falling. But at the same time it never occurs to us to qualify our approbation from considering that the sense of duty was not the *sole* principle on its own side, and that it had to divide with high and generous feelings the honour of the victory. So, too, when the natural prompting of the higher feelings is withstood by the weakness of the inferior nature, and rises above it, we then willingly give the name of virtue; as to those who, on great occasions, under a lofty passion, have gone voluntarily to death, examples such as that of Decius, who, agreeably to a superstition of his people, when the fortune of a great battle was going against them, rode unarmed into the ranks of the enemy, devoting himself for his country. On the other hand, cases may be cited where the allurements to weakness is from feelings good and right in themselves, but which interfere with a higher claim, and which are sacrificed simply to the austere and inflexible sentiment of duty, examples which also belong to high virtue.

On the whole, it would appear, that the great extent to which the virtues of men bear the marks of this our mixed nature, has led ethical writers to consider them solely with respect to it, as the most illustrious examples of virtue do arise from it, and as, in the greater number of mankind, virtue cannot have place except by deliberate resistance to evil propensities. But it appears, at the same time, that there is no reason whatever, for that exclusion of the affections from the place of virtue. On the contrary, a more accurate examination shews that virtuous affections may exist, and receive high moral approbation, without any regard to the struggle with evil or inferior propensities; that they have the character of virtue when they aid the sense of duty in resisting a crime; and that they have the same character, when, in their pure native strength, they triumph over the weaknesses of mortal nature.

TOM CRINGLE'S LOG.

CHAP. XVIII.

THE CRUISE OF THE WAVE.

“ O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free,
Far as the breeze can bear the billow's foam,
Survey our empire, and behold our home.
There are our realms, no limits to their sway—
Our flag the sceptre all who meet obey.”

The Corsair.

AT three o'clock next morning, about an hour and a half before day-dawn, I was roused from my cot by the gruff voice of the boatswain on deck—“ All hands up anchor.”

The next moment the gunroom steward entered with a lantern, which he placed on the table—“ Gentlemen, all hands up anchor, if you please.”

“ Botheration!” grumbled one.

“ Oh dear!” yawned another.

“ How merrily we live that sailors be!” sung another in a most doleful strain, and in all the bitterness of heart consequent on being roused out of a warm nest so unceremoniously. But no help for it; so up we all got, and opening the door of my berth, I got out, and sat me down on the bench that ran along the starboard side of the table.

For the benefit of the uninitiated, let me describe a gunroom on board of a sloop of war. Everybody knows that the captain's cabin occupies the after part of the ship; next to it, on the same deck, is the gunroom. In a corvette, such as the *Firebrand*, it is a room, as near as may be, twenty feet long by twelve wide, and lighted by a long scuttle, or skylight, in the deck above. On each side of this room runs a row of small chambers, seven feet long by six feet wide, boarded off from the main saloon, or, in nautical phrase, separated from it by bulkheads, each with a door and small window opening into the same, and, generally speaking, with a small scuttle in the side of the ship towards the sea. These are the officers' sleeping apartments, in which they have each a chest of drawers and basin-stand; while overhead is suspended a cot, or hammock, kept asunder by a wooden frame, six feet long by about two broad, slung from cleats nailed to the beams above by two lan-

yards fastened to rings, one at the head, and the other at the foot; from which radiate a number of smaller cords, which are fastened to the canvass of the cot; while a small strip of canvass runs from head to foot on each side, so as to prevent the sleeper from rolling out. The dimensions of the gunroom are, as will be seen, very much circumscribed by the side berths; and when you take into account, that the centre is occupied by a long table, running the whole length of the room, flanked by a wooden bench, with a high back to it on each side, and a large clumsy chair at the head, and another at the foot, not forgetting the sideboard at the head of the table, (full of knives, forks, spoons, tumblers, glasses, &c. &c. &c., stuck into mahogany sockets,) all of which are made fast to the deck by strong cleats and staples, and bands of spunyarn, so as to prevent them fetching way, or moving, when the vessel pitches or rolls, you will understand that there is no great scope to expatiate upon, free of the table, benches, and bulkheads of the cabins. While I sat monopolizing the dull light of the lantern, and accoutring myself as decently as the hurry would admit of, I noticed the officers, in their night-gowns and night-caps, as they extricated themselves from their coops; and picturesque-looking subjects enough there were amongst them, in all conscience. At length, that is in about ten minutes from the time we were called, we were all at stations—a gun was fired, and we weighed, and then stood out to sea, running along about four knots, with the land-wind right aft. Having made an offing of three miles or so, we outran the *Terrat*, and got becalmed in the belt of smooth water between it and the sea-breeze. It was striking to see

the three merchant-ships gradually draw out from the land, until we were all clustered together in a bunch, with half a gale of wind curling the blue waves within musket-shot, while all was long swell and smooth water with us. At length the breeze reached us, and we made sail with our convoy to the southward and eastward, the lumbering merchantmen crowding every inch of canvass, while we could hardly keep astern, under close-reefed topsails, jib, and spanker.

"Pipe to breakfast," said the captain to Mr Yerk.

"A sail abeam of us to windward!"

"What is she?" sung out the skipper to the man at the mast-head who had hailed.

"A small schooner, sir; she has fired a gun, and hoisted an ensign and pennant."

"How is she steering?"

"She has edged away for us, sir."

"Very well.—Mr Yerk, make the signal for the convoy to stand on." Then to the boatswain—"Mr Catwell, have the men gone to breakfast?"

"No, sir, but they are just going."

"Then pipe belay with breakfast for a minute, will you? All hands make sail!"

"Crack on, Mr Yerk, and let us overhaul this small swaggerer."

In a trice we had all sail set, and were staggering along on the larboard tack, close upon a wind. We hauled out from the merchant-ships like smoke, and presently the schooner was seen from the deck.—"Go to breakfast now." The crew disappeared, all to the officers and signalman.

The first lieutenant had the book open on the drum of the capstan before him. "Make our number," said the captain. It was done. "What does she answer?"

The signalman answered from the fore rigging, where he had perched himself with his glass—"She makes the signal to telegraph, sir—3, 9, 2, at the fore, sir"—and so on; which translated was simply this—"The Wave, with dispatches from the admiral."

"Oh, ho," said N—; "what is she sent for? Whenever the people have got their breakfast, tack, and stand towards her, Mr Yerk."

The little vessel approached.—"Shorten sail, Mr Yerk, and heave the ship to," said the captain to the first lieutenant.

"Ay, ay, sir."

"All hands, Mr Catwell."

Presently the boatswain's whistle rung sharp and clear, while his gruff voice, to which his mates bore any thing but mellow burdens, echoed through the ship—"All hands shorten sail—fore and mainsails haul up—haul down the jib—in topgallant sails—now back the main topsail."

By heaving to, we brought the Wave on our weather bow. She was now within a cable's length of the corvette; the captain was standing on the second foremost gun, on the larboard side. "Malame,"—to his steward,—"*hand me up my trumpet.*" He hailed the little vessel. "Ho, the Wave, ahoy!"

Presently the responding "hillo" came down the wind to us from the officer in command of her, like an echo—"Run under our stern and heave to, to leeward."

"Ay, ay, sir."

As the little vessel came to the wind, she lowered down her boat, and Mr Jignarree, the boatswain of the dockyard in Jamaica, came on board, and touching his hat, presented his dispatches to the captain. Presently he and the skipper retired into the cabin, and all hands were inspecting the Wave in her new character of one of his Britannic Majesty's cruisers. When I had last seen her she was a most beautiful little craft, both in hull and rigging, as ever delighted the eye of a sailor; but the dockyard riggers and carpenters had fairly bedeviled her, at least so far as appearances went. First, they had replaced the light rail on her gunwale, by heavy solid bulwarks four feet high, surmounted by hammock nettings, at least another foot, so that the symmetrical little vessel, that formerly floated on the foam light as a sea-gull, now looked like a clumsy dish-shaped Dutch dogger. Her long slender wands of masts, which used to swig about, as if there were neither shrouds nor stays to support them, were now as taught and stiff as church steeples, with four heavy shrouds of a side, and stays and back-stays, and the Devil knows what all.

"Now," quoth Taittackle, "if them *heave'enttaughts* at the yard have not taken the speed out of the little beauty, I am a Dutchman." Timotheus, I may state in the by-going, was not a Dutchman; he was fundamentally any thing but a Dutchman; but his opinion was sound, and soon verified to my cost. Jigmaree now approached.

"The captain wants you in the cabin, sir," said he. I descended, and found the skipper seated at a table with his clerk beside him, and several open letters lying before him. "Sit down, Mr Cringle." I took a chair. "There—read that," and he threw an open letter across the table to me, which ran as follows:—

"Sir,

"The Vice-Admiral, commanding on the Jamaica station, desires me to say, that the bearer, the boatswain of the dockyard, Mr Luke Jigmaree, has instructions to cruise for, and if possible to fall in with you, before you weather Cape Maize, and falling in with you, to deliver up charge of the vessel to you, as well as of the five negroes, and the pilot, Peter Mangrove, who are on board of her. The *Wave* having been armed and fitted with every thing considered necessary, you are to man with thirty-five of your crew, including officers, and to place her under the command of Lieut. Thomas Cringle, who is to be furnished with a copy of this letter authenticated by your signature, and to whom you will give written instructions, that he is first of all to cruise in the great Cuba channel, until the 14th proximo, for the prevention of piracy, and the suppression of the slave-trade carried on between the island of Cuba and the coast of Africa, and to detain and carry in to Havanna, or Nassau, New Providence, all vessels having slaves on board, which he may have reason to believe have been shipped beyond the prescribed limits on the African coast, as specified in the margin; and after the 14th he is to proceed direct to New Providence if unsuccessful, there to land Mr Jigmaree, and the dockyard Negroes, and await your return from the northward, after having seen the merchantmen clear of the Caicos

passage. When you have rejoined the *Wave* at Nassau, you are to proceed with her as your tender to Crooked Island, and there to await instructions from the Vice-Admiral, which shall be transmitted by the packet to sail on 9th proximo, to the care of the postmaster. I have the honour to be, sir, your obedient servant,

" ———, Sec.

"To the Hon. Capt. N——,

"&c. &c. &c."

To say sooth, I was by no means amorous of this independent command, as an idea had, at the time I speak of, gone abroad in the navy, that lieutenants, commanding small vessels, seldom rose higher, unless through extraordinary interest, and I took the liberty of stating my repugnance to my captain.

He smiled, and threw over another letter to me; it was a private one from the Admiral's Secretary, and was as follows:—

"(Confidential.)

"MY DEAR N——

"The Vice-Admiral has got a hint from Sir ———, to kick that wild splice, young Cringle, about a bit. It seems he is a nephew of Old Blue Blaze's, and as he has taken a fancy to the lad, he has promised his mother that he will do his utmost to give him opportunities of being knocked on the head, for all of which the old lady has professed herself wonderfully indebted. As the puppy has peculiar notions, hint, directly or indirectly, that he is not to be permanently bolted down to the little *Wave*, and that if half a dozen skippers (you, my darling, among the rest) were to evaporate during the approaching hot months, he may have some small chance of t'other swab. Write me, and mind the claret and curaçoa. Put no address on either; and on coming to anchor, send notice to old Wiggins, in the lodge at the Master Attendant's, and he will relieve you, and the *pies de Gallo*,* some calm evening, of all farther trouble regarding them.—Don't forget the turtle from Crooked Island, and the cigars.

"Always, my dear N——,

"Yours sincerely,

* Custom-house officers,

"Oh, I forgot. The Admiral begs you will spare him some steady old hands to act as gunner, boatswain, &c.—elderly men, if you please, who will shorten sail before the squall strikes him. If you float him away with a crew of boys, the little scamp will get bothered, or capsized, in a jiffy. All this for your worship's government. How do you live with your passenger—prime fellow, an't he? My love to him. Lady — is dying to see him again."

"Well, Mr Cringle, what say you?"

"Of course, I must obey, sir;—highly flattered by Mr Secretary's good opinion, any how." The captain laughed heartily.

"It is nearly calm, I see. We must set about manning this seventy-four for you, without delay. So, come along, *Captain Cringle*." When we got on deck, it was, as he said, nearly calm.

"Hail the Wave to close, Mr Yerk," said N—. "Lower away the boat, and pipe away the yaulers, boat-swain's mate."

Presently the captain and I were on the Wave's deck, where I was much surprised to find no less personages than Pepperpot Wagtail, and Paul Gelid, Esquires. Mr Gelid, a conch, or native of the Bahamas, was the same yawning, drawling, long-legged Creole, as ever. He had been ill with fever, and had asked a passage to Nassau, where his brother was established. At bottom, however, he was an excellent fellow, warm-hearted, honourable, and upright. As for little Wagtail—oh, he was a delight!—a small round man, with all the Jamaica Creole irritability of temper, but also all the Jamaica warmth of heart about him—straightforward, and scrupulously conscientious in his dealings, but devoted to good cheer in every shape. He had also been ailing, and had adventured on the cruise in order to recruit. I scarcely know how to describe his figure better than by comparing his corpus to an egg, with his little feet stuck through the bottom; but he was amazingly active withal.—Both the captain and myself were rejoiced to see our old friends; and it was immediately fixed that they should go on board the corvette, and sling their cots alongside of Bang, so long as the courses

of the two vessels lay together. This being carried into execution, we set about our arrangements; our precious blockheads at the dock-yard had fitted a thirty-two pound carronade on the pivot, and stuck two long sixes one on each side of the little vessel. I hate carronades, especially small guns. I had, before now, seen thirty-two pound shot thrown by them, jump off a ship's side with a rebound like a football, when a shot from an eighteen-pounder long gun went crash at the same range through both sides of the ship, whipping off a leg and arm, or *aiblins* a head or two, in its transit.

"My dear sir," said I, "don't shove me adrift with that old pot there—do lend me one of your long brass eighteen-pounders."

"Why, Master Cringle, what is your antipathy to carronades?"

"I have no absolute antipathy to them, sir—they are all very well in their way. For instance, sir, I wish you would fit me with two twelve-pound carronades instead of those two popgun long sixes. These, with thirty muskets, and thirty-five men or so, would make me very complete."

"A modest request," said Captain N—.

"Now, Tom Cringle, you have overshot your mark, my fine fellow," thought I; but it was all right, and that forenoon the cutter was hoisted out with the guns in her, and the others dismounted and sent back in exchange; and in fine, after three days' hard work, I took the command of H.B.M. schooner, Wave, with Timothy Tailtackle as gunner, the senior midshipman as master, one of the carpenter's crew as carpenter, and a boatswain's-mate as boatswain, a surgeon's mate as surgeon, the captain's clerk as purser, and thirty foremast-men, besides the *blackies*, as the crew. But the sailing of the little beauty had been regularly spoiled. We could still in light winds weather on the corvette, it is true, but then she was but a slow top; unless it blew half a gale of wind, as for going any thing free, why a sand barge would have beaten us.—We kept company with the Firebrand until we weathered Cape Maize. It was about five o'clock in the afternoon, the corvette was about half a mile on our lee-bow

when, while walking the deck, after an early dinner, Taltackl came up to me.

"The Commodore has hove to, sir."

"Very like," said I; "to allow the merchant-ships to close, I presume."

"A gun," said little Reefpoint. "Ah—what signal now?"—It was the signal to close.

"Put the helm up and run down to him," said I. It was done—and presently the comfortable feeling of bowling along before it, succeeded the sharp jerking digging motion of a little vessel, tearing and pitching through a head sea, close upon a wind. The water was buzzing under our bows, and we were once more close under the stern of the corvette. There was a boat alongside ready manned. The captain hailed, "I send your orders on board, Mr Cringle, to bear up on your separate cruise." At the same moment, the Firebrand's ensign and pennant were hoisted—we did the same—a gun from the Commodore—ditto from the tidy little Wave—and lo! Thomas Cringle, esquire, launched for the first time on his own bottom.

By this time the boat was alongside, with Messieurs Aaron Bang, Pepperpot Wagtail, and Paul Gelid—the former with his cot, and half a dozen cases of wine, and some pigs, and some poultry, all under the charge of his black servant.

"Hillo," said I—"Mr Wagtail is at home here, you know, Mr Bang, and so is Mr Gelid; but to what lucky chance am I indebted for *your* society, my dear sir?"

"Thank your stars, Tom—*Captain* Cringle—I beg pardon, and be grateful; I am sick of rumbling, tumbling in company with these heavy tools of merchantmen, so I entreated N—— to let me go and take a turn with you, promising to join the Firebrand again at Nassau."

"Why, I am delighted,"—and so I really was. "But, my dear sir—I may lead you a dance, and, peradventure, into trouble—a small vessel may catch a Tartar, you know."

"D—n the expense," rejoined my jovial ally; "why, the hot little epicurean Wagtail, and Gelid, cold and frozen as he is, have both taken a fancy to me—and no wonder, knowing my pleasant qualities as they do—*ahem!* so, for their sakes, I volun-

teer on this piece of knight-errantry as much

"Poo—you be starved, Aaron dear," rapped out little Wagtail; "you came here, because you thought you should have more fun, and escape the formality of the big ship, and eke the captain's sour claret."

"Ah," said Gelid, "my fine fellow," with his usual Creole drawl, "you did not wait for my opinion. Ah—oh—why, Captain Cringle, a thousand pardons. Friend Bang, there, swears that he can't do without you; and all he says about me, is neither more nor less than humbug—ah."

"My lovely yellowsnake," quoth Aaron, "and my amiable dumpling, gentlemen both, now, do hold your tongues.—Why, Tom, here we are, never you mind how, after half a quarrel with the skipper—will you take us, or will you send us back, like rejected addresses?"

"Send you back, my boys! No, no, too happy to get you." Another gun from the corvette. "Firebrands, you must shove off. My compliments, Wiggins, to the captain, and there's a trifle for you to drink my health, when you get into port." The boat shoved off—the corvette filled her maintopsail. "Put the helm down—ease off the mainsheet—stand by to run up the squaresail. How is her head, Mr Taltackle?"

Timothy gave a most extraordinary grin at my bestowing the *Mister* on him for the first time.

"North-west, sir."

"Keep her so"—and having bore up, we rapidly widened our distance from the Commodore; and the fleet. All men know, or should know, that on board of a man-of-war, there is never any "yo heave oh'ing." That is confined to merchant vessels. But when the crew are having a strong pull of any rope, it is allowable for the man next the belaying pin, to sing out, in order to give unity to the drag, "one—two—three," the strain of the other men increasing with the figure.

The tack of the mainsail had got jammed somehow, and on my desiring it to be hauled up, the men, whose province it was, were unable to start it. "Something foul aloft," said I. Taltackle came up. "What

are you fiddling at, men? Give me here—one—two—three.” Crack went the strands of the rope, under the paws of the Titan, whereby the head of the outermost sailor pitched right into Gelid's stomach, knocked him over, and capsized him head foremost into the wind sail which was let down through the sky-light into the little well cabin of the schooner.

It so happened that there was a bucket full of Spanish brown paint standing on the table of the cabin, right below the hoop of the canvass funnel, and into it popped the august pate of Paul Gelid, Esquire.

Bang had, in the meantime, caught him by the heels, and with the assistance of Pearl, the handsome negro formerly noticed, who, from his steadiness, had been spared to me as a quartermaster, the conch was once more hoisted on deck, with a scalp of red paint, reaching down over his eyes.

“I say,” quoth Bang, “Gelid, my darling, not quite so smooth as the real Macassar, eh? Shall I try my hand—can shave beautifully—eh?”

“Ah,” drawled Gelid, “lucky my head was shaved in that last fever, Aaron dear. Ah—let me think—you tall man—yon sailor-fellow—ah—do me the favour to scrape me with your knife—ah—and pray call my servant.” Timothy, to whom he had addressed himself, set to, and scraped the red paint off his poll; and having called his servant, *Chew Chew*, handed him over to the negro, who, giving his arm to him, helped him below, and with the assistance of Cologne water, contrived to scrub him decently clean. As the evening fell, the breeze freshened; and during the night it blew strong, so that from the time we bore up, and parted company with the Firebrand, until day-dawn next morning, we had run 150 miles or thereby to the northward and westward, and were then on the edge of the Great Bahama Bank. The breeze now failed us, and we lay roasting in the sun until midday, the current sweeping us to the northward, and still farther on to the bank, until the water shoaled to three fathoms. At this time the sun was blazing fiercely right overhead; and from the shallowness of the water, there was not the smallest

swell, or undulation of the surface. The sea, as far as the eye could reach, was a sparkling light green, from the snow-white sand at the bottom, as if a level desert had been suddenly submerged under a few feet of crystal clear water, and formed a cheery spectacle, when compared with the customary leaden, or dark blue colour of the rolling fathomless ocean. It was now dead calm.—“Fishing lines there—Idlers, fishing lines,” said I; and in a minute there were forty of them down over the side. In Europe, fish in their shapes partake of the sedate character of the people who inhabit the coasts of the seas in which they swim—at least I think so. The salmon, the trout, the cod, and all the other tribes of the finny people, are reputable in their shapes, and altogether respectable-looking creatures. But, within the tropics, Dame Nature plays strange vagaries; and here, on the great Bahama Bank, every new customer, as he floundered in on deck—no joke to him, poor fellow—elicited shouts of laughter from the crew. They were in no respect shaped like the fish of our cold climates; some were all head—others all tail—some, so far as shape went, had their heads where, with all submission, I conceived their tails should have been; and then the colours, the intense brilliancy of the scales of these monstrous-looking animals! We hooked up a lot of bonitos, 10lbs a-piece, at the least. But Wagtail took small account of them. “Here,” said Bang, at this moment, “by all that is wonderful, look here!” And he drew up a fish about a foot long, with a crop like a pigeon of the tumbler kind, which began to make a loud snorting noise.

“Ah,” drawled Gelid, “good fish, with claret sauce.”

“Daresay,” rejoined Aaron; “but do your Bahama fish speak, Paul, eh?”

I have already said that the water was not quite three fathoms deep, and it was so clear that I could see down to the very sand, and there were the fish cruising about, in great numbers.

“Haul in, Wagtail—you have hooked him,” and up came a beautiful black grouper, about four pounds weight.

“Ah, there is the regular jiggy-jiggy,” sung out little Reefpoint,

at the same moment, as he in turn began to pull up his line. "Stand by to land him," and a red snapper, like a gigantic gold fish, for all the world, was hauled on board; and so we carried on, black snappers, red snappers, and rock fish, and a vast variety, for all of which, however, Wagtail had names pat, until at length I caught a most lovely dolphin—a beauty to look at—but dry, terribly dry to eat. I cast it on the deck, and the chameleon tints of the dying fish, about which so many lies have been said and sung, were just beginning to fade, and wax pale, and ashy, and deathlike, when (for I had kneeled down on deck) I felt another strong jiggery-jiggery at my line, which little Reefpoint had, in the mean time, baited afresh. "Zounds! I have caught a whale—a shark at the very least"—and I pulled him in, hand over hand.

"A most noble Jew fish," said I.

"A Jew fish!" responded Wagtail.

"A Jew fish!" said Aaron Bang.

"A Jew fish!" said Paul Gelid.

"My dear Cringle," continued Wagtail, "when do you dine?"

"At three, as usual."

"Then, Mr Reefpoint, will you have the great kindness to cast off your sink, and hook that splendid fellow by the tail—only through the gristle—don't prick him in the flesh—and let him meander about till half past two?" Reefy was half inclined to be angry at the idea of his Majesty's officer being converted into a cook's mate. "Why," said I, "we shall put him in a tub of water, here on deck, Mr Wagtail, if you please."

"God bless me, no!" quoth the gastronome. "Why, he is strong as an eagle, and will smash himself to mummy in half an hour in a tub. No—no—see, he weighs twelve pounds at the very lightest. Lord! Mr Cringle, I am surprised at you."

The fish was let overboard again, according to his desire, and hauled in at the very moment he indicated by his watch, when, having seen him cut up and cleaned, with his own eyes—I believe I may say with his own hands—he betook himself to his small crib to dress.

At dinner our Creole friend was very entertaining. Bang drew him

out, and had him to talk on all his favourite topics, in a most amusing manner. All at once Gelid lay back on his chair.

"My God," said he, "I have broken my tooth with that confounded hard biscuit—terrible—really; ah!"—and he screwed up his face, as if he had been eating sour crout, or had heard of the death of a dear friend.

"Poo," quoth Aaron, "any comb-maker will furnish you forth as good as new; those grinders you brag of are not your own, Gelid, you know that."

"Indeed, Aaron, my dear, I know nothing of the kind; but this I know, that I have broken a most lovely white front tooth, ah!"—

"Oh, you be hanged," said Aaron; "why, you have been bechopped any time these ten years, I know."

The time wore on, and it might have been half past nine when we went on deck.

It was a very dark night—Tailtackle had the watch. "Any thing in sight, Mr Tailtackle?"

"Why, no, sir; but I have just asked your steward for your night-glass, as, once or twice—but it is so thick—Pray, sir, how far are we off the Hole in the Wall?"

"Why, sixty miles at the least." The Hole in the Wall is a very remarkable rock in the Crooked Island Passage, greatly resembling, as the name betokens; a wall breached by the sea, or by battering cannon, which rises abruptly out of the water, to a height of forty feet.

"Then," quoth Tailtackle, "there must be a sail close aboard of us, to windward there."

"Where?" said I. "Quick, send for my night-glass."

"I have it here in my hand, sir."

"Let me see"—and I peered through it until my eyes ached again. I could see nothing, and resumed my walk on the quarterdeck. Tailtackle, in the mean time, continued to look through the telescope, and as I turned from aft to walk forward, a few minutes after this—"Why, sir, it clears a bit, and I see the object that has puzzled me again."

"Eh? give me the glass"—in a second I caught it. "By Jupiter, you say true, Tailtackle! beat to quarters—quick—clear away the long gun forward there!" All was bustle

for a minute. I kept my eye on the object, but I could not make out more, than that it was a strange sail; I could neither judge of her size nor her rig, from the distance, and the extreme darkness of the night. At length I handed the glass to Tailtackle again. We were at this time standing in towards the Cuba shore, with a fine breeze, and going along seven knots, as near as could be.

"Give the glass to Mr Jigmaree, Mr Tailtackle, and come forward here, and see all snug."

The long gun was slewed round—both carronades were run out, all three being loaded, double shot, and carefully primed—the whole crew, with our black supernumeraries, being at quarters.

"I see her quite distinct now, sir," sung out Timotheus.

"Well, what looks she like?"

"A large brig, sir, by the wind on the same tack—you can see her now without the glass—there—with the naked eye."

I looked, and certainly fancied I saw some towering object rising high and dark to windward, like some mighty spectre walking the deep, but I could discern nothing more.

"She is a large vessel, sure enough, sir," said Timothy once more—"now she is hauling up her courses, sir—she takes in topgallant sails—why, she is bearing up across our bows, sir—mind she don't rake us."

"The deuce!" said I. I now saw the chase very distinctly bear up. "Put the helm up—keep her away a bit—steady—that will do—fire a shot across her bows, Mr Tailtackle—and, Mr Reefpoint, shew the private signal." The gun was fired, and the lights shewn, but our spectral friend was all darkness and silence. "Mr Scarfemwell," said I to the carpenter, "stand by the long gun. Tailtackle, I don't like that chap—open the magazine." By this time the strange sail was on our quarter—we shortened sail, while he, finding that his manœuvre of crossing our bows had been foiled by our bearing up also, got the foretack on board again, and set his topgallant sails, all very cleverly. He was not far out of pistol-shot. Tailtackle, in his shirt and trowsers, and felt shoes, now stuck his head up the main hatchway.

"I would recommend your getting the hatches on, sir—that fellow is not honest, sir—I don't like him."

"Never mind, Mr Tailtackle, never mind. Forward there; Mr Jigmaree, slap a round shot into him, since he won't speak, or heave to—right between his masts, do you hear—Are you ready?"—"All ready, sir."—"Fire." The gun was fired, and simultaneously we heard a crash on board the strange sail, followed by a piercing yell, similar to what the negroes raise over a dead comrade, and then a long melancholy howl.

"A slaver, and the shot has told, sir," said Mr Handlead, the master.

"Then we shall have some fun for it," thought I. I had scarcely spoken, when the brig once more shortened sail; and the instant that the foresail rose, he let fly his bow gun at us—then another, another, and another.

"Nine guns of a side as I am a sinner," quoth Jigmaree; and three of the shot struck us, mortally wounded one poor fellow, and damaged poor little Reefy by a splinter in the side.

"Stand by, men—take good aim—fire"—and we again let drive the long gun and carronade; but our friend was too quick for us, for by this time he had once more hauled his wind, and made sail as close to it as he could stagger. We crowded every thing in chase, but he had the heels of us, and in an hour he was once more nearly out of sight in the dark night, right to windward.

"Keep at him, Mr Jigmaree;" and as I feared he was running us in under the land, I dived to consult the chart. There, in the cabin, I found Wagtail, Gelid, and Bang, sitting smoking on each side of the small table, with some brandy and water before them.

"Ah," quoth Gelid, "ah! fighting a little? Not pleasant in the evening, certainly."

"Confound you," said Aaron, "why will you bother at this awkward moment?"

Meanwhile, Wagtail was a good deal discomposd.

"My dear fellow, hand me over that deviled biscuit."

Bang handed him over the dish, slipping into it some fragments of ship biscuit, as hard as flint. All this

time I was busy poring over the chart. Wagtail took up a piece and popt it into his mouth.

"Zounds, Bang—my dear Aaron, what dentist are you in league with? Gelid first breaks his pet fang, and now you"——

"Poo, poo," quoth his friend, "don't bother now—hillo—what the deuce—I say, Wagtail—Gelid, my lad, look there"—as one of the seamen, with another following him, brought down on his back the poor fellow who had been wounded, and laid his bloody load on the table. To those who are unacquainted with these matters, it may be right to say, that the captain's cabin, in a small vessel like the *Wave*, is very often in an emergency used as a cockpit—and so it was in the present instance.

"Beg pardon, captain and gentlemen," said the surgeon, "but I must, I fear, perform an ugly operation on this poor fellow. I fancy you had better go on deck, gentlemen."

Now I had an opportunity to see of what sterling metal my friends were at bottom made. Mr Bang in a twinkling had his coat off.

"Doctor, I can be of use, I know it—no skill, but steady nerves,"—although he had reckoned a *leetle* without his host here,—“and I can swathe a bandage too, although no surgeon,” said Wagtail.

Gelid said nothing, but he was in the end the best surgeon's mate amongst them. The poor fellow, Wiggins, one of the captain's gigs, and a most excellent man, in quarter-deck parlance, was now laid on the table—a fine handsome young fellow, faint and pale, very pale, but courageous as a lion, even in his extremity. It appeared that a round shot had shattered his leg above the knee. A tourniquet had been applied on his thigh, and there was not much bleeding.

"Captain," said the poor fellow, while Bang supported him in his arms—"I shall do yet, sir; indeed I have no great pain."

All this time the surgeon was cutting off his trowsers, and then, to be sure, a terrible spectacle presented itself. The foot and leg, blue and shrunk, was connected with the thigh by a band of muscle about two inches wide, and an inch thick; that fined away to a bunch of white ten-

dons or sinews at the knee, which again swelled out as they melted into the muscles of the calf of the leg; but as for the bone, it was smashed to pieces at the knee, leaving white spikes protruding from the shattered limb above, as well as from the shank beneath. The doctor gave the poor fellow a large dose of laudanum, in a glass of brandy, and then proceeded to amputate the limb high up on the thigh. Bang stood the knife part of it very steadily, but the instant the saw rasped against the shattered bone, he shuddered.

"I am going, Cringle—can't stand that—sick as a dog"—and he was so faint that I had to relieve him in supporting the poor fellow. Wagtail had also to go on deck, but Paul Gelid remained firm as a rock. The limb was cut off, and the arteries taken up very cleverly, and the surgeon was in the act of slacking the tourniquet a little, when the thread that fastened the largest, the femoral artery, suddenly gave way—a gush like the jet from a fire-engine took place. The poor fellow had just time to cry out, "Take that cold hand off my heart!" when his chest collapsed, his jaw fell, and in an instant his pulse stopped.

"Dead as Julius Cæsar, captain," said Gelid, with his usual deliberation. Dead enough, thought I; and I was leaving the cabin to resume my post on deck, when I stumbled against something at the ladder foot.

"Why, what is that?" grumbled I.

"It is me, sir," said a small faint voice.

"You! who are you?"

"Reefpoint, sir."

"Bless me, boy, what are you doing here? Not hurt, I hope?"

"A little, sir—a graze from a splinter, sir—the same shot that struck poor Wiggins knocked it off, sir."

"Why did you not go to the doctor, then, Mr Reefpoint?"

"I waited till he was done with Wiggins, sir; but now, since it is all over with him, I will go and be dressed." His voice grew fainter and fainter, until I could scarcely hear him. I got him in my arms, and helped him into the cabin, where, on stripping the poor little fellow, it was found that he was much hurt on the right side, just above the hip. Bang's

kind heart, for by this time a glass of water had cured him of his faintness, shone conspicuous on this occasion.

"Why, Reefy—little Reefy—you are not hurt, my man—Surely you are not wounded—such a little fellow,—I should have as soon thought of firing at a musquitto."

"Indeed, sir, but I am; see here."—Bang looked at the hurt, as he supported the wounded midshipman in his arms.

"God help me," said the excellent fellow, "you seem to me fitter for your mother's nursery, my poor dear boy, than to be knocked about in this coarse way here." Reefy, at this moment, fell over into his arms, in a dead faint.

"You must take my birth, with the Captain's permission," said Aaron, while he and Wagtail undressed him with the greatest care, and placed him in the narrow crib.

"Thank you, my dear sir," moaned little Reefpoint; "were my mother here, sir, she would thank you too."

Stern duty now called me on deck, and I heard no more. The night was still very dark, and I could see nothing of the chase, but I made all the sail I could in the direction which I calculated she would steer, trusting that, before morning, we might get another glimpse of him. In a little while Bang came on deck.

"I say, Tom, now since little Reefy is asleep—what think you—big craft that—nearly caught a Tartar—not very sorry he has escaped, eh?"

"Why, my dear sir, I hope he has *not* escaped; I hope, when the day breaks, now that we have less wind, that we may have a tussle with him yet."

"No, you don't wish it, do you, really and truly?"

"Indeed, I do, sir; and the only thing which bothers me is the peril that you and your friends must necessarily have to encounter."

"Poo, poo, don't mind us, Tom, don't mind us; but an't he too big for you, Tom?"

He said this in such a comical way, that, for the life of me, I could not help laughing.

"Why, we shall see; but attack him I must, and shall, if I can get at him. However, we shall wait till

morning; so I recommend your turning in, now since they have cleared away the cockpit out of the cabin; so good night, my dear sir, I must stay here, I fear."

"Good night, Tom; God bless you. I shall go and comfort Wagtail and Paul."

I was at this time standing well aft on the larboard side of the deck, close abaft of the tiller-rope, so that, with no earthly disposition to be an eavesdropper, I could neither help seeing nor hearing what was going on in the cabin, as the small open skylight was close to my foot. All vestiges of the cockpit had been cleared away, and the table was laid for supper. Wagtail and Gelid were sitting on the side I stood on, so that I could not see them, although I heard every word they said. Presently Bang entered, and sat down opposite his allies. He crossed his arms, and leant down over the table, looking at them steadily.

"My dear Aaron," I could hear little Wagtail say, "speak, man, don't frighten a body so."

"Ah, Bang," drawled out Paul, "jests are good, being well-timed; what can you mean by that face of yours *now*, since the fighting is all over?"

My curiosity fairly overcame my good manners, and I moved round more amidships, so as to command a view of both parties, as they sat opposite each other at the narrow table.

Bang still held his peace for another minute; at length, in a very solemn tone, he said, "Gentlemen, do you ever say your prayers?" I don't know if I mentioned it before, but Aaron had a most musical deep melow voice, and now it absolutely thrilled to my very soul.

Wagtail and Paul looked at him, and then at each other, with a most absurd expression—between fear and jest—between crying and laughing—but gave him no answer.

"Are you, my lads, such block-heads as to be ashamed to acknowledge that you say your prayers?"

"Ah," said Gelid, "why, ah no—not—that is"—

"Oh, you Catholics are all so bigoted,—I suppose we should cross ourselves, eh?" said Wagtail hastily.

"I am a Catholic, Master Wag-

tail," rejoined Bang—"better than nothing. Before sunrise, we may both have proved the truth of our creeds, if *you* have one; but if you mean it as a taunt, Wagtail, it does discredit to your judgment to select such a moment, to say nothing of your heart. However, you cannot make me angry with you, Pepperpot, you little Creole wasp, do as you will." A slight smile here curled Aaron's lip for an instant, although he immediately resumed the solemn tone in which he had previously spoken.—"But I hoped that two such old friends, as you both have been to me, would not altogether make up their minds in cold blood, if advertised of their danger, to run the chance of dying like dogs in a ditch, without one preparatory thought towards that tremendous Being, before whom we may all stand before morning."

"Murder!" quoth Wagtail, fairly frightened; "are you *really* serious, Aaron? I did not—would not, for the world, hurt your feelings in earnest, my dear; why do you desire so earnestly to know whether or not I ever say my prayers?"

"Oh, don't bother, man," rejoined Bang, resuming his usual friendly tone; "you had better say boldly that you do not, without any roundaboutation."

"But why, my dear Bang, why do you ask the question?" persisted Wagtail, in a deuced quandary.

"Simply,"—and here our friend's voice once more fell to the low deep serious tone in which he had opened the conference,—"*simply* because, in my humble estimation, if you don't say your prayers to-night, it is three to one you shall never pray again."

"The deuce!" said Pepperpot, twisting himself in all directions, as if his inexpressibles had been nailed to his seat, and he was trying to escape from them. "What, in the devil's name, mean you, man?"

"I mean neither more nor less than what I say. I speak English, don't I? I say, that that pestilent young fellow Cringle told me half an hour ago, that he was *determined*, as he words it, to stick to this Guinea-man, who is three times his size, has eighteen guns, while Master Tommy has only three; and whose crew, I will venture to say, triples

our number; and the snipe, from what I know of him, is the very man to keep his word—so what say you, my darling, eh?"

"Ah, very inconvenient, ah,—I shall stay below," said Paul.

"So shall I," quoth Pepperpot; "won't stick my nose on deck, Aaron dear, no, not for the whole world."

"Why," said Bang, in the same steady low tone, "you shall do as you please, ah,"—and here he very successfully imitated our *amigo* Gellid's drawl—"and as best suits you, ah; but I have consulted the gunner, an old ally of mine, who, to be plain with you—ah—says that the danger from splinter wounds below, is much greater than from their musketry on deck—ah—the risk from the round shot being pretty equal—ah—in either situation." At this announcement you could have jumped down either Wagtail's or Gellid's throat,—Wagtail's for choice,—without touching their teeth. "Farther, the aforesaid Timothy, and he hanged to him, deponeth, that the only place in a small vessel where we could have had a moderate chance of safety was the Run,—so called, I presume, from people *running* to it for safety; but where the deuce this sanctuary is situated I know not, nor does it signify greatly, for it is now converted into a spare powder magazine, and of course sealed to us. So here we are, my lads, in as neat a taking as ever three unfortunate gentlemen were in, in this weary world. However, let us go to bed—time enough to think on all this in the morning, and I am consumedly tired."

I heard no more, and resumed my solitary walk on deck, peering every now and then through the night glass, until my eyes ached again. The tedious night at length wore away, and the grey dawn found me sound asleep, leaning out at the gangway. They had scarcely begun to wash down the decks, when we discerned our friend of the preceding night, about four miles to windward, close hauled on the same tack, apparently running in for the Cuba shore, as fast as canvass could carry him. If this was his object, we had proved too quick for him, as by casting off stays, and slacking shrouds, and, in every way we could think of, loosening the rigid trim of the little

vessel, we had in a great measure recovered her sailing; so when he found he was cut off from the land, he resolutely bore up, took in his top-gallant-sails, hauled up his courses, fired a gun, and hoisted his large Spanish ensign, all in regular man-of-war fashion. By this time it was broad daylight, and Wagtail, Gelid, and Bang, were all three on deck, performing their morning ablutions. As for myself, I was well forward, near the long gun. Pegtop, Mr Bang's black valet, came up to me.

"Please, Massa Captain, can you spare me any muskets?"

"Any muskets?" said I; "why, half a dozen if you choose."

"De very number my massa told me to hax for. Tank you, Massa Captain." And forthwith he and the other two black servants in attendance on Wagtail and Gelid, each seized his two muskets out of the arm-chest, with the corresponding ammunition, and, like so many sable Robin Crusoes, were stamping aft, when I again accosted the aforesaid Pegtop.

"I say, my man, now since you have got the muskets, does your master *really* intend to fight?" The negro stopped short, and faced right round, his countenance expressing very great surprise and wonderment. "Massa Bang fight? Massa Aaron Bang fight?" and he looked up in my face with the most serio-comic expression that could be imagined. "Ah, massa," continued the poor fellow,—"you is joking—surely you is joking—my massa Aaron Bang fight? Oh massa, surely you can't know he—surely you never see *him* shoot snipe, and wild-duck—oh dear, why him kill wild-duck on de wing—ah, me often see him knock down teal wid single ball, one hundred—ah, one hundred and fifty yards—and man surely more big mark deu teal?"

"Granted," I said; "but a teal has not a loaded musket in its claws, as a Spanish buccaneer may have—a small difference, Master Pegtop, in that?"

"None at all, master," chimed in Pegtop very energetically—"I myshief, Gabriel Pegtop, Christian man as me is, am one of de Falmouth black shot. Ah, I have been in de woods, wid Massa Aaron—one time

particular, when dem very debils, Sambo Moses, Corromantee Tom, and Eboe Peter, took to de bush, at Crabyaw estate—after breakfast—ten black shot—me was one—go out along wid our good massa, Massa Aaron. Oh Lord, we walk troo de cool wood, and over de hot cleared ground, six hour, when every body say,—'No use dis, Massa Bang—all we tired too much—must stop here—kindle fire—cook wittal.' 'Ah, top dem who hab white liver,' said Massa Aaron; 'you, Pegtop, take you fusee and cutlass, and follow me, my shild'—Massa Aaron alway call me him *shild*, and troo enough, as parson Calaloo say, him family wery much like Joseph coat—many colour mong dem, Massa—though none quite so *deep* as mine eider"—and here the negro grinned at his own jest. "Well, I was follow him, or rader was go before him, opening up de pass wid me cutlass, troo de wery tangle underwood. We walk four hour—see no one—all still and quiet—no breeze shake de tree—oh, I sweat too much—dem hot, Massa—sun shine right down, when we could catch glimpse of him—yet no trace of de runaways. At length, on turning corner, perched on small platform of rock, overshadowed by plumes of bamboos, like ostrich feather lady wear at de ball, who shall we see but dem wery dividual dem rascail I was mention, standing all tree, each wid one carabine pointed at us, at him shoulder, and cutlass at him side? 'Pegtop, my boy,' said Massa Aaron, 'we is *in* for it—follow me, but don't fire.' So him pick off Sambo Moses—oh! cool as one cucumber. 'Now,' say he, 'man to man,'—and wid dat him tro him gun on de ground, and drawing him cutlass, we push up—in one moment him and Corromantee Tom close. Tom put up him hand to fend him head—whip—ah—massa cutlass shred de hand at de wrist, like one carrot—down Tom go—atop of him jump Massa Aaron. I master de leetle one, Eboe Peter, and we carry dem both prisoners into Falmouth.—Massa Aaron fight? Ah, Massa, no hax dat question again."

"Well, but will Mr Gelid fight?" said I.

"I tink him will too—great friend of Massa Bang—good duck-shot too—oh yes, tink Massa Paul will fight."

"Why," said I, "your friends are all heroes, Pegtop—will Mr Wagtail fight also?" He stole close up to me, and exchanged his smart Creole gibberish for a quiet sedate accent, as he whispered—

"Not so sure of he—nice little fat man, but too fond of him belly. When I wait behind Massa Aaron chair, Pegtop sometime hear funny ting. One gentleman say—'Ah, dat month we hear Lord Wellington take Saint Sebastian—when dat is, what time we hear dat news, Massa Wagtail?' him say.—'Eh,' say Massa Wagtail—'oh, we hear of dem news, dat wery day de first of de ringtail pigeon come to market.' Den again, 'Dat big fight dem had at soch anoder place, when we hear of dat, Massa Wagtail?'—say somebody else.—'Oh, oh, de wery day we hab dat beautiful grouper wid claret sauce at Massa Whiffle's.' Oh, make me laugh to hear white gentleman mark great fight in him memory by what him eat de day de news come; so Massa Captain Cringle, me no quite sure weder massa Wagtail will fight or no."

So saying, Pegtop, Chew Chew, and Yampca, each shouldered two muskets a-piece, and betook themselves to the after part of the schooner, where they forthwith set themselves to scour, and oil, and clean the same, in a most skilful manner. I expected the breeze would have freshened as the day broke, but I was disappointed; it fell, towards six o'clock, nearly calm. Come, thought I, we may as well go to breakfast; and my guests and I forthwith sat down to our morning meal. We had scarcely finished it, when the rushing of the water past the run of the little vessel, and the steadiness with which she skimmed along, shewed that the light air had freshened.

Presently Tailtackle came down. "The breeze has set down, sir; the strange sail has got it strong to windward, and brings it along with him cheerily."

"Beat to quarters, then, Tailtackle; all hands stand by to shorten sail. How is she standing?"

"Right down for us, sir."

I went on deck, and there was the Guineaman about two miles to wind-

ward, evidently cleared for action, with her decks crowded with men, bowling along steadily under her single reefed topsails.

I saw all clear. Wagtail and Gelid had followed me on deck; and, to my great surprise, were now busy with their black servants inspecting the muskets. But Bang still remained in the cabin. I went down. He was gobbling his last plantain, and forking up along with it most respectable fitches of bacon-ham when I entered.

I had seen before I left the deck that an action was now unavoidable, and judging from the disparity of force, I had my own doubts as to the issue. I need scarcely say that I was greatly excited. It was my first command: My future standing in the service depended on my conduct *now*,—and, God help me, I was all this while a mere lad, not more than twenty-one years old. A strange indescribable feeling had come over me, and an irresistible desire to disburden my mind to the excellent man before me. I sat down.

"Hey day," quoth Bang, as he laid down his coffee-cup; "why Tom, what ails you? You look deuced pale, my boy."

"I p all night, sir," said I; "wearied enough, I can tell you."

I felt a strong tremor pervade my whole frame at this moment; and I was impelled to speak by some unknown impulse, which I could not account for nor analyse.

"Mr Bang, you are the only friend whom I could count on in these countries; you know all about me and mine, and I believe would willingly do a kind action to my father's son."

"What are you at, Tom, my dear boy? come to the point, man."

"I will. I am distressed beyond measure at having led you and your excellent friends, Wagtail and Gelid, into this danger; but I could not help it, and I have satisfied my conscience on that point; so I have only to entreat that you will stay below, and not unnecessarily expose yourselves. And if I should fall—may I take this liberty, my dear sir," and I involuntarily grasped his hand,—*"if I should fall, and I doubt if I shall ever see the sun set again, as we are fearfully overmatched!"*—

Bang struck in—

"Why, if our friend be too big—why not be off then? Pull foot, man, ch?—Havannah under your lee?"

"A thousand reasons against it, my dear sir. I am a young man and a young officer, my character is to *make* in the service—No, no, it is impossible—an older and tried hand might have bore up, but I must fight it out. If any stray shot carries me off, my dear sir, will you take"—Mary, I would have said, but I could not pronounce her name for the soul of me—"will you take charge of *her* miniature, and say I died as I have"—A choking lump rose in my throat, and I could not proceed for a second; "and will you send my writing desk to my poor mother, there are letters in"—The lump grew bigger, the hot tears streamed from my eyes in torrents. I trembled like an aspen leaf, and grasping my excellent friend's hand, I sunk down on my knees in a passion of tears, and wept like a woman, while I fervently prayed to that great God in whose almighty hand I stood, that I might that day do my duty as an English seaman. Bang knelt by me, and wept also. Presently the passion was quelled. I rose, and so did he.

"Before you, my dear sir, I am not ashamed to have"—

"Don't mention it—my good boy—don't mention it; neither of us, as the old general said, will fight a bit the worse."

I looked at him. "Do you then mean to fight?" said I.

"To be sure I do—why not? I have no wife. Fight? To be sure I do."

"Another gun, sir," said Tailtackle, through the open skylight. Now all was bustle, and we hastened on deck. Our antagonist was a large brig, three hundred tons at the least, a long low vessel, painted black, out and in, and her sides round as an apple, with immensely square yards. She was apparently full of men. The sun was getting high, and she was coming down fast on us, on the verge of the dark blue water of the sea breeze. I could make out ten ports and nine guns of a side. I inwardly prayed they might not be long ones, but I was not a little startled to see through the glass that there were crowds of naked negroes at quarters, and on the forecastle and poop. That she was a contraband Guineaman, I had

already made up my mind to believe; and that she had some fifty hands of a crew, I also considered likely; but that her captain should have resorted to such a perilous measure, perilous to themselves as well as to us, as arming the captive slaves, was quite unexpected, and not a little alarming, as it evinced his determination to make the most desperate resistance.

Tailtackle was standing beside me at this time, with his jacket off, his cutlass girded on his thigh, and the belt drawn very tight. All the rest of the crew were armed in a similar fashion; the small-arm-men with muskets in their hands, and the rest at quarters at the guns; while the pikes were cast loose from the spars round which they had been stopped, with the tubs of wadding, and boxes of grape, all ready ranged, and every thing clear for action.

"Mr Tailtackle," said I, "you are gunner here, and should be in the magazine. Cast off that cutlass; it is not your province to lead the boarders." The poor fellow blushed, having, in the excitement of the moment, forgotten that he was anything more than captain of the Firebrand's maintop.

"Mr Timotheus," said Bang, "have you one of these bodkins to spare?"

Timothy laughed. "Certainly, sir; but *you* don't mean to head the boarders, sir—do you?"

"Who knows, now since I have learned to walk on this dancing cork of a craft?" rejoined Aaron, with a grim smile, while he pulled off his coat, braced on his cutlass, and tied a large red cotton shawl round his head. He then took off his neckerchief and fastened it round his waist, as tight as he could draw.

"Strange that all men in peril—on the uneasiness like," said he, "should always gird themselves as tightly as they can." The slaver was now within musket shot, when he put his helm to port, with the view of passing under our stern. To prevent being raked, we had to luff up sharp in the wind, and fire a broadside. I noticed the white splinters glance from his black wales; and once more the same sharp yell rung in our ears, followed by the long melancholy howl, already described.

"We have pinned some of the

poor blacks again," said Tailtackle, who still lingered on deck; small space for remark, for the slaver again fired his broadside at us, with the same cool precision as before.

"Down with the helm, and let her come round," said I; "that will do—master, run across his stern—out sweeps forward, and keep her there—get the other carronade over to leeward—that is it—now, blaze away while he is becalmed—fire, small-arm-men, and take good aim."

We were now right across his stern, with his spanker boom within ten yards of us; and although he worked his two stern-chasers with great determination, and poured whole showers of musketry from his rigging, and poop, and cabin-windows, yet, from the cleverness with which our sweeps were pulled, and the accuracy with which we were kept in our position, right athwart his stern, our fire, both from the cannon and musketry, the former loaded with round and grape, was telling, I could see, with fearful effect.

Crash—"There, my lads, down goes his maintopmast—pepper him well, while they are blinded and confused among the wreck. Fire away—there goes the peak, shot away cleverly, close by the throat. Don't cease firing, although his flag be down—it was none of his doing. There, my lads, there he has it again; you have shot away the weather foretopsail sheet, and he cannot get from under you."

Two men at this moment lay out on his larboard foreyard-arm, apparently with the intention of splicing the sheet, and getting the clew of the foretopsail once more down to the sheaf-block; if they had succeeded in this, the vessel would again have fetched way, and drawn out from under our fire. Mr Bang and Paul Gelid had all this time been firing with innumerable precision, from where they had ensconced themselves under the shelter of the larboard bulwark, close to the taffril, with their three black servants in the cabin, loading the six muskets, and little Wagtail, who was no great shot, sitting on the deck, handing them up and down.

"Now, Mr Bang," cried I, "for the love of Heaven"—and may Heaven forgive me for the ill-placed ex-

clamation—"mark these two men—down with them!"

Bang turned towards me with all the coolness in the world—"What, those chaps on the end of the long stick?"

"Yes—yes," (I here spoke of the larboard foreyardarm,) "yes, down with them." He lifted his piece as steadily as if he had really been duck-shooting.

"I say, Gelid, my lad, take you the innermost."

"Ah!" quoth Paul. They fired—and down dropped both men, and squattered for a moment in the water, like wounded waterfowl, and then sank for ever, leaving two small puddles of blood on the surface.

"Now, master," shouted I, "now put the helm up and lay him along-side—there—stand by with the grapnels—one round the backstay—the other through the chainplate there—so,—you have it." As we ranged under his counter—"Mainchains are your chance, men—boarders, follow me." And in the enthusiasm of the moment I jumped into the slaver's main channel, followed by twenty-eight men. We were in the act of getting over the netting when the enemy rallied, and fired a volley of small arms, which sent four out of the twenty-eight to their account, and wounded three more. We gained the quarter-deck, where the Spanish captain, and about forty of his crew, shewed a determined front, cutlass and pistol in hand—we charged them—they stood their ground. Tailtackle, (who, the moment he heard the boarders called, had jumped out of the magazine, and followed me,) at a blow cut the Spanish captain down to the chine; the lieutenant, or second in command, was my bird, and I had disabled him by a sabre-cut on the sword-arm, when he drew his pistol, and shot me through the left shoulder. I felt no pain, but a pinch, as it were, and then a cold sensation, as if water had been poured down my neck.

Jigmareo was close by me with a boarding-pike, and our fellows were fighting with all the gallantry inherent in British sailors. For a moment the battle was poised in equal scales. At length our antagonists gave way, when about fifteen of the slaves, naked barbarians, who had been ranged

with muskets in their hands on the forecastle, suddenly jumped down into the waist with a yell, and came to the rescue of the Spanish part of the crew.

I thought we were lost. Our people, all but Taitackle and Jigmaree, held back. The Spaniards rallied, and fought with renewed courage, and it was now, not for glory, but for dear life, as all retreat was cut off by the parting of the grapnels, or warps, that had lashed the schooner along-side of the slaver, for the Wave had by this time forged ahead, and lay across the brig's bows, in place of being on her quarter, with her foremast jammed against the slaver's bowsprit, whose spritsail-yard crossed our deck between the masts. We could not therefore retreat to our own vessel if we had wished it, as the Spaniards had possession of the waist and forecastle; all at once, however, a discharge of round and grape crashed through the bowsprit of the brig, and swept off three of the black auxiliaries before mentioned, and wounded as many more, and the next moment an unexpected ally appeared on the field. When we boarded, the Wave had been left with only Peter Mangrove; the five dockyard negroes; Pearl, one of the captain's gigs, the handsome black already introduced on the scene; poor little Reefpoint, who, as already stated, was badly hurt; Aaron Bang, Paul Gelid, and Wagtail. But this Pearl without price, at the very moment of time when I thought the game was up, jumped on deck through the bowport, cutlass in hand, followed by the five black carpenters and Peter Mangrove, after whom appeared no less a personage than Aaron Bang himself, and the three blackamoor valets, all armed with boarding-pikes. Bang flourished his cutlass for an instant.

"Now, Pearl, my darling, shout to them in Coromantee,—shout;" and forthwith the black quartermaster sung out, "Coromantee Sheik Cocoloo, kockernony populorum fiz;" which, as I afterwards learned, being interpreted, is, "Behold the sultan Cocoloo, the great ostrich, with a feather in his tail like a palm branch; fight for him, you sons of female dogs." In an instant the black Spanish auxiliaries sided with Pearl, and Bang, and the negroes, and joined in charging the white Spaniards,

who were speedily driven down the main hatchway, leaving one half of their number dead, or badly wounded, on the blood-slippery deck. But they still made a desperate defence, by firing up the hatchway. I hailed them to surrender.

"Zounds," cried Jigmaree, "there's the clink of hammers; they are knocking off the fetters of the slaves."

"If you let the blacks loose," I sung out in Spanish, "by the Heaven above us, I will blow you up, although I should go with you! Hold your hands, Spaniards! Mind what you do, madmen!"

"On with the hatches, men," shouted Taitackle. They had been thrown overboard, or put out of the way; they could nowhere be seen. The firing from below continued.

"Cast loose that carronade there; clap in a canister of grape—so—now run it forward, and fire down the hatchway." It was done, and taking effect amongst the pent up slaves, such a yell arose—oh God! oh God!—I never can forget it. Still the maniacs continued firing up the hatchway.

"Load and fire again." My people were now furious, and fought more like incarnate fiends broke loose from hell, than human beings.

"Run the gun up to the hatchway once more." They ran the carronade so furiously forward, that the coaming or ledge round the hatchway was split off, and down went the gun, carriage and all, with a crash, into the hold. Presently smoke appeared rising up the fore hatchway.

"They have set fire to the brig; overboard!—regain the schooner, or we shall all be blown into the air like peels of onions!" sung out little Jigmaree. But where was the Wave? She had broke away, and was now a cable's length ahead, apparently fast leaving us, with Paul Gelid and Wagtail, and poor little Reefpoint, who, badly wounded as he was, had left his hammock, and come on deck in the emergency, making signs of their inability to cut away the hal-yards; and the tiller being shot away, the schooner was utterly unmanageable.

"Let fall the foresail, men—down with the foretack—cheerily now—get way on the brig, and overhaul the Wave promptly, or we are lost,"

cried I. It was done with all the coolness of desperate men. I took the helm, and presently we were once more alongside of our own vessel. Time we were so, for about one hundred and fifty of the slaves, whose shackles had been knocked off, now scrambled up the fore hatchway, and we had only time to jump overboard, when they made a rush aft; and no doubt, exhausted as we were, they would have massacred us on the spot, frantic and furious as they evidently were from the murderous fire of grape that had been directed down the hatchway.

But the fire was as quick as they were. The cloud of smouldering smoke that was rising like a pillar of cloud from the fore-hatchway, was now streaked with tongues of red flame, which, licking the masts and spars, ran up and caught the sails and rigging. In an instant, the flames spread to every part of the gear aloft, while the other element, the sea, was also striving for the mastery in the destruction of the doomed vessel; for our shot, or the fall of the carronade into the hold, had started some of the bottom planks, and she was fast settling down by the head. We could hear the water rushing in like a mill stream. The fire increased—her guns went off as they became heated—she gave a sudden heel—and while five hundred human beings, pent up in her noisome hold, split the heavens with their piercing death-yells, down she went with a heavy lurch, head foremost, right in the wake of the setting sun, whose level rays made the thick dun wreaths that burst from her as she disappeared, glow with the hue of the amethyst; and while the whirling clouds, gilded by his dying radiance, curled up into the blue sky, in rolling masses, growing thinner and thinner, until they vanished away, even like the wreck whereout they arose,—and the circling eddies, created by her sinking, no longer sparkled and flashed in the red light,—and the stilled waters where she had gone down, as if oil had been cast on them, were spread out like polished silver, shining like a mirror, while all around was dark blue ripple,—a puff of fat black smoke, denser than any we had yet seen, suddenly emerged with a loud gurgling noise, from out the deep bosom of the calmed sea,

and rose like a balloon, rolling slowly upwards, until it reached a little way above our mast-heads, where it melted and spread out into a dark pall, that overhung the scene of death, as if the incense of such a horrible and polluted sacrifice could not ascend into the pure heaven, but had been again crushed back upon our devoted heads, as a palpable manifestation of the wrath of *Him* who hath said—"Thou shalt not kill."

For a few moments all was silent as the grave, and I felt as if the air had become too thick for breathing, while I looked up like another Cain.

Presently, about one hundred and fifty of the slaves, *men, women, and children*, who had been drawn down by the vortex, rose amidst numberless pieces of smoking wreck, to the surface of the sea; the strongest yelling like fiends in their despair, while the weaker, the women, and the helpless gasping little ones, were choking, and gurgling, and sinking all around. Yea, the small thin expiring cry of the innocent sucking infant torn from its sinking mother's breast, as she held it for a brief moment above the waters, which had already for ever closed over herself, was there.—But we could not perceive one single individual of her white crew; like desperate men, they had all gone down with the brig. We picked up about one half of the miserable Africans, and—my pen trembles as I write it—fell necessity compelled us to fire on the remainder, as it was utterly impossible for us to take them on board. Oh that I could erase such a scene for ever from my memory! One incident I cannot help relating. We had saved a woman, a handsome clear-skinned girl, of about sixteen years of age. She was very faint when we got her in, and was lying with her head over a port-sill, when a strong athletic young negro swam to the part of the schooner where she was. She held down her hand to him; he was in the act of grasping it, when he was shot through the heart from above. She instantly jumped overboard, and, clasping him in her arms, they sank, and disappeared together. "Oh, woman, whatever may be the colour of your skin, your heart is of one only!" said Aaron.

Soon all was quiet; a wounded black here and there was shrieking in his great agony, and struggling for a moment before he sank into his watery grave for ever; a few pieces of wreck were floating and sparkling on the surface of the deep in the blood-red sunbeams, which streamed in a flood of glorious light on the bloody deck, and shattered hull, and torn rigging of the Wave, and on the dead bodies and mangled limbs of those who had fallen; while a few heavy scattering drops of rain fell sparkling from a passing cloud, as if Nature had wept in pity over the dismal scene; or as if they had been blessed tears, shed by an angel, in his heavenward course, as he hovered for a moment, and looked down in pity on the fan-

tastic tricks played by the worm of a day—by weak man, in his little moment of power and ferocity. I said something—ill and hastily. Aaron was close beside me, sitting on a carronade slide, while the surgeon was dressing the pike wound in his neck. He looked up solemnly in my face, and then pointed to the blessed luminary, that was now sinking in the sea, and blazing up into the resplendent heavens—"Cringe, for shame—for shame—your impatience is blasphemous. Remember this morning—and thank *Him*"—here he looked up and crossed himself—"thank *Him* who has mercifully brought us to the end of this fearful day, *that you have seen the sun set once more!*"

TO THE YEAR 1832.

Thou art gone to the past, wicked Year,
 Dark period of trouble and dread!
 The curse of a nation has stamp'd thy career,
 Thou hast left her, in tumult, in shame, and in fear;
 Her anathema rests on thine head!
 Then begone to the past, wicked Year!
 Oh, ne'er from the records of Time
 Oblivion thy foul page shall sever;
 To futurity, mark'd, through each country and clime,
 As the reign of disorder, dishonour, and crime,
 A rebuke and a hissing for ever,
 Thou shalt live to the outstretch of time!
 Thou hast left us a token of woe,
 Thou hast open'd the floodgates of wrath,
 Thou hast trampled the noble, exalted the low,
 The throne and the altar reel under thy blow;
 Thy successor shall tread in thy path,
 And redeem thy dark earnest of woe!
 Oh! what hast thou left us, dark Year?
 Wild thoughts of destruction and evil,
 For the land, of thy seed, the black harvest shall bear,
 Indignation and anguish, confusion and fear,
 While fiends in thy harvest-home revel!
 And this thou hast left us, dark Year.
 Dost thou sink, unendear'd, to the grave?
 Hast thou died without glory, dark Year?
 Ask the yells of the madman, blasphemous, and knave,
 Their hoarse Io pæans to thee as they rave,
 And their plaudits resound o'er thy bier,
 Meet homage to hallow thy grave!
 Oh! would that Oblivion, dark Year,
 Could smother thy deeds in her breast!
 Then England, in hope, might renew her career,
 Again look to Heaven, in faith, love, and fear,
 For the blessings wherewith she *was* bless'd—
 But thy blight is upon her, dark Year!

SCOTCH AND YANKEES. A CARICATURE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF ANNALS OF THE PARISH, &c.

CHAPTER VII.

"WELL, I guess, squire, that I aint such a snag in the stream that you need have tried whether you could make a pancake of my head. Howsomever I am glad to see you; but, I guess, yours is a pretty considerable disappointment; for our Tavy is, as you sees, almighty obstinacious."

"Oh," replied the young Glaswegian, "I think not of her; I have changed my mind."

"That there is a right good move," replied Peabody, "for as she aint going to have you, you can't do better than not have her; but, squire, I have been making my calculations—What would you think of the old ladye for a spec.?"

Shortridge stepped two paces back, and exclaimed—"Mrs Clatterpenny! are you in earnest?"

Peabody coolly and seriously answered, "She's a shocking clever, nice woman, is that there old ladye, my cousin, though she ben't college learned."

"How could such an imagination," exclaimed the young man, "enter your head?"

"Because she is tarnation rich," replied Peabody.

"Ah, you Yankees," said the son of the Lord Provost of Glasgow—"you Yankees are a money-seeking people; who but you would think of riches in affairs of the heart?"

The old man made no immediate reply to this, but, as if he snuffed a smell in the air, said, "Well, that's slick; but I guess it was an affair of the purse that brought you a-court'ing to our Tavy, and therefore, squire, as one purse is as good as another, so be they are of one bigness, you might do worse than take Dame Clatterpenny under the arm. You came with her in that there kettle-ship, and I reckon you knows somewhat 'bout her."

"Yes," replied Shortridge drily, "I know her worth."

Upon this Peabody turned round briskly, and said—

"How much, squire, may it be?"

"Ah, Mr Peabody, she's too well stricken in years."

"I guess not, for a spec.," replied the citizen. "I'd have you, squire, to do think on't, for though she ben't so young as an angel, she aint quite so everlasting."

Shortridge thought to himself that many a young man had shot at worse game, and half seriously said—

"How old do you think she is?"

"Why, in the way of such a trade," said Peabody, "I calculate a year or two don't signify nothing."

"But how can I make love to her?" said Shortridge more gravely. "No, no, it won't suit; it would be so queer; it's no go."

"Now, I say, squire, if you think prudent, I'll bet a goose to a gallon of punch that we'll make a match on't in less than no time and jeminini."

"But," replied Shortridge seriously, "what would my acquaintance say?"

This put mettle in the old man, and he replied with redoubled energy—

"Why let them do their damndest. Come, come, squire, don't be 'feminate; and if so be as you aint so bold as to speak for yourself, I'll be 'sponsible for you, and speak to her right away to see how the land lies, while you make your own calculations."

This proposition, which seemed at first so absurd, by iteration appeared to the young man not quite so unlikely as it at first seemed; and instead of going back with Peabody to Fludyer Street, he walked with him towards Buckingham Palace, discoursing, as they went along, from less to more about the wealth of Mrs Clatterpenny. For good and substantial reasons, best known to himself, the Vermont farmer urged her merits with all his eloquence, and said not a word of the news that he had received that morning from Mr M'Gab, respecting his own priority of claim, or the more formidable

claimant that might be found in Virginia. In truth, Mr Peabody was an excellent relation; he saw that his cousin had come to London on a profitless errand, and thought that she might not be so inaccessible to the addresses of Mr Shortridge as if she had been the real heiress, and he concluded that the case of Shortridge was not greatly different. The disparity of years never once occurred to him; indeed, why should it? for there is no greater harm in a young lady marrying an old man than there is in a young man marrying an old woman. Mr Shortridge in time thought so too; and saw, since the proposition was made, many amiable qualities in Mrs Clatterpenny which he had not before discovered. Thus, it came to pass that before he returned along the walk with the Vermont farmer, he thought that he might make many more wrongheaded journeys to London than if he took Mr Peabody's suggestion into consideration.

In the mean time, Mr Tompkins, whom we have too long neglected, was not quite at his ease. He had heard of the death of Hector Dhu, in which he felt so much interest, and he thought that it was very opportunely that it should have so happened at the time it did, and Octavia in London.

Just at that moment he recollected he had heard from an acquaintance that Mr Threeper the advocate from Edinburgh was in town. All night he had spent as comfortlessly as the old lady; and he rose betimes, determined to take the advice of Mr Threeper.

Accordingly, as soon as he had finished breakfast, he went to the hotel in Parliament Street, where he understood the gentleman was staying. The waiter, however, told him that he was gone out to breakfast, when he called; but the porter recollected that he had only gone to Mrs Clatterpenny's in Fluyder Street; whereupon, with Yankee breeding, he resolved to follow him to that domicile. But, when he arrived there, the bird was flown. Mr Threeper and the old lady had gone to pay the visit which we have described.

Mr Tompkins, somewhat disap-

pointed, prolonged his walk into the Park, meditating on his situation, and resolving to seek Mr Threeper there in the course of a short time. But when he was returning from the door, he met Pompey, the black servant, at the inn, enquiring, with a forensic wig-box in his arm, for Mrs Clatterpenny.

Tompkins, with Virginian brevity towards negroes, told Pompey to enquire for her at that house, although he saw by the direction on the box that it was for Alexander Threeper, Esq. advocate, Pitt Street, Edinburgh. He might have told Pompey to carry it to the hotel; but it was not consistent, as he conceived, with the relative position of himself and the negro. Thus it happened, that when Mrs Clatterpenny and Mr Shortridge had returned from their encounter in the Park, the black servant, with Mr Threeper's wig-box, was in the house waiting for her return. He did not, however, intrude upon her attention while Mr Shortridge was with her; but when that young gentleman went away, he made himself known, and his errand.

Mrs Clatterpenny, at all times delighted with a little gossip, especially with servants, could not resist the temptation which was afforded to her by the appearance of Pompey. She never recollected that he spoke such unintelligible English; and desired the maid to shew him up. Indeed, his call was most propitious; for the intelligence which she had received of the aunt in Virginia had greatly discomposed her;—her thoughts were floating wild like the carry and the clouds of a stormy day. More than an hour would elapse before Dr Johnny would be relieved from the lecture, which he had gone to hear; and Mr Threeper eschewed her, as she thought, entirely. All her projects were castles in the air; every one had vanished; and she was most forlorn; so that nothing could happen more opportunely than the news of Pompey being in the house, and bringing with him the box containing the professional wig and gown of Mr Threeper.

She desired him to be shewn up; and while she thus aloud lamented

the calamities that had overtaken her, the negro was ascending the stairs.

"Woe's me!" said she, "misfortune, like old maids, never pays a visit without a tribe of others gallanting along with her; what am I to do, beguiled of my birthright by an auntie in Virgeny and two sons? It's a resurrection—a dream—a vision—and a mystery in the watches of the night. Then our Johnny

to be flung over the ramparts of the brig by that Yankee Doodle damsel, his own cousin! It's, however, some comfort, that I have a companion in affliction;—poor, waff Mr Threeper, what will become of him? what will he do with his wig and gown now?"

But at that moment Pompey entered with the box for Mr Threeper, and what ensued we shall presently relate.

CHAPTER, VIII.

POMPEY set down the box on the floor, and with a droll sidelong look at Mrs Clatterpenny, raised himself into an erect posture behind it.

"Come away, black lad; what's your errand?"

Pompey did not immediately reply to her; but slyly said aside, in an under voice—"Ah! the old lady has got a drop in eye. Missy, missy, me beg missy, dis box is for the gentleman; and was no recollect at our hos."

"Oh aye, so it is," replied Mrs Clatterpenny; "it contains the ornaments of his profession,—his wig and gown. Well, you may leave it and go down stairs; and I'll hear what he directs about it in a short time; for it's no consistent with the course of nature that he should not be soon here."

Pompey turned to go down stairs at this; but she continued—

"Black lad, I trow that ye have na been lang from the niggers. I'll no say that ye're one yourself; for there's a great difference between a crow and a blackbird. Like's an ill mark. And, although it maun be allowed that ye're a little high in the colour, I would not just take it on me to say that ye're a nigger."

Pompey did not very clearly understand this; indeed he thought the meaning very different; and, looking a little queer at her, said—

"Vhat you think, Missy? You go to bed? Ah! missy, de strong waters dam strong."

"What's that ye're saying?" said she; "canna ye no learn to speak the English language, and make a Christian of yourself?"

"Oh, Missy, me dat already."

"Aye, aye, where do ye come frae?"

"Me come from what you call Charles Town."

"Poor lad, that's in the wilds of America; it's but a black Christianity ye would learn there."

While our heroine was in the midst of this discourse with Pompey, the servant girl of the house came in with a note, and delivered it without speaking to Mrs Clatterpenny, who looked at the superscription with some surprise; and, as the maid went away without speaking, she requested Pompey also to retire to the stair-head till she would see what the letter was about.

Pompey, who was impressed with an idea that she had taken a little too much, did however as she requested; but there was a kind of laughing curiosity in his visage, as he quitted the room, which shewed that he was not done with the discourse she had opened; but he disappeared; and she walked towards the window, holding the letter.

"Please peace and the king," said she, "what can this be about? It's for Mr Threeper. Odd, I'll open't." Accordingly, she undid the seal, and read aloud, but not continuously, as follows:

"Eminent advocate from Edinburgh—acquainted with the feudal law. My relationship to Hector Dhu of Ardenlochic—would ask your professional advice."

At this the old lady gave a vehement interjection. "Advice!" said she, walking about agitated. Pom-

pey, mimicking her agitation, looked in at the door for an instant, and drew out his head again.

"I declare," said she, "this is a treasonable correspondence;" and, looking at the box, she added—"I ought not to stand upon trifles now. If I were to see Mr Tompkins, and pass myself off in the wig and gown for Mr Threeper, I might get at the bottom of this gunpowder plot."—And, going towards the door, she said—

"Black lad, do you know if the gentleman that the letter came from is in the house?"

"Es, missy; he wait," said Pompey.

"Very well," replied Mrs Clatterpenny, "just step and say to him from me, that Mr Threeper will see him."

Pompey again withdrew, and Mrs Clatterpenny in a flurry drew out the wig and gown from the box, and had arrayed herself in them, when Pompey shewed in Mr Tompkins to her and retired.

"Your name is Tompkins?"

"It is, sir," replied the gentleman, with a look of surprise.

"I am not to be seen," said she, "commonly at this time of the day, for I divide the hours, and this is commonly set apart for my philosophical studies. Do you know, sir, that I have made a considerable discovery this morning? Seeing that black man, I had a notion with other folks that he was come of the seed of Cain; but when I thought, sir, how all the old world was drowned but those that were with Noah, I could not divine how the nigger kind came to be saved; but the discovery I have made anent them is most pleasant. Sir, do you know that I could wager a plack to a bawbee that some of the seed of Cain creepit into the Ark with the unclean beasts?"

The physiognomy of Tompkins was rather excited than softened by this speech, and he said to himself, "Strange-looking fish this! But the law has its curiosities as well as the other learned professions." He then said aloud, "Hearing, sir, of your arrival in London, I have presumed to call on you with these papers; they relate to family concerns of some importance—a property in Scotland."

Mrs Clatterpenny took the papers, VOL. XXXIII. NO. CCIV.

and looking aside from Mr Tompkins, trembled from head to foot, yet at the same time affecting the utmost indifference, said, "Is the property considerable?"

"I have always understood so," replied the young Virginian.

"That will increase the difficulties of the case," said she; "however, leave the papers with me, and I will 'vestigate them; but I have doubts," and she shook her head and the wig in a most professional manner.

"Then," said Tompkins, "then you have heard, possibly, that Mr Peabody from Vermont, and Mrs Clatterpenny of Edinburgh, are also claimants?"

"Oh, is it the Ardenlochie estate? I have heard something of that property; but Peabody has not a leg to stand on; as for Mrs Clatterpenny, she's under a respondenti, and has a revisidendo."

"You surprise me," said Tompkins; "is that possible?"

"Every thing, sir, is possible," said Mrs Clatterpenny; "that's a maxim of law;" and softening her voice, she added, to herself, but loud enough to be heard, "He has not given me a fee, and this is the first consultation—I observe, sir," added she louder, "that you have neglected to indorse the fee."

Tompkins, greatly astonished, exclaimed, "strange eccentricity!" and he added aloud to her, "As it is less an opinion than an examination, I deferred."

"Very likely," said she; "but we of the Scotch bar never demur till we are fee'd, the same being according to the books of sederunt and session, founded on the statute of limitations."

"I beg ten thousand pardons," said Mr Tompkins, "I came unprepared."

At this moment she was observed to listen, and then she cried,—“Eh, gude be wi' me! there's his own foot on the stair;” but her expedients were not exhausted, and she exclaimed aloud, which he thought in character, “But, sir, call again, sir, for I’ve a case in point.”

Mr Tompkins, scarcely able to preserve his gravity, went away, exclaiming to himself, “a delicate hint to come better prepared.”

As soon as the door was shut, Mrs

Clatterpenny restored the wig and gown hastily into the box, and placed herself, with the papers in her hand, in a meditative posture, in an elbow-chair at the upper end of the room. Her fears were quite right; the foot-step she had heard on the stair was that of the advocate; she had prepared herself to receive him, and he presently entered the room.

"Oh, Mr Threeper," cried she, "but ye're come in the nick of time! Who do ye think has been here; and what have I no done? These are all the lad Tompkins's papers and pedigrees. What do ye advise me about slipping them into the fire?"

"Explain yourself," said Mr Threeper, astonished at what she could mean.

The answer was—"No woman but myself could have won such a victory. Ye see, here was I, groaning in the affliction of an aunt in Virginy, with two children, that ye have brought on me, when our servant lass delivered two lines from Mr Tompkins, wanting your advice, you know. Being in the way, and we being in partnership, to save the money, I just put on your wig and

gown there, and passed myself to the lad frae Virginy, who gave me these papers, thinking I was you."

Mr Threeper, in the utmost consternation, cried, "Did he take you for me?"

But she parried this question by saying,—“Had he known you as well as I do, he would ne'er have done any such thing; but he was surprised at the jurisdiction I maintained, for I quoted to him maxims of law, and gave him an opinion of counsel in the most judicious manner."

Mr Threeper smote his forehead, and exclaimed with indescribable vexation—"He will speak of it, thinking his consultation was with me! My professional character is blasted for ever!"

"I assure you," said Mrs Clatterpenny, "it was impossible for yourself to have done better. I sustained your part with great ability. No—I cannot think how I managed as I did; I was just confounded at my own learning and judgment. But come, look at the papers, for he'll be back soon wi' money in hand for a fee—think of that, Mr Threeper."

CHAPTER IX.

We are in a moralizing vein, and it is but right that we should allow the courteous reader to partake of our solemn wisdom. The case of Mrs Clatterpenny was now ticklish. It seemed doubtful if in any way she could realize the inducement which she held out to Mr Threeper to take her case in hand, conscious of no longer being able to make herself heir, and told in plain terms that Miss Peabody would not have Dr Johnny. The aspects of her fortune at this juncture were truly dismal, nor were the prospects of Mr Threeper more brilliant; he found that the bargain he had made with the old lady was of no avail—the chance of heirship had vanished, and with it half the bargain, and the other moiety had been scared away by the rejection of poor Johnny.

However, as Mrs Clatterpenny had by a most strange yet characteristic manœuvre acquired possession of Mr Tompkins's papers, Mr Threeper

agreed that they were worthy of perusal; and for that purpose he retired with the old lady to her bedroom, where for some time he earnestly employed himself in searching their meaning.

When a considerable time had elapsed, and Mrs Clatterpenny saw that he had nearly read the papers, she enquired dolorously what he thought of Mr Tompkins's right.

"Oh," said Mr Threeper, "it is clear,—it adimits not of a doubt."

"Dear me," replied the old lady, "how could you ever pass yourself off to me as a man of law and learning, and no to be able to make a doubt?"

"Come, come, Mrs Clatterpenny," said the molested advocate, "a truce with idle talk—this is no trifle to you, and I assure you it is not to me—we have incurred prodigious expense; I have lost my time."

"And whose fault was that?" cried the lady. "I'm sure, had ye

no been in a needful condition, puir body, ye ne'er would hae come sae far afield with me."

"I tell you, madam," exclaimed Threeper, angrily, "our situation cannot be worse!"

"I'm blithe to hear you say so," was her answer; "for the next change will mend it."

"Yes," said Mr Threeper, pathetically, "if we survive existing circumstances."

"Survive!" exclaimed Mrs Clatterpenny. "Oh, but ye have a faint heart; oh, but ye're of little faith, and void of understanding. For my part, while there is life there is hope; and I have had a thought in my head for some time, ever since I mis-doubted the inheritance, and especially since our Johnny got his ditty from Miss"—

"What do you mean?" cried Mr Threeper, awakening from his astonishment; upon which the old lady, looking very knowing, went up to him, and, with an emphatic whisper, said—"Will you give me an opinion of counsel free gratis, and I'll tell you a secret?" and she drew her lips together, and appeared very brimful.

"Madam," said the lawyer indignantly, "I wish to hear no more of your secrets."

"I don't doubt it," said she, "but this ye will allow is something solid."

"Indeed!" replied Mr Threeper. "Well, what is it?"

"You confess," replied Mrs Clatterpenny, "we're both at the bottom of despair?"

"I do—I can see no hope."

"But promise to advise me."

"My advice is worth nothing."

"Ye never said a truer word," said Mrs Clatterpenny; "but in my happier days it was valued at two red guineas every time we had a confabulation in your library."

Mr Threeper, without affecting to have heard her, enquired what she would be at.

"What would you think," said she, "of counselling me in this sore distress and straitened circumstances?"—

"To do what?" said the lawyer, half seriously and half vexedly, to which Mrs Clatterpenny said, looking aside from him—

"To make myself winsome in the sight of old cousin Peabody? I don't

think, Mr Threeper, it's a head-shaking accident at all; and surely you must allow it would be a most hard case were you and me, after perilling life in coming to London town, to return home, you with your finger in your mouth, and I no better?"

"Our voyage," cried Mr Threeper, ardently, "was rational, compared to this. How could such an imagination enter your head?"

"Just by the course of nature," said Mrs Clatterpenny. "But, in sobriety, don't you think I might do worse than accept the hand and affections of Mr Peabody?"

At this question Mr Threeper looked very grave, and said, "has he indeed made you such an offer?"

"There's time enough for a point-blank," said she.

"True—but has he shewn you any signs?" said the astonished lawyer.

"Goodness me! Mr Threeper," was the reply, "would you expect him to fall on his bended knees, and make a declaration of flames and darts? My expectations are more moderate."

"If what you tell me be true," replied he, "I think you ought to account yourself in your jeopardy the most fortunate of womankind."

"In a sense, no doubt," said she; "but ye know, Mr Threeper, that at his time of life, and the years of discretion that I have reached, changes must be wrought by prudent handling. Old folk in this world, as the lawyers well know, woo by pactions."

"Do you expect me," said he, "to be your negotiator? No, madam, I have been guilty of absurdities enough with you already."

"With me, Mr Threeper!—ye never was guilty of an absurdity with me!"

"Pshaw!" cried Mr Threeper, and flounced away, just at the moment that Peabody was standing on the landing-place of her parlour to speak to her for Squire Shortridge. He looked at Threeper as he passed down, but said nothing; only he remarked to himself, as he saw him bouncing down stairs,—“Well, he is as nimble as a pea fried without butter;” and in the course of a minute, Mrs Clatterpenny, in a great frustration, joined him, crying,

"Sweet Mr Peabody, but this is a vastly warm day;" and having by this time opened the door of her parlour, she added, "I'm tired off my feet."

"Well, if so be," cried he, "I expect you should sit down."

She said to herself, "He does not offer me a chair; but it's a case of extremity, and I must not be standing on trifles.—Mr Peabody, will ye no be seated?" With that the old gentleman took a chair and seated himself; upon which she added—"Now, Mr Peabody, that's what I like. I like to see friends among friends make themselves at home." But the American, without noticing her observation, fanned himself with his broad-brimmed straw hat, and ejaculated—

"Well, I guess it be tarnation warmer here than in Vermont."

"I dinna misdoubt it," replied Mrs Clatterpenny; "for by every thing I have heard, Vermont must be a most pleasant country, a perfect land of Canaan, besides flowing with milk and honey;—ye'll have hills there?"

"I guess we have," said Mr Peabody, "and tarnal big ones too."

"No doubt," said she, "high and most romantical. How weel content I would be to spend my latter end in Vermont, skipping upon the mountains, and harkening in the valleys to the singing of nightingales, and poets, and such other fowls; and I'm sure, cousin Peabody, from what I discern of your taste and understanding, your house must be in a very airy situation."

"It ben't though," cried he, "being in a hollow, as you see, between neighbour Timpson's fen and deacon Screechwell's cedar swamp."

None daunted by the intelligence, the loving dame exclaimed,—*"Dear me, does cedar grow so near your habitation? Oh, but it must be a scriptural tabernacle, putting us aye in mind of the cedars of Lebanon and Solomon's Temple. No doubt there are great guns of the gospel there?"*

"Yes, I reckon," said Mr Peabody; "religion is in popularity in Vermont at present."

"Oh," replied his cousin, "but that's a comely thing! for since your lost poor dear Mrs Peabody, ye have

been feeding on thin fodder. I have, for seven long years and more, known what it is to be a lanerly widow; but it's no the fortune of woman-kind to change their condition at pleasure; you men of the male sect have a great advantage over us."

Mr Peabody thought that this was the proper juncture for putting in a word for his friend the squire.

"Well, I calculate, talking of marrying for a second spell, that Mr Shortridge, what came cargo with you, is a dreadfulest proper fellow."

"What's that ye say of him?" cried the lady.

"Well I do say it," replied Peabody; "and if he ben't, there are no snakes in Virginia."

"It would have been well for us had there never been an auntie there."

At this moment, Pompey, who had begun to grow impatient at being kept so long, opened the door softly, and seeing the pathetic posture of the two cousins, exclaimed softly, looking with white eyes—"What's iss? my eye!" But he withdrew his head at the same moment. He had seen however, enough to excite his curiosity, and he again gently opened the door and looked in. What he beheld to attract his attention so particularly we know not, but he inserted his whole body, and with soundless feet fairly went into the room, and placed himself behind their chairs, listening to, without much understanding the drift of their discourse; for it is quite unnecessary, when man or woman is actuated by a genuine curiosity, to understand what others may be saying. This endowment Pompey had in the highest degree of perfection; and, on the present occasion, it was in some measure excited by the previous opinion that he had formed of the condition of Mrs Clatterpenny. Observing that the rawness of the morning air, in coming across the Park, had made her complexion of a glowing red and purple, while the tidings she had received from Mr Threeper, respecting her aunt in Virginia, had filled her eyes with water, Pompey had made a very natural conclusion from her appearance at that time, for her looks had received no improvement by the tidings which she had learned of so near and dear a relation being found.

But it is time to resume the thread of our discourse, which the stealthy

entrance of the blackamoor has obliged us to suspend.

CHAPTER X.

WITHOUT observing that Pompey was behind them, and listening, Mrs Clatterpenny continued—"Talking of second marriages, Mr Shortridge is no a commodity for my money. No no, dear cousin Peabody, if ever I make a change, and it's no a small matter that would tempt me, my taste would choose something more to the purpose, for he's ower young."

"I expect," said Peabody, "that he's older than you think, and you ben't yourself so old in my eyes as you look"—at the same time he turned aside mumbling, "though ugly enough to stop a sawmill or a nigger's burial."

"What you say," replied Mrs Clatterpenny, "is a most just observe. I have aye been thought vastly younger than I look like; I was even more so when in my teens."

Mr Peabody looked askance at her, and said to himself, "That's a bouncer." Presently, however, he added, in a more conciliatory key, "But don't you think the squire a terrible smart man? I know he is."

"Oh, oh," said the old lady, "he's jealous of Mr Shortridge, 'cause we came in the same ship. No, no, sweet Mr Peabody, it will be long to the day or my fancy fix on him; if ever I make another choice, I'll choose a sober sensible man like you; and I think I would prefer an American, for they say that the 'mericans make the best of husbands."

The Vermont farmer looked at her queerly, and then said, "I guess that Scotch women make the best of wives."

This return of the compliment quite overwhelmed the modesty of Mrs Clatterpenny, and she cried, covering her cheek with her hand, and presenting her palm towards Mr Peabody, and averting her head, "Oh, spare my blushes!"

"There is no occasion to blush at all," said he, "unless you like it; but I have an omnipotent wish to speak of that 'ere Glasgow squire."

"Speak not of him," exclaimed

she, with a languishing sigh; "oh, my too combustible heart!"

At this crisis she laid her hand on Mr Peabody's; and Pompey from behind, with a leering look, put his head between them.

"The devil!" cried Mr Peabody, starting off apart.

"Oh missy, oh massa!" cried Pompey, looking at the astonished pair.

"I'll faint," cried she; "hold out your arms, sweet Mr Peabody, that I may faint in them."

Peabody, however, gave an upward look, and she fell into the arms of Pompey, upon which she uttered a shrill scream, and ran off, followed by the negro, while the Yankee, looking knowingly after them, said coolly,—"Well, this be pretty special too; and yet I expect she has the rights on't. A woman of her years to take up with the squire, would be an Ethiopian shame; but I reckon, had he been of as good an age as I, she would have come to. But here is her 'torney at law; I'll speak to him.—Mister—I say, mister, if so be you ha'n't cause for scudding, I would like to talk a word or so with you concerning our cousin Dame Clatterpenny's circumstance, because, you see, she is my relation."

At this summons, Mr Threeper, who was on the landing-place, entered the room, and said, "At your service, Mr Peabody."

As if the old man was at a loss what to say, he eyed the advocate from top to toe, and then continued,—"I expect, mister, that cousin Clatterpenny has been glomrified some at my claim to them 'ere lands in Scotland State."

Mr Threeper drew himself up erectly, and said with a superciliousness worthy of his profession, taking a pinch of snuff, at the same time,—"Oh my dear sir, don't deceive yourself; your claim is worth nothing."

"That's plain, I guess," replied Mr Peabody. "If I was not somehow by instinct thinking so myself, or I am a cranberry; and bottle me

for gin in a Rotterdam greybeard, if I would go to pursue cousin Clatterpenny with law, if so be as how we could settle it friendly."

Mr Threeper pricked up his ears at this; it seemed in accordance with what the old lady had been bespeaking his counsel for, and he ejaculated to himself,—“Ah! what’s this?”

Mr Peabody continued—

“Now, you think her as valuable as nothing; but I’d give my male cow and three heifers, to have another such in my house at Mount Pisgah, State of Vermont.”

“Is this possible?” cried the advocate aloud. “Yes, Mrs Clatterpenny is indeed, a most surprising woman,—shrewd, discerning, nimble for her years; managing in her cares every shilling she spends, and she sees both sides of it before she parts with it. I know few like her.”

Peabody replied “that she indeed took care of Number One.—And so you think,” said he, “that her claim to be inheritor is better than mine after all?”

Mr Threeper hesitated a little, and throwing back his head, with professional sapience replied,—“Upon that subject, the integrity of my gown denies me freedom of speech; but this I know, and may say to you as her kinsman, that according to the evidence given in, she has quite as good a chance of establishing her claim, as you have of proving yours. More it becomes not me to say; less perhaps had been more prudent.”

The Vermont farmer looked a little grave at this, and after pondering well for a short time, he said—

“Which, now, in your opinion, (I does not ask your opinion according to law,) but which would you commend for she and I to do—to half stakes, to go to law, or to ’spouse?”

To this Threeper promptly replied—“I could never advise her to go half with you. As for going to law, it is not graceful among relations.”

“Well,” said the American, “you a’n’t the first man whodidn’t magnify his own trade.”

“But,” continued Mr Threeper, without changing his posture, and looking like a dungeon of wit, “if Mrs Clatterpenny herself has not strong objections to coming again

under the conjugal yoke, why, I think”—and he stopped at these words, suddenly arrested in thought.

“Now, mister,” said Peabody, waiting for his explanation, “and what may that think be?”

The Edinburgh lawyer replied very adroitly, “it would be a happy way of putting an end to family differences.”

“I calculate,” said Peabody, “it might be the beginning of family differences; but, mister,”—

“Sir?”

“Could’nt you, in a far off way, round a corner, see how the wind hauls with the old ladye?”

Mr Threeper, at this, shook his head in the most sagacious manner, and replied,—“Impossible! I am her professional adviser, my duty is to protect her; couldn’t think of recommending her to marry—no, Mr Peabody, not even you.”

This was uttered with such solemnity, that it had a manifest effect upon the old gentleman, who immediately said,—“Well, that mayn’t be quite propriety; but couldn’t you, by the way of a squint, give her to understand ’em ’ere three ways of scalding the hog?—But, between you and I, I’d rather go halves.”

Mr Threeper started at this, and, stepping aside, exclaimed,—“Can he know of Tompkins’s advantage?” But, before he was upright, Peabody cried,—“I was saying, mister, I’d rather go halves than splice, for, you know, she can talk.”

Just at this moment a knocking was heard on the door, and, on opening it, Mr Shortridge made his appearance, not in the best order. He had been with Miss Octavia, and had not been treated by her, as, in his own opinion, his merits deserved; without, also, knowing the whole facts of the case, he had begun to suspect, that his father, notwithstanding his long forecasting faculty, had cut before the point, in supposing that an American lady could be so easily won. In short, the young gentleman was much flurried, and his endeavour to preserve a shew of serenity was palpable to every beholder; but, having introduced him, in this agitated state, to Mr Peabody and Mr Threeper, it merits a place in the next Chapter, to relate what ensued.

CHAPTER XI.

MR ARCHIBALD SHORTRIDGE, jun., came forward, with that smirk, bow, and cringe, which betokens a gem of the first water in a certain metropolis of the west of Scotland, and which, on the present occasion, there is no need to name.

"Glad, gentlemen," said he, "I am to have found you together. Nothing like doing business off hand. Mr Peabody, I have considered your advice, and I do think that many a man has matched worse than with such a lady."

The American took, for some time, no part in the conversation, but he listened with ears apart, and now and then spoke to himself, or, as the players have it in their books, he let the audience know what he thought in a whisper, aside. But the Edinburgh lawyer, more professionally loquacious, said to the young merchant,—“So he seems to think.”

On hearing this, the Vermont native said to himself,—“He has swallowed the hook!”

Mr Shortridge not overhearing him, addressed Mr Threeper, and said,—“As you have great influence with her, might I solicit your aid?”

The advocate, conceiving that he spoke of Mr Peabody's *penchant* for Mrs Clatterpenny, replied,—“I have just told Mr Peabody, that professional delicacy lays an interdict on all direct interference on my part.”

Mr Shortridge, who thought only of himself, imagining that the observation applied to his own case, answered,—“I beg your pardon, but I have to thank Mr Peabody for the kind and warm interest he has taken in my behalf.”

Mr Threeper, still in error, said,—“It is grateful in you to be anxious to repay it, but, in this matter, for the reason I have stated, I cannot interfere; you may, however, with superior effect.”

Mr Shortridge having no other interjection at hand, exclaimed,—“I am surprised!”

“Not more than I am,” replied Mr Threeper; “the lady surprised me, Mr Peabody surprised me, and you have surprised me.” And, in saying these words, he rapped upon the lid of his snuff-box, opened it, and took a pinch.

“Then you don't think,” enquired Mr Shortridge, “that it is a very ridiculous affair?” Mr Threeper, filling the other nostril, said,—“It is a most judicious affair.” The young merchant, delighted to hear this, declared, in the ardour of his heart, that the thought had never entered his head, till Mr Peabody spoke to him.

At this the American came hurriedly towards them, crying,—“I swear, Mister and Squire, we be all on the wrong tack; but here comes cousin Clatterpenny herself, and we shall soon be all slick.”

At this moment the lady entered the apartment. Brimful of news she appeared, or rather with expectations; but, however that may be, her face was as a book in which men might read strange matters.

“Eh, gentlemen,” cried she, “what-na brewing's in the cauldron now, that you're laying your heads together, as if ye were three wise men from the East? Dear cousin, you being a 'merican, should recollect that ye come out of the West.”

While she was saying this, Shortridge, in a low voice, requested him to speak a good word in favour of his suit; and Peabody, at the same moment, whispered to Mr Threeper, —“Can't you tell her of my three offers?”

But, before he had time to answer, Mrs Clatterpenny enquired, in his ear, if he had made an incision.

All this caused a little delay, during which, the American, becoming somewhat impatient, spoke himself to Mrs Clatterpenny,—“Well, cousin,” said he, “I have been making my calculations with this here 'torney, and he will tell you the terms.”

“Oh,” cried Mrs Clatterpenny, with a languishing and emphatic leer, “do not speak of that; ours will not be a bargaining; I'll surrender at discretion.”

The Glasgow beau, no longer able to repress his ardent passion, caught her in his arms, exclaiming,—“My dear ma'am, I could not have anticipated, so early, such happiness!”

Mrs Clatterpenny, amazed at his freedom, cried, pushing him off,—“Keep your distance, Mr Shortridge; another cat shall lap in my porrin-

ger. Ah! the tender affections cannot be controlled, can they, my sweet cousin?"

"Now," said Mr Peabody, "I sha'n't be a sweet cousin but upon conditions. Do you, sir, being her 'torney, tell her."

The business was proceeding rather quicker than a lawsuit; but Mr Threeper, shifting his position, said, in a suppressed accent, to Mrs Clatterpenny, "He has spoken to me in the most satisfactory manner. I have arranged all happily for you, and will secure as good a settlement as I can."

"I am greatly obligated to you, Mr Threeper. No a man that walks the Parliament House knows better how many blue beans it takes to make five than yourself. You shall get a solatium for this turn."

At the same moment Peabody turned round to Shortridge, and said, "She won't have you; and therefore I calculate on having her myself."

"What!" indignantly cried Shortridge—"choused?"

Before he could say another word, Tompkins and Miss Octavia entered the room; and Tompkins, stepping forward, said to Mr Threeper, "Have you told him?"

The reply was a mystery to all present.

"I have neither yet had time nor opportunity."

"Then I will do it myself," said Tompkins; and turning round to Peabody, he added, "I hope, sir, that the only objection to my union with your daughter is now removed. This learned gentleman has examined my claim to the Ardenlochie estates, and has declared me the heir-at-law."

Shortridge, who was a little nettled, said, "I see the cause of her setting her affections on you, old gentleman."

"Well, I do so likewise," replied Peabody.

"But, my sweet cousin," said Mrs Clatterpenny.

"To Jericho!" cried Peabody; "but I say, mister, is that 'ere true what Charlie Tompkins has been a-telling?"

"It is," replied Threeper, with professional dignity; "his evidence is indubitable, and no possible obstacle can be set up to his claim."

"Well then, 'Tavy," said the American father, "I'll be no longer a 'pediment; he may take you by the arm and walk in the streets when you likes."

Mrs Clatterpenny was confounded, and scarcely knowing what she said, cried, "Am I an owl in the desert?"

"No, madam," said Mr Threeper, in the best style of the coterie of the stove in the Parliament House, "the constancy of my attention to your concerns should convince you that some interest nearer and dearer than a professional engagement has knit me to your cause."

"Ah, Mr Threeper!" replied the widow, "but, if I marry again, my jointure by the dear deceased doctor goes away, and ye are a man yourself of no substance."

As this was said, Mr Tompkins stepped forward and addressed Mrs Clatterpenny, somewhat formally.

"Let not that, however," said he, "my dear lady, be an obstacle to your union; for I have given him an undertaking to settle on you a thousand dollars a-year to mitigate your disappointment."

"Mr Threeper, is this true?" exclaimed the old lady. "Oh, ye son of deceitfulness, no to tell me but ye had interests nearer and dearer than professional engagements!"

She then turned round to Mr Tompkins, and thanked him for his generosity with one of her most gracious smiles; while Peabody muttered to himself, "A thousand dollars a-year! Well, it would be a good spec. to have her yet;" and going towards her, he said, "My dear cousin"—

"My dear cousin!" said she, with a toss of her head, "get you to Jericho!" And she flung as it were the old man away.

Mr Shortridge, on seeing this, said, "None of them, ma'am, have been actuated with such true regard as me."

"'Deed, Mr Shortridge," replied the old lady, "I see that ye have a thousand reasons for saying so; but I am no a nymph in her juvenility. No, no; I'm oure auld a hen to be caught by chaff."

And, in saying this, she wished the young couple all manner of health and joy for the remainder of their lives, in which we cordially join.

A SHORT STATEMENT OF THE CAUSES THAT HAVE PRODUCED THE LATE
DISTURBANCES IN THE COLONY OF MAURITIUS.

BY AN INHABITANT OF THE ISLAND.

THE ferment into which the population of Mauritius has been thrown, by the measures in progress affecting their property, and which burst out on the arrival of Mr Jeremie, cannot be fully understood or appreciated, without a knowledge of the state of the colony previously to that event.

Mauritius, at the time of its occupation by the British, in 1810-11, had no cause for dissatisfaction with its change of government. Its prosperity, though checked by the capture, was augmented by the influx of British capital, and there existed a growing attachment to England and its institutions in preference to France.

On the peace of 1814 the Isle of Bourbon was restored to France, and being its only colony in the East, received favours and indulgences which that power refused to its colonies of the West. The custom duties in France were reduced to such an extent on Bourbon produce, that the value of fixed property in that island rose to three times its average price; and the inhabitants of Mauritius saw their countrymen within the circle of the horizon enriched beyond example by the fiscal measures of their own ancient government, whilst they themselves were not allowed to enjoy the rights and privileges of the other French colonies, which had been added to the British dominions, under the same circumstances, and during the same period of war.

This was a primary source of discontent with British rule. The produce of Mauritius sank below the price of its growth; and that of Bourbon, within sight of its shores, was selling at the same time for thrice that amount.

The next cause that operated towards estranging the minds of the colonists from the new government, and which still continues, arose from the numbers of Frenchmen who were obliged to leave Europe in consequence of the general peace after the battle of Waterloo, and who were not allowed a refuge in the colonies belonging to France. A portion of

those turbulent spirits naturally swarmed to this island, bringing with them their discontents, their humiliation, and their revolutionary leaven; many of these people settled in Mauritius and its dependencies, and becoming connected by the ties of property and marriage in the island, could not legally be removed. It would be superfluous to observe, that by the last revolution of 1830, in France, these principles have been quickened, and have acquired much additional force; but the public expression of them had been kept down until the late crisis, by the legal restrictions on the press.

The moment that the restraint on the promulgation of political opinions was removed, by orders from home, abolishing the censorship, this most powerful instrument for influencing public opinion was transferred from the hands of government to those of the people. The inhabitants are, almost all, of French birth or descent; and those who took upon themselves to direct them, were talented men, who spoke their own language. As the local government possessed no establishment for printing, all the influence of the press was now exercised by the popular party.

Another element of irritation, which entered largely into the causes of the late ferment, though not ostensibly brought forward, was the state of embarrassment and debt under which all classes laboured, and still labour, to an unprecedented extent. Such pecuniary difficulties have proceeded, in some instances, from the imprudent speculations of adventurers from France, but are mainly attributable to the general wreck and depreciation of colonial property. Few, if any, residents have escaped unharmed; all are debtors or creditors, and the property on which the liquidation of these mutual obligations reposes, has sunk in proportion to the annihilation of confidence in its stability, produced by the attacks upon it at home.

The capitalists and bankers are all bankrupts in reality, though some

few not yet avowedly. The fire of Port Louis, which, in 1816, destroyed property amounting in value to one third of the loss in the great fire of London, did not so utterly annihilate credit as the present calamities, which the inhabitants ascribe to the system pursued in England, regarding property in slaves. Although it has always been considered as the duty of the local government to view this property as not less entitled to the protection of government than any other estate in the realm; and although it cannot be overturned without previous compensation, agreeably to any principle recognised by law, or upon any other system than that of an openly adopted revolutionary confiscation; yet, it cannot be concealed, that, in the communications constantly received from England, and in the tenor of some parts of the Orders and Instructions relative to the slaves, there appeared too much ground for apprehension, that the misdirection of public opinion in England tended that way, and too much reason to fear, that this species of private property was liable to be taken by the mandate of authority, without the slightest regard to the claims of the dispossessed proprietors for compensation.

The neighbouring island of Bourbon had been suffering under similar alarms, from the measures of their own mother country, and the colonists had united, as one man, to prevent a renewal of those sanguinary scenes which some of them had witnessed at St Domingo, from similar precipitation in carrying into effect the enfranchisement of the negro population. The distresses of Bourbon were not inferior to those which bore upon the inhabitants of Mauritius, but the French Government remitted to its subjects in that colony half a year's taxes, as an alleviation for their sufferings.

In this colony there was no such mode of mitigation in the power of the local government; and the causes already mentioned were such as to be entirely beyond the reach of its control or modification. The courts of law, which had rarely been pressed with business, were now deluged with sheriff's sales and executions, (*expropriations forcées*) of which there had been few examples in times of confidence. The whole of

the real property of the island was in litigation, and the enormous expenses of such proceedings would have had the effect of transferring the tangible value of the whole mostly into the pockets of the lawyers.

The discontent of the people increased with the increase of their distresses, which they attributed to the anti-colonial party at home. It was impossible to collect the taxes; the sentiments of good faith between man and man became relaxed, particularly in the payment of debts, and generally in those transactions which furnish opportunities for the display of honesty or fraud; and many, under the pressure of their miseries, would have been glad of any event, which should have the effect of relieving them from their engagements to the capitalists of England.

Such was the state of Mauritius, and its inhabitants, when the news arrived, in the early part of the year, from London, that the Order in Council of November 2d, 1831, was to be enforced in these colonies. The announcement produced feelings of the deepest resentment, and determinations of resistance to the utmost of the power of the inhabitants. Shortly afterwards, Mr Jeremie's Essays reached the colony, and seemed particularly addressed to its proprietors, that they and he might "understand one another."

These two documents were considered by the colonists as not only utterly subversive of their rights as British subjects, but, from the tone of the latter, as indicating a mode of proceeding, calculated to insult and degrade those whom the author had prejudged. Their last hopes of ultimate redress were thus destroyed; they felt that the rules of British justice were reversed for them; they knew that none of his Majesty's subjects, under the more immediate countenance of the sovereign, could be deprived of any right, legally subsisting or acquired, unless forfeited by some offence against laws, known and declared, and not "*ex post facto*;" that the regular and constitutional mode of ascertaining whether the forfeiture had been incurred, is by legal process, trial, and conviction; that this supposes prosecution; that the power of embroiling the whole colony, and putting to hazard its existence, as a valuable pos-

session of the Crown, was now confided to a public officer, who was only known to the inhabitants, as having denounced the whole of them in the mass; and whose system seemed to be formed on the declared principles of the Anti-Slavery Society.

The arrival of such an officer, armed with such powers, was looked to with dread and exasperation; and there was too much reason to fear that it would be attended with such acts as result from despair; for if he were allowed to exercise the sweeping jurisdiction confided to him, of which there never had been any example in the Island,* even the Courts themselves could not have protected the innocent. The projected Order in Council armed the officers to whom its execution was intrusted, with such powers, that even were they cast by the judgments of the Courts, the injury inflicted on the defendant was irreparable. It is impossible for the judges to restore such property uninjured—the process itself annihilating, in a great degree, the value of the slave; and this power was to be placed in the hands of irresponsible persons, the most powerful of whom had already published his conviction of the guilt of a people he had never seen.

The ferment raised in the colony on the subject of the expected Order in Council, and the book, which was considered as Mr Jeremie's manifesto, was further augmented by tidings of a negro insurrection at Bourbon, where the plot was headed by a Creole slave of Mauritius. There had been likewise much irregularity and insubordination on different plantations at Mauritius; and several cases came within the cognizance of the Courts, which clearly shewed a growing relaxation of the ties that bound the blacks to their legal masters.

The interior police of the Island has been a subject of complaint by

every Governor since its occupation by the British; and nothing has yet been done effectually to remedy this evil. The free colonists were always armed and disciplined under the former government; and being all sportsmen from early youth, are remarkably expert in the use of their weapons. They have latterly united in the different quarters to prevent the *cagabondage* of the slaves, to reduce the consumption of spirituous liquors, and to prevent a system of pillage and "*revclage*"† which had been constantly extending, and which neither our laws nor police had efficiency to prevent.

The patrols of the inhabitants, thus established, have produced a degree of order unknown for many years past; crimes are become more rare; and during an unusual period, none have required capital punishment. These patrols have conducted themselves with quietness and moderation, so that their existence is only observable by the good it has produced. The government has gladly made use of the good-will of the people, in aid of the law, to supply the defects of the police establishment; and has thus prevented those secret associations, which, under the deep apprehensions entertained for the security of life and property, would inevitably have been formed among the inhabitants for mutual protection against insurrectionary movements on the part of the slaves, which our military force was not sufficient to put down, without bloodshed.

Whilst the colony was in this state, the free press, established by orders from home, was not idle. The local government had taken every precaution to keep its power within proper bounds, by exacting certain securities to prevent licentiousness, and by imposing a degree of responsibility on the editors of the daily

* The French office of *Procureur-General* had never, until in the person of Mr Jeremie, been united with the English office of Advocate-General. To shew the inconvenience of such an union, it may be enough to state, that among the duties of the *Procureur-General*, are those of summing up the evidence, and expounding the law, upon every case brought before a Court of Justice; so that, by the new arrangement, the solemn duty assigned in England to the impartial Judge, devolved upon the Advocate-General, who is, *ex officio*, Counsel for the Crown, and Public Prosecutor.

† The French law term for the receiving of stolen goods.

papers. These persons, however, being lawyers, managed to elude the spirit, without such infraction of the letter of the law, as should expose them to penalties; and, at the same time, they excited public feeling to the greatest intensity, on the actual state of the colony, and on the general and utter ruin which must be the necessary consequences of the Order in Council, and of the arrival of Mr Jeremie, to put it in execution. The daily papers of the free press of Port Louis, are striking examples of the results to be expected from the severing of legislation from the means of local information. There could not have been put into the hands of the people, a more effectual instrument to resist the adoption of any ordinance or measure, hurtful to their apparent interests; and they availed themselves of this potent engine to its fullest extent, as would abundantly appear from a cursory glance at their productions. The local government possessed no legal means for their suppression.

The arrival of Mr Jeremie in the *Ganges*, on the 3d of June, was like the opening of Pandora's box; discord, mischief, and confusion, raged over the whole island. The shops and warehouses of Port Louis were closed, from the moment it was known that he was on board. The industry of traders and artisans was paralysed by the universal consternation. The planters ceased from their preparations for the approaching crop, which they no longer regarded as their own property. The produce in some districts was partly destroyed by fires, extinguished only by the efforts of the voluntary patrols. The markets were closed or abandoned; and every operation of commerce was interrupted. The courts of justice could no longer be held, the whole body of the lawyers, without exception, refusing to plead, or appear at them. Justice was thus suspended, and offences and crimes were unpunished, and unpunishable; although the jails were full, as the assizes were to be held at that time.

Mr Jeremie was landed, under precautions, naval and military, to assure his personal safety, in his passage to the Government House, where no time was lost in having him sworn into office, agreeably to

the commissions which he held from his Majesty. The councils of Government were called, and every formality was fulfilled, to assure due respect and honour to his Majesty's commands. But the people out of doors were in a state of the greatest agitation and anxiety: the streets were full of men of all classes, whose demands for relief became constantly more clamorous. The inhabitants of the town were seeking refuge for their wives and children in the country, and those of the country districts flocking to town.

Still no act of violence or insubordination occurred; the most respectable part of the inhabitants were on the alert, to prevent disturbance and riot: but the sense of danger was deep, and widely spread, and its existence was universally ascribed to the presence of Mr Jeremie. His life was considered in imminent danger, and it was indispensable to provide against any sudden movement of the populace that might threaten the Government House, where he had remained secluded since his landing, protected by an additional guard, and by the presence of the Governor's family.

Under this great excitement of the passions, the voice of reason was powerless; there was no longer calm thought or common understanding in the conduct of the people. They abstained, indeed, as yet, from any overt act that might compromise the public tranquillity, or necessitate recourse being had to the employment of force, or the publication of martial law. But this state of things could not long endure. The ships, with provisions for the supply of the colony, could not land their cargoes; the merchants could not receive them; and they were obliged to look elsewhere for a sale. Mauritius depends on such supplies, for the subsistence of all parties; they are derived chiefly from India; and the agents for Indian houses at Port Louis could not be expected to land for consumption cargoes, for which there seemed no chance of obtaining payment. Famine was therefore to be feared, and that in the lowest and most extensive class; and, consequently, ruin and devastation through every estate in the island.

The local government made every effort to prevent these mischiefs; its means were, however, very limited. The port establishment for the landing of all goods, and the government press, had been abolished several years before, from motives of public economy; their duties were performed by contracts with individuals, and those individuals, forming a portion of the general mass of the panic-stricken population, refused to perform their contracts. The boats and lighters were useless and unemployed; and the printing-press for government purposes broken up; whilst the newspapers, established in consequence of the orders from home, became the sole rulers of the opinions of the colonists, and the exclusive possession of the popular party—they were daily published, distributed most industriously, and listened to with avidity and applause.

There were not wanting reasonable persons, able and willing to expose the mischievous consequences of such proceedings; but there was no press to be obtained for the use of the government or its friends, till the torrent of error became irresistible. Exaggerations were fearlessly advanced in print, and, on all occasions, admitted by the inhabitants as truths which it was impossible to contradict.

In a colony so circumscribed in its means, matters of this nature, which might appear ridiculous in large communities, are sources of serious difficulties to the local government; which is thus, virtually, cut off from communication with the people under its authority.

To restore order, it became indispensable that the course of justice should proceed with proper energy, and that the Superior Court, which had been disorganized by the changes made at home, should be reconstituted, agreeably to the new arrangements, of which Mr Jeremie was the bearer.

In order to accomplish this object, and fulfil, to the utmost, the instructions of his Majesty's Government, the Superior Court was assembled by the first president, expressly for the purpose of registering the commissions of the newly created judge, Mr Cooper, and of Mr Jeremie as

Procureur-General and *Advocate-General*. This last officer was conducted to the court, under military protection, on the morning of 22d of June; and the court remained in deliberation till the afternoon, but without effecting the object for which they had met. Mr Jeremie was reconducted, duly escorted, to the Government-House, though not without danger from the violence of the assembled people, who were kept off by the military force, happily without serious bloodshed.

The non-recognition of Mr Jeremie, by the court in which his functions were to be chiefly exercised, was a matter of triumph to the people. The judicial department of government had no doubt valid reasons for abstaining from registering the commissions, the sole business for which they were convoked.

The local government had now obeyed, to the utmost letter, the instructions from home; the matter became thenceforward a question of purely legal jurisdiction, and no longer in the exclusive competence of the executive, which was thus relieved of a very weighty responsibility, as the removal of the obstacle and difficulties depended no longer on any assumption of authority; but on the legal and constitutional means which the court should advise.

In the meantime the distress of all parties was daily gaining ground, and becoming too violent to continue without producing some convulsion in the colony; and it became the duty of government to adopt such measures as might prevent collision, and the strife, for which all classes were prepared with unparalleled unanimity, blind to the consequences which must ensue from so mortal a contest.

There existed no doubt, on the part of the government, that if it should become necessary to exert its energies, the issue of such a contest would be speedy and decisive. But there had been no appearance of resistance to the law, or to the authority of government; the lives, properties, and liberties of his Majesty's subjects were still safe, under the existing constitution of the colony, and its allegiance to the Crown was still unshaken. There was but one apparent cause for the interrup-

tion of all industry, the cessation of all revenue, the rotting of the produce on the ground, the prospect of famine; and that single cause was the presence of Mr Jeremie.

Although riots had occurred in some of the plantations, they were not of that nature which famine would inevitably produce among barbarous men. But the first drawing of the sword would have forced on insurrection. The insurgents would no doubt have been reduced to submission, but not without much bloodshed; and the line which already, in some degree, separates the native from the British population, would have become indelibly marked, by an act, compelling this small fraction of the community to bear arms against the preponderating mass of the island proprietors.

The British merchants, the representatives of British capital here, had, moreover, been on all occasions the most strenuous opponents of Mr Jeremie's prolonged residence in this island, and had, by their public acts and protests, repeatedly insisted on the removal of this obnoxious officer, as the sole obstacle to the recovery of their property, and the enjoyment of domestic quiet and security.

It became imperative, therefore, on the Governor, to whose care the colony had been confided by his Majesty, not to allow its existence, as a valuable possession of the Crown, to be compromised. And whilst it was requisite that implicit obedience should be paid to the commands of his Majesty, and that the officer holding his Majesty's commission, should be placed in the exercise of his functions, to their full legal extent, and maintained in the possession of all his rights and emoluments of office, it was equally essential to guard, at the same time, against any act that might endanger the lives, or destroy the properties, of his Majesty's subjects.

In the conflict of opinions, which was naturally to be expected on these matters, it became incumbent on the Governor to decide on the most expedient course that could be adopted, without compromising his autho-

rity on the one hand, or provoking open rebellion on the other. The middle line of his duty could only be ascertained by a just appreciation of all the circumstances of this most extraordinary crisis; and to this end it was obviously proper to consult these councils of the government, that were established by the royal instructions for his assistance, and also to collect the opinions of the most intelligent and temperate members of society.

The results of all these consultations were the same. They terminated in one general and earnest expression of an anxious desire that Mr Jeremie himself, that gentleman having now personally witnessed the state of the colony, should report such state faithfully to his Majesty's Ministers, and should proceed to England for that purpose. His presence here, it was evident, would be dangerous to himself, and productive of no good to the colony, where it must keep alive a spirit that might not long remain limited to a negative opposition to authority, but eventually lead to the adoption of violent measures against himself, since the free press established by law, being conducted by the most influential proprietors, who were and are unanimous upon the subject, could not be prevented from continuing to inflame the settled opposition against him.

The local government had thus acquired the solemn conviction that the question had now become one involving in its issue the subversion of all the fundamental principles of social order, and that the painful but commanding necessity existed of taking a decision adequate to the exigency; at the same time, that violent measures were to be avoided, because a very preponderating force would have been indispensable to prevent mischief in the employment of coercion over a population so numerous, consisting of such discordant materials, where the passions, even of the slaves, were not less strongly excited against Mr Jeremie,* than the feelings of the planters.

* They ascribing the unusual restraint they were kept under, and their deprivation of spirituous liquors, to his presence.

Viewing the subject in all the aspects which its nature and importance presented, and taking into consideration the circumstance that the judicial authorities had deemed the appointment of Mr Jeremie to be one so imperatively requiring a previous reference to his Majesty, that they had, by the most solemn act of their ministry, exercised their power of suspending the functions of that officer, it is not going too far to assert that the Governor would have incurred a great and gratuitous responsibility, had he, in the face of this judgment, attempted to force upon the courts an officer, whose union of appointments they pronounced incompatible with the law as it stands. The Governor, therefore, bounded his interference within the line of strict justice, when, in his duty to the King, he still insisted on the registration of his Majesty's commission; and having got this act finally accomplished, forwarded the legal decision of the Court for the revisal of the highest authorities at home, as exclusively competent to the final determination.

The prudential policy thus adopted by the local government was required and claimed by all classes to avert the evils of bloodshed and destruction of property from his Majesty's subjects, when no overt act of theirs had rendered them obnoxious to coercion by military force. No such necessity of employing violence had, in fact, as yet appeared, nor could any thing yet done on their part have justified such a course.

The last and most important consideration for the local government was that of the eventual and necessary evils which must have attended a continuance of the then state of

things, and which must inevitably have led, through famine, to insurrection, unless the government had taken upon itself an act of authority to prevent this colony of the Crown from suffering such an irreparable injury.

Under these circumstances, there would appear to have been no alternative left to the Governor but that his duty clearly required his referring Mr Jeremie to his Majesty's Ministers, without prejudice to that gentleman's place or emoluments. And if we look back to the records of this government since it has been in the possession of the British, it will be seen that much stronger measures than those taken with respect to Mr Jeremie have been adopted by former Governors relative to the law officers of the colony, and that upon several occasions of far less urgency, not to say imminent danger, than in the present case pressed so imperatively on the government.

It must be a source of satisfaction to all parties to observe on this painful occasion, that whatever views of duty and opinions may have prevailed in the consultations of the councils of government and the public officers, a tribute is justly due to their talents and rectitude. Free from local prejudices or animosities, they appear to have looked solely to the collective interests of all classes, and to the discharge of their own public duty. And now, contemplating the general advantage as the genuine result of an honest and fearless policy, they may and must rejoice in beholding the restoration of tranquillity, and the prospect of internal prosperity, which the decision of the government has wisely and quietly produced.

MAURITIUS, August 1, 1832.

*** This document would be imperfect without the addition of what the writer could not know, viz. the result of Mr Jeremie's representations at home. The anti-slavery Procureur-General and Advocate-General is sent back by Government to the Mauritius. This is Whig respect for the voice of the people!—C. N.

BLUEBEARD.

A DRAMATIC TALE, IN FIVE ACTS.

BY LUDWIG TIECK.

WE are persuaded, for our own part, that the character of Bluebeard, like that of Richard III., has been much misunderstood. Superior to his age, he has suffered by the ignorance of those who were incapable of appreciating the grandeur of his character. In the eyes of the vulgar, he appears a mere Ogre, a monster like Dzezzar Pacha, cutting off heads, merely with the view of giving a stimulus to the nerves, and promoting the circulation; he is considered as a pure incarnation of the Spirit of Evil, rendered ludicrous as well as hideous by personal deformity.

To us, on the contrary, he appears in a very different light—in fact, very closely resembling Othello. Nature has framed him with the quickest and deepest sensibilities; of a generous noble nature, as the liberality of his establishment attests. Where he loves, he embarks his all upon the venture, and his enthusiastic temperament demands a corresponding return. Like Achilles, he foresees his fate in the fatal curiosity of his wife, yet he is prepared to stand the hazard of the die. In return for his love, he asks implicit obedience in one point, yet that's not much—the test is not a severe one. He only begs that his wife will keep clear of the Blue Parlour.

It is the very humility of the demand that aggravates her crime. Had he refused her a suitable pin-money, her guilt would have been intelligible. We would wish to speak mildly of the character of the first Mrs Bluebeard. Her domestic cookery was unexceptionable, and we never heard a whisper against her character; in the ordinary relations of life she may have been a good sort of woman. But the black ingratitude of her conduct towards her trusting husband admits of no defence. He would not even permit the winds of heaven to visit her too roughly; for he kept her snug within four walls at his country-house. But the keys are at her disposal in his absence; with

one exception she has been allowed “the run of the house,” yet she sacrifices her duty and her love to the demon of curiosity. She violates the sanctity of the Blue Parlour.

Probably she found nothing there—no secrets to disclose. But the attempt confounds her as much as the deed. Bluebeard feels at once that all confidence between them is at an end; that his occupation is gone. His own flesh and blood to rebel against him—his wife to be the first to set the example of breaking open lockfast places in her own house—his own private retreat to be invaded in this way—it is a consummation too severe for his fiery nature. All his fond love he blows to heaven; insulted love demands an awful sacrifice on the altar of eternal justice.

Yet with deep relenting and fearful struggles is the deed accomplished. Like Othello, we doubt not, he kissed her ere he killed her, handled her gently as if he loved her, and, instead of blundering the business with a dagger and pillow, performed the unpleasant ceremony at once, “civilly, by the sword.” And when his painful task was done, he shows his tenderness by having the body handsomely embalmed, or preserved in spirits, in that Blue Parlour which had been the scene of her crime and its atonement.

For a time, doubtless, all his affections slept in the tomb of the first Mrs Bluebeard. The fountain, from the which his current ran, seemed dried up. Never more would he trust his happiness with the too curious daughters of Eve; man is nothing to him henceforth, nor woman either. But there is no armour against fate. His destiny impels him, like Mrs Norton's wandering Jew, into the snare of another attachment. He forgets his vows, his convictions of the depravity of human nature; he loves again, and is again undone.

Six times already has the awful sacrifice been exacted of him. He

has now lost all hope; he sees that it is his destiny to go on marrying and murdering to the end. This conviction surrounds his character with a shade of soft melancholy; at times it tinges his conversation with an air of misanthropy. Grief turns other men's beards white, or perhaps a sable silvered; but the fearful agonies he has undergone have changed his to blue. At this period of his history, he bears a close resemblance to Sir Edward Mortimer. The mystery that rests over his establishment gives a strange interest to all his proceedings. Yet it is evident, that at bottom Bluebeard was a man of the finest feelings. If he had not been one of the mildest of men, could that housekeeper of his, with her pestilent temper, have kept her place during the successive reigns of seven Mrs Bluebeards? Could any man suspect Bluebeard of being stingy? Is it not evident, on the contrary, that he scatters his money about him like a prince? Is not his conduct in regard to marriage settlements that of a perfect gentleman? Is not his wife indulged with every thing her heart could desire at his chateau, bating always her admission into the forbidden chamber? And then how liberal to her sister Anne! Yes—Bluebeard must have been a man of the noblest nature—the victim, in fact, of a too deep and lively sensibility.

This is our conception of the character of Bluebeard—a man by nature noble, loving not wisely, but too well; and when deceived, avenging the outrage with the calm dignity of a destroying angel. Viewed in this light, the character is profoundly tragical. The injured husband tearing his (blue) beard over the body of his last wife, is a situation as terrible as that of Ugolino in the Tower of Hunger.

However much the strain of these remarks may resemble the manner of our esteemed friend, Augustus William Schlegel, we assure the public they are quite original, and express our own unbiassed convictions in regard to the character. If ever we write a tragedy on the subject of Bluebeard, it shall be framed on this model; though we much fear our numerous avocations render such a feat by no means probable. But as we are quite above the mean vanity

of taking out a patent for a happy conception, we venture to suggest the above view of the subject to the author of Eugene Aram, whose fine mind, we think, would do justice to the subject. He has this additional advantage, that all those exquisite verses from "Eugene Aram, an unpublished tragedy," with which he has pre-faced the chapters of Eugene Aram, a published novel, may, with a very little alteration, we think, be made available for the composition of Bluebeard. His own good sense, we are sure, will suggest to him the superior capabilities of the present subject to that on which his distinguished talents were formerly employed.

Tieck, we regret to say, has but imperfectly developed these views of ours in his conception of the character of Bluebeard; he seems to have perceived that he was not an ordinary being; but he evidently wanted that knowledge of human nature which was necessary to understand the anomalies he presented. His plummet was too short to fathom so profound a character. Yet his work, though partaking of some of those prejudices to which we have alluded, is, on the whole, superior to George Colman's. In puns and processions, scenery, dresses, decorations, and incantations, we willingly award the palm to our distinguished licenser; but for the rest, we fear, the preference must be given to the German.

Tieck had been led to think of dramatising the subject of Bluebeard, by the perusal of Count Carlo Gozzi's Fairy Dramas, which, though almost perfectly unknown in this country, (a defect which we shall endeavour shortly to supply,) have always been enthusiastically admired by the Germans. The oddest thing about these dramas was, in the first place, that the idea of turning our old nursery recollections, and the gorgeous visions of the East, to a dramatic account, should have occurred to nobody before 1761; and, secondly, that even then it should have done so by accident, rather than by design. The occasion was this. The Count, thoroughly sick of the solemn prosing of the Abbate Chiari, with his *Versi Martelliani*, and the endless repetitions of Goldoni, had composed a satirical dramatic sketch, in which the absurdities of his rivals

were exposed, under the disguise of a Fairy Tale, and had put it into the hands of the Sacchi Company, the representatives of the old *Commedie dell'Arte*, for performance. In this sketch, to which he gave the name of the Loves of the Three Oranges, the scene is laid at the court of the King of Diamonds, where Tartaglia, the hereditary Prince of Diamonds, is represented as in the last stage of melancholy, produced by the spells of a wicked enchanter, (the Abbate Chiari,) who has poisoned him with a course of the *Versi Martelliani*. Another enchanter, (the representative of Goldoni,) endeavours to counteract the melancholy poison of the other, by despatching his servant, Truffaldino, to the court, for the purpose of tempting the Prince into a hearty laugh, which it seems is the only means of accomplishing his recovery. It may easily be imagined, that when these outlines were cleverly filled up by parodies of the peculiarities of both, and by a caricature of their manner and personal appearance, such a *mélange* could hardly fail to be amusing enough to an Italian audience; and, accordingly, Gozzi's capriccio was received with enthusiastic applause. To his surprise, however, he found that that part of his piece which he had intended as a mere groundwork and vehicle for his satire, was received, if possible, with more approbation than his parodies and satirical sallies themselves. All the fairy machinery he had at first set down as the mere balaam of the piece, and accordingly, without giving himself the least trouble in the way of arrangement or embellishment, he had inserted it literally as he found it in the nursery original. The fairy Creonta, for instance, summons her Dog: "Go bite the thief who stole my oranges." The Dog replies, "Why should I bite him? he gave me something to eat, while you have kept me here months and years dying of hunger."—"Rope, Rope," says the Fairy; "bind the thief who stole my oranges."—"Why should I bind him," replies the Rope, "who hung me in the sun to dry, while you have left me for months and years to moulder in a corner?" As a last resource, the Fairy appeals to the Iron Gate of the Castle. "Crush the thief who stole my oranges;"

but the Gate, as obstinate as its companions, answers, in a creaking tone of voice, "Why should I crush him who oiled me, while you have left me here to rust?"

During all these extravagances, the Count found to his surprise that the Venetian public sat rapt in mute attention;—and the admiration and enthusiasm rose to its height when the oranges, on being cut open by Truffaldino, exhibited to view three princesses, two of whom immediately died of thirst, while the third, by the timely application of cold water, survived to become the happy bride of the hereditary Prince of Diamonds. Gozzi immediately perceived the firm hold which these recollections of infancy maintain over children of a larger growth; and how easily, by the aid of graceful versification and imposing scenery, they may be turned to dramatic account. Accordingly, he adopted the judicious rule of striking out in future every thing which he had formerly thought particularly fine; confined himself to the simple *bona fide* exhibitions of his fairy marvels; and being determined that the Venetian public should be at no loss for a liberal supply of such sources of amusement, the Blue Monster, the Green Bird, the Stag King, the Lady Serpent, Zobeide, the King of the Genii, with a host of others appearing in quick succession, and played with all the talent, humour, and power of extempore allusion, for which the Sacchi company was so celebrated, for a time fascinated the lively inhabitants of the City of the Sea, and even so lately as 1801, still took their turn as stock pieces on the Venetian boards. But more of the Venetian-Dalmatian Count anon.

Tieck had read Gozzi's dramas with much admiration. Their graceful ease, the brilliancy and fertility of imagination which they displayed, had captivated his fancy. But it naturally occurred to him, that Gozzi had taken matters rather too much *au pied de la lettre*; had addressed himself too purely to the imagination, based his plots too exclusively on the marvellous, and that it would be quite possible to combine the charm of a nursery fable, and all the dreams and associations of childhood, with scenes of interest which might find an echo in the bosom of manhood,

with passions and incidents such as this visible diurnal sphere affords ;— and thus,

‘ To catch the palpable and the familiar
With the exhalations of the dawn.”

In Tieck's view, the marvellous of the Nursery Tale was to be reduced as nearly as possible to the standard of common life ; no longer to remain the moving principle of the story, but only occasionally to manifest itself in fitful glimpses, sufficient to remind the reader or spectator, that an invisible agency, like a thread of silver tissue, pervaded and ran through the whole web of human existence. The main interest was to rest on human passions, crimes, or follies, and the ever-springing changes which the ordinary course of real life exhibits. The difficulty, therefore, was in such a case to find a subject which should possess the airy charm of a Nursery Tale, and yet where the human interest should not be entirely merged in the allegorical or the marvellous ;—some neutral ground on which infancy and manhood might shake hands ; and where the influence of the good and evil passions which sway the heart within, should blend and harmonize naturally with the agency of spells or spirits from without. Such a subject seemed to be presented by Bluebeard.

It was but transferring the scene from Asia to Europe—exhibiting the characters on a back ground of chivalry—substituting the monastery and the castle for the mosque and the seraglio ; attiring Bluebeard in a helmet instead of a turban ; exchanging the despotism of the East for the feudal tyranny and oppression of Germany, and the thing was done to his hand. Daughters were as commonly brought to sale under the holy Roman Empire, as in Bagdat or Cairo ; necromancy was as much the order of the day in the one as the other ; wives now and then disappeared in a German Burg as well as in a Turkish harem ; curiosity was a failing not confined to Europe ; all this, in short, required no alteration ; Bluebeard seemed to conform himself to the custom of the country as naturally as if he had been native, and to the manner born.

One reason for this, though perhaps Tieck was not aware of it, might be, that the story of Bluebeard was after all founded on fact, and that Bluebeard was, in truth, a Frenchman of the fifteenth century. Tieck took the story from Perrault's *Fairy Tales*, most of which are borrowed from Straparolas (1550, 1554), and all of them, we believe, with the exception of Bluebeard, either from Straparola, the *Pentamerone*, or some other Italian source. But the subject of Bluebeard was to be found nearer home. Report ascribes the honour of being its original to the famous or rather infamous Gilles de Laval Marechal de Retz, executed and burnt in 1140 for crimes, of which the monstrous and almost incredible record slumbers in the archives of Nantes, and the royal library of Paris. The boundless wealth, the dealings in magic, the murders of immense numbers of young persons of both sexes, his demoniacal atrocities and debaucheries, and his terrible end, long rendered him a source of horror and disgust, till his name, or rather some features of his character, became interwoven even with the nursery legends of the time. From some of these, aided a little by his own imagination, Perrault appears to have composed the tale which has stimulated the curiosity, and shaken the nerves of so many of the rising generation since his time.

There was little difficulty on the whole, therefore, in transplanting the scene of Bluebeard to the banks of the Rhine, and changing the three-tailed Bashaw of Colman, into the German Ritter ; while all the old features of the tale, even to the magical practices and secret murders of the gloomy feudal chieftain, were accurately preserved. The great aim of Tieck throughout is evidently to keep down the marvellous as much as possible, so as even to render it doubtful whether there be any marvel in the case after all ; to pitch every thing on a subdued and natural key, and to produce his catastrophes by motives and incidents arising naturally out of the contrasted characters of his piece.*

This is peculiarly the case with

* The very names of the characters are selected on this homely principle : Peter, Simon, Anthony, Anne, Bridget, Agnes, instead of the high sounding and romantic appellatives which distinguish an ordinary German Ritter Roman.

the hero, the German representative of Bluebeard, Peter Berner himself. At first we see in him nothing but an ordinary feudal chief of the time, brief and calm in speech, prudent in council, valiant in war, cruel or lenient as suits his purposes; rather an admirer of the fair sex, sensitive on the subject of his bluebeard, which he feels to be his weak point; not without a perception of humour; and, on the whole, a favourite with his vassals. It is only as we draw near the close, that by hints and glimpses we begin to perceive the secret ferocity of temperament which burns under this outward crust of calmness of deportment. Peter Berner indulges in no harangues against curiosity and its consequences, he makes no boast of his past achievements, he allows the dead to rest, but he is not the less determined, if necessary, to make short work with the living. He is agitated by no passion, affected by no fears, tormented by no remorse. He has been actuated all his life only by one principle, that of trampling under foot, without hesitation, everything which stands in the way of his will; and the crimes to which this unalterable resolve may have led, he does not regard as crimes, because any other line of conduct would have appeared to him as folly.

The subsidiary characters are grouped about him with much diversity of feature and situation. Even the character of the sisters;—Agnes, the giddy, childish, and thoughtless bride and intended victim of Berner, with scarcely any wish beyond that of gay clothes and gilded apartments; and Anne, more serene, reflecting, and impassioned, thinking constantly of her lover, who thinks much more of tournaments and adventures than of her, are discriminated by light, yet decided touches. The brothers, too, are ably drawn, and the peculiarities of their character are made to exercise a natural and important influence on the progress of the drama; the one prudent and farseeing; the second a light-hearted, light-headed, and thick-skulled adventurer; the third, a hypochondriacal dreamer, whom even the rubs and shocks of the world about him are scarcely sufficient to awaken from his reverie, and who, out of the hanging of the hinge of a door, or the stuff that his morning

dreams are made of, can find matter for an hour's meditation. But why should we try to describe in our dull prose what Tieck has painted with so much more clearness and liveliness in his own?

We pass over the first act, which does little towards the advancement of the piece. It is occupied almost entirely with an expedition undertaken by the brothers of Wallenrod, with the view of surprising the terror of the surrounding country, Peter Berner, in which expedition, however, it turns out, that the conspirators are themselves surprised, defeated without difficulty, and made prisoners by the redoubtable proprietor of the blue beard. Its chief merit, which, however, is entirely episodic, is the humorous contrast of the professional fool of the family, with the professional wise man or counsellor of the neighbourhood; the wit and good sense turning out, in the end, to be entirely on the side of the fool, the folly on the side of the counsellor; a view of the case, which, though scouted at first with much contempt, begins to dawn at last, even on the obtuse intellects of Heymon and Conrad von Wallenrod.

In the second act, however, we find ourselves at the Castle of Friedheim, where Sisters Anne, and Agnes, are endeavouring to while away a tedious hour by music and conversation, now and then enlivened by a little gentle *malice* towards each other.

“ Agnes (with a lute.) Now, li-ten, dear sister, see if I can play this air now.

Anne. You have no turn for music. You will never play in life.

Agnes. And why not I as well as others? Come now, listen.

In the blasts of winter
Are the scere leaves sighing,
And the dreams of love
Faded are and dying.

Cloudy shadows flying
Over field and plain,
Sad the traveller hieing
Through the blinding rain.
Overhead the moon
Looks into the vale;
From the twilight forest
Comes a song of wail.

“ Ah! the winds have wafted
My faithless love away,
Swift as lightning flashes
Fled Life's golden ray.

O, wherefore came the vision,
Or why so brief its stay!

Once with pinks and roses
Were my temples shaded;
Now the flowers are withered,
Now the trees are faded;
Now the Spring departed,
Yields to winter's sway,
And my Love false hearted,
He is far away."

Life so dark and wilder'd,
What remains for thee?
Hope and memory bringing
Joy or grief to me;—
Ah! for them the bosom
Open still must be!

Ann. Better than I thought.

Agnes. Canst tell me why in all these ditties there is always so much of love? Have these song-makers no other subject to harp upon?

Ann. They think it one with which every one must sympathize.

Agnes. Not I. Nothing wearies me more than these eternal complaints. But, come, explain to me what this love is—I can make nothing of it.

Ann. Nay, prithee, dear sister!

Agnes. How long has he been gone—three years?

Ann. Ah!

Agnes. There you sit and sigh, where you should be telling your story like a girl of sense.

Ann. I am but a poor story-teller.

Agnes. Well, but—seriously—this love must be a very strange affair.

Ann. Well for you that you comprehend it not.

Agnes. I am always gay and cheerful. You are the very picture of melancholy—you have no sympathy with the world and its events—your very existence is a mere outward shadow of life—but all has long been dead and lifeless within.

Ann. Each has his own way—leave me to follow mine.

Agnes. But how can any one be so insensible to joy? To me the world looks so kindly, so beautiful, so varied, methinks we can never see or know too much of it. I would wish to be always in motion, travelling through unknown cities, climbing hills, seeing other dresses, and other manners. Then I would shut myself up in some palace, with the key of every chamber or cabinet in my hand. I would open them one after the other, take out the beautiful and rare jewels, carry them to the window, gaze at them—till I was tired; then fly to the next, and so on, and on, without end.

Ann. And so grow old? So labour through a weary unconnected life?

Agnes. I understand you not. But, in truth, I have often thought if I were to arrive at some strange castle, where every thing was new to me, how I should hurry from one chamber to another, always impatient, always curious—how I should make myself acquainted by degrees with every article of furniture it contained! Here I know every nail by heart.

Ann. Give me the lute a moment.

(Sings.)

O well with him that in the arms
Of love can sink to rest;
No danger harms, no care alarms,
The quiet of his breast.

No change is here, no doubt or fear,
To mar his tranquil lot;
The present joy is all too near,
The past is all forgot.

With warmer caressing,
Lip to lip pressing,
The warmer the longer,
Each moment that flies,
Draws closer and stronger,
Love's gentlest of ties.

Agnes. That is one of those ditties which are more easily sung than understood.

Lute. ANTHONY.

Anth. A strange household to be sure! Singing in every room; Simon walking about, and gazing at the walls; Leopold preparing to ride on some mad adventure. Faith, if I were not here to keep the whole together, our establishment would be scattered like chaff before the wind.

Agnes. To be sure. As you are the eldest of the family, you are bound to have understanding enough for us all.

Anth. Do you know what is in Leopold's head?

Agnes. What can it be?

Ann. Something absurd, I am certain.

Agnes. You call many things absurd which are not so.

Enter LEOPOLD.

Leo. Now, good-bye for a time; I must leave you for a day or two.

Anth. Where are you going?

Leo. I don't exactly know. My notion, dear brother, has always been this,—that a man makes his life a burden when he considers every step he takes too minutely. Begin as we like, it all comes to the same thing; it is good luck or mischance that makes our plans wise or foolish.

Anth. Brother, such language becomes not a man.

Leo. Not a man, I dare say, according to your notion; an old superannuated animal, who has passed over youth as over some bridge which was to fall, once for all, behind him; and who within the precincts of age, sits down delighted to put on a grave face, deal in sober counsel, listen when other men speak, and find fault with every thing about him. A man, such as you would make, would censure the cat for instance, if he did not catch his mice according to his notions, and in the most approved fashion. I always hated to hear people say—He acts like a man—he is a model of a man—for ten to one but these heroes were mere overgrown children—creatures that creep through the world on all fours, and only meet with more stumblingblocks by trying to avoid them. And yet the bystanders exclaim, Lord, what a deal of experience he has got!

Anth. That portrait, I am to understand, is intended for me?

Leo. Oh! no. You have more sense about you, though you won't admit it, even to yourself. But most men, now, think your thoroughpaced plodder must be a more sensible fellow than your hup, skip, and jump man, and yet the difference between them is only in their motion.

Anth. You will admit, however, that with the latter many things are constantly going wrong.

Leo. Naturally enough! Because he undertakes a great many things. Your slow-going fellow cannot go wrong, because he spends all his time in calculating, and thrusting out all his feet on all sides before he ventures a step. Ah, brother, if we could see, for instance, how all is arranged, and set to rights for us before hand, would we not be tempted to laugh, think ye, at our deep-laid plans?

Anth. A pleasant philosophy.

Leo. But I must break off, and take my leave. I feel so cheerful, I am sure I shall be fortunate.

Enter SIMON.

Simon. So you are going, brother?

Leo. I am.

Simon. I don't think the circumstances are favourable.

Leo. How so?

Simon. There is such a moving, and howling, and scudding among the clouds.

Agnes. How do you mean, brother?

Anth. As he usually does—he does not know why, but he thinks so.

Simon. One frequently can't tell why he anticipates misfortune; yet there is something within which—

Leo. Well?

Simon. Ah! how can I explain such a thing to you!

Anth. Among these half-witted creatures one might almost turn crazed himself.

Leo. Well, since you can't explain it, I may go. When I come back, I'll take your advice. [*Exit.*]

Anth. His wildness is sure to lead him into some other scrape.

Simon. No doubt.

Agnes. How do you feel, brother?

Simon. Well—I have been thinking of many things this morning. There may be many changes soon.

Agnes. How so?

Anth. Do not ask him. It would be labour lost. He knows just as little as you; and observation only keeps his folly alive, which otherwise would have died long ago for want of nourishment.

Agnes. But let him speak, brother!—

Anth. As you will,—so you don't condemn me to listen to his talk. [*Exit.*]

Simon. I can speak with more comfort now that Anthony is gone. He is always shrugging his shoulders when things are not according to his own notions; and yet he has a most limited understanding. He is like the mass of men, who blame without knowing why, and often merely because the subject is above their comprehension.

Agnes. True.

Simon. And yet one would think that the very reason for bestowing a little more attention upon it; when we are learning nothing new, what we learned before begins to fade in us.

Agnes. Brother Simon speaks exceedingly wisely to-day.

Simon. It is only that you seldom understand me. This appears to you wise, because you may have thought something of the same kind yourself.

Agnes. What is understanding, then?

Simon. Why, that our understandings can't very easily comprehend; but it is certain that, like an onion, it has a number of skins; each of these is called an understanding, and the last, the kernel of the whole, is the true understanding itself. They are the truly intelligent who in their thoughts employ not the mere outer rind, but the kernel itself; but with most men, prudent as they think themselves, nothing but the very outermost skin is ever set in motion—and such is brother Anthony.

Agnes. Ha, ha! odd enough. An onion and the understanding, what a comparison! And how then does brother Leopold think?

Simon. Not at all—he thinks only with the tongue; and as other men eat

to support existence, so he talks incessantly to supply him with thought. What he has said the one moment he has forgotten the next; his thoughts are like vegetables, they are cropped the instant they show a green leaf above the ground, and so shoot on till summer, when they are left to run to seed; and so with Leopold, when his summer is over, and he gossips no more, the people will say of him, There! what an excellent father of a family!

Agnes. And how do you think, brother?

Simon. I—that is the difficulty—that is what vexes me; to conceive how it is we think! Observe, that which was thought must itself think; a puzzle enough to drive a sensible man mad.

Agnes. How so?

Simon. You do not understand me at present, because such ideas never occurred to yourself. Endeavour to comprehend:—I think, and with the instrument by which I think, I am to think how this thinking machine itself is framed. The thing is impossible; for that which thinks can never be comprehended by itself.

Agnes. It is very true—such notions are enough to drive a man mad.

Simon. Well then—and do you ask why it is that I am melancholy?"

The conversation is shortly after interrupted by the announcement of the intended visit of Peter Berner, who, having long heard of the fame of the beauties of Friedheim, has come in person to judge for himself. Some vague reports, as the sudden deaths of his wives, and his own gloomy temper, had reached Friedheim; but, in the mind of the giddy Agnes, these weigh little against the prospect of a rich establishment, and that of rummaging among the secrets and treasures of Berner's castle. When the new suitor urges his proposals, she hesitates for a little, pleads his beard, the loneliness of his castle, the shortness of the time allowed her for decision; but long before the interview in the garden is over, it is evident her mind is made up. "We see how it is,—she will be the sixteenth Mrs Shuffleton." The truth is, Peter pleads his case remarkably well; and we recommend the general outline of his statement as a model to young gentlemen who are about to rush upon their fate by "popping the question." *Probatum est*.

"The Garden.

PETER BERNER, AGNES.

Agnes. Knight, you are pressing.

Peter. How otherwise shall I try to gain your love?

Agnes. You love me, then—as you tell me?

Peter. From my heart, lady.

Agnes. But what do you call love?

Peter. If you feel it not, I cannot describe it to you.

Agnes. So I hear from all who call themselves in love.

Peter. Because it is the truth;—do you doubt my sincerity?

Agnes. Oh no! not so; but—

ANTHONY enters.

Peter. I speed but indifferently with my wooing, knight.

Anth. How?

Peter. Your fair sister believes not my words.

Agnes. You are pleased to say so.

Peter. I am no orator; I am a rough man, born and brought up amidst arms and tumult; fair speeches are not at my command; I can only say I love, and with that my whole stock of oratory is at an end. Yet those who say little are more to be trusted than many who deal at once in fine-spun phrases and false hearts. If I cannot express myself gracefully, I have but to learn the art of lying, and that may count for something. So believe me, then, when I say I love you from my heart.

Agnes. And what if I do believe you?

Peter. A strange question! Then you must love me in return. Or perhaps it is—how shall I express myself—my figure, my appearance is not inviting enough—or rather is disagreeable? It is true, there is something about me which strikes one as singular till they know me; but that surely could be no reason for rejecting an honourable man. Honesty is better than a fair outside. What if I have a bluish, aye, or a blue beard, as people say—still that is better than no beard at all.

Anth. Well, sister—

Peter. Perhaps you think—though that would be an inhuman superstition—that I must be something different, something meaner than other men, because my beard is not of the most approved colour. Ladies know how to change the colour of theirs; and for your love I will do as much for mine. Can man do more?

Agnes. You misconstrue my hesitation.

Peter. You need only say, Yes or No. All the rest is but the preface to these. Now, lady.

Agnes. I must have time. The loneliness of your castle, too, terrifies me.

Peter. That can be easily remedied. If my society be not enough, we can invite company,—people of all kinds—though you will soon tire of them. But time will not hang heavy on your hands. If you love novelties or strange curiosities, you will find plenty at my castle, which will employ you long enough. In my travels and in my campaigns, I have picked up many things which amuse even me in an idle hour.

Agnes. May I take my sister Anne with me?

Peter. With much pleasure, if she will accompany you."

The consent is at last given—the marriage is over—with many evil forebodings on the part of Simon. The brothers accompany the newly-married pair part of the way towards Berner's Castle, and leave them at an inn at no great distance from their journey's end. Peter addresses his wife—

"You have not spoken a word, Agnes?

Agnes. I must confess, the tears came rushing into my eyes, so that I could not utter a word.

Peter. Wherefore do you weep?

Agnes. My brothers, they are gone; who knows if I shall ever see them again?

Peter. She who loves her husband truly, must forget both brothers and sisters. We are now left to ourselves. Kiss me, Agnes.

Agnes. If we are to travel farther, do not, I pray you, urge on your horse so fearfully; the poor creature is almost sinking beneath you.

Peter. He will enjoy his stall the more. It is only after severe toil that rest appears to us as rest. Mind him no farther, child.

Agnes. But you may fall.

Peter. I have often fallen; it matters not.

Agnes. You terrify me.

Peter. 'Tis well; that is a proof of your love.

Agnes. In truth, now that I am alone with you, I could find it in my heart to be afraid.

Peter. Indeed! I am not sorry for it, But you will become accustomed to me by degrees, child.

Agnes. The country hereabout is very wild. That mill, yonder in the valley, sounds fearfully in this solitude. Ah! see, yonder are my brothers riding up the mountain side.

Peter. My eyes do not reach so far.

Agnes. As I rode down I did not think the spot was so near where we were to part.

Peter. Drive these things out of your thoughts.

Agnes. Before I had ever travelled, there was nothing I longed for so anxiously as a long journey; I thought of nothing but beautiful, incredibly beautiful, countries, castles and towers with wondrous battlements, their gilded roofs sparkling in the morning sun; steep rocks, and wide prospects from their tops; always new faces; leafy forests, and lonely winding footpaths, through green labyrinth echoing to the nightingale's song; and now, every thing is so different, I grow more and more fearful the farther I wander from my home.

Peter. We shall meet with some remarkable scenes still.

Agnes. Look at those waste dreary fields yonder, those bleak sandy hills, over which the dark rain-clouds are gathering.

Peter. My castle has a more pleasant site.

Agnes. Ah! it begins to rain; the sky grows darker and darker.

Peter. We must to horse; we shall be too late. Where is your sister? Call her, and cease whining. Come, our horses are already fed. [*Exeunt.*"]

The fourth act passes at the castle of Berner. Agnes has begun to get accustomed to his revolting aspect and gloomy temper; nay, to feel for him something akin to love. She has heard a thousand stories from the old housekeeper, Mëchthilde, of the treasures and curiosities which the castle contains; her curiosity is roused to the highest pitch, but, controlled by the awe in which she holds her husband, she has not ventured to ask the fulfilment of his promise. The opportunity, however, of gratifying her curiosity unexpectedly occurs. Peter announces his intention of leaving the castle for a few days, to meet another of those feudal inroads, to which his riches and his remorseless temper continually exposed him.

"*Peter.* During my absence, Agnes, I

shall place all my keys in your keeping. Here. In a few days I intend to return. You may amuse yourself during the interval with looking at those rooms which I have not yet shewn to you. Six chambers are open to you. But the seventh, which this golden key opens, remains closed—for you. Have you understood me?

Agnes. Perfectly.

Peter. Agnes, be not tempted to open that seventh chamber.

Agnes. Surely not.

Peter. I might take the key with me; and then it were impossible; but I will trust you. You will not be so foolish. Now, farewell!

Agnes. Farewell!

Peter. If I return, and find you have been in the forbidden room—

Agnes. Be not so warm for no purpose. I will not enter it, and there's an end.

Peter. That will be seen when I return.
[Exit.]

Agnes. Now, then, I have it in my power to see those long-wished for curiosities! Absurd! to think that when six chambers, with their treasures, are open, we should think of longing after the seventh; that would indeed be a childish curiosity! But how passionate he gets about every thing; I should not like to meet him the first time I have done any thing against his will.

ANNE enters.

Agnes. How are you, sister—better?

Anne. Somewhat.

Agnes. I have got the keys of the rooms at last. My husband is gone!

Anne. So?

Agnes. Into one of them we must not enter. No admission for you into the seventh, Anne.

Anne. I care not.

Agnes. He has strictly forbidden it.

Anne. I have no anxiety for it.

Agnes. Are you not rejoiced then?

Anne. Wherefore?

Agnes. That I have got the keys.

Anne. If you are rejoiced, I am so too.

Agnes. (At the window.) There he is riding off with his followers. (Opens the window.) Good fortune go with you. Return soon.

(Trumpets from without.)

Anne. How gaily they ride forth? Heaven grant they may return as gaily!

Agnes. Why should they not?

Anne. The end is not always so happy as the beginning; new clothes wear out; the green tree becomes sere; the evening often does not fulfil the promise of the

dawn; joyfully does the youth commence; what advancing years soon sternly forbid; and often apparent good luck is but the prelude to misfortune.

Agnes. You make my heart beat, sister.

Anne. I feel melancholy to-day.

Agnes. See, what procession is this passing by?

Anne. A peasant's wedding.

Agnes. How happy the people seem! They salute us. A song!

SONG from without.

O happy, when weary days are past,
Who rests in his true love's arms at last;

For him the tale

Of the nightingale,

It sounds more gaily from bush and vale.

CHORUS.

From bush and vale

Love's joyous tale,

In the sweet-voiced note of the nightingale.

(The music grows more and more distant, and at last is hushed.)

Agnes. Sister, you weep.

Anne. The music—

Agnes. It sounds so cheerfully.

Anne. Not to me.

Agnes. But you are never cheerful.

Anne. Ah! in those days when he used to play his lute under my window, and a light and distant echo repeated its tones! How the moon used to shine down on all, and I saw nothing but him, heard nothing but his song, which floated through the lonely night like a white swan upon some gloomy water.—O sister, never, never, can I forget him.

Agnes. Was he so dear to you?

Anne. More than words—more than the sweetest music can express. His presence used to fall upon my heart as when the ruddy morning rises on the earth after a stormy night, and sheds its peaceful dew on the tempest-shaken trees and flowers—and the clouds take to flight before the golden beams of the sun. Ah! sister, forgive me these tears.

Agnes. Come—endeavour to amuse yourself; here are the keys. Be cheerful.

Anne. Kind sister!

Agnes. We will call the old woman to go with us. She knows every thing.

Anne. As you will, but I confess I like her not.

Agnes. True. She is ugly enough, and her croaking voice very disagreeable; but these are the defects of age—she cannot help them. Come, come—I am dying with curiosity to see every thing.

[Exit.]

Scene III.

Hall in Berner's Castle.

AGNES, ANNE, MECHTHILDE (*the house-keeper*), *Servants carrying away supper.*

Agnes. My head is perfectly giddy with all the wonders I have seen. I feel as if the whole had been a dream.

Anne. The senses grow weary at last, and variety itself becomes monotony.

Anne. Mechthilde is getting sleepy.

Mech. Yes, children; I commonly go to bed at this hour, and then sleep comes to me without an effort.

Agnes. Then go to bed. I will sit up a little. The moon shines so clear. I will walk a while and take the air on the balcony.

Mech. Take care of the bats, they are flying about at this season.

Agnes. We never once thought of the Seventh Room, and yet the knight was so anxious about it; I daresay, after all, there is nothing in the least remarkable about it.

Mech. Likely not.

Agnes. How! were you never in it?

Mech. Never.

Agnes. That is strange: Take the keys with you, mother; we shall not need them longer.

Mech. Willingly.

Agnes. Men have their secrets too, as well as women.

Mech. Still more so; only they won't confess it.

Agnes. Give me back the keys.

Mech. Here they are.

Agnes. The Knight might be displeased—as he gave them into my own hands.

Anne. Now, good-night, sister, I go to bed.

Mech. I wish you a happy repose.

[*Exeunt.*]

Agnes. What a lovely night! How people talk of the curiosity of women, and yet here it is in my power to enter the forbidden chamber when I please. I made the keys be returned to me, partly, that my husband might not think I could not trust my own strength of mind. And yet, if I should yield to the temptation, no human being would ever know that I had been in the room; no farther evil would come of it. My sister, the preacher of morality, is asleep. I wish to heaven I had left the keys with that hideous old woman! The whole, I see, is arranged for the purpose of trying me—I shall not allow myself to be so easily ensnared. (*Walks up and down.*) The old woman, herself, has never been in the room. The Knight must have

something strange in it. I'll think on't no more. (*She goes to the window.*) If I could only imagine why it was forbidden to me? The key is of gold—the others are not. It must be the costliest chamber of all, and he wishes to surprise me with it some time or other. Nonsense! Why should I not see it now? There is nothing I detest more than these attempts at surprising one into pleasure. You can enjoy nothing, just because you see beforehand all the preparations that have been made for it! Agnes! Agnes! be on your guard—what torments you at present is neither more nor less than female curiosity! And why should I not be a woman as well as others? I should like to see the man in my situation who would not be curious. My sister would be as much so as I, if her head were not incessantly filled with love; but if she were to take it into her head that her Reinhold was concealed in that chamber, she would ask me for the key upon her knees. Ah, people are only accommodating to their own weaknesses. And, after all, it may be no weakness in me; something may be concealed in that chamber on which my happiness depends. I almost begin to think so. I will look in;—how should he ever know that I have been there? There must be some reason for this strong prohibition, and he should have told me what it was, then my compliance would have been an intelligent obedience instead of blind subjection—a procedure against which my whole heart revolts. Am I not a fool to hesitate so long? The thing is a trifle not worth so much trouble. (*She takes the key.*) Why do I not go on? If he should return while I am in the chamber? It is night, and ere he could ascend the stairs, I should easily be in my own room—besides, he will not be back for some days yet. He should have kept his keys if he did not intend that I should enter. (*Goes out with a light.*)

Enter CLAUS the Fool, and the COUNSELLOR.

Well, how do you like your residence at the Castle?

Coun. I scarcely know. I have slept till this moment, I was so weary. How clear the stars shine!

Claus. Can you read in the stars?

Coun. I wish I had learned; it must be a pleasant employment at night.

Claus. One can read their fate in them.

Coun. At times.

Claus. Do you believe in ghosts?

Coun. O yes!

Claus. This is the very witching time of night.

Coun. The very time for any spirit who is inclined to walk. I shall go to bed again.

Claus. I thought you had slept your sleep out.

Coun. I mean on account of the ghosts. It has a bad appearance to be found by them awake at this hour.

Claus. Go then.

(A door is shut to with force.)

Coun. Do you hear? *(Runs off.)*

AGNES enters, pale and trembling.

Claus. What is the matter, gracious lady?

Agnes. Nothing, nothing—get me a glass of cold water. *(Claus goes out. She sinks into a chair.)* Am I alone—where am I?—God in Heaven! How my heart beats—even to my throat.

(CLAUS comes with water.)

Agnes. Put it there; I cannot drink yet. Now go, go, there is nothing the matter with me. Go—*(Claus goes out.)* I know not how I came hither. *(She drinks.)* I am better now. It is deep night—the rest are asleep. *(She looks at the key.)* Here is a dark-red, a bloody spot; was it there before? Ah, no! I let it fall. All about me still smells of blood. *(She rubs the key with her handkerchief.)* It will not out. 'Tis strange! O curiosity,—accursed, shameful curiosity—what sin is worse than thine! And my husband, how looks he now? my husband—can I say? No, a frightful, a horrible monster; savage and hideous as a scaly dragon, from which the eye turns with loathing. Ah! I must to bed—my poor head is whirling. But the key—I must not leave it here—O God be praised that the spot is gone! Oh! no, no, wretched child, here it is again on the other side. I know not what to do—where to turn—I will try if I can sleep. Oh, yes—sleep—sleep, dream of other things, forget all; that will be sweet, that will be delightful! *(Goes out.)*

There is a difference, as our play-going readers will have remarked, between the treatment of this scene by Tieck, and our distinguished and highly moral stage-licenser. In Tieck's, to be sure, the public are cheated of all the horrors of the Blue Chamber. No groan breaks the stillness of the night as when the unfortunate Fatima approaches the forbidden chamber of Abomelique; no hollow voice from within proclaims death to the intruder; nor do the yawning doors disclose the interior

streaked with blood, and garnished with sepulchres "in the midst of which ghastly and supernatural forms are seen, some in motion, some fixed;" with "a large skeleton in the centre, seated on a tomb, with a dart in his hand, and over his head written in characters of blood 'The Punishment of Curiosity.'" Of all this raw-head and bloody-bones pageant, we see nothing. But was ever the natural progress of curiosity—the sophisms to which it has recourse, the vacillations between fear and desire, the sense of duty and the longings of the sex after things denied, more graphically depicted? Does not our own curiosity seem to rise as we read? Do we not follow the retreating steps of Agnes with the deepest interest, with something of our ancient childish terror? And from her broken sentences, her dark hints—her terror, her confusion of mind, do we not picture to ourselves something a little more ghastly than the above phantasmagoria of Colman?

The commencement of the Fifth Act carries us back to the Castle of Friedheim.

Scene I.

A Hall. Friedhe

Simon. *(With a knock.)* He must rise whether he will or not, for now I know it for a certainty. He can escape me no longer.—*(He knocks at a door.)*—Anthony! Anthony!—awake!

Anth. *(Within.)* Who is there?

Simon. 'Tis I—Simon—your brother; get up quickly, I must speak to you of something urgent.

Anth. Must your madness destroy to me the repose of midnight?

Simon. Speak not so, brother. You will repent of it. I believe he has fallen asleep again. What, ho!—get up—awake.

Anth. Will you never give over raving.

Simon. Abuse me as you will—only rise. Rise—I will give you no rest, brother.

Anth. *(Comes out in his night-dress.)* Tell me then what you want?

Simon. Brother, I have been unable to sleep the whole night.

Anth. I slept so much the sounder.

Simon. You see my prophecies, my forebodings, or what you will, were more distinct than wont.

Anth. What! have I risen only to listen to your folly?

Simon. I foretold to you that our brother had carried off the daughter of Hans von Marloff, and so it was. The old man was here to complain of it last night.

Anth. Any one might have prophesied that.

Simon. And this night I have seen our sister weeping incessantly, and I have been fighting the whole night through with Bluebeard.

Anth. Well—what then?

Simon. Her life is in danger, I tell you, brother. That Bluebeard is a villain—in what I know not—but enough that he is so.

Anth. Good-night, brother. Your mode of reasoning is too much for me.

Simon. Is it not enough, brother, that you have thrown away our sister on a ruffian like this? Will you now leave her in danger of her life? Anthony, let your fraternal heart for once be melted. Perhaps at this moment she casts a longing look for us from the window of her prison. She wishes that her deep sobs could reach to us to lure us to her assistance.—She waits for her brothers. And we may arrive only to find her dead, and stretched upon her bier.

Anth. But what has awakened these thoughts?

Simon. My whole fancy is filled with these gloomy imaginations. I can think and dream of nothing cheerful. All my visions are of death. I cannot rest till my sword has stretched this villain at my feet. Come, come, methinks somehow, at this distance, I hear my sister's cry. How soon may our horses be saddled—how soon may we be there?

Anth. The maddest thing about insanity is that it infects the sane.

Simon. You will see I am not mistaken.

Anth. I scarcely know how it is, I yield to you.

Simon. Dress yourself. I will saddle the horses;—this torch will light our way till the sun rises.

Scene II.

BERNER'S Castle.

AGNES enters with a lamp. She places it upon a table, and sits down beside it, then takes the key from her pocket.

Agnes. That spot will not out. I have rubbed it and washed it all day, but there it remains. When I gaze at it thus fixedly, I sometimes think it is disappearing; but when I turn my eyes to other objects and then look at it again, it is still there, and, as it were, darker than ever. I might tell him I had lost it, but that

would raise his suspicions to a height. Perhaps he may not ask me for the key. Perhaps he may not observe it. When I give it to him I will hand it to him with the clear side uppermost. Why should he think of looking at it so minutely? Perhaps the spot may disappear before he return. Ah! if Heaven could only be so gracious to me!

Anne. (Enters.) How are you, dear sister?

Agnes. But what if it do not disappear? I shall begin to think the key knows all, and that it is for my punishment that it will not be cleaned.

Anne. Sister!

Agnes. God in heaven!—Who is there?

Anne. How you start—It is I.

Agnes. (Concealing the key with precipitation.) I did not expect—

Anne. How changed you are, Agnes, within these few days!—Speak to me—to your sister—who loves you so tenderly. You are feverish—Your pulse burns—Tell me, are you ill.

Agnes. Nay, sister—Come, we will to bed again.

Anne. Something has happened to you, though you will not confess it to me. Why will you not trust me?—Have I ever deceived you?—Have you ever found me treacherous—destitute of sisterly affection?

Agnes. (Weeping.) Never, never. You were always good—O, better—far better than I!

Anne. Ah! not so—Often have you suffered from my moody humours.—Forgive me—Can you?

Agnes. Do not speak so.

Anne. I have watched you for two days—You do not speak—You steal about—You conceal yourself in a corner—At night you do not sleep—You sigh so heavily—Share your grief with me. If I cannot console you, I can bear your sorrows with you.

Agnes. Hear me then—but you will blame me.

Anne. Nay—if you have no confidence in me—

Agnes. And yet perhaps you would yourself have done the same. You know that from my childhood I was ever fond of seeing and hearing novelties. This luckless passion has deprived me of my happiness—perhaps of my life.

Anne. You terrify me.

Agnes. I could not restrain my curiosity. The other night I entered the forbidden chamber.

Anne. Well?

Agnes. O, would to heaven I had remained behind! Why is the human mind so framed, that such a prohibition

only operates as an incentive? I know not how I shall be able to relate the circumstances to you; for, as often as I think of them, a cold shudder comes over me. I opened the door with care. I had a light in my hand. My first resolve had been only to look in, and to retire immediately. When I opened the door, I saw nothing but an empty room, and in the background, a green curtain, as if concealing an alcove or a bedchamber. I could not turn—the curtain looked so mysterious. Methought it moved—it was the current rushing in through the open door. A strange oppressive smell pervaded the apartment. In order to be careful, I drew out the key—I advanced trembling—I felt a secret terror that the door would close of itself and for ever behind me. I drew near to the curtain. My heart beat, but it was no longer with curiosity. I drew it back—still I saw nothing; for the light threw only a weak and uncertain glimmer into the gloom. I advanced behind the curtain—and now, sister—sister—think of my horror! Round about on the walls stood six skeletons. There was blood on the walls—blood on the floor. A shriek seemed to echo from the window—it was myself doubtless that screamed. The key fell from my hands. I was deafened—it sounded as if the castle were crumbling to the ground. Above the skeletons stood inscriptions with the names of the murdered—the six former wives of Berner—with the date on which they were punished for their curiosity—or perhaps I may have but fancied that—for I know not when or how I came to my senses! O with what horrid fancies has my mind been since haunted! I had picked up the key—it had fallen among blood. I was in agony lest I should find the door had closed upon me. I rushed against the curtain, as if I were labouring to overturn a giant, and again I was alone in the desolate chamber. O think, sister—if I had been doomed to pass the night in that abode of misery—if the moon had shone into the bloody chamber—if the skeletons had moved—or if my fancy had imparted life to them—I should have dashed my head against the walls—I should have clasped the hideous mouldering remnants in my arms—I should have gone distracted with terror and despair! O think—think of that, sister—such visions are enough to drive one mad.

Anne. Calm yourself, Agnes—It is I—I hold you here in my arms.

Agnes. Ah! what avails that, when horror is so near at hand? You have but

to cross that threshold, and it lies before you. O sister, what a castle this is—a slaughter-house!

Anne. Sister, we must hence—our brothers must protect us. Would the old woman were not here?

Agnes. Perhaps she will assist us.

Anne. Poor child! Doubtless she is in league with the monster.

Agnes. Heavens! and she so old!

Anne. Unfortunate sister!

Agnes. But perhaps he may not return. But lately you made me melancholy with that thought—now it is almost my only consolation.

Anne. But if he should return?

Agnes. Ah! sister, I fear me I am lost. To an old woman! She must know every thing. What must be her feelings? But she has a revolting aspect. When she thinks of all this—when the thought of that chamber of blood is present with her, how can she eat, drink, or sleep? And he—he himself—O tell me! how can a man be so converted into a monster! It all seems to me like a hideous vision. And yet I am spell-bound in the centre of this fearful picture.

Anne. Compose yourself—if you would have a chance of salvation—if you would not lose your reason.

Agnes. It is half gone already. O Anne, it is frightful. Even when you were labouring to console me, methought it was the old woman that sat beside me—*(grasping her.)* But it is yourself—is it not?

Anne. Agnes—Agnes, restrain yourself. Away with this madness.

Agnes. Look on this key, that betrays all. Day and night I have laboured to efface this frightful spot, but all in vain.

Anne. Be calm—be calm.

MECITHILDE enters with a lantern.

Anne. Are you astir so early.

Mech. I have been crawling through all the house already, for I have a presentiment that our master will be home to-day.

Agnes. Thy lord?

Mech. Your joy seems to agitate you strangely. But how is it, lady, that you too are up so early?

Anne. My sister is not well.

Mech. Not well! You too are pale. Ah! that will not please my master. I will sit beside you, for my sleep is by; at this early hour it is difficult to sleep.

Agnes. Sit down.

Mech. We can amuse ourselves with story-telling. Nothing serves better to keep the eyes open, especially when the stories are somewhat terrible.

Anne. I know none. but you may tell us something.

Mech. Sec, the moon is going down. The sky is getting black and gloomy. Your lamp is going out; I will place my lantern on the table. Truly, lady, I know not many, and am but an indifferent story-teller; but I will try.

‘There was once a forester who lived in a thick wood—so thick, that the sun-beams only pierced through it in broken beams; and when the horn blew, it sounded awfully in that green loneliness. The house of the forester lay in the very thickest of the wood. His children grew up in the wilderness, and saw nobody but their father, for their mother had been long dead.

‘At a certain period of the year, the father was always accustomed to shut himself up for a whole day in the hut; and then the children used to hear a strange noise about the house—a whining, and shouting, and running, and crying; in short, a disturbance as if the devil himself were abroad. At such times they spent their time in the hut in singing and prayer; and their father warned the children carefully not to go out.

‘It happened, however, on one occasion, that he was obliged to go on a journey during the week when that day happened. He gave them the strongest orders not to stir out; but the girl, partly through curiosity, partly that she had forgotten the day, went out of the hut. Not far from the house, there lay a greystagnant lake, round which old moss-grown willows stood. The girl sat down by the lake; and as she looked in, she thought she saw strange bearded countenances gazing at her. The trees began to rustle; something seemed to move in the distance; the water began to boil up, to grow blacker and blacker, and all at once something like a fish or a frog sprung up, and three bloody, bloody hands slowly rose, and pointed with their crimson fingers towards the girl’——.

Agnes. Bloody! Sister, sister, for God's sake! look at the old witch! See how her face is distorted! Look, sister!

Mech. Child! what is the matter?

Agnes. Bloody, did you say? Yes, bloody, thou loathsome hag! Your life is one of blood, ye butchers, ye ruthless murderers! Away with her, I cannot bear her grinning visage opposite to me! Away! So long as I am mistress here, I shall be obeyed.

Mech. These are strange attacks.

[*Erit.*

Anne. O sister, calm yourself.

Agnes. You should have seen how her visage changed during the story.

Anne. You are heated—these are mere imaginations.

Agnes. Then why did she speak of blood? I cannot hear the word without going mad.

Anne. You must lie down again. Sleep may refresh you.

Agnes. Sleep! O, no—no sleep. I cannot sleep—but I will rest beside you—I will hold your dear hand in mine, while you speak consolation to me.

[*Ereunt.*

Scene IV.

A Terrace before the Castle, with trees. On the right, part of the Castle, with the great gate, is visible. The Castle is flat-roofed, and surrounded with a balcony; at the side a tower, to which a stair leads up.

ANNE, AGNES, upon the roof.

Anne. How beautiful the sun has risen!

Agnes. It brings no consolation to me.

Anne. See how the fresh and ruddy beam streams in yonder between the far hills—how the country becomes visible by degrees in the morning ray.

Agnes. Oh! Anne! (*hastily.*)

Anne. What is it, sister?

Agnes. Perhaps he may not return. I am so agitated since that night, that your lightest tone falls grating on my ear.

Anne. I meant it for the best.

Agnes. I know it. It is that supports me.

Anne. No.

Agnes. It comes from the corner of the wood yonder.

Anne. It is want of sleep which makes strange noises in your ear.

Agnes. No—I hear the trumpets plainly.

Anne. (*After a pause.*) I hear them too.

Agnes. O, my breast beats wildly! It is they! I will try in the meantime to compose myself. Perhaps he will not be so enraged as I expected. In our terror we are apt to overrate things. Is it not so, sister?

Anne. Surely.

Agnes. It approaches. It is my husband! I can recognise the colours already.

Anne. It is they.

Martial music. A train of servants. PETER on horseback below.

Peter. Ah! my wife. Good morning,

Agnes.

Agnes. Good morning.

Peter. Remain there, I will come up. Leave the gates open. The others with the booty will be here immediately.

[*They enter the gate.*]

Agnes. He is coming here. It is he indeed!

Anne. Collect yourself, dear sister, all may yet be well.

Agnes. I am sick of life: yet death is terrible to me. I understand not myself.

PETER BERNER appears on the balcony.

Agnes. I had a presentiment that you would come.

Peter. I have returned sooner than I had calculated on. My foes are defeated, and rich booty has fallen into our hands.

Agnes. Fortune seems always to accompany you.

Peter. Think you so?—And how, in the meantime, have you been?

Agnes. Quite well.

Peter. Methinks you look pale.

Agnes. We rose this morning so early.

MICHIKILDE enters.

Peter. How have you crawled up, old house-dragon?

Meck. I came to wish you joy, my lord.

Peter. I thank you.

Meck. The morning meal is ready.

Peter. Good. It is a fair prospect from hence. But standing at this height one must be wary; sometimes the inclination seizes us to leap down; the depth of the descent lures us into the abyss.

Anne. Women think not of such things; but my brother Simon would talk of it for hours.

Agnes. Here are the keys; but I'll give you them afterwards.

Peter. Very good. You have seen every thing?

Agnes. With delight. I have satiated myself with wonders.

Peter. I think you may as well give me them now.

Agnes. Here. The golden one I shall keep.

Peter. For what purpose?

Agnes. As a remembrance.

Peter. Little fool!

Agnes. Now, seriously, I don't intend to give it you. I must try your patience a little.

Peter. My patience does not bear much. And yet we have not been so long married as to quarrel already.

Peter. After a quarrel the reconciliation is the sweeter.

Agnes. I see you do not trust me; so I'll keep the key a little longer in jest.

Peter. You will give it to me—I ask it seriously.

Agnes. What if I refuse?

Peter. Then you may keep it entirely.

Agnes. I never saw you in such good-humour.

Peter. I am well to-day. Every thing has succeeded with me. Now, childish wife, give me the key.

Agnes. Here, then.

Peter. Now we will go down to breakfast.

Meck. Come, my lord.

Peter. (*Playing with the key.*) What is the matter?

Agnes. Nothing. Shall we go?

Peter. What spot is this?

Agnes. A spot! Perhaps it may have got it just now.

Peter. Now! hypocritical serpent. O Agnes! I thought not to lose you so soon. None of my wives left me so suddenly; for to all of them my commands were of some force for a few weeks. But you—

Agnes. Ah! be not angry.

Peter. Accursed curiosity. (*He throws the key from him*) Through thee came the first sin into the guiltless world, and still thou leadest men to sins too dark, too monstrous to be named. The crime of the first mother of mankind has poisoned all her daughters, and woe to the deceived husband who trusts to your false tenderness, the feigned innocence of your eyes, your smiles, the pressure of your hands! Deceit is your trade, and you are beautiful only that you may the better deceive. Your very sex should be swept from the face of the earth. This shameless curiosity—this baseness of heart—this contemptible weakness of disposition it is, which with you dis-severs every tie,—makes you break your plighted faith: and then, allied with cowardice, tempts you to the most ruthless murders. Hell itself! the very embraces of the devil, are the price ye pay for the indulgence of this pleasure. Enough! you have chosen your fate.

Agnes. I tremble to look on you. Have pity on me!

Peter. Old woman, take up the key.

Meck. You wish to open the Cabinet? Good. [*Exit.*]

Agnes. (*Kneels.*) Have mercy! Forgive me my presumption; you shall not repent of it; I will reward you for it with all my love.

Peter. Do I not know you? At this moment you loathe me, you would fly if but an opportunity offered.

Agnes. So young, and yet to die so terrible a death!—Discard me as your wife—make me your servant; the servant of your housekeeper; any thing; but O! let me live!

Peter. Your prayers are vain. It is against my vow.

Anne. (Kneels.) O spare my sister; let your heart be moved as becomes a man: give mercy as you expect mercy; look on the agony of your poor wife! Let my tears find their way to your heart. I will not say her guilt is trifling, but the greater it is, the more noble will be your lenity.

Agnes. Dear, dear husband, look on me with kindness; not so; not with these fearful eyes. Let me cling to your knees; turn not from me so coldly, think of the love you once bore to me. Ah! let me not die this fearful fearful death; drag me not into the bloody chamber; drive me forth to the woods—to the wilderness—to the stags and wolves; but oh! let me not die here; not to-day!

Peter. All is in vain.

Agnes. Every prayer—every tear in vain?

Peter. By the heaven above us!—

Agnes. (Rising hastily.) Then rise, sister, pollute your knees no longer. Now hear me for the last time, thou cold-blooded, blood-thirsty monster! hear that I loathe thee, that thou wilt not escape thy punishment.

Anne. Had we but other two women here, our nails should scratch your little serpent-like eyes out of your head.

Agnes. Detestable monster!—no man, but an abortion—the mother that bore you should have drowned you like a dog, in order to avert the evil you were to bring upon the world.

Peter. Ho! ho! What prevents me from throwing you both down from this height? Bethink yourselves, ye are mad. Is this language for women—Now come, *Agnes.* The door beneath is unlocked.

Agnes. And is this your final purpose. O woe is me! I cannot move my strength is exhausted.

Peter. Come!

Agnes. One prayer to Heaven—you will allow me time for that?

Peter. Then be quick, I will wait below.

[Exit.

Agnes. Ah! sister—were it not better to leap down at once from this giddy height. But my courage fails me. (*She kneels.*) I will pray. O, if my brothers could but come! Sister, look out into the country—it were possible. Ah! I cannot give a thought to heaven. See you nothing?

Peter. (From below.) *Agnes!*

Agnes. Immediately.

Anne. I see nothing but the field, and the wood, and the mountains. All is calm—not a breath stirs. The trees on this side shut out the prospect.

Agnes. If your head be not giddy, I would pray you to ascend the tower—but

beware of falling. Now, see you any thing?

Peter. (Below.) *Agnes!*

Agnes. This instant.

Anne. Nothing but trees, fields, and mountains, and the warm air moves in waves over the ground in the heat of the sun.

Agnes. Alas! and I cannot pray. Involuntarily I feel myself calling Simon, Anthony, as if help were yet at hand.

Peter. (Below.) *Agnes,* you make me impatient!

Agnes. But one short prayer! See you nothing still?

Anne. I see dust rising.

Agnes. O joy, joy!

Anne. Alas, alas! it is but a flock of sheep.

Agnes. Am I not a fool to hope for impossibilities? I will resign myself to my fate. I will reconcile myself to death. Come down, sister—you see nothing still—and let me take leave of you.

Anne. I see a horseman—two.

Agnes. How? is it possible?

Anne. They rush like lightning down the mountain, the one after the other.

Agnes. O God!

Anne. The one is before the other—far before.

Peter. (Below.) *Agnes,* I am coming.

Agnes. I am on my way to you; my sister is giving me a last embrace.

Anne. He comes nearer and nearer!

Agnes. Do you not know him?

Anne. No—yes!—It is Simon! (*She waves her handkerchief.*) Oh woe! his horse stumbles with him—he falls—he rises—he runs on foot!

Agnes. Where am I?—I know not whether I am alive or dead.

Anne. He is close by!

Agnes. What a strange dream—would I were awake. (*She sinks down.*)

Peter, (comes up with a drawn sword.) In the devil's name, where do you tarry? Ifow, dead, insensible?—I will drag her by the hair to the spot where she is to bleed.

Simon, (rushes in hastily below with his sword drawn.) Stay—stay—murderer—villain! (*He rushes through the gate.*)

Anne. (Above.) Help, help!

Peter, (letting Agnes fall.) What cry was that that rose so shrilly here? (*Lays hold of her again.*) Down with you—despite of angels or devils! (*He attempts to drag her out.*)

Simon, (rushing against him.) Stay—villain!

Peter. How? Do you dare?

Simon. Speak not. Let the sword decide. (*They fight. PETER falls. SIMON drives the sword through his heart.*) Now, I

feel happy. Now I am at ease. Agnes! God in heaven, she is dead!

Anne. Agnes, dear sister! O brother, thanks! Agnes, all danger is over. (*She opens her eyes.*)

Agnes. Where am I?—Ah, heaven, Simon! Are you there—Whence did you come?—And the murderer—

Simon. There he lies dead at your feet. I scarcely know how I came hither—Something like a tempest seemed to blow me on. And when I first came in sight of the castle and saw your handkerchief waving—No matter—All is well now. Come down—the sight of this wretch shall agitate you no more. (*They lead her down.*)

We have omitted a good deal of episodical matter, which refers chiefly to the love adventures of Brother Leopold with Brigetta, the daughter of Hans von Marloff, and sundry comic scenes with the Fool and Counsellor, thinking their prattle to be tedious, in order to present the real point of interest unincumbered by these accessories. The truth is, that all that part of the play, which is a mere excrescence on the original, might, with much advantage,

have been omitted; nor is there any thing in the humour of the Fool, or the folly of the Counsellor, which, to those accustomed to the Touchstone or Dogberry of Shakspeare, is likely to reconcile them to the introduction of characters so totally unconnected with the plot. The wit, such as it is, is too obviously prepared, and the characters too palpably opposed to each other, on a principle of absolute contrast. Had Bluebeard been written in three Acts instead of five, and the action confined to the single idea of the punishment of curiosity, it would have been an admirable effective acting play. The whole of the last Act is dramatic, and agitating in the highest degree. As it is, however, we scarcely wonder that, as yet, Bluebeard, though printed in 1797, and read, admired, and lauded by every German critic, since Schlegel led the way in the *Jena Literatur Zeitung*, has found no manager enterprising enough to bring it upon the stage.

IRELAND. NO. II.

THE DISMEMBERMENT OF THE EMPIRE.

Among the many dangers to which the empire, as the reward of its democratic madness, is now exposed, there is none which appears so immediate as that of *dismemberment*, from the distractions of Ireland, and the powerful influence which the Reform Bill has given to its reckless and unprincipled agitators. We were told again and again, till great part of the nation came to believe the fallacy, that the Catholic influence would be absolutely trifling in Parliament; that five or six members were all that the priests would be able to return for an hundred years to come; that they would be lost amidst the crowd of English Protestants; and that, of all the chimeras on earth, the most extravagant was to expect danger from that quarter. These principles the Whigs incessantly inculcated for thirty years; and on them they acted in passing the Irish Reform Bill,—and giving to its ardent,

impassioned, destitute, and priest-ridden population the same privileges as to the sober yeomanry of England.

What is the consequence? Are the Catholics so very despicable? Is the Popish priesthood so very powerless in the formation of legislative authority? Is the cause of the Repeal—in other words, of the dismemberment of the empire, so very hopeless? Is O'Connell, the great agitator, reduced, as he said he would be by emancipation, to a mere plodding *nisi prius* lawyer? The reverse of all this has avowedly taken place. The Catholic priests have returned above half of the Irish members; O'Connell himself is at the head of a band of ten of his own relations; and thirty more are ready to obey his summons. The Repealers constitute an undoubted majority of the legislators sent from the other side of the Channel.

The following analysis of the composition of the new Parliament, so far as it can be judged of before its deliberations have commenced, will shew the immense importance of this body to the whole empire.

Whigs decided,	284
Whigs wavering,	100
Conservatives,	145
Radicals,	127
	<hr/> 656

Now, the importance of these Irish Repealers consists in this. They invariably coalesce on every occasion with the Radicals and irreligious party in the British Parliament. A large portion of the Dissenters join them. These three parties have for many years invariably acted together. The bond of union is obvious. Hatred at England and the English Church is the tie which keeps together, and will keep* together, until their designs are accomplished, this otherwise heterogeneous union. They may quarrel about the spoil when it is gained; but, till that is the case, they will never separate. As long as an acre of the ancient inheritance of the Church of England remains to that noble establishment, so long will the Catholics, the Radicals, and the Infidels league together for its spoliation.

Nor is the power of this formidable coalition confined to mere votes within Parliament. It wields at will the vast Political Unions of England, called into existence by the Whig Ministry, and vested with power by the Reform Bill. It directs the ardent and reckless Catholics of Ireland, destitute, for the most part, of property, burning with now unfettered passions, and guided by an able and ambitious priesthood; it is supported by the unprincipled, the profligate, the abandoned, and the insolvent all over the empire;—a numerous race at all times, but fearfully augmented by the dissolution of principle, and the wreck of fortune consequent on the political agitation of the last two years; and now, in almost all the great towns, rendered omnipotent. The numerous class so well described by Sallust have everywhere risen into fearful political activity.—“Semper in civitate quibus opes nullæ sunt, bonis invi-

dent, malos extollunt; vetera odere, nova exoptant; odio suarum rerum mutari omnia student; turba atque seditionibus sine cura aluntur, quoniam egestas facile habetur sine damno. Sed urbana plebs eo vero præceps erat multis de causis, nam qui ubique probro atque petulantia maxime præstabant, item alii per dedecora patrimonii amissis, postremo omnes quos flagitium aut facinus domo expulerat, in Romam, sicut in sentinam, confluxerant.” The representatives of these men uniformly and invariably ally themselves with the Catholics and the Infidels; and it is the union of these fearful bodies, when government is in weak and feeble hands, that threatens the empire with approaching dissolution.

Every one practically acquainted with the House of Commons must know how great a preponderance a body of this description, constantly united, perfectly reckless, and careless of consequences, and always at hand, must have upon their decisions. It is not too much to say that it must soon acquire, unless firmly and resolutely resisted, an irresistible force. Let no man measure the importance of such a body in a public assembly, by the mere amount of its numbers. Its influence consists in the support it receives out of doors; in the aid of a numerous and impassioned body of supporters in the empire, who give to reckless ability in Parliament the aid of reckless physical strength out of it. By such means, in the days of a progressive popular movement, a small body of desperate characters in the Legislature soon acquired a great, at last an irresistible influence. The Jacobins in the first French Assembly were just *nine* in number; they rose to an hundred in the second; and although they did not amount to much more than a third of the Convention at its first opening, they gradually acquired, by the threats of physical force, and the aid of the populace, a decided command over its deliberations, and ultimately led out their opponents to the scaffold.

There never was a more mistaken idea than to suppose that demagogues will now obtain no influence in the British Parliament. This was prophesied of O'Connell before he was admitted; it was said he would

find his level; and he did find his level, and that was about the third man in point of weight and importance in the late House of Commons. The times are gone past, when vehement and vulgar mob oratory will fail within the walls of St Stephen's; they succeed now, and will succeed to all appearance still better in the new Parliament, because the composition of the body is changed, and from the larger intermixture of popular passion, the influence of popular eloquence is more strongly felt. Danton backed by the Mountain never failed to make his voice of thunder heard in the French Convention.

This powerful body of united Catholics, Radicals, and Infidels, will, we may be well assured, strain every nerve to effect the dissolution of the Irish Union. Each of them has an important object to gain by such an event. The Catholics expect to obtain a local legislature, and with it a resumption of the Catholic estates, the demolition of the Protestant Church, and an Hibernian republic in close alliance with France. The Radicals hope from such an event, such a spread of republican principles in this country as will render the farther maintenance of the monarchical institutions impossible. The Irreligionists anticipate with delight the overthrow of a great Christian establishment, and hope from it to see the march of infidelity speedily become as general in this country as it became in France upon the overthrow of its establishment. All these classes have separate interests inducing them to coalesce for this great object; and seeing as we have, what can be done by general intimidation and brutal violence, it is fearful to think of the chances which exist against the empire holding together.

The repeal, if brought forward at once, will in the first instance be thrown out by a large majority; perhaps three or four to one. But let it not be imagined that the project is at an end from such a result. Ministers have taught the revolutionists how to carry what at first appears the most hopeless objects. Agitation; pacific agitation; such agitation as sickens the heart of the nation, and ultimately makes them yield any thing to get quit of it, is the simple but infernal expedient. It was thus that

Catholic Emancipation was carried; it was thus that Reform was carried; it will be thus that the dismemberment of the empire will be carried.

Experience warrants the assertion, that a democratic society can never hold together long, if the ruling power in the state is really the popular will. An aristocracy like that of Rome or Venice, may maintain a mighty sway for a course of centuries, but a real democracy carries within itself the seeds of speedy and rapid dissolution. Athens in ancient times, and Poland in modern Europe were genuine democracies; the empire of the first, after a short and feverish existence was dissolved at Aigospotamos; the provinces of the latter melted away with every war in which they were engaged, until at last the brilliant remnant was swept from the book of nations. America is not destined to all appearance to form an exception to the general rule; already the Southern States are arrayed in fierce hostility against the Northern; manufacturing cupidity has imposed a tariff upon the Union, inconsistent with the existence of part of its provinces; and before Washington's bones are dissolved in the tomb, the sword of civil discord will be drawn in the land to which he bequeathed the fatal gift of democratic freedom.

The reason why democratic societies so speedily fall to pieces, and republican states never maintain any consistency unless they are practically subjected to the despotic authority of a few members, a Committee of Public Safety, a Cromwell or a Napoleon, is that the lower classes of mankind, when invested with power, are so intolerably overbearing and despotic in their administration; and have so little regard either in their words or their actions to any thing but their own individual interests. This is a proposition universally true; because it is founded on the principles of human nature. Look at private life, and the working of the principle will instantly be perceived. Ask any man who has experienced both, whether he would rather be governed in any particular, or do business in any department with a committee of gentlemen or a body of democratic shopkeepers. You will not find one

man in ten thousand who in private life, and unconnected with political agitators will hesitate as to the answer. The same cause which makes the sway of a body of town democrats disagreeable in a city, makes a really democratic legislature intolerable in the political world. Large bodies of mankind never can be brought to attend to the feelings or the interests of others; they are invariably actuated by their own passions, or the consideration of their own advantage.

The operation of this principle may clearly be perceived in the British empire, both in past and present times. What caused us to lose our North American Colonies? The democratic intolerance of England, which would not share with its Transatlantic provinces any part of the privileges which she herself had with so much difficulty acquired. Look at the state of public feeling in England on Irish affairs: you will there see the most resolute determination to maintain the supremacy of Great Britain to all the other parts of the empire. Look at Ireland: you will find the most ardent desire, among all the Catholics at least, for a repeal of the union, and a separate legislature. The people of all the great towns in the empire are clear for the immediate emancipation of the West India negroes, which is tantamount to the immediate burning of every West India plantation, and the instant death of every West India proprietor; the inhabitants of these colonies are resolved, before they will submit to extermination, to throw themselves into the arms of the slave states in the southern parts of America. Amidst such discordant and unruly elements, the question the statesman has to ask himself is, what chance is there that the vast and unwieldy fabric of the British empire can hold together, separated as its parts are from each other by oceans and hemispheres, and embracing as it does the world in its arms? The interests, the passions of the different parts of so vast a dominion, are as much separated as the fogs of England are from the snows of Canada, or the tornado of the West from the monsoon of the East Indies. How then are they to be held together, now that political power is

exclusively vested in the lower class of the middling orders; the very men of all others the most arrogant and presumptuous in their rule over others?

One single example will suffice to shew the imminent danger in this respect which threatens the stability of the empire. Everybody knows the fierce and intolerant demands for the instant emancipation of the negro slaves, which have been raised by the reckless and impassioned populace of the great cities in every part of the empire. Are the West India proprietors to submit quietly to be massacred, to give over their houses to the flames, and their children to the tomahawk, as they did in St Domingo? No—warned by the dreadful example to which, with the usual recklessness of revolutionists, the fanatical party in this country shut their eyes, they are resolved to resist, and they have openly avowed their intention to the governor, through the medium of their Assembly.

“This House was no party to the measure by which an enquiry was obtained in the Commons’ House of the British Parliament, by the West India proprietors residing out of this island; nor do we admit that the House of Commons can institute any effectual enquiry in relation to the institutions of this island, or its internal affairs. To understand the laws of any society, and the influence of customs and habits over those laws, a personal residence among the inhabitants of the country is indispensable. No evidence can convey over 4500 miles, those circumstances which most materially affect the welfare of a people, and which, to be appreciated, must be seen. Countries might be mentioned where the laws, in theory, have been considered perfect; but where, after centuries of legislation, the people are starving and wretched. This, we are proud to say, is not the case in Jamaica, notwithstanding all the defects incident to the state of slavery, originally forced on us by Great Britain.

“As the House never did recognise the resolutions of Parliament in 1823—as this House never did admit the right of the House of Commons to legislate on the internal af-

fairs of Jamaica, even when the West Indies were indirectly represented in Parliament, we never can concede that a House of Commons, which is to exist upon the principle that actual representation should be the foundation of legislation, *can justly claim to legislate over us, their free fellow-countrymen*, in all respects their equals, but *who have not, and cannot have, any voice whatever at their election, by whom, in consequence, we are not represented*—who are strangers to our condition and interest, and whose attempt to dictate to us would consequently, upon their own principles, or their own existence as a legislative body, be tyranny, and not legislation.

“ Experience prevents us from deluding ourselves with the hope of a dispassionate and impartial result from the proceedings of any Committee of the Commons’ House, in relation to the West Indies; nor are we strangers to the fact, that pledges are now being exacted from candidates for seats in the new Imperial Parliament, to vote, in respect of the colonies, *according to popular dictation*, and not after ample and patient examination.

“ This House has always declared that they will constantly and readily adopt every measure for substantially benefiting the condition of the slave population, which our own local experience convinces us would really conduce to their welfare, and not injure those rights of property which our constituents were forced by the British Government to acquire.”

Nor is it only in the West Indies that the empire is threatened with dismemberment. Ireland is all but in arms to obtain it. Ministers, after having sedulously nursed the sacred flame of democracy in that country, by unbounded concessions, and the most lavish gift of honours to the Great Agitator, now find their precepts turned against themselves. The machinery they invented for Catholic emancipation, which they raised to perfection for the Reform bill, is now brought to bear upon the repeal of the Union. O’Connell has contrived, by the aid of this popular and delusive cry, to unite not only all the Catholics, but a portion also of the selfish and short-

sighted Protestants, in the cause. The deluded shopkeepers of Dublin think that if they get a Parliament in College Green, they will have unheard-of days of prosperity for Ireland. They little dream of the consequences; extinction of the Church, revolution in the estates, misery, anarchy, and wretchedness for their country, such as never before was felt even in that land of woe.

The organization which, fostered by the Whigs, and by them directed to other purposes, has sprung up in Ireland, and is now brought to bear upon the general fabric of the empire, is to the last degree formidable. Upwards of 5,000,000 of Catholics are united in the cause—men all actuated by the strongest, though the most unfounded resentment against this country, perfectly reckless of consequences, without any thing to lose, and accustomed to follow with blind obedience the dictates of their priests. To direct this immense mass of physical strength, is the bigoted and ambitious priesthood, actuated alike by religious fervour and civil ambition—burning to regain possession of the lost estates of the clergy, and to restore to the Roman Pontiff the long-lost province of the British isles. To regulate the movements of the whole, are a few able and resolute leaders, perfectly acquainted with the means of exciting popular passion; adepts in the infernal art of agitation; careless of character, who live on public agitation, and would droop into insignificance under a resolute and stable government. Such is the force arrayed against this country, and such the power which is wielded at will by a party which has never scrupled to league with its enemies for its destruction.

The internal state to which great part of Ireland has been brought by the agitation so long and sedulously fostered by the Whigs in that country, is such as almost to exceed belief, and certainly to be without a parallel in any European nation. It is not going too far to say, that in three-fourths of the country hardly a shadow of government remains. Murders, conflagrations, robberies, are perpetrated at noonday by bands of armed peasants well organized, who set all justice at defiance. Pay-

ment of tithes has in most places totally ceased; payments of every kind are in many suspended. The persons of property are, in the South, flocking into the towns with such little property as they can save out of the general wreck; the clergy are in most places literally reduced to starvation. Are some of the murderers seized by a sudden irruption of the armed force in their vicinity?—an infuriated rabble immediately collect for their rescue, and dozens are shot before they can be conveyed to prison. If brought to trial, a mere mockery of justice ensues; the jury, the witnesses, are all served with notices, that if they either convict or swear against the people's friends, they will forthwith be shot, or roasted alive in their houses; and if any courageous men venture to do so, they are soon consigned with their families to the flames. The prisoners are acquitted, and the judge, in despair at obtaining justice, breaks up the assizes. Such is the state to which Ireland has been brought by Whig agitation, and the most complete application of the principles of Whig government.

To shew that we do not exaggerate the distraction, we extract at hazard from one of the last Ministerial papers.

"Under the usual head of Irish outrages," says the *Conrier*, "will be found the accustomed list of murders and atrocities of daily occurrence in that distracted country. It would be impossible to present to our readers within the limits of a newspaper a full account of the cruelties, amounting to ferocity—of the disorders, bordering on rebellion, which now characterise the breaking up of the bonds of society in Ireland. Foreign Governments look on with wonder and amazement at the extraordinary aspect of this third part of the British Empire; and are almost inclined to doubt the value of that political liberty under whose garb the agitators of Ireland carry on their successful machinations.

"But enough, it appears, is not yet done to satisfy the designs of those who seek to profit by the excesses of their misguided fellow-countrymen. The open murder, and the midnight assassination—the ravaged

dwelling, and the hearth made desolate—the letting loose of a spirit of fury that spares neither age nor infancy, sex nor station; unexampled as it is in any age or in any country, are not yet enough. These isolated acts of outrage are but the drilling of agitation to prepare the population of Ireland for deeper crimes and greater horrors; man has been set against man; but now country is to be leagued against country; an Irish Convention is to complete what Irish agitation has begun.

"But is there no majesty in the law, no power in the government, that can awe or control these desperate proceedings? Is agitation to be allowed to ripen into mischief, mischief into sedition, and sedition into civil war; without one vigorous attempt on the part of the guardians of the public safety to protect the commonwealth from the disasters impending over it? With the certainty that the present Cabinet must feel of being backed by the support of every friend to peace and order in the empire, surely there can be no fear to grapple with the difficulty, great though that difficulty be? Wherefore is the hesitation? The Right Honourable Secretary for Ireland is not wont to be daunted in the execution of his duty; neither is he supposed to be deficient in the ability to devise, or the energy to exert the means of asserting the authority of the Government and of the law. What is the avowed object of the agitators of Ireland? Separation;—separation from the British empire; with the liberty, we must suppose, to form foreign alliances against England! Why, what an absurdity is this?

"It will hardly be believed in after ages, that a proposition so monstrous—that impudence so consummate—that a confidence in the ignorance of the Irish people so great—existed in the nineteenth century. Still greater will be the wonder that it existed so long unchecked—that society allowed itself to be outraged—that the law allowed itself to be insulted—that the government allowed itself to be braved, day after day, week after week, and month after month, by a band of selfish agitators, whose very insignificance in numbers, wealth, and station, was

almost an excuse for the supine contempt with which they were treated."

Every man in Great Britain knows that this is the state of Ireland; but it is not generally known, either what is the real cause of this dreadful state of things, or the imminent danger which it threatens to the whole empire. The Whigs, seeing that their darling system of conciliation and concession has brought the country to such an extremity, shut their eyes to the subject altogether, and, without ever thinking of the results in Ireland, resolve the more strenuously to apply it on the most extended scale in this country. It is, therefore, of incalculable importance that it should be constantly repeated, and generally known, that it is the *Whigs and the Whigs alone who have brought Ireland to this pass*; that it is their ambition and agitation which has for half a century distracted that unhappy country; that it is their principles which have been disseminated through its ruthless inhabitants; their political machinery which has been there erected with such unparalleled consequences, and their system of misrule which has almost extinguished every vestige of order throughout the land. For thirty years past, all that the Whigs recommended and contended for has been done for the Emerald Isle. They recommended the relaxation of the Catholic code, and the Catholic code was relaxed; they strenuously contended for Catholic emancipation, and Catholic emancipation was granted; they incessantly inculcated a conciliatory system, and a conciliatory system was pursued; they boasted, if they had the government of Ireland, they would soon render it tranquil, and they obtained the government; they contended for a wide extension of the electoral franchise to the Catholic, and the extinction of the Protestant corporations, and they have carried both these objects. And under this increasing system of conciliation, weakness, and concession, Ireland has been constantly growing worse, until at length, upon the acquisition of the Reform Bill and the triumph of democratic principles, its state has become absolutely intolerable, and a

disgrace, not only to Great Britain, but to Europe.

There is nothing extraordinary, or at variance with what might have been expected, in this lamentable progress. It was all predicted, before the system of concession began, by those who knew Ireland best on the other side of the water, or who had any historical information on this. Men do not become major at a year old: if we expose early youth to the duties and the temptations of manhood, inevitable ruin must be the consequence. A nation is not fit for free institutions or a liberal system in the infancy of civilisation. Centuries must roll over Ireland before she can bear, without distraction, the political passions of England. When her people are industrious, sober, and rational; when a large proportion of the middling ranks have some property and something to lose by convulsion; when practical information is generally diffused, and useful knowledge spread among the poor; when they have been found, in a word, faithful in a very little, then they may be made rulers over ten cities. But to invest its semibarbarous, destitute, and priest-ridden population with the same political franchises, and the same electoral powers as the sober yeomanry of England; to pour into their ardent and impassioned minds the same passions, as it was not deemed safe to extend to England till the eighth century of its constitutional monarchy, was an act of insanity, to which there is nothing comparable in English history, and shews that our rulers are the worthy imitators of the French National Assembly, who had one system of government ready for men in all stages of civilisation, from the savage to the philosopher, and would willingly have charged themselves with the formation of constitutions for the whole human race. What has now been done, is not to give the least liberty to the people, for they are utterly incapable of either understanding or exercising it; but to bestow an enormous and despotic power upon the priests, and the demagogues, the very men whose ambition has proved the ruin of the country.

That evil, however, has been done,

and cannot be undone. The point for consideration now is, what is to be the effect, we do not say upon Ireland, but upon the whole empire, of this formidable invasion of democratic violence, and Catholic ambition. Upon this head there is no room, we fear, for any but the most gloomy prognostications. Ireland, under the misrule of the Whigs, has got to such a pitch of anarchy, that it will require all the energy and power of England to put it down. A civil war must be anticipated, in the effort to expel from their minds the inflammatory doctrines with which the Whigs have filled them. And when this calamitous event arrives, are we to suppose that the other powers of Europe will remain unconcerned spectators of the strife? Is there no danger of France lending the hand of fraternity to the ardent spirits on the other side of St George's Channel? Are we sure that they will refuse the proffered alliance and aid of the Hibernian Republic? Are the projects of 1798 quite forgotten? Has England any certainty from the extreme fidelity with which they have kept their promise in regard to Catholic Emancipation, that the Irish demagogues will be perfectly loyal to the Crown of Great Britain under a separate legislature? These are questions which it will become the British legislators to ask themselves, in anticipation of the events which, to all human appearance, will meet them at the very threshold of the New Parliament.

In considering this subject, it is of importance always to bear in mind the profound and inextinguishable jealousy with which *all* the European powers, and *all* parties on the Continent, regard the naval superiority and political importance of England. We do not exaggerate when we say that this feeling is universal. All parties, royalists, republicans, aristocrats, democrats, vie with each other in their deep and universal hatred of this country. It is hard to say, whether it is most virulent in the royalist or democratic writers; in Lacretelle or Thiers; or whether it prevails most at the imperial or the republican courts at St Petersburg or Paris. They may like the English as individuals, they may admire their institutions; but they all

have the most cordial hatred at their political power, and would gladly join in a crusade to restore what they call the Liberty of the Seas; that is, to destroy the English fleet, and with it the political preponderance of this country. *

Our West India Colonies also are placed, as it were, within the jaws of a power animated with as bitter a feeling of animosity at England, and possessed of perhaps greater means of injuring it. America has long coveted Jamaica; she openly aspires to the dominion of the Gulf of Mexico; and by the possession of the Havannah and Cuba, she will ere long obtain it. When the evil day comes to England, the Southern States of America will not be slow in coalescing with our West India islands; and with them will fall seven millions annually of exported manufactures and import duties to the British Empire. It is impossible adequately to measure the extent of this calamity. National bankruptcy must immediately ensue from the failure of so large a portion of the revenue, and unheard of distress must spread among our manufactures from the extinction of so great a part of their export sale; but what is that to the Revolutionists? They never have, and never will learn by experience, but will go on in future as in time past, deriding the danger, and regardless of consequences, till it falls upon them.

The situation, therefore, of the English empire is very peculiar. Two large and important parts of its dominions are ready to break off, to coalesce with any neighbour to sever the connexion with the mother country; and we have at that very moment placed over our heads a legislature, chosen in such a way, as to be of all others the least calculated to hold together the unwieldy dominion. The British cities loudly clamoured at the late elections for immediate emancipation of the negroes; and the West Indies have *not one* representative of their interest in Parliament. The Reform Bill has effectually disfranchised the colonies; the East and West Indies; and Canada put together could hardly muster up five votes. Instead of men identified with their interests, acquainted with their cir-

circumstances, sharing in their feelings, we have the legislature filled with the delegates of deluded manufacturers, pledged to measures that must lead to their destruction. While the Radicals of England are clamouring for instant freedom for the savages of the West Indies; the Repealers of Ireland are struggling for a dissolution of the Union, and uncontrolled license for the savages of Ireland; and the government, which lives upon expedients and concessions, strives to preserve its ascendancy, by conceding sometimes to the one faction, and sometimes to the other. In the midst of such agitation and vacillation, industry is paralysed, and property disappears, in both the discontented parts of our dominion; and even the well-affected in Ireland and the West Indies, from a sense of the intolerable evils they are suffering under British rule, insensibly fall into the wishes of those who represent a separation from the mother country as the only remedy for the existing calamities. Is it possible that such a state of things can continue for any length of time; or least of all, that it can continue in presence of powerful and energetic enemies, anxious for the first moment of weakness to combine against this country, and wreak upon Great Britain the fancied wrongs, and real jealousies, of one hundred and fifty years?

The Whigs have been in power little more than two years; but, during that time, they have contrived to furnish precedents for almost every species of disaster which can be accumulated upon the empire. Are the political agitators violent and seditious in their designs; do they threaten the tranquillity or peace of the state; they can appeal to the Ministers of State who corresponded with Political Unions, and expressed their humble thanks to the president of an assemblage of 150,000 men, by whom resolutions to pay no taxes were passed. Is murder or anarchy threatened; they can appeal to a Premier who advised the Bishops to put their houses in order. Do other nations assail Great Britain, while torn by its insurgent provinces, and seek to convert a moment of intestine weakness

into one of foreign subjugation; they have the precedent of Belgium ready to apply to the quarrel between Ireland and England, and will find ample vindication for all they can do in the protocols of Lord Palmerston. Foreign enemies, domestic revolutionists, have been taught by an unprincipled administration, the lessons which they may turn with fatal effect against the peace and independence of the empire. We do not say that our rulers did these things with this intention; what we assert is, that they have this consequence; and such always will be the result of measures pursued by ambitious men, reckless of every thing but their own party purposes.

The system of government pursued of late in Ireland, has been so variable that it is impossible to say on what principle it is founded. They have alternately caressed and fawned on the leaders of agitation, and let loose the vials of their wrath on their misguided followers. Blood, as Mr O'Connell says, has been shed profusely in Ireland since Lord Anglesey's administration began; and the author of all that discord has been placed at the head of the bar. So far as any thing like principle can be discovered in their conduct, they appear to have made it a rule to cringe to the revolutionists of authority, and rage against the revolutionists of no consideration; to act with severity towards the poor, and with weakness towards the depositaries even of rabble authority. The symptoms of a better spirit were once visible, and Mr Stanley's administration began with a vigour which made the hearts of all patriots in the kingdom glad; but the bright dawn was soon overcast, and in the tempest of Reform, all the promises of the morning were overwhelmed. Mr Boyton has well characterized, at one of the late meetings of the Conservative Society in Dublin, their proceedings:—"As long as there was a fair prospect that by our exertions in the different counties we might be enabled to give that support in Parliament to that party to which we are allied, I allude to the English Conservative party—a party from which I trust the Irish Protestant Conservative party never will be disunited—"

(cheers)—as long, I say, as there was a fair prospect of supporting those individuals of our party, by opposing the members which were put forward by government, it was plainly our duty to strain every nerve as well to return our own friends, and failing in that, to oust the government candidates—(cheers.) The position in which we are now placed is of a twofold nature—first, with respect to the Roman Catholics on one hand, who are our most formidable opponents—(hear, hear.) I do not mean the Roman Catholic proprietors of Ireland generally—for that there does exist a body of Roman Catholics who possess property in this country, and who are as anxious as we are to stem the mighty movement which is now going forward, there can be no doubt. The conduct of this body has excited the wrath of the demagogues and their agents the priests. Such is the state of thralldom in which they are held, that *the Roman Catholic gentry and men of wealth are unable to give utterance to the feelings* by which I am confident they are animated—(hear, hear.) It must be their interest to preserve their properties—and, if the present movement be unchecked, the religion of the party possessing wealth will form but an indifferent excuse for his retaining it—(hear, hear, hear.) In addition to the priests and agitators who hold the democracy of the country in their power, we have also to contend with a second foe, namely, the government of this country, which is mainly mischievous by the assistance which it affords to the Roman Catholic democracy in its tremendous efforts to upset Protestantism and property in this country—(hear, hear, hear.) Government partakes of the Manichean principle—namely, that it contains an evil spirit and a good spirit—an evil principle and a good principle. A disposition has been recently evinced by certain members of his Majesty's government to act upon a conservative principle, and make some effort to stop the effects that must follow the ascendancy which the democratic party have obtained, the first result of which must be the separation of this country from the parent state—(hear, hear.) So far this good principle

extends—if any thing can be called good that emanates from such a source—(cheers.) We find, however, that this slight exhibition to do good is controlled by another portion of the Irish government—whose exertions are unremitting to render nugatory even this trifling tendency to repair errors.”

Of the system pursued by government and its effects, the same eloquent and powerful orator gives the following account:—

“My wish is to unite all classes of Protestants, and there are many who are not members of this Society, who are as deeply interested in the maintenance of order as we are, and who, I believe, begin to see, since the result of the elections has become known, the mischievous course they had been pursuing—(hear, hear.)—I should therefore be anxious to submit to the Society an address to proprietors of every denomination in this country—not confining it to the members of the Conservative Society, but to those without its pale—shewing them the necessity of uniting upon one principle of rendering innocuous the efforts of Mr O'Connell and his party—and to lay before the government a plain statement of the actual condition of the country, calling upon them to adopt measures to give a permanent security to property, and at the same time to control that agitation which has mainly been encouraged by the government, and which is now in its results devastating the country—(cheers.)—I need not repeat, what I said before, that it is plain to any person that if the same system of government which has been pursued for the last two years be preserved in, *no man's life or property will be safe in three of the provinces*—and property, even in Ulster, will *not be worth five years' purchase*—(hear, hear, hear.)—therefore any person who has property to lose ought to be equally interested with us in its preservation, even although they may not be imbued with so deep a tinge of party feeling as we are—(hear, hear.) It must be manifest to the most careless observer, that there is a determination on the part of the democracy to make a general attack upon all property in the country—it ought to be our care to effect, if possible, such an organi-

zation of Protestant strength as will enable us to repel the attack."—(Cheers.)

From this continuance of suffering and anarchy in Ireland, nothing but additional anxiety for a dissolution of the Union can be anticipated. The Irish see, by bitter experience, that it is productive of no other result but misery to them. And how is it to be expected that any class in that country is long to advocate the connexion with a government from which such a result flows? Can we expect that the Irish are to remain loyal to a dynasty under whose rule they have experienced incessant murder, anarchy, and wretchedness? Can we expect that the Protestants are to retain their loyalty when the dagger is perpetually held to their throats, and their lives and properties, even in the most tranquil parts of the country, are not worth two years' purchase? Can we suppose that the English people are long to look on the Irish Union as a public benefit, when they see that country daily getting worse and worse; the army of the empire incessantly absorbed in keeping it from breaking into open insurrection; and its industry constantly overwhelmed by the inundation of its indigence? The thing is obviously out of the question. Mutual recrimination and disgust must ensue on both sides of the Channel, and the people of both countries prepared to relinquish, without a struggle, a connexion from which nothing but mutual calamity has hitherto ensued, but which must, if severed, prove fatal to the independence of both.

Is there any man in his senses, out of the pale of O'Connell's dupes, who imagines that if the union of the Parliaments is dissolved, the union of the *Crowns* will long survive the separation? With a Parliament chosen by the Catholic ten-pounders, led by O'Connell, and inflamed by the violent hatred at this country which is unhappily so common in the sisterisle, what chance is there that the supremacy of England will be acknowledged?—Will France, which ever since the Revolution has been looking to Ireland as the weak point in the British empire, when the point of the wedge may be inserted, forego the long-wished for opportunity of allying itself with the daring and reckless

spirits on the other side of St George's Channel? And what chance has England of maintaining its independence, if pressed by a coalition of the Continental States, eager to humble the mistress of the waves, with Ireland in its rear in a state of fierce and implacable hostility? When the principles we have inculcated in regard to Belgium, and the example we have set at Antwerp are retorted upon ourselves; when the European Powers tell us that we must concede to the insurgent province, and that a separation of the government of the two islands, and a close alliance between the rebels and France is essential to the peace of Europe; with what moral force will we be able to resist the inference, with what physical strength repel the aggression?

Ireland, therefore, is no longer a question from which the people of England can turn with indifference, or banish from their minds as hopeless as if it was the affair of a foreign state. Our own existence as a nation, our national independence, our civil liberties, are at stake. The peril now staring us in the face, may produce consequences which all the might of Napoleon could not effect. The great danger which threatens all democratic states, is the dismemberment of the distant provinces of the empire. We have chosen to multiply this danger tenfold by the democratic constitution we have given to England, and the free scope to popular passion which we have established in Ireland. By Catholic emancipation, we have opened to the leaders of the Popish hierarchy access to the Legislature. By the Reform Bill, we have placed the Irish representation at the mercy of a furious and empassioned multitude, skilfully directed by cool and able leaders, who wield the energies of that fierce democracy for their own private ambition, and the establishment of an independent republic in that island, in which the whole power will really be in their hands. As the reward of our indulgent and liberal conduct towards that country, we receive a fierce and haughty demand for a separation; accompanied with the threat that they will never cease to agitate and distract both countries till the dismember-

ment of the empire is effected. We long ago asserted that the passing of the Reform Bill would ultimately prove the death-warrant of the British Empire. How rapidly are the immediate foreseen and foretold consequences of that measure, hurrying on the catastrophe!

Is then the case utterly hopeless? Are there no means, even after all the insanity of the last five years, of averting the prostration of the British Empire? And are we to be content to remain quietly allowing murder, conflagration, and massacre to prevail in Ireland, till the sense of unbearable agony produce a convulsive effort, which for ever separates the two islands? No! the means of salvation still remain: they are simple, easy, and just, of tried efficacy and established force. If the empire is torn asunder, it is only because from the force of political prejudice we refuse to use them.

Ireland possesses within its bosom, a great and noble race, bound to this country by every tie of religion, kindred, and interest; indomitable in resolution, inexhaustible in resources; whose organization, under the pressure of common danger, has become perfect; whose courage is equal to the rudest encounter. Repeatedly during the last three centuries, when concession and weakness had brought the country to the brink of ruin, have they interposed, and with their mighty arm stayed the spoiler. They saved it in the Tyrone rebellion; they saved it in 1798; they are ready to save it in 1833. Their interests are identified with England; their hearts are British; they sympathize with the glories of England, and execrate the infidel triumphs of the tri-color. They know that a repeal of the Union would speedily be followed by the confiscation of their estates, the firing of their dwellings, the murder of their families. Their feelings, their associations, are all identified with England's glory; they recur with enthusiasm to the Revolution of 1688, which established our national liberties, and recount with deserved pride their heroic achievements in the war with the French Revolution. Nothing but infatuation could prevent the English Government and the English nation, at such a crisis as the

present, from entering into a cordial co-operation and union with this heroic body.

Of the principles of this body we cannot give a better account than in the words of the Honourable and Rev. Marcus Beresford at a late meeting of the Conservative Society of Dublin.

"My Lord, the Orangemen of Ireland are not men who would be led on by any reckless or desperate set of individuals, however high their station, or however great their gradation in society, to attempt to murder a judge of the land, and set in flames one of the principal cities in his Majesty's dominions. Neither are the Orangemen a body who would hurry on revolution for the purpose of enjoying the plunder that might be thrown in their way. Neither are the Orangemen a mob that would stand round the atheist and the blasphemer, and cheer him on while he was singing the praises of anarchy and confusion. Neither, my Lord, are the Orangemen a body who would take away the blessed Book of God from the rising generation. Neither are the Orangemen a class of persons who would deprive God's poor blinded creatures of his best and most inestimable gift—the knowledge of salvation. Neither are the Orangemen persons who would pull down the Church—they know not why nor wherefore—unless it were to please a reckless, wild, and ungodly set of individuals. But, my Lord, the Orangemen are a class of persons who are always ready to support the law of the land—even at the expense of the last drop of their blood. They will repel outrage, but not create it. The Orangemen of Ireland are ready to support the Church as by law established—aye, and as their fathers did before them, commit their bodies to the flames before they would suffer the blasphemous and heretical Church of Rome to fill this land once more with her abominations. My Lord, the Orangemen of Ireland are scriptural Christians, Church of England men, and Presbyterians—but yet one body united in heart and spirit, and determined to support each other in all cases of difficulty and danger. They are determined to make a noble stand against rebellion, revolution,

anarchy, and bloodshed—and for the truth that has come down to us, and which they value more than their lives, or any possession which they have under heaven. And let no man say that our dear and cherished brethren, the Presbyterians, do not join heart and hand in supporting our Church. Having lived in a mixed population of Presbyterians and Church of England men, I can bear witness that when a man in the ministry is a real minister of the Church of England, who holds to the spirit of the liturgy and the articles of the Christian faith, and discharges his duty as a faithful steward, then the Presbyterians look up to that man and bless him.”

This body in Ireland is not only numerous, brave, and energetic, but it is united. The imminence of the danger has produced an organization in that country to which we have nothing as yet comparable in Great Britain; and united the nobles and the people, the high and the low, to a degree of which we can hardly form an idea. When the Reform agitation was at its height in Ireland in spring 1832, the leaders of this intrepid body formed a Society in Dublin to counteract the influence of the Catholic priesthood, and the success of their efforts has already exceeded the most sanguine expectations. To the efforts, the bold and manly efforts of that Society, we owe the intrepid stand made by the North of Ireland against the Reform Bill; a stand which, if imitated in other places with the same resolution, would have prevented that fatal measure from ever becoming the law of the land. Meetings were there held, attended by 50,000 men, to petition against the suicidal measure, and Earl Roden presented a petition against it signed by 130,000 persons. It is to organization, the admirable organization established by the Conservative Society in Dublin, that these splendid and orderly efforts are owing; and a memorable example does it afford to the other parts of the empire, of what can be done, even in the face of extreme danger, by the union of able and indefatigable leaders with intrepid and enthusiastic followers.

Of the proceedings of the Society which has organized this great and patriotic body into its present active

and efficient form, we cannot give so good an account as in the words of Mr Boyton. “I believe, my Lord, that we have not so much reason to complain of the effects of Reform in thinning our ranks as the Government have. We told the Government that they would lose all these members, and that they would be transferred to Mr O’Connell, and the prophecy has been fulfilled both in spirit and letter. We are not, however, to be disheartened at any thing that has occurred. We have not been taken by surprise—all that has occurred we fully anticipated—but notwithstanding, our force in the present Parliament is nearly as strong as in the Parliament which preceded it. It is important to impress the public mind with a just idea of the discomfiture which the Government experienced at the elections in this country. We have ample means to recover the position which we once occupied. We must inspire the lower orders with confidence. This Society has *been only in existence for a space of nine months, and I would appeal to any gentleman in Ireland, whether there does not exist a spirit in the lower order of the population on this first day of 1833, which was unknown in 1832?* This Society has created that spirit, and given a tone and intensity unparalleled in the history of the country. And are we now to think, that because the elections are over our business is at an end? No, my Lord, it is our duty to stand here, not merely as an election committee, but to remain here as the mouthpiece of the Protestant population—as the centre around which they are to rally on all occasions—as the head to which they are always to look for advice—and as the arm to which they should always apply for protection. I recollect leaving your Lordship in London in June last, and I told your Lordship that I would come over to Ireland and supply for three months the enemies of our name and race ample materials for digestion. I think I kept my word. I now promise our enemies, whether they be found in the Castle or the Corn-Exchange, that for the coming six months they shall have ample materials for their consideration. I trust we shall be able to promote a spirit of

confidence among Protestants of every denomination, and procure a perfect consolidation of all Protestants in the country, from the peer to the peasant. We must place before the Protestant mind of the country, the secret of their own power. It is folly to say, that possessing, as they do, a vast preponderance of the wealth of the country—and in possession of so vast a proportion of the surface of the land—and the only sound portion of the population—with all the rank, property, and intelligence of the country on their side—it is a folly to say that two millions and a half of such people could be any thing else but a powerful and irresistible body, and, if not placed under the most trying circumstances they would have had a preponderating majority at the late elections. *Wherever a Conservative and a Repeal candidate were in the field, the Government invariably supported the Repealer.* It is the manifest duty of every Government to support property against population, but in every instance at the late elections, *the Government were invariably found supporting the Repealer and the Democrat against the Conservative candidate, who was ready and anxious to maintain peace, order, and tranquillity."*

We extract from one of the last speeches of that intrepid and patriotic nobleman, the Earl of Roden, the following account of the object of the Society :—

"From the first formation of the Society, I need hardly tell this respectable meeting, that I have taken a most lively and anxious interest in its progress. It has been my delight to watch over your proceedings week after week; and although at a distance from you—detained, in some instances by public, in others by private duty—I have waited most anxiously for the opportunity which has arrived to-day of joining and uniting with you personally in that great and important cause for the maintenance of which we originally combined in this room—namely, to support and uphold the Protestant institutions of the country. I am persuaded, and every day I live the persuasion becomes stronger, that it is to Protestantism in Ireland is to be ascribed that liberty of con-

science as well as personal liberty, which is enjoyed, not merely by the Protestants themselves, but by the Roman Catholic inhabitants of this country. It is therefore, sir, because I wish well to all my countrymen, of every persuasion and denomination, that I would uphold the principles of Protestantism. I would say to you, as I have said it in my place in Parliament—and as I am ready to assert whenever I may be called upon—that I consider Protestantism in this country as the nucleus of all the liberties we have enjoyed—and to that alone we may trust the continuation of that happiness and freedom so long enjoyed by the inhabitants of this country; and therefore, sir, you will not be surprised when I state it to be my determination—moving in that sphere of life in which God has placed me, to use every means in my power to forward and uphold so great and important an object. If we once admit that the truth found in Protestantism is a matter of indifference—if we once admit that it signifies not to what religion a man belong, provided he be sincere in his belief in it—we then make no difference between truth and error. The Bible would be a useless book, instead of being the charter of a Christian's privilege, and the foundation of a sinner's hope."

The general object of the Protestant Society is, to counteract the movements, and defeat the objects, of the Catholic Revolutionists; and for a description of these objects, we willingly turn to a late number of one of the ablest of the Conservative papers of Great Britain.

"The first object of Catholic legislation," says the *Standard*, "and of the intrigues for which their legislative power gives them opportunity, is the overthrow of the Church establishment in Ireland; the overthrow of the Church establishment in England—aye, and in Scotland, too, *must* follow. Upon this ground, though we have higher to come, we appeal to the clergy of all ranks, to the patrons of Church preferment of all degrees, throughout Great Britain—we appeal to them to aid the Conservative Society of Ireland, in repelling the first invasion of their rights and property.

"The second object of the Popish

party in Parliament, is the extirpation of the Protestant religion. Upon this ground we invoke the aid of all Christian churchmen and Dissenters, of whatever denomination, to aid that Society which, in resisting the aggression of this Popish faction, champions the vital interests of Christianity, and literally prevents the closing of the gospel against seven or eight millions of our fellow-subjects.

"The third object of the Popish faction in Parliament, is the ostentatiously avowed one, *the repeal of the Union*. Let the manufacturer, the fundholder, the party concerned in the East or West India trade—let, indeed, any man concerned to maintain the power and station of Great Britain, but reflect upon the import of these five words—*the repeal of the Union*—the repeal of that Union which, thirty-two years ago, was effected at such a cost, in order to avoid a political separation; and that at a moment when the power of Popery had been crushed into the dust by its defeat in a recent rebellion. What would be the effect of a repeal of the Union now, when Popery has been pampered to its present high and palmy state? Let, we say, those who have property, particularly funded property,—let those who are engaged in any branch of commerce—let those who have any British feeling, reflect deliberately upon what would follow from a repeal of the Union; and then let them ask themselves whether they ought not to lend a hand to the Protestants of Ireland, who are standing in the breach against that plague?"

When a powerful body, acting upon these principles, is organized for the defence of order in Ireland, and to preserve its union with this country, it is surely the height of madness for Government to throw away such auxiliaries, to alienate such affections, on the very eve of a conflict for the dismemberment of the empire. Yet this is what the Ministry have done, and are doing, by coalescing on every occasion with the Catholic Repealer in preference to the Protestant Unionist,—the firebrand of anarchy, and dismemberer of the empire, in preference to the friend of order, and tried supporter of the British constitution.

Of the extent to which the anarchical meetings, so loudly praised and warmly supported at one time by Ministers, have gone in Ireland, we cannot give a better proof than is contained in the following charge of Judge Joy to the grand jury at the late Longford Assizes:—"I am sorry to learn, that there is an appearance of moral disease in your country, more fatal and pernicious in its immediate effects, and far more destructive in its general consequences, than that physical disease which Providence has already considerably alleviated in your country. Large assemblies of the people have taken place for the purpose of resisting the law, exciting discontent, and obstructing those persons who are exercising their due rights, and for the purpose of depriving them of that property which the law has given them; and which the law, so long as it remains as it is, must secure to them. Large assemblies have been convoked, for the purpose of entering into a combination to resist the law, and obstructing those who are coming forward in the exercise of their just rights. This state of things cannot be suffered to exist, for evil, you may be assured, must be the result. If it be not checked, there is an end to all social order—to all peace—to all protection for life and property, and those ties by which society are kept together must be ultimately severed; if such a state of things be permitted to exist, no man will know what to call his own—no man can exercise his will over that which is his own, but must submissively bend to that most despotic of all tyrants—the tyranny of the mob. It becomes my duty, therefore, to enter into an explanation of the law upon this subject. Persons, it is stated, have assembled in large bodies, with arms, with flying banners, with ensigns, denoting the object of their assembling, and thus inspiring terror into the peaceable subjects of his Majesty. The very existence of this I at once pronounce to be a revolution of the law, which calls for, and is deserving of punishment. Gentlemen, in some cases they have given specific directions as to who should be employed by particular persons, and who should not. They have assumed a control-

ling authority over the labour of the country, by dictating to those who are necessarily obliged to employ persons under them; and have also exercised a dictatorial authority in saying, 'You shall not employ this man or that man;' and over those unfortunate persons who are obliged to have recourse to their labour for support, they have exercised an equally dictatorial authority by preventing them from receiving payment from particular men."

That the Protestant party in Ireland are a powerful and intrepid body, is evident from the astonishing stand they have made against the Catholic anarchists, even when deserted by Administration, and when the whole weight of Government was lent to support the 5,000,000 of Agitators who are tearing society to pieces in that wretched country. It is owing to their efforts, and their efforts alone, aided by the cool and humane courage of the English soldiers, that there is any thing like order or peace left in any part of Ireland. But the eloquence and ability of the orators of whom it can boast, is in Great Britain in a great degree unknown; and to remove the error, and give a specimen of the ability which presides over their meetings, we cannot resist the temptation of adorning our pages by part of the splendid speech of Mr Boyton on the Dutch war;—a proceeding of which the consequences and the punishment are doomed to be more lasting than the gallant defence of General Chassé. It is not exactly on the subject at present under discussion, but it is intimately connected with it; and Mr Boyton's eloquence is worthy of a place in a more lasting record than the perishing columns of a newspaper.

"I say it is our duty to employ this influence in the way of respectful remonstrance. It is the unquestionable prerogative of the King to declare war—but no Minister should advise war unless it receive the support of the great body of the people—for none such can be brought to a successful termination. My Lord, we object to the war as undertaken in violation of the national faith.—War is a fearful alternative, but an alternative which a people may be induced to adopt. But the present

war is to the people of this country unintelligible. If it were undertaken to support an old and faithful ally—if it were undertaken to loosen the chains and establish the freedom of an oppressed people—if its objects were to curb superstitious bigotry, or to crush religious persecution—(cheers)—if the interests of the country advised, or the honour of the country required, that we should draw the sword from out its sheath, they might excuse if they did not approve the present policy. But that England should unite with her natural enemy to crush an ancient friend; that she should join to wrest from them the hard-earned rights of a gallant people, bought by their bravery and sealed with their blood—that she should ally herself with infidels against brethren of the same household of the faith—and this in defiance of the most obvious interests, and in violation of the pledged honour of the country, is that against which the mind revolts, and will call down, I feel assured, the universal reclamation of the country. But supposing honour permitted, justice must condemn the war—the very basis accepted by the King of Holland contained conditions of crying injustice. Upon the closing of the Scheldt, my Lord, I say the prosperity of the states of Holland has for a long time depended. I need not dwell upon the right vested in Holland to close the entrance of this river, possessing, as she does, a territory on either side of its *embouchure*; but this right was settled by special treaty between Philip the Fourth and the States of Holland centuries before; they have since strengthened that title by all the authority of prescription, and by the sanction of the States of Europe. Why, my Lord, the attempt of the Emperor Joseph to open the Scheldt, joined with the equally prudent policy, by which, through a most extraordinary coincidence, it was accompanied—namely, the dismantling of the iron girdle of frontier towns, by which the Netherlands was separated from France, led to that first disturbance in Europe, immediately preceding the movement at the French Revolution. The ground assigned by England for its declaration of war against France in

the year 1794, was the opening of the Scheldt. Ever since the separation of the United Provinces from Spain, it has always been the policy of England to secure to Amsterdam, and the other cities of Holland, the wealth, and the consequent power, which Antwerp once derived from the navigation of that stream. But as a question of policy, too, I condemn this unjust war. I cannot be persuaded but that there exists a necessary concatenation between these two principles, and that what is unjust will always be found inexpedient. Is there any man so blind who does not see that at this instant Belgium is a province of France? But recently it formed a parcel of the empire—it was cut up into French departments—it speaks the French language—it is animated by French principles—it is occupied by French armies—a daughter of the House of Orleans sits upon the throne—and it is an integral part of France in every thing but the name—nay, French writers even now lay claim to it, quoting as their authority the first passage in the Commentaries of Cæsar:—*Gallia diversa est in partes tres, quarum unam Belgæ colunt*. I ask, was it a wise act to extend the French frontier to the Rhine? I say to the Rhine, for part of the demand made upon the Dutch King is, that his rebellious subjects, who have scorned his rule, shall freely navigate the internal waters of Holland—that they shall have a free transit along those canals which join the waters of the Scheldt to the Rhine. Well can I sympathize with the sentiment of the Dutch patriot, expressed not long since at a meeting of the States-General, that the Hollanders would never consent to give traitors access to these canals, planned by the enterprise and dug with the treasures of their fathers. But imagine the importance of the Low Countries to France; let any gentleman estimate its vast population, and considering the lightness of its debt—its vast financial resources—the military genius of its people—every male, from the grandsire at the fireside to the youth in the field, a soldier—their unbounded ambition and unbounded pride—let him consider that France is the greatest military power upon the earth, and wants

but maritime strength to aim now, as it has aimed before, at universal rule. Let him then take a map of Europe and observe the line of coast which the cession of the Netherlands adds to this empire—let him weigh the augmented resources derived from the free intercourse with the Dutch colonies secured by one of the articles of the treaty, the possession of the internal navigation of the Continent—the necessary rise of Antwerp and the Netherlands, and the consequent decadence of the Dutch, and he will readily see the vast importance of this added territory to the French people. I put out of question now the demolition of the frontier fortresses, and that France will now have an advanced base for its military operations. But, I ask, is it wise to put into the hands of such a people as the French, such a river as the Scheldt, and such a harbour, and mart, and fortress as Antwerp—a river whose mouth opens over against the Thames—an arsenal selected by the perspicacity of Napoleon as the focus of his maritime strength, and fortified by the mathematical genius of Carnot? The river at Antwerp is broader than the Thames, and is navigable for line-of-battle ships some miles higher. Surely nothing but infatuated insanity, or else a principle far baser, could have induced such a sacrifice as this. We are to be sacrificed to our natural enemies the French, and for no other intelligible motive but that a disagreement with France would render the Ministry of my Lord Plunkett and my Lord Grey,—would render the reign of nepotism and impotence—a few months shorter. There is something in the history of the Dutch nation well worthy the admiration of the patriot and philosopher. We have handed down to us from ancient times, by the poets and orators who have wondered at and celebrated its extraordinary institutions, the history of the common wealth, which acquired no mean influence among the states of Greece and shared no small portion of military renown. But it was a celebrity and a distinction purchased by the sacrifice of every finer sentiment which sweetens domestic life and which was essentially founded upon the slavery and debasement of

their fellow-men. But the history of the Dutch people dims indeed the lustre, while it transcends all that is marvellous in Spartan story. Subjects of the most powerful monarch of the day, the lord of an eastern and western world, with treasures the most boundless, with armies the best disciplined, trained to war, and habituated to victory, and led by Generals, whose experience and skill have been the admiration of after times, they rose against their oppressors. Amid the sorest persecution, under trials, the mere recital of which would blanch the cheek, neither the violence of armed despotism, nor the cruelty of bigoted power, could subdue a people determined to be free; deeply impressed with the truths spread abroad at the period of the Reformation, when their souls were emancipated their bodies could not be enslaved. In defence of that sacred principle which commands every being to worship his God as his conscience dictates, they rose upon their bigoted persecutors to a man. The same elastic principle which effected the national independence of Holland, spread wide its national prosperity—her fleets filled every harbour—her products supplied every market—the extent of her enterprise was circumscribed only by the limits of the globe—her whalers usurped the Arctic regions—her industry drew from the northern deeps treasures as abundant, and far more blest than her persecutors could extract, under the lash of tyrants, and amid the tears of slaves, from the exhaustless caverns of Mexico and Peru. The shores of three quarters of the globe were interspersed with her settlements—her establishments in the East were almost as numerous as the islands in the Indian Archipelago; and at some future period, my Lord, when the present state of the habitable world shall have passed away, we know the great ones of the earth will pass away, and new states arise under His bidding, at whose command nations and empires rise and fall, flourish and decay. Suppose, my Lord, when the great ones of the earth have sunk into oblivion, and that some philosopher or historian, or some one dedicated to antiquarian research some thou-

sand years hence, shall find the names of Holland and Ireland affixed to regions distant from the parent country by a semi-circumference of the globe—when he finds in the nomenclature of geography a monument of their language, he will naturally enquire, what a wondrous country must this have been—her population, how numerous—her territory, how extensive—her climate, how favourable—her soil, how fruitful—and if, my Lord, there be any old almanack in those days, and that a reference is made to it, how surprised will he be to find this countless people to have been less than two millions of souls, and this extensive territory not much larger than an English county! Perhaps, too, he may question the fidelity of the poet, who describes the industry of this surprising people as encroaching upon the ocean, and creating a sphere for its labours by that firm connected bulwark, which

‘Spreads its long arms amidst the watery
roar,

Scoops out an empire and usurps the
shore;

While the pent ocean, rising o’er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him
smile;

The slow canal, the yellow blossom’d
vale,

The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail;
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain—
A new creation rescued from his reign.’

My Lord, there is something in the history of the Dutch people calculated to attract the interest of every cultivated mind. Independent of all mere abstract considerations, we cannot but recollect that the brightest passages in British history were those in which England and Holland were written in the same page—of Elizabeth, the founder of our empire, and the vindicator of our faith—of Cromwell, who made the name of Englishman respected as ever was that of ancient Roman—and the glories of Blenheim, and the laurels of Waterloo, were won along with Dutch allies, and against French foes. On one, one occasion alone, were we united with the French against the Hollanders; and abroad or at home, in our foreign or our domestic relations, it is the darkest and the basest page in the tablet of our

histories—I allude to the reign of Charles the Second. With a profligate, an unconstitutional, and a Popish government at home, the name of England was dishonoured abroad. The Dutch fleets swept the seas, our shipping was destroyed even upon the waters of the Thames, and for once in our history a foreign fleet arrived within a single tide of London bridge. Nor were we absolved from our shame, until we sought from persecuted Holland a Deliverer—(No idea can be conveyed of the enthusiasm with which this declaration was received)—from dishonour abroad and despotism at home. My Lord, no war can be safe but such as is supported by the good-will of the people. I am assured from every private account—I see it in forced acknowledgment of the hieling press, who, however enslaved to the Government, are constrained to obey the still higher behests of the popular will, that in England there is a universal reclamation against this war—and, my Lord, in Ireland—in Ireland, what is the feeling? It has been said by a wise heathen, that a good man struggling with adversity is a spectacle worthy of gods to witness. But a great, and temperate, and wise prince, struggling against unjust aggression—asserting with firmness, and not without moderation, the unquestionable rights of his subjects—supported by the sacrifices and cheered by the affections of a unanimous and devoted people, is a spectacle well worthy the admiration of mankind. My Lord, our attachment to our King, our devotion to the laws, is too unquestionable, to suffer from the imputation of the despicable minions of this desperate Government. But we are called upon to let that Government know with what sentiments this war is regarded here. How will this war be regarded by the Protestant population of Ulster? Mark, my Lord, the hair upon which the fate of the empire now hangs. With a population, to whom the name of England is hateful—who for centuries have been averse from English rule—who have from century to century, and from year to year, looked forward for some occasion by which they might be emancipated—*by one class, and one class alone, has*

the empire been rescued from dismemberment; that class, my Lord, the Protestant population, have been, by the insane idiocy of the present Administration, injured, insulted, spurned. But there is one thing I would convey to the Government—your Lordship, who knows the North of Ireland, can correct me if I err—every affection of his heart—every recollection dearest to him—every bright vision which his fancy can depict, is indissolubly associated in the mind of an Irish Protestant with recollections of the Dutch people. When the Protestants were persecuted for their faith—when they were driven from their habitations—when they were forced to the dreadful alternative of misery and debasement at home, or of sorrow and exile abroad—they recollect that their great Deliverer came from Holland. They look to her people as one people with themselves—that the Irish Protestant and the Dutch Protestant achieved the one victory at the plains of Aughrim and the waters of the Boyne; and although it still should please their Sovereign to continue this unprofitable and unhappy contest, they will still maintain to him that loyalty and devotion with which they have ever been characterised, and still lend their best efforts for the maintenance of his dignity and crown. It will be the part of a wise minister to recollect, that at a most dangerous period in the history of Ireland, when the bond of English connexion has dwindled to a thread, when its only security is found in the attachment of the Protestants to English rule, that he advises a Sovereign to a war condemned by every thinking and educated individual of that persuasion; and with respect to the lower classes, revolting to the strongest prejudices and most powerful emotions of the heart.”

We make no apology for the length of this quotation. It is seldom, indeed, that we have the satisfaction of quoting such generous sentiments, clothed in such beautiful language; or of adorning our columns with so much historical information, set off with such lustre of imagery. It is by habituating our readers on this side of the water to these flights of Irish eloquence, and shewing the Conservative leaders there how high-

ly their efforts are appreciated, and with what interest their proceedings are watched in this country, that we can best increase the mutual esteem of the patriotic and the brave in both countries, and promote that cordial union and co-operation upon which alone the salvation of either can be founded.

And this union must, it is evident, daily become closer, from the spread of Conservative principles with the nearer approach of danger in this country. It is clear that these principles must become the fixed principles of the whole friends of order in Great Britain; the *just milien* of the Whigs must soon be destroyed. There is no medium between anarchy and order, monarchy and revolution, religion and infidelity, virtue and licentiousness. He that is not with us is against us; the time is fast approaching when the whole empire, like Ireland, must be divided into two great parties; the one striving to uphold, the other to destroy, the religion, property, and institutions of the country. We may thank the Reform Act for having seated in the once united and prosperous realm of Great Britain, the vehement passions and distracted agitation of that unhappy land.

But, driven as we have been by the Whigs to this sad extremity, we must set our face to the danger, and extricate ourselves from the perils that surround us, or perish in the attempt. In this effort there is much room both for encouragement and imitation in the example of Ireland. Never was the minority in numbers of a nation placed in such peril; never were brute strength and popular violence so openly arrayed against property and intelligence; never were the forces of anarchy so ably and skilfully led; and never did government in so disgraceful a way throw itself into the arms of the Revolutionists. That the bold and united band of the Protestants should so long have been able, unaided and unbefriended to withstand the numerous and well-drilled forces of anarchy, is the strongest proof of what can be effected by a body nu-

merically inferior to their opponents, if supported by the education and property of the country, and directed by leaders of ability and resolution. But in all these respects, much, much remains to be done in Great Britain, before they can acquire the efficiency of their Irish brethren. The nobility, chiefly, should take example from the energetic and active leaders of Irish patriotism. Where do we see in this country the noblemen coming forward with the gentlemen, middling ranks, and yeomanry, to assert their principles, and rouse their inferiors by their example, as they have long done in the north of Ireland? It is by such means, by Conservative* societies uniting together the prince and the peasant, that the Protestants of Ireland have been combined into the magnificent array of patriotism and public spirit which they now exhibit. The ability is not wanting in this country, as we see from the speeches of Lord John Scott, Lord Stormount, and so many of the young nobility; the public independent spirit is not wanting, as is proved by the return of fifteen Conservative Peers, in opposition to the mandates of the Reforming Treasury. What, then, is wanting to render the patriotic unions of this country as efficient and powerful as those of the sister kingdom? A sense of the danger to be apprehended; of the reality and pressing nature of the danger; and of the necessity of the wise and the good of every political persuasion, uniting together to resist the progress of evils which now threaten them all with destruction. If the sense of the reality of these perils is awakened in time, it is just possible, that, under the blessing of God, the remaining institutions of the country, and the national independence, may yet be preserved. If it is not, and the higher orders do not speedily unite, and publicly unite, with the middling to arrest it, we are irrevocably doomed to destruction; and the authors of the Reform Bill will have the glory of having dismembered an empire, which the arms of Napoleon sought in vain to subdue.

THE FORREST-RACE ROMANCE.

(EXTRACTED FROM PAPERS DATED 1773.)

I PASSED my examination with some credit, and was appointed assistant-surgeon to my ship, then lying at Portsmouth. As she was expected, however, to sail every tide to join the fleet off Cherbourg,* I was not sent down at once, but received instructions to be on board the Gull tender, at Sheerness, in eight days. In the mean time, with my appointment, and twenty guineas in my pocket, a light heart and a tolerable figure, I went down into Surrey, to Bromley Force, the seat of an excellent friend, from whom I had long had an invitation. I found the house full of visitors, chiefly young people about my own age, all making merry, and had little difficulty in being admitted of their crew. I never saw so many happy, fair and handsome faces together, as were there assembled for the next week—but by far the loveliest of the fair faces, was that of a young lady from the west, called Fane; and none, perhaps, was happier than my own, when beside her. She delighted in botany; and although I at that time knew little more of the science than would have enabled me to make a tolerable guess at the dried drug in a medicine-chest, yet the temptation was so great, that I could not resist the opportunity of becoming her more constant companion, by undertaking the office of her tutor. My inadequacy must have been soon betrayed; nevertheless, we continued to pursue our studies, with as regular attendance as ever on my part, and as implicit attention on hers, till mutually we arrived at the tacit understanding that, provided we looked at the flower together, it mattered little whether I assigned it a right or a wrong place in our rare classification. We soon exchanged the garden for the fields and green lanes; and often before the others had risen to their daily vocations of riding or sailing, we would contrive a ramble in

search of some unknown species of an unheard of genus, to the romantic borders of Holmsdale, which lay within a half mile of Bromley, with the apology of the children for our guides, who rarely failed to find inducement enough in the rabbit-warren, or rookery, to leave us alone in our search through the glades and avenues of the old holm oak and the furze. It cannot be expected that, with these occasions constantly falling out, an ardent youth of nineteen, as I then was, should long conceal feelings so fostered by every appliance of time and circumstance; nor need it be wondered at, that before even the week had elapsed, I had avowed my passion, and had not been altogether unsuccessful in eliciting a confession of its return. My exultation on that evening must have been very apparent, for next morning, as I came down stairs, having lain much later than usual, my host Mr Blundell met me, and took my arm, as he bade me good morning, then led me into the library, and, "Harry, my fine fellow," said he, in his good natured way, "you must get the M.D. to your name, and make something handsome of your own, before you begin to run away with the hearts of our girls here in the country."

"'Pon my soul, sir," stammered I, while I felt myself blushing to the eyes, "I—I—we were only pulling flowers, sir."

"Ah! my dear boy," he sighed and went on, "take care, that while you pull the flowers, you do not plant thorns for both hereafter." I had expected nothing short of thorns for my roses; but he surprised me a little when he proceeded: "Ellen is my ward: she is a good girl, and will be a rich girl; and you know very well I would not be acting as a guardian worthy such a trust, if I encouraged the addresses of one whose fortune is still to make, and whose attachments, Harry, have

* This must have been in 1772.

still to undergo the changes of the most fickle time in his life. Come, tell me candidly, now, how far has this business gone?"

Here was a pretty reckoning to be run up under a hedge. I was silent and sheepish for a while; but told him honestly all about it, so soon as I could speak without choking on every second word.

"Surely," said he, when I had done, "you must have been aware of the great impropriety of trying to engage this young lady's affections without my sanction—I am her guardian, you know."

"I declare, my dear sir, I never knew that you were her guardian," I exclaimed; "I never knew she had any fortune to guard."

He smiled, and asked, "Were you ever in love before, Harry?"

"Never, sir, upon my honour—except once—but that was nothing."

"Nothing to this, I suppose," he replied; "and this, I dare say, will be nothing to the next. Tut, man! I was a young fellow once myself, and remember many a time when I would have given my eyes to have walked to church with one pretty girl, and my head, I suppose, if I could, to have walked home with another. I was just your age then—what age are you now, Harry?"

"Nineteen *past*, sir," (it was not a week since my birthday.)

"Aye, aye, I was just about nineteen myself then—but no matter. You would see the propriety, my dear boy, of going up to London in the mean time, were it not that Ellen is obliged to leave us to-day; it is no arrangement of mine, I can assure you. If I thought it necessary to get either of you out of the other's way, I certainly would pack *you* off, and keep Ellen with me; but the fact is, I am only joint trustee in this business: her other guardians insist on having her away to the house of one of them, to whose nomination I have been over-persuaded to consent. He is needy, and the allowance may be an object; but I would rather pay the money out of my own pocket twice told, than let her go down among them. However it cannot be helped: she must leave us. Poor thing! with such a fortune and so many connexions—keeping myself out of the question, without whose sanction,

thank Heaven, they cannot marry her, there never was a more friendless dependent."

"And has Miss Fane no brother, no father alive?" enquired I.

"Mother, sister, and brother, all the family are dead," replied Mr Blundell, "excepting her father, who I am sorry to say, is still alive to every thing but a proper sense of his own respectability and his child's happiness. His last instructions were dated London, but what he is doing there, or where, or how he lives, I cannot tell."

He had now forgotten my misdemeanours in his own confidential regrets, and I had forgotten my confusion in eagerness to know something more of one who, I felt, for all the careful old gentleman's prudent veto, was not yet quite out of my reach; although the mention of her fortune, while it made the prize (why should I be ashamed to confess it?) much more seriously valuable, had inspired me with a fear of failure proportionate to the enhanced richness of success.

"What a pity, sir," I said, going cunningly to work, "that testators do not attend more to the interests of their legatees in the appointment of equally careful guardians, if they think one not enough."

"Ah, it was the doing of the law, not of her grandfather, else Fane would never have had the control of a penny of it; but had it not been for me, he would have had it all. I fought her battle stoutly though, and kept matters square enough till I was induced to consent to the admission of this other worthy, as a sort of balance wheel to keep our ill-sorted motions from bringing every thing to a stand."

"And pray, sir," I went on, elated with my success, "who may this vexatious umpire be?" I fairly over-shot the mark.

"That's no affair of yours, Harry, just now. Go on with your profession, get half-a-dozen years over your head, and a decent independence at least in your pocket, and then I shall be very happy indeed to put the son of an old friend in the way of a good match; but never, Harry, never let your wife have to say that *she* made a man of you, while you have head and hands, and health, to make a man of *yourself*."

"Dear sir, you are quite right; and believe me, I would never dream of acting otherwise—only—had I not better see about Miss Fane's *hortus siccus*, as you say she goes to-day?"

"I have saved you that trouble, Harry: she is gone before you were out of bed."

I am afraid I proved but dull company during the few hours of my stay at Brounley Force after this miserable disappointment. I took my leave that evening, and, to tell the truth, came up to London in a fuming passion, for I could get no satisfaction whatever, notwithstanding my numerous enquiries; I could not even ascertain the boarding school at which she had been in town. All I knew amounted to this, that I was in love, and likely to continue so; but with whom exactly, I could not tell, farther than that she was a lovely girl, an heiress, and the ward of my careful friend Mr Blundell, in conjunction with her father—a character, I feared, not too respectable—and some one else of much the same stamp, with whom she now was about to be placed, not less against her own and Mr Blundell's will than mine. But I had little time to indulge in regrets or speculation; I found the Gull with her mainsail set at moorings in the Medway, and hurrying on board forgot every thing for a while in the bustle of getting the little schooner under weigh. As we stretched out of the Nore, however, with a steady breeze and smooth water, in the summer evening, when the difficulties of crooked pilotage and frequent alterations in our course had been exchanged for the quiet relaxation of fair wind and open sea-room; and when the boat had begun to take her work into her own hand, like a strong and willing labourer, laying herself to the water, and sending the crew from her sloped deck to lounge about the companion, and lean into the sunset over her high weather-rail, with folded arms and half-shut eyes; then, as I looked across the glittering expanse, where the level sun danced upon every wave between us and the hazy shore, I insensibly began to people the filmy and golden-grained air with my old familiar images again; and long after the failing radiance had spent itself in the eastern gloom, and

long after the waters had ceased to roll in even the reflected splendour of the upper sky, I continued sowing their dim and restless floor with waving visions of green fields, and flowery plats, and airy coppices, till the bright enchantress of them all seemed to be won back to my side, and I wandered with her again through the long day of sunshine, forgetful alike of sea, and ship, and sorrow, and the fast falling shadows of night.

The chill breeze sent me below at last, and, wearied with a day of unusual fatigue, I turned into my berth; but was long kept awake by an angry altercation between the commander and his mate, who were drinking together in the main cabin. What they disputed about I could not understand, but I heard enough to convince me that the command had been intrusted to a person of no very amiable temper; in fact I had hardly ever met a more disagreeable man than our petty captain, or one on whose countenance habitual violence and intoxication had contracted a more repulsive look.

In the morning we were off Dungeness, with a steady south-easterly breeze, that gave us a favourable run to Portsmouth that evening. Here we joined three others on the same destination, and standing out again, made so much of it during the night, that, when I came on deck next morning, I found ourselves and consorts beating up with a light wind, abreast of Cherbourg, the coast about which was just beginning to be distinguishable. There had been a good deal of disputing the day previous on board the Gull; and the captain's tyrannical conduct had put every one on board in a state of angry excitement. For my own part, I avoided coming in contact with him, except at meals, when I could not help it, and then I had only to dread the want of social humanity which I never failed to meet; but it was far otherwise with the crew; he knocked them about with whatever came to hand without mercy, and openly kept up his mastery by exciting himself to a pitch of sufficient violence with quantities of brandy.

We could not yet distinguish any of the fleet; for the wind had come round to the south, and was still get-

ting lighter; but at last we plainly heard the noise of a heavy cannonade. It was the first time in my life that I had heard a shot fired in anger; and as every deep explosion came through the air, my heart beat faster and faster, and, natural fear mingling with natural impatience, I stood engrossed in pleasingly fearful feelings, till I was roused by the voice of the mate, crying that there was a ship to windward. As our fleet lay between us and the shore, we had no fear of its proving an enemy, and farther than as an object of casual speculation, the sail attracted little notice, till at length, as we stood up channel, with the ship, which seemed a large merchantman, going full before the wind, that had now freshened, under a heavy press of sail, about a mile to windward on our bow, the mate gave it as his opinion that we ought to speak him, and learn how the fleet lay. Now, about a quarter of an hour before this, one of the men having grumbled at a cuff, the Captain had taken me regularly to witness the mutiny; and going to his arms' chest, had stuck a pair of pistols in the breast of his jacket, with which he had paraded the deck for a few minutes, in tenfold truculence, and had then gone below again, where he now sat over his articles of war and brandy bottle. The cabin light was partly open to admit air; and he made his enquiries, and gave his orders, without coming on deck. "What colours does that fellow shew, sir?"

"He is canvass to the mast-head, sir, and I cannot see his flag; but I think I know the cut of his royals: he's a merchant victualler, if I don't mistake, belonging to the leeward division, standing across to Portsmouth—for stores, I suppose."

"I don't care what you suppose, sir—what is his name?"

"The Prince Frederick."

"Ah—ch!—old Manson's craft?"

"Yes, sir."

"What course do you lie, sir?"

"Hard upon the wind: if he hold on, we will cross his wake close astern."

"Well, do now as I desire you, sir. Let the boat away as many points as will run you under his bows—and hold on your course till I give you farther orders." Then, in

an under growl to himself, "Ah, ha, he thought he had swamped me about that d—d business of his Son's and the Phoenix; but I'll shew the old costermongering rogue that I can cross his bows, both on shore and at sea"—Here he raised his voice again—"and, hilloa, sir! order him, as soon as he comes within hail, to run under my stern, and round to leeward, till your commander questions him on his Majesty's service. And clear away that gun in the bows there, for, by —, if he does not put his helm up, I'll fire into him, as I would into a huxter's stall!"

We accordingly fell away to leeward, and the vessels rapidly neared each other. The stranger had studding-sails set from the very top-gallant royals to the chain-plates; and a more splendid sight my eyes never beheld than he presented, spooming down, swift and steady through the fresh, green, sparkling seas that sheeted off round either bow in a continuous jet, glassy, unbroken, and in colour like the purest amethyst, till it foamed away down the broadside, in white boiling eddies of froth. We were now within hail: the mate took the trumpet, and shouted his orders as he had received them: there was no answer. The stranger still held on his course, right before the wind.

"He won't alter his course, sir," said the mate to the captain. "What is to be done?"

"Hold on, as I ordered you, sir; bring up under his lee; and if he don't slacken sail, fire your gun into him, and be d—d! Ah, is it luffing you are, you mutinous lubber? must I overhaul you?" And he laid hold of a handspike, and came up the companion, his eyes glaring, his teeth set, and a torrent of curses hissing through them, hot and horrible. He kicked the mate into the scuppers, and laid hold of the tiller, round which he lashed its lanyard with a second turn, before he had given more than one look at the stranger; and while knotting the lashings, reiterated his orders with double vehemence about the gun. If ever the devil had possession of any man, he was in him then. It all occurred in less time than a minute; but so inexperienced at sea was I, that I ap-

prehended a fight more than any thing else; although, as the tiller was tied, I saw it was next to impossible for the vessels to escape running foul. The seamen were all in consternation, crowding from the bows, and clamouring advice, entreaties, and denunciations, without the slightest effect, on their captain. He held a pistol in his hand, and swore he would shoot the first mutineer who should dare to interfere. But, at the second look he took at the tower of canvass now stooping down upon us, within half a stone's throw, he dropped the tiller, staggered back, and clapt both his hands over his eyes. When he withdrew them to grasp the tafferel, against which he had stumbled, one might have thought that he had been smearing his face with white paint, so deadly pale was he grown all on the sudden; but his eyes were fixed and glazed, his mouth wide open, his lips livid, and shaking like jelly, his hair on end, his limbs in a loose palsy, his knees going against and over one another. It was a moment of dreadful confusion. I was thrown down by the rushing about of the crew; and, as I looked up from among the trampling crowd, through whose feet I rolled like a log, I saw, all at once, between me and the blue sky, over our quarter, the jib-boom of the ship pushed through the serene air with a smooth and equable motion, but swift and irresistible in the whole wing of the wind. It caught us by the lifts of the mainsail, and we were gently pushed over for an almost imperceptible moment; then came a sharp crash, and the main topmast toppled down, tearing and smashing every thing in its descent, and making the started planks fly from stem to stern, as it drove right through the deck into the cabin. At the same moment the ship's jib-boom sprang high into the air, and from among her pile of sails that were now bellying out almost overhead, there leaped down, like an eagle from his cloud, the whole broad-winged fore-top-gallant mast, royals and all, with a swoop upon our deck. All the men round the tiller were struck down; some with broken limbs, and all dreadfully bruised, but none was killed save their miserable commander; he was

killed where he stood still paralyzed against the tafferel. I saw him struck by the jagged stump of the broken mast, as it fell; he dropped shrieking over the lower bulwark, and sank with his face downwards. I saw no more, for the bows of the ship here caught us astern with a crushing shock, that drove the schooner right under water, up to the main hatchway, and I was floated off in the sea. The first thing I can remember after that catastrophe, was the roaring as if of a thousand cataracts about my ears, and a consciousness that I was hauled through the water like a fish in a net. This was indeed the case; I had been entangled in the loose wreck of rigging that fell on board the Gull; and when the ship, after grazing her stern, drew these masts and sails after her, by the numerous ropes that still remained unbroken, I was carried along, and would certainly have perished, had not the lightness of the wreck, and the rapidity with which it was dragged, kept me on the surface; yet, even there I was never nearer any thing than suffocation, from the overwhelming tumult of the broken water which was now sheeting over my head and shoulders, and falling in foam upon my feet like the very jets round the ship's cutwater. I saw that I must perish if I did not get out of the rush; and having with infinite labour disentangled myself from the rope round my middle, by which I was held, made a desperate exertion, and succeeded in drawing myself forward, and climbing up the connecting rigging at the bows, till I got my head out of the spray. So soon as I was out of immediate peril I relaxed my exertions for a few minutes to take breath; and although I frequently cried for help I could not make myself heard, for my voice, as well as my strength, was almost exhausted, and once or twice I was on the point of giving up the struggle, and dropping into my deep death-bed, through pure inability of longer hanging on. At last, finding my cries fruitless, and feeling that, without some extraordinary exertion, I must face the abhorred change without further preparation, I collected all the energies of my remaining strength, and with an effort that left me as weak as an infant, drew my-

self up by the sheer force of my arms, and grasped the fore-chains; then slowly clambered to the dead-eyes, gained the rail of the bulwark, doubled over it like a sack, and fell on deck insensible. When my senses began to collect, and before I had yet opened my eyes, I remember congratulating myself in my own mind on my escape, and dimly contrasting the oozy bed of the sea with the warm berth in which I either was, or was about to be placed. But it was cold—cold. I opened my eyes; I was lying in a dripping coil like a bundle of wet sea-weed, the deck flooded all round with the water still running from my clothes and hair. I dried the blinding spray from my eyes, and, raising myself upon my elbow, looked about. There was not a soul there but myself!

I swallowed a strange pang that arose from my heart, and looked out for something to make a noise with; there was nothing to be had—the decks were free from every thing but tar and tallow. I had never seen such dirty decks before, yet there was nothing loose lying about. I had not yet risen—I was afraid to rise—so I pulled off my shoe, and began to hammer on the deck with the heel of it; then to call and to whistle. There was no answer! I started up with another pang that made the water gush to my eyes, and ran astern without looking either to the right or left. I stretched myself half over the taffarel, and looked for the schooner. I saw her lying far away astern, a water-logged wreck, with the other tenders bearing up to her, and signals flying from all their masts. I tossed my arms and shouted, in the wild hope that I might still be taken on board some of them. Alas! I felt the unmanned ship speeding on her dark errand beyond the hope of being overtaken. All the frightful stories of the flying Dutchman came back with unnatural vividness upon my memory. I remembered the unaccountable terror of the wretched captain of the *Gull*, his horrible fate, and the invisible agency by which it seemed accomplished. I thought myself in superhuman hands, and my heart sank, and my breath failed, and I swooned for fear, as I had already fallen senseless from fatigue. Let it be

remembered that I was a very young man; although I feel that apology need hardly be made for a fear so dreadful, and, in such circumstances, so natural, that not even at this day would the wealth of worlds induce me to spend another hour in the same ignorance of my situation that then afflicted me. I lifted my head from the deck with a bewildering recollection of all that had passed, but as my eye rested on the tall and shining sails overhead, I could not think that a fabric so beautiful was made to bear any but a human crew. Be her navigators who they might, I knew that it was the same whether I faced them fore or aft; so I leaped up, and forced myself forward, that I might put an end to my horrible suspense at once. From few, if any, do I apprehend contempt on account of this avowal. The awe of preternatural agency is part of this life's natural religion; and sanctioned as it is in the revealed religion that has been vouchsafed to us, let no man scorn me for acknowledging its influence, while his own soul must tell him that he is a being existing he knows not how, among he knows not whom. I am not ashamed to confess, that I walked the deck of that deserted vessel in excessive fear; from companion and hatchway I expected every moment to see some inconceivable horror ascend; and although I held in my breath, and kept myself drawn up in rigid determination not to flinch from any thing that a Christian man should confront, yet, with all the preparation I could muster, I felt that the twirling of a straw upon that bare deck would have upset me. My senses, however, were not so totally overwhelmed in awe and wonder as to prevent my perceiving that there really was something unusual in the appearance of things on deck. There were four wide funnels, one under each of the main and fore shrouds—things I had never seen in any ship before. The ports were larger than usual, and had, which seemed very strange, their hinges below. The decks were sined and slippery, as I have before observed, with tar and tallow. I looked up with a lightened heart to the yard-arms;—there were the grappling-irons

swinging from them one and all! I ran into the main-cabin without one hesitating pause—I was rushing desperately to be satisfied, and I *was* satisfied. The cabin was stripped of its furniture; troughs were laid along each side; they ran into the main-hold, and terminated in sally-ports at either quarter; they were stuffed with reeds in sheaves bound together with matches, and steeped in composition. It was evident—I was in a fireship; it accounted for every thing. I ran to the sally-port; there was the black track of the gunpowder, and the spot plainly marked where the match had been extinguished. The ship had missed taking fire, and stood out to sea. I ran out on deck—threw off my clothes to dry—got a remnant of a sail, and rubbed myself into life and warmth once more; then wrapping myself in a canvass cloak very fairly cut from the fore stay-sail, I lay down in the sunny scuppers, and without a single thought of navigating the vessel—it never entered my head, once I had got the horrible deceit of my fear removed—gave myself up to the enjoyment of my security and rest so heartily, that at last, like a wearied child, I dropped involuntarily asleep. I could not have slept more than an hour when I was awakened by the snapping of a royal studding-sail boom, for the breeze had been freshening ever since I came on board, and was now straining spars and canvass at a pitch that threatened to carry away every thing. The new dangers of my situation rose in fearful array before me, as I considered with myself the probable consequences. I was driving right on shore at a rate that must smash the vessel to pieces the moment she would take the ground; and how to shorten sail or lie to, I could not tell. Every thing was fast, and my single strength could not suffice to slacken away any thing of consequence. The vessel could never be put upon another course with all her yards braced square. There was little or no chance of my falling in with any sail in the Channel in such dangerous times. The wind was getting round to the east again, and I saw plainly that if it settled there, and still carried me before it, I must drift to

the Atlantic, and die of hunger, unless I could subsist on tallow and brimstone (since nothing more eatable had been left on board) till the final catastrophe of going on shore, that sooner or later must befall me. Even if I should fall in with a sail, how were they to know that I was in distress? and if they did, how was I to bring the ship to? or (unless it fell a dead calm) how was a boat to be sent on board me driving at such a rate? I went to the wheel to try what I could do; not much caring though I should lay her fairly on her beam-ends; for, if she should not founder outright, I thought even such a state would be better than the rapid ruin she was then threatening me with. I brought her up till I shook the wind out of her canvass. She reeled and staggered for a moment like a drunken being, then all at once her lighter sails were taken aback with a slap that beat away booms, and tore down yards and tackling with a succession of crashes, flappings, and snaps like gun-shots, which threw me into such confusion, that I let go the wheel, and ran for the cabin; in dread of having my brains beaten out by a falling spar, like the luckless captain of the *Gull*. I sat down in despair among the tubs of composition and piles of oakum steeped in turpentine, with which the place was crammed, and listened to the effects of my rashness still sounding overhead, and making themselves known even below by the mad plunges of the vessel, that pitched me at length into a corner, where I lay till she righted, and went off dead before the wind once more. The rigging when I came on deck presented a strange sight. All the great sails had filled again, but the lighter ones were flying in lumbering streamers from every yard-arm like ribbands from a tattered cap; while booms and blocks went swinging through the confusion, knocking against the standing spars, and adding at every stroke some new disaster to the ruinous uproar. I would have almost changed places with Phaeton. I would as soon have laid my hand upon the fiery mane of a courser of the sun, with all the zodiac reeling underfoot, as have touched a spoke of that fatal wheel during the next

hour. I went below again, and got between decks by the communication from the cabin, where I saw the arrangement of the combustibles, which put the nature of the vessel beyond all doubt. The troughs crossed each other between four barrels of composition, placed one under each of the above mentioned funnels. Chambers were loaded opposite all the ports, to blow them open and give the flame vent. Powdered resin and sulphur were scattered plentifully in all directions, and a mixture of combustibles like soft dry paste filled the bottoms of all the troughs, on top of which the reeds were tied with matches innumerable. The breeze now began to take off, and continued to lull away during all the afternoon, having settled at length at about south-east, so that my fears of drifting past the Land's-end were now almost at rest. I dressed myself in my dried clothes, but dared not kindle a fire;—every spot was ready to start into flame with the merest spark; even in the after-cabin the berths were stowed full of old turpentine and oil jars, and dusted with meal of resin. I walked the deck till evening, and with departing light of day distinguished St Michael's Mount, rising in a grey and purple haze high into the ruddy horizon. The night fell chilly and thick, and I went into the cabin and tried to make up my mind for the worst. But I could not long bear to stay there, it was so lonely and dismal. There was a sort of company in the wind and the struggling sails on deck, but below, every thing was deadly dark and silent. So, chilly as it was, I wrapped my cloak of canvass once more about me, and sat down on the fore-castle, shivering with cold and apprehension, and gazing till my eyes grew strained and dizzy into the monotonous gloom ahead. I could not see any star, but I think it must have been about one o'clock, when the heavy washing of the seas about our bows was broken by the distant murmur of breakers. Had I heard my death-bell tolling, it could not more surely have impressed me with the certainty of my immediate fate; and yet the very growling of that merciless band into whose strangling tumult I so soon expected to be cast, came upon my

numbed senses with a rousing and invigorating influence; for, the dull uncertainty of my former state had been altogether stupifying. I rose and took my post once more by the wheel, determined to use my experience to the best advantage in counteracting or seconding the wind as I saw necessary, so far as its very limited command would go.

The tumult of broken water now became louder and louder, but instead of advancing on my ear as before, out of the darkness ahead, it growled away down the night on our starboard beam in an oblique direction, which I could not account for, till, looking over the stern, I saw, by the dim glimmer of the ship's wake that we were making more lee than head-way; that in fact, the ship was driving broadside on, in a powerful tide race along a reef of rocks, through some opening in which, or past which altogether, I did not despair of being yet carried by the current, as I heard no surf loud enough to tell of its running any where against them, except beyond one breach in their line, comparatively smooth. The coast was now distinguishable ahead, black, high, and precipitous. It advanced higher and higher up the sky, till it almost seemed to overhang our fore-castle, and I now felt the ship swing round in the sweep of the current, and saw the breakers running white astern as we swept clear of them, right through the reef. There rose presently a rustling sound about the bows; then a heavy grating all along the keel, a dull prolonged concussion, and the tide roke on her as she stuck—fast in a sand-bank. It was pitch dark. The breakers were on all sides; but the ship lay in smooth water among them. It would have been madness to attempt swimming on shore; where, even if I should escape the violence of the current and surf, I must spend the long morning on the bleak hill, weighed down by wet clothes, and ignorant of my road. Under these considerations, particularly as there was no fear of the ship yielding to any sea likely to run there during the calm state of the weather, I determined to remain on deck till day; and now, considering my safety almost certain, I mingled my supplications with

thanksgivings, and falling on my knees, blessed God with tears of gratitude and delight; then wrapping myself up once more behind the shelter of the bulwark, went to sleep. I started up from a dream of home, for I distinctly heard the stroke of oars alongside. I was on the point of calling out when some one close under the quarter said, in a low but (to my morbidly sensitive ear) a clear whisper, "By—I believe they *have* deserted her! But look sharp, my lads, for you may find plenty of them still skulking behind the bulwarks." I heard this with an accompaniment of cocking fire-arms and unsheathing cutlasses; and with the horrifying suspicion that they were a gang of Cornwall wreckers, I crept in renewed and redoubled terror into the cabin. Just as I concealed myself behind the door, which opened on the quarter-deck from under a high poop, the boat's crew sprung on deck with lanterns and levelled weapons. Two tall and rather fine-looking men led the party, and so soon as they saw that there was no fighting for them on deck, drew their company together round the main-mast and proceeded, to my inexpressible relief, to take possession of the ship in the name of his Majesty George the Third, by virtue of certain letters of marque and reprisal, empowering them, Adam and Hiram Forrest, of Forrest-Race, Esquires, to set upon by force of arms, subdue, and take all ships, vessels, goods, wares, munitions of war, &c. &c. of, or belonging to the French nation. Now was my time to discover myself, (and I confess I had a thought or two about my claim to a share of the prize-money).—One step I made from my position, but the noise arrested me with its immediate consequence—half-a-dozen muskets levelled at the door. "Keep together, men! they are barricaded in the cabin!—go aft, Hiram, with four hands and break open the door, while I secure the fore-castle and hatchways," cried the elder leader. His associate sprung towards my place of concealment at the head of four fellows, brandishing their naked cutlasses; and bursting open the door with a drive of his foot, rushed in—a pistol in one hand, a drawn sword in the other. I thought it most pru-

dent to keep clear of the first rush of their irruption, and so had retreated quietly to the after-cabin, where I concealed myself in one of the berths close by the stern port. They soon found the cabin equally deserted with the deck; and as they went stumbling about with their one lantern through the lumber of combustibles, filled it with exclamations of amazement.

"Why, here's no crew that I can see but a regiment of paint-pots—that must have been a rat that we heard, sir," said one.

"D——n me, Tom, I say, what sort of a devil's drawing-room have we here?" muttered another, as he stood turning over a mop of oakum with his toe; "and what sort of a damnable smell is this?" snuffing at a box of composition.

"The devil's *own* smell—brimstone by——!" cried a fourth, shaking a cloud of sulphur from his fingers; and one fellow rummaging through the troughs pulled up a bundle of reeds and tossed them out on the floor, exclaiming, "Nothing but rushlights in these here lockers, Master Hiram—rushlights and mouldings of white biscuit, as I take it—light diet that, I may say, sir, for a ship's company." Just then some lumber getting loose, rolled out of an upper berth among them, and three or four smart cuts were made at it before they saw what it was. I had taken them as a hint to lie quiet a little longer, when their leader started suddenly, and after standing for a moment at the heel of the mizen-mast, gave a strong shudder, and ordered the men out of the cabin. "Off, off to the fore-castle every man of you!—off, I say, and send Captain Forrest here." The men withdrew, muttering exclamations of amazement as he drove them out on deck, whence he presently returned, accompanied by the other. He locked and bolted the door after him, and led his companion up to the mast, then throwing the light full on it, asked in a whisper, that thrilled through me where I lay, "Do you know that?" "What?" "That splinter of steel buried in the wood." The elder Forrest, without one word of reply, snatched up the lantern and ran round the cabin, holding the light over his head, and

gazing at every thing with a strong expression of astonishment; then stuck the lantern down upon a barrel-head, slapped his hands against his thighs, and exclaimed, "Hah!—Now may I be damned if it is not the old Phoenix come back again!—but Hiram, I say, by Heaven I cannot understand this—she is not the same boat, and yet she is—I thought I knew her deck although it is strangely altered—but what is the matter with you?" for the younger one stood pale and trembling, and here grasped him convulsively by the arm.

"What ails you, Hiram? I say,—I hope you are not afraid?"

"Yes, by —," (with a slow and solemn asseveration,) "I *am* afraid, Adam Forrest!" The other answered gasping, "I *am* afraid, for I saw him there as plainly as I see you, clinging round the mast as he did that night, when he held on till you shore through his wrist with your cutlass, and snapped it an inch deep in the solid wood below! and if I go in *there*, (pointing to the after cabin without even raising his averted face,) if I go in *there*, I will see the others!—Come on deck—I am sick."

"Stay where you are—you must not expose yourself to the men,—tut, tut!—What! after all we have seen together, to let a trick of your fancy get the better of your manhood in this disgraceful way!—Why," and he mused for a moment, "it is odd enough too, that she should come here without hands, and all to give us a second crop off her old timbers; but egad, I have it! I'll lay my life Tom has been overhauling her in the Channel, and has sent the old bird adrift, well knowing to whose door the Race would bring her!—Ah! poor Tom! many an ugly job he has brought me through; however, they say that *Gull* thing that I got him the command of is a switching fast sailer, and if he has but a stanch crew, he may make a good thing of it yet—that is, if he can only keep from getting more than moderately drunk. But come along till we see what this after cabin has got for us. We have our letters of marque now, and need not be ashamed to shew our faces under that authority to man or devil!—Come," and he dragged his reluctant associate almost close to the spot

where I lay, in another and still more dreadful relapse of horror. The young man leaned against a timber, with his head sunk upon his breast, and shuddered violently.

"Adam," said he at length, "we have never thriven in any thing since the night we had that business in this abominable den of blood. You and I then were, or ought to have been, country gentlemen, and he was no more than a careless sailor at worst; but with all the money we got in Bordeaux for the fruits of our villany, we are three miserable adventurers to-day, if the damning cargo she carries has not sunk the *Gull* already—Mother of God defend me! there is young Manson!" I can no more account for it now, than I could help it then, but the truth is, I had risen at this mention of the *Gull* in a sort of reckless frenzy, for I had no control over either my words or actions, and started out on the floor before them, a very ghastly and hideous spectacle; for I was pale and haggard with fear and desperation, and my face was bloody from a scratch I had got in the dark. The eyes of the repentant sinner fastened on me as I rose, and his terror was full as horribly depicted on his countenance, as that of his already punished associate had been on his; he fell flat on his face, and even the hardened ruffian at his side leaped back with a shout of horror as I rose before him with my hands held up, and a storm of denunciation that I could not control bursting from my lips. What I said I did not even then know, but it soon betrayed my mortal nature, and Forrest, with a blow of his fist, struck me back whence I had risen, then drew a pistol and came close up to me to make sure. I prayed for mercy now as wildly as I had before denounced vengeance, and in the extremity of my terror shut my eyes and clung to the very boards. A flash first came through my closed eyelids, and then a rushing and flapping burst of flame like interminable lightning. The pistol had burned priming, but even that had been enough to set fire to an open can of turpentine that was upset from a locker above by the thrust he had made after me with the weapon. The liquid starting into fire and smoke over the exploding

gunpowder, flowed down in a waving river of flame, and spreading on the resined floors, and catching the loose combustibles all round, raised such a chaos of fire, smoke, hissing, sputtering, and suffocation, that I had only power to feel myself unwounded, and with my coat over my head, to pitch myself bodily against the port below me. I literally sauk through a little pool of flame, but I burst open the port as I had expected, and found myself the next moment in the sea. It was now low water, and the stream that I had feared would sweep me among the breakers was totally subsided; but I could see nothing clearly for the first minute, only a dazzling and flashing of light through the spray, that swept over my head from the broken water on the rocks. The first thing I saw distinctly was a trail of flame writhing like a tail round the stern of the ship, as if the great black hulk had been lashing herself into the furious fit, that in another minute burst out from every vent and funnel in spouting and roaring jets of fire, that blazed up into the rigging as high as the lower masts, and pierced the night for miles round, with a splendour strong as the light of the sun at noonday. I got upon the nearest of the rocks, (by the fall of the water they now rose much nearer than they had before seemed to do,) and rising out of reach of the surf, contemplated a spectacle the grandest and most appalling I ever witnessed. The ship had run aground upon the landward side of a tongue of sand, that stretched (like half the string of a bent bow) partly across a curve of the coast, thus intercepting whatever the current from the opposite side might sweep into the bay; and there settling on a rapidly shelving bank, had fallen over as the water left her, till her masts and rigging lay almost across the narrow channel between. On shore an overhanging precipice rose right opposite, and close under her lee—so close that her rigging sloped up to within a stone's-throw of the jutting rock. Between the base of this rock and the water's edge, there was a stripe of greenward, evidently artificial, forming a platform of perhaps thirty yards across, which widened away at one side into a lawn with haycocks and

shrubbery, while there was a good deal of planting visible up the back of the ravine. An old-fashioned straggling house stood almost under the precipice, facing the platform on one side, and the lawn on the other. Its steep roof of grey slate, and slender chimneys, made a gaunt and spectral show in the ruddy glare, contrasted with the black mass of rock behind, and the boiling flashes of the surf tossed up almost to its fantastic porch before. I looked at the ship—the fore-hatchway had torn up with a tremendous burst, and the massy planks and bars of wrought-iron were scattered on either side; but the black tarpaulin rose like a canopy over the body of flame that followed, and was dissipated into smoke and ashes, without ever coming down. And now, the breeze tossing that blaze about through the rigging in rolling and heavy volume, like a great tongue, it roared at every wallowing flap, and licked up square-sails, stay-sails, and studding-sails, as though they had been so much tinder, while the port-chambers successively exploding, thundered and flashed down either broadside, then vomited out their volume and flaring streamers of fire, that curled and climbed up into the conflagration till consumed amid the general flame. All the water out of the ship's shadow blazed to the blazing pile; but wherever her hull momentarily intercepted its light, the sea seemed to heave more heavily, and with a lurid glow like blood. The boat's crew had now pushed off from the quarter; I saw all on board save the two miserable beings I had left in the flames of the cabin: but the men had scarce pulled the boat's length from the vessel's side, when a figure leaped up on the quarter rail from deck—he looked as if he had risen out of hell; for his head was singed bald, and his face and hands were all livid, swollen, and bloody, from the scorching. It was the elder Forrest. He was tossing his arms and howling. The men pulled back, the boat shot into the shadow of the ship, and in the sudden difference of light I lost them for an instant; but the great flame of the fore-castle took a sweep to windward, and showed them again, close under the quarter. All

their faces glowed like copper, as they turned them up to the crimsoned figure wavering above, for Forrest had now seized a rope, that dangled still unconsumed from the mizen-yard arm, and was swinging to and fro, as the scorching flame behind him swayed forward or collapsed; but their faces fell, and a cry of horror burst from them all as it gave way, and the wretch, after balancing a moment on his narrow footing, fell back into the fire;—there was a puff of smoke and ashes, a long heaving roll of the flame, a shriek that rung shrilly over every thing, and the seamen, silent and horrified, pushed off again, and made for the shore. And now the whole rigging was in a light flame, and the dance of sparks to leeward, where it eddied round the chimneys and gables of the old house, looked like a great spangled mantle shaken out in the sky. Beneath, smoke was curling in white eddies from every door and window, and the fate of the doomed dwelling seemed fixed, to burn first, while any thing remained in it that would burn, and then to be swept from its foundations by the final explosion; out of reach of which I had all this time been painfully making my way, sometimes clambering over the rocks high and dry, and sometimes swimming. I gained the dry land at last, about three hundred yards astern of the vessel, and rounding the shoulder of a hill, lay down among the grass in the sudden pitchy darkness behind it, till my eyes had a little recovered from the effects of the excessive light, and I was able to see my way into the country. I was between two steep hills; that behind me was lurid in the dim reflection of the sky, but a ruddier haze than ever the sunset had thrown over it, glowed across the track of air above, and bore a crown of fire to the top of the higher hill opposite, on which every stock and stone shewed like iron at a forging heat. Through this red region I had to pass to reach the inland, pursuing a horse-track that led over it, I gained the limits of darkness again, without once turning to look at the scene behind—I had beheld enough. Suddenly I heard the clang of hoofs in the valley ahead, and, turning, beheld a

riderless horse toss up his mane like a fiery crest over the illuminated mountain, then plunge into the darkness between. I laid hold of the reins as he rushed past me, determined to use the opportunity of escape; and having checked him with some difficulty, threw myself into the saddle and gave him head. He bore me down the open hill like the wind; but when I got among the precipices below, through which the road was intricately carried, I was reluctantly obliged to draw up a little for fear of accidents. I was unwilling to do this, as well from the desire of making my escape to as great a distance as possible from the explosion, as from the conviction, growing every moment stronger, that I heard some one on horseback in pursuit. Now, I had no doubt that the animal I rode had thrown another rider immediately before being caught by me; and I thought it most probable, that whoever was now pursuing, had been in company with him when his horse had first run off. Be that as it might, I had had enough of Forrest-Race and its inhabitants, to make me determined, if I must be overtaken, to conceal myself by the road-side, and let my pursuer look after the runaway at his leisure. However, I tried to make the most of my chances in the mean time, and pushed on as rapidly as prudence would allow; but in ten minutes more, I found I had no prospect of escape; I heard the clatter of the horse, and once or twice the cries of the rider behind, and was just preparing to dismount, and looking back to try what I could see, when there shot up a column of fire, a hundred feet and more over the top of the highest mountain, and hill and valley, road, rock, and river, leaped out into insufferable splendour before me. Every object, for three or four seconds, was apparent in steady and intense light. I saw the perilous road down which I had come, and wondered how my horse had kept his footing at all; but my wonder was considerably greater when, about half a furlong behind, I saw my pursuer, as plainly as I ever saw my own mother, to be a woman—dressed, at least, in a female habit, and light as Diana, while she sat her rearing and plunging hunter

through the wild tumult of his terror. But, before I could take a second look, down stooped the night again in tenfold power of darkness, while there burst through the shaken sky such a concussion, as with its tremendous and stunning violence beat the poor animal I bestrode, and myself along with him, flat down upon the ground, among the rebounding echoes and black darkness. I escaped from the fall unhurt, and the horse stood still and trembling, till I remounted, for I now was no longer desirous of escaping my pursuer. I was hardly in the saddle again, when I heard a sweet voice at my side—"Now, Heaven have mercy on us,—this is a fearful night!—How could you leave me in this way, George?—Ah! you could not help it, poor fellow—but did I not see you thrown after the grey ran off?—Why do you not answer, George—are you hurt?"

"In the name of God, Ellen Fane, what do you do here?" I exclaimed, in a voice that I could hardly think my own. She screamed aloud, for it was indeed she, and checked her horse till he almost went on his haunches; I seized him by the bridle to keep him from backing over the precipice.

"Keep off—keep off," she cried. "Oh, have mercy on me if you are a man or a Christian, for I am a helpless girl, and in danger of my life!—Oh, only help me to get to Truro, and I will pray for you—indeed I will—as long as this miserable existence lasts!"

I was agitated by contending emotions—immense—innumerable; but I made a struggle to compose myself, and implored her not to be alarmed. "And, oh, Ellen, Ellen," I cried, "do you not yet know me?"

"Henry!—Mr Jervas!" she exclaimed, and would have fallen to the ground had I not drawn our horses together and supported her sinking frame upon my breast. There was not a sound in the air, that had so lately been torn with dreadful noises, except the low sobs of my companion, whose tears were flowing unrestrained upon my bosom, and the dreamy plashing of the river beside us, as it hastened to drown its murmurs in the moan of the sea, that came heavily at intervals on the wind

like a lamentation. The wind that was now abroad was barely strong enough to lift a curl or two of the long and lovely tresses that lay clustering on my breast. All the light in the sky was insufficient to shew more than the dim outline of the hills rising black around us against the paler gloom of the heavens. Every thing was steeped in profound tranquillity, but the uproar that this quiet had succeeded was less confounding a thousand times, than the tumultuous feelings which agitated my heart in the midst of that solemn and oppressive calm.

"Tell me, Ellen, tell me, is it possible that you can have been under the same roof with this villain Forrest?"

"Alas, poor wretch!" she exclaimed, "he was burned to death—he and his cousin Hiram."

"Murderous ruffians!—robbers, dogs, and pirates! what better fate did they merit?" I exclaimed, forgetting that she was ignorant of their piracy.

"Nay, indeed, Mr Jervas, they were only doing their duty. You know that they would have been obliged to fight with the crew, had not the ship been deserted. Oh, although Mr Forrest was a harsh and selfish man, and although I came here so much against my own wishes, yet believe me you wrong him with these horrid names; but tell me, I beseech you, how did *you* come here? Surely you cannot have come all the way from Bromley Fo —Pray tell me.

"Could I shew you my dripping clothes, my bleeding hands, my scorched and smarting face," cried I, "you might then guess where I come from—from the midst of breakers and fire, out of the hands of pirates and assassins, who would fain have stained with my blood that fatal ship that they once before polluted with the massacre of her crew, but which God in his justice has guided over the seas to be a destruction for them and theirs. I came in the French fire-ship!"

This was indignantly, bitterly, and thoughtlessly spoken; and I was well rebuked by her placid reply. "Let us pray to be protected in our distress, for, alas! I fear you are distracted, and I scarcely know myself, whether I am awake or not."

"I would give all I value in the world, except your good wishes, Ellen, that this *were* a dream; but it is too true—listen now, (and I solemnly assure you there is no deception in what I say,) and I will tell you all;"—and so I related to her every thing that had occurred from the time of our dancing the last rigadon together in Bromley Force Hall, up to our present meeting among the Forrest-Race Hills.

"And now, Ellen, that these wretches themselves have been tossed out like burned cinders from the fire, and that their house has been blown stone from stone to the foundation, can you doubt that the hand of Providence has been put forth in their punishment, as plainly as in our reunion after so sudden a separation, and one which threatened to last for years, if not for life? and can you for a moment doubt that I have been brought here thus fearfully and strangely to be a protector to you now, and a cherisher and protector to you till death part us?"

"Oh, do not talk of happiness to me; I feel that I am doomed to be miserable and the cause of misery; the avenging hand lies heavy on us all. But let us hasten to Truro, and hurry up to Bromley, and let my dear guardian's advice, before"—— she burst into renewed tears, and then exclaimed, "Alas, alas, ill-fated Mary Forrest! you had little thought, when you went to sleep to-night, that you should be awakened by the light of your husband's death-fire!"

"The miserable woman!" I cried, "what has become of her?"

"She will soon be with her brothers, I trust, in safety; they took her and her baby in the boat to Falmouth, but I was sent off with George the gardener, on horseback, as you see, for Truro. Poor George has suffered with the rest; his horse was frightened by the fire and threw him on the hill; let us go back and see if he is hurt."

I with difficulty dissuaded her from delaying us by such a fruitless search, and represented my own miserable condition.

"Oh, that the sky would clear," she cried, "and shew us how to go! there is a cottage somewhere near us where you can get dried. You will perish if you remain in wet

clothes any longer,—but can it be that you are all this time riding bare-headed?" and she drew up her horse, and pulling a handkerchief from her neck, tied it, yet warm from her bosom, round my cold temples and dark hair. Every touch of her fingers streamed a flood of warmth to my heart; my very brain derived new vigour from the comfortable cincture; and having kissed her gentle hands again and again, I recommenced to explore the road with indefatigable perseverance. At length, after a tedious ride over a bleak and almost impracticable track, we saw the low roof of the cottage rise between us and the sky. A feeble light struggled for a moment over the common as we approached, and then disappeared. Having with some searching found a stake to which to tie the horses, we advanced to the door; it opened and we entered the cabin's only apartment. In one corner, on a low truckle, lay an old man bedridden and dozing. In the middle of the floor, a child of about eight years was lighting a candle at the embers of a wood fire; she screamed as we stood before her, and flew to the bedside of the cripple, who murmured and moaned at the disturbance, but did not seem to comprehend its cause. The little girl's large dark eyes bespoke terror and amazement till my companion addressed her, "My pretty Sally, do you not remember the lady who gave the gown to your mother, and the money?" The little thing then let go its hold of the old man's quilt, and shading the candle from the open window, dropped a timid curtsy and said, "They are all gone down to see the burning at the Race, and they told me to keep the candle in the window till they would come back; but the draught blows it out, madam."

"Lend me the candle, my dear, and we will kindle a nice fire which the draught will only make burn the brighter, and *that* will do far better," said my companion, and began—beautiful being!—to pile up the wood, and clean the hearthstone, with as prompt and housewife-like an alertness, as though she had herself been a daughter of the carefullest cottager. The blaze soon crackled up through the grey smoke, and while I stretched myself along the earthen floor, and

basked in the pleasant glow, she busied herself in the corner with the little girl—how, I could not imagine, till I heard a rustling of straw and the bleat of a goat. I looked round, and beheld her kneeling on the ground, and milking the poor ragged animal, with hands that took from their pious and charitable employment a loveliness far purer than ever the flowers of the green lane at Bromley had shed over them. She bore the milk warm in a wooden bowl to my lips as I lay; and the child brought me bread. I ate and drank, and blessed them, and tears gushed from my eyes.

"And now, my pretty Sally," said my sweet friend, patting the dark head of the little maiden, "does not your mother plait straw hats?"

"Oh!" cried the child, lifting up her tiny hands, "there is a *beautiful* one in the chest for Simon Jones, madam; but he has gone to be a soldier, and has got a hat now that shines like glass, and has lovely feathers in it."

"Then give it to me for this gentleman, and I will give you all this money for your mother." I had my own purse in my pocket, but felt that it would gratify her not to interfere, and did not. So, after a great deal of coaxing, she at length prevailed on the child to open the sacred box and take out the hat with reverential hands, into which she put a sum that made the poor little creature hold them up even higher than at the mention of the admirable Simon Jones. Being thus refitted and refreshed, we prepared to take the road again, the less reluctantly, as we had already consumed the last log of wood in the house. So, after raking the embers together for fear of accident, and kissing our little benefactress, we remounted, and turned our horses' heads along the road to Truro. Here we arrived before day, and having knocked up the people of an inn, got admitted with some difficulty. It was now my turn to take care of my companion, and I did my best to repay her kindness. I procured refreshments, saw to the horses, and bade her good-night, just as the morning dawn was breaking. I got two or three hours' sleep, and had my clothes thoroughly cleansed and dried

before the coach arrived in which we were to proceed, when I placed the horses at livery in the name of Mr Forrest's executors, and took my seat beside all that was now dearest to me in the world. We were two days and a night on the road, for the proprietor of the coach would not permit it to run on the Sabbath, and we therefore spent all the second day, which was Sunday, in the little village where we stopped on the previous night. We went to church together, and after service wandered about the environs. That was the most delightful morning I had ever spent. It was then I persuaded her to promise that if Mr Blundell and her father refused to sanction our union, she would never marry another. I had little thought when exacting an engagement so important, of the heavy responsibility we both undertook. I thought only that the possession of so much goodness and beauty—I will not do injustice to my enthusiasm *then*, though I might add "riches" to the list, did this refer to any other day—would make me the happiest of living men; and I urged and entreated till I made as sure of the divine prize as ever man did in Courtship's lottery, before the final certainty of marriage.

We arrived at Bromley Force on the evening of Monday. I need not try to describe how my worthy friend stared when he saw us walk in together, whom he had sent little more than a week before, as widely asunder as east and west could separate. Nevertheless, he met his ward with open arms.

"Ellen, my darling child, welcome back to me!—but what the devil do *you* mean, sir?" cried he, with a ludicrous comminglement of anger and goodwill upon his face, while he seized my hand with the grasp of a thief-catcher, and held me at arm's length in the middle of the floor.

"I have the strangest story to tell you, sir," I began—

"Some trumpery excuse," cried he, "for thwarting my desires, and neglecting your own business, sir—Why have you not gone on board your vessel yet? Ah, I'll warrant, you would rather be running after heiresses than facing the French cannon."

"Indeed, my dear sir, you wrong

Mr Jervas very much," interrupted my fair friend in good time, for I was on the point of making a most indignant reply; but she stopped short, blushing and confused at the betrayal of any interest towards one in whom she took so much, till I broke the awkward silence which succeeded by requesting my host to grant me his private ear for a very few minutes.

"Very well, sir, very well; here is the same spot where you made all your fine promises to me not a week ago," (he had led me into the library;) "so sit down, and let me hear what you have to say for yourself in this very suspicious business." I surprised myself by the manliness and confidence with which I told my story, and avowed my determination never to forego a claim so sanctioned by Providence, and so fully recognised by the party most concerned.

"But trust me, sir, I have more pride than to act otherwise than you once so prudently advised me," said I; "I will return immediately to my profession, and you shall not again see me in the character of a suitor till I can come in one that will be worthy such an errand."

I stopped to hear what he would say to this; but he made no reply; indeed, he hardly seemed to have heard the latter part of my story at all, for he looked utterly bewildered and confounded.

"Henry," at length, said he, after long rubbing his temples, and twice or thrice ejaculating, "God help us!" "you have brought yourself into a situation where you will have need for all the patience and resignation you possess—Sit down,"—for I had risen with a sudden apprehension of something dreadful. "Sit down, and bear this like the man you have shown yourself to be. You remember what I once told you of Ellen's father—that he was living in a manner disgraceful to us all in London. Well, Henry, keep your seat. I wrote the other day to enquire about him from a friend in the Admiralty. You are unwell, Harry; let me ring for something for you."

"For God's sake, sir," I gasped, "tell me the worst at once."

"It is bad enough, Harry, but here it is:—I was informed in answer that Mr Fane had obtained the com-

mand of the tender, Gull, and had just sailed for Cherbourg."

"By Heaven, it is not possible!—that wretch the father of *my* Ellen! Oh, sir, it is impossible! it is impossible," I reiterated; "what was his christened name?"

"Harry, Harry!" he exclaimed, "be calm, I beseech you, and do not drive me more distracted than I am already. Mr Fane's name was Thomas—Tom Fane. You see, my dear boy, that this is all too true. Bear it like a man, or you will make children of us both; and rather try to aid me in considering how it is to be revealed to *her*, than make yourself unfit to join in alleviating her misery. I say nothing now, Henry, about your proposals—be that as you may think fit hereafter, for such a calamity as this must alter every thing; only this I conjure you to, let us not now desert the innocent girl in the time of her affliction."

But I could not bear up against the agony of my feelings, as I was at length forced to admit the horrible conviction. I was utterly unable to take a part in the solicitous cares of my friend. In vain did he persuade—chide—denounce,—I wept, and groaned in the bitterest and deepest despair. After trying every means that prudence and humanity could suggest, he led me at last to my bedroom, where he left me, with the assurance that, in the mean time, nothing should be disclosed to Ellen, (in whose presence I had not been trusted again even long enough to bid good-night—nor had I desired it,) and promised, at parting, to make my apologies below, on the ground of sudden illness. I spent a night, if possible, more miserable than the evening. Not one minute's sleep, not one minute's respite from horrible thoughts—I tossed in bodily fever, and mental disorder still more insufferable, through all the long hours, (although but few in number,) till the grey dawn appeared around me. And now I am going to make a shameful confession. I rose with the first light, strong enough to show the shape of things, and stole like a thief out of my window. I could no longer bear the thought of being married to a murderer's daughter, and had made up my mind to fly from Bromley Force. I drop-

ped safely to the court, and ran across the lawn, impelled by shame, and selfishness, and pride, and turned my steps with a dastardly speed along the road towards London. I ran on till broad day-light, when, after ascending a steep hill, I threw myself behind a clump of furze by the road side, being utterly exhausted by my impetuous speed and contending passions. The bright freshness of the sunrise glittered over wide and rich lowlands beneath me. The breeze came up, heavy with meadow sweet and new mown hay—a delicious bath for my hot forehead. The singing of birds was showered forth from every bush and blossoming hedge-row, and a milk-white heifer came lowing up a lane, and stood placid and ruminating in the warmth beside me. I could not help thinking of the Sunday, when I had sat with Ellen on just such a hill, and had overlooked just such a sweep of meadows and pastures—and could I think of that scene, and forget how I had then vowed to cherish and support her through good and evil report, and how she had promised that she would never marry man but me? Could I forget how she had bared her bosom to the bleak wind, that she might bind my brows when I was perishing with cold? Could I forget how she had stooped to menial occupations in a hovel, to get me fire, and meat, and drink, when I was wet, and hungry, and athirst? And could I now be the false, the base and recreant villain, to leave her in her premature widowhood alone, exposed to all the calamity of sudden abhorrence and bereavement? It was beyond the obstinacy of pride to resist the influence of such reflections. I found myself looking round at the white chimneys of Bromley, where they rose among the trees behind me: I burst into tears like a child, and, with a revulsion of feelings as complete as when I had first felt myself longing to escape from her, I turned my steps back again towards Ellen's dwelling.

I had hardly descended the hill when I met the London coach—I would have given twenty fares for a seat on it half an hour before; and even now, when the driver checked his horses as he passed, and asked

me, was I for London, I felt a renewal of the conflict almost as fierce as ever: But my better genius conquered. I continued on my way, and reached the house again before seven o'clock. I wished to get in unobserved, and appear at breakfast as if nothing had happened, but my host himself met me as I crossed the lawn. We exchanged a melancholy salute, and he turned with me, without even asking where I had been. We walked into the library together, and I took up a book, and turned away to avoid his eye, in which a tear was trembling as well as in my own. He sat down to read his letters, sighing as if his heart would break while he opened one after another, till suddenly he caught me by the arm, and drew me close to him. I had been standing in his light; but it was not *that* that made him grasp me so closely. "Harry, Harry, thank God, with me!" he cried, in a voice tremulous with joy, "she is safe! she is safe!—our dear girl is safe from even a shadow of disgrace!—But why do I talk of disgrace?—here, read that letter, and thank God!"

This is a copy of the letter, which he here put into my hands:

"MY DEAR BLUNDELL,

"I have made a sad mistake about poor Fane. I was called on to visit him suddenly this morning, and found him in his last moments at a miserable lodging in the Barbican, where he expired to-day at four o'clock. Before his death, he told me the circumstances connected with the command of the Gull. It appears, that when the commission came, he was unable to move in its use from gout, and the effects of long dissipation, and that the Forrests of the Race being in town, prevailed on him, for a trifling sum, to give up the papers to a vagabond namesake of his own, (but no connexion, as far as I can understand,) who had been an old associate of theirs in Cornwall. This fellow went down to Sheerness, and took the command unquestioned, in the hurry of preparation for sea, and, as I mentioned in my note of yesterday, has set sail for the fleet. By-the-by, there are dark reports in the Admiralty about the Forrests and the old Phoenix, (Manson, jun.,)

that was supposed to have gone down at sea two years ago. The story goes, that they and this fellow Fane, (against whom an order is already issued, on the elder Manson's application,) made away with the crew at the Race, into which she had driven at night, and getting the ship off by the next tide, sailed her to Bordeaux, where they sold her to the Messrs Devereux, and fitted out their letter of marque with the money. Of course, this is in confidence. I have often warned poor Ellen's father of Adam Forrest, and told him how improper the situation was for her, (I *know* Forrest designed getting her for his cousin,) but he was in the fellow's debt, and therefore under his control; so that, although he disliked the thing as much as I, my representations had no effect. His death must be a relief to us all, yet I cannot but lament him—bold, generous, and honourable he always was even to the last; and, now that he is gone, let us say nothing of the one deforming vice. Believe me, most truly yours," &c. &c.

For five days I had been torn from my former self by a continued series of disaster and passionate suffering, and so constantly and rapidly had each astonishment succeeded the other, that I was become, I thought, in great measure callous to the most

surprising change that could now possibly take place. But here I was placed all at once, and that when least of all expected, on the same ground as when I had parted from Ellen on the night before our first separation; and all the intermediate ordeal of terror and despair was past, and from it I had come out a bolder, truer, and happier man. It may well be credited, then, that my thanks to the Providence, through whose inscrutable hands I had been thus kindly dealt with, were full and fervent; and it may well be supposed how Ellen wondered, with blushes and doubtful confusion, what the embrace, so sadly tender yet so ardent, might mean, when both her guardian and her lover welcomed her, to the dispersion of her threatened calamities, by the removal of her father from misery to rest. Natural sorrow took its course; and grief for the parent, wretched as he was, claimed its indulgence of time and solitude. I had not forgotten the advice of my excellent friend, about making a man (worthy such a wife) of myself by my own exertions; and receiving official directions to join the fleet, after I had made the necessary depositions, I left Ellen with her tears scarce dried, on the understanding that I should return, so soon as of age, and claim her for my own.

THE GRAVE OF THE GIFTED.

BY LADY EMMELINE STUART WORTLEY.

A GRAVE for the Gifted—Where—where shall it be,
By the echoing shores of the hollow-voiced sea?
Oh! no! let those ashes at last sink in rest—
Now the strong Passion-whirlwinds have died in her breast.

For the Gifted and Beautiful lost One—a grave!
But not in the precincts of Ocean's hoar wave.
Too much of life's tempests and tumults she knew—
Let her sleep 'neath the skies' gracious weepings of dew!

Like a bird from the storms, all awearyed, o'erworn,
To a nest of repose be the Lovely One borne,
Where no loud savage storm shakes the moon-lighted air,
But the breeze, a sweet message from Heaven's shore shall bear!

A Grave for the Gifted—Where—where shall it be?
Where the bright summer treasures yield wealth to the bee—
Where the faint-thrilling voice of some fountain is heard,
And the rich air is rent by night's passionate bird!

Where old chestnut-trees shed round a twilight of gloom,
Which doth hallow and mellow the wild-flowers' meek bloom—
Where the fragrant spring-rains dance in joy to earth's breast—
Sweet earth!—with a blossomy richness oppress'd!

Where the whitest of roses undazzlingly blow,
More pure and more soft than th' entwreathed mountain snow,
Where the starlight shall tremblingly signal the hours,
And throw sudden gleams o'er the wood-bosomed bowers—

Where the sun-flower shall burn, and the lily shall bend!
And the acacia its leaves with the willow's shall blend.
Oh! the old kingly laurel's illustrious gloom,
Overshadow'd her *life*—be *that* far from her *tomb*!

A Grave for the Gifted! A Grave for the Young!
Since seal'd the pure lips that so thrillingly sung.
But far from the Laurel—the Tempest—the Billow—
Where stillness is deepest, *there* spread ye her pillow.

THE ISLE OF BEAUTY.

BY LADY EMELINE STUART WORTLEY.

WHERE glitters the isle, where the sunny tract glows,—
All baptized by the odours that drop from the rose?
Where in Paradise-breathings the southern-wind blows,
So rich is the soul of its sighs!

Where laughs the sweet isle that is wash'd by the wave—
O'er whose silvery tremor no storm dares to rave?
The olden Venus' bright haunt! the lost Sun-God's warm grave!
Like some star fallen away from the skies!

Lit up by the purple heaven's mightiest of rays—
Yet tender the radiance, and soften'd the blaze!
Oh, precious its nights are—and beauteous its days!
Love, Love! 'tis a realm meet for thee.

A glad tumult of murmurs, through copse and flower'd shade,
Speaks of life and of joy—all undimm'd—undecay'd—
And, melody-fraught, shakes each leaf of the glade,
Like a faint moaning shell of the sea.

Where the orange-bowers all their fair treasures unfold,
Till the grove hath a starlight of red burning gold;
Where in beautiful gloom stand the lone Fanes of old,
The Fanes of the glorious dead!

Where thrillingly low sing the echo-voiced doves,
Till music—the awakener!—ruffles the groves—
May blessings fall round ye! sweet land of the loves!
May blessings around ye be shed!

Yet, is nothing but *Beauty*—and *Beauty in bloom*,
In that young world of sunshine and flowers and perfume?
Ah, the *Cypress* grows there, as awaiting the tomb!
In darkness and silence it towers!

Thus—thus—whispers of death pierce earth's tumults of joy!
All love and all loveliness—strong to destroy!
And our life-cup hath *there* even its wormwood-alloy
'Mongst those heaven-breathing exquisite bowers.

THE CHILD READING THE BIBLE.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

“A dancing shape, an image gay,
 To haunt, to startle, to waylay
 A being breathing thoughtful breath,
 A traveller between life and death.”
 WORDSWORTH.

I saw him at his sport erewhile,
 The bright exulting boy,
 Like summer's lightning came the smile
 Of his young spirit's joy ;
 A flash that wheresoe'er it broke,
 To life undreamt-of beauty woke.

His fair locks waved in sunny play,
 By a clear fountain's side,
 Where jewel-colour'd pebbles lay
 Beneath the shallow tide ;
 And pearly spray at times would meet
 The glancing of his fairy feet.

He twined him wreaths of all spring-flowers,
 Which drank that streamlet's dew ;
 He flung them o'er the wave in showers,
 Till, gazing, scarce I knew
 Which seem'd more pure, or bright, or wild,
 The singing fount or laughing child.

To look on all that joy and bloom
 Made Earth one festal scene,
 Where the dull shadow of the tomb
 Seem'd as it ne'er had been.
 How could one image of decay
 Steal o'er the dawn of such clear day ?

I saw once more that aspect bright—
 The boy's meek head was bow'd
 In silence o'er the Book of Light,
 And like a golden cloud,
 The still cloud of a pictured sky—
 His locks droop'd round it lovingly.

And if my heart had deem'd him fair,
 When in the fountain glade,
 A creature of the sky and air,
 Almost on wings he play'd ;
 Oh ! how much holier beauty now
 Lit the young human Being's brow !

The Being born to toil, to die,
 To break forth from the tomb,
 Unto far nobler destiny
 Than waits the sky-lark's plume !
 I saw him, in that thoughtful hour,
 Win the first knowledge of his dower.

The *soul*, the awakening *soul* I saw,
 My watching eye could trace

The shadows of its new-born awe,
Sweeping o'er that fair face ;
As o'er a flower might pass the shade
By some dread angel's pinion made !

The soul, the Mother of deep fears,
Of high hopes infinite,
Of glorious dreams, mysterious tears,
Of sleepless inner sight ;
Lovely, but solemn, it arose,
Unfolding what no more might close.

The red-leaved tablets,* undefiled,
As yet, by evil thought—
Oh ! little dream'd the brooding child,
Of what within me wrought,
While *his* young heart first burn'd and stirr'd,
And quiver'd to the Eternal Word.

And reverently my spirit caught
The reverence of *his* gaze ;
A sight with dew of blessing fraught
To hallow after-days ;
To make the proud heart meekly wise,
By the sweet faith in those calm eyes.

It seem'd as if a temple rose
Before me brightly there,
And in the depths of its repose
My soul o'erflow'd with prayer,
Feeling a solemn presence nigh—
The power of Infant Sanctity !

O Father ! mould my heart once more.
By thy prevailing breath !
Teach me, oh ! teach me to adore
E'en with that pure One's faith ;
A faith, all made of love and light,
Child-like, and, therefore, full of might !

* " All this, and more than this, is now engraved upon the *red-leaved tablets* of my heart."—Haywood.

LYRICS OF THE EAST.

BY MRS GODWIN.

No. III.

THE SHIEK'S REVENGE.

To Abdallah's tent a stranger came,
And shelter craved in the Prophet's name :
His cheek was haggard with care and toil,
His raiment stain'd with the desert's soil.

They gave him to drink in a lordly bowl,
And with pious welcome cheer'd his soul,
While the damsels' hands, with zeal and care,
Heap'd on the board their choicest fare.

The tent was still'd in the hour of rest,
But no slumber came to Abdallah's breast ;
He went forth with the earliest streak of light,
But his mood was gloomy and dark as night.

On the desert wide his gaze he bent—
Anon to the kindling East he sent
Impatient looks, while his wakeful ear
Harken'd a footstep falling near.

He turn'd, like the dauntless stag at bay,
Or the lion roused at the sight of prey,
And he was aware that his guest stood nigh,
Gazing like him on the bright'ning sky.

The stranger said to the Arab chief,
"On the brow of my lord there is wrath and grief—
Turn not from patience thy noble mind,
Peradventure thy heart its desire shall find."

"No," cried Abdallah, "it may not be—
Glory and power have departed from me!
One who hath blood of my race on his hand
Hath escaped the revenge of my thirsting brand."

The stranger flung off his deep disguise,
And stood reveal'd to Abdallah's eyes.
"Behold in thy grasp thy defenceless foe—
My bosom is bared to thy dagger's blow."

The eagle eye of that Shiek so proud
Gleam'd like the flash of the thunder-cloud,
And red as the Kamsin's* lurid hue
The mantling blood of his dusk cheek grew.

"Hassan," he cried, "thou hast judged me well—
Honour and faith with my bold tribe dwell;
Never hath one of my people harm'd
The guest that his household hearth had warm'd.

"Take from yon valley my fleetest steed—
Swift from the face of my warriors speed;
Thou'rt safe while the scarce up-risen sun
But half his daily course hath run.

"Thou'rt safe till the shadow the date-tree throws
In a lengthen'd darkness eastward grows,—
But I swear by the flash of my father's sword,
To pursue thee then, and I'll keep my word."

No. IV.

THE CRAVEN HEART.

"Hark! 'tis his battle-cry borne on the gale—
Look, from yon lattice high, far down the vale;
How rolls the tide of war—how fares my son—
Deals he death round as his sire oft hath done?"

Thus the Khan's mother spake, proud was her mien,
While mem'ry call'd back the days that had been;
Meekly his bride obey'd, gazing through tears,
With a wife's fondness and weak woman's fears.

"Hark! 'tis his courser's step!—bravely indeed
Hath our young hero's sword won valour's meed!
Say, come his warriors home laden with spoil,
Maidens led captive, fair flocks, corn and oil?"

Full soon that chief they saw speed o'er the plain—
Comrade nor captive brought he in his train.
Back from the fight came the craven that morn,
Nought had he earn'd save his proud mother's scorn.

* Bruce relates that the coming of the hot poisonous wind of the Desert is indicated by the appearance of a dead red halo in the atmosphere.

A DOZEN YEARS HENCE.

"Let's drink and be merry,
Dance, sing, and rejoice,"—
So runs the old carol,
"With music and voice."
Had the Bard but survived
Till the year thirty-three,
Methinks he'd have met with
Less matter for glee;
To think what we were
In our days of good sense,
And think what we shall be
A dozen years hence.

O! once the wide Continent
Rang with our fame,
And nations grew still
At the sound of our name;
The pride of Old Ocean,
The home of the free,
The scourge of the despot,
By shore and by sea,
Of the fallen and the feeble
The stay and defence—
But where shall our fame be
A dozen years hence?

The peace and the plenty
That spread, over all,
Bhth hearts and bright faces
In hamlet or hall;
Our yeomen so loyal
In greenwood or plain,
Our true-hearted burghers
We seek them in vain;
For Loyalty's now
In the pluperfect tense,
And *freedom*'s the word
For a dozen years hence.

The Nobles of Britain,
Once foremost to wield
Her wisdom in council,
Her thunder in field,
Her Judges, where learning
With purity vied,
Her sound-headed Churchmen,
Time-honour'd, and tried;
To the gitt of the prophet
I make no pretence,
But where shall they all be
A dozen years hence?

Alas! for old Reverence,
Faded and flown;
Alas! for the Nobles,
The Church, and the Throne,
When to Radical creeds,
Peer and Prince must conform,
And Catholics dictate
Our new Church Reform;
While the schoolmaster swears
'Tis a useless expense,
Which his class won't put up with
A dozen years hence.

Perhaps 'twere too much
To rejoice at the thought,
That its authors will share
In the ruin they wrought;
That the tempest which sweeps
All their betters away,
Will hardly spare Durham,
Or Russell, or Grey:
For my part I bear them
No malice preposse,
But I'll scarce break my heart for't,
A dozen years hence.

When Cobbett shall rule
Our finances alone,
And settle all debts
As he settled his own;
When Hume shall take charge
Of the National Church,
And leave his old tools,
Like the Greeks, in the lurch!
They may yet live to see
The new era commence,
With their *own* "Final Measure,"
A dozen years hence.

Already those excellent
Friends of the mob,
May taste the first units
Of their Jacobin Job;
Since each braying jackass
That handles a quill,
Now tings up his heels
At the poor dying Bill;
And comparing already
The kicks with the pence,
Let them think of the balance
A dozen years hence.

When prisons give place
To the swift guillotine,
And scaffolds are streaming
Where churches have been;
We too, or our children,
Believe me, will shake
Our heads—if we have them—
To find our mistake;
To find the great measure
Was all a pretence,
And be sadder and wiser
A dozen years hence.

THE LATE CONSERVATIVE DINNER IN EDINBURGH.

THE strength of the Conservative party in Edinburgh, including, as it does, within its ranks, an immense majority of the property, the respectability, and the intelligence of Edinburgh, is now acknowledged even by its opponents. The Conservative meeting of November 1831, for ever set at rest the assertion that the adherents of Ministry enjoyed a monopoly of wealth and intelligence, as well as of numbers. It proved that, to say the least, the talent and worth of the metropolis were *divided*; that the property of the capital was decidedly opposed to the policy of Ministers; and that in every thing which ought to give real importance to a party, the Conservatives, instead of being that insignificant and desponding handful which it was the object of the press to represent them, were a body important even in mere numbers, conspicuous for worth, distinguished in talent, pre-eminent in wealth, firm in maintaining, and fearless in avowing, their principles.

Under a bill which professed to give to every party in the state the means of efficiently expressing their opinions in Parliament, it was surely no unreasonable or extravagant pretension, that such a body of men should claim for themselves the privilege of expressing their views through a representative animated by the same principles, rather than by one whose whole views and opinions, habits, and prejudices, were directly opposed to them. But least of all, upon the present occasion, could they hope that their interests or opinions could meet with fair play at the hands of two individuals, not only hostile to them in general politics, but the mere pledged nominees and organs of the existing Government. Whether as Conservatives merely, or as citizens of Edinburgh—of Great Britain—they equally felt, that even if they had been unable to find a fit representative of their own, they must still refuse their support to those whose free-will was a mere mockery, and who, upon every question, could be *nothing else but the mouth-pieces of that Government, with which, by ties*

of office, of past favours or future expectations, they were hopelessly and inextricably involved.

The Conservative party knew too well the difficulties with which they had to contend, to be sanguine as to the result. The events of the last two years were freshly before them, to prove how little the suggestions of reason were likely to avail amidst the excitement, which, for their own purposes, the Ministry had seen fit to sanction, if not to create. They felt how little it was to be expected that moral should yet assert its influence over physical force, when the whole object of the Ministry during that period, seemed to have been to deify the crowd, to fall down before the image of brute strength which they had set up, to pander to its evil propensities, to palliate its atrocities, to pervert its natural feelings towards its superiors and its benefactors. They traced the extensive working of that poison in the general relaxation of the principles of social order—in the unmanly abuse poured on the Queen—on the very King, who, for having introduced the measure of Reform, had for a moment been greeted with the title of the English Alfred;—in the attacks on the persons of our Judges and nobility, in the insults offered to our Bishops within the house of God,—in the seats and castles of our peerage consigned to the flames,—in the palaces of our Bishops, sacked and plundered,—in the three days' conflagration and pillage of Bristol,—in the riots of Derby, of Merthyr, of Coventry,—in the traitorous attempt on the person of the King,—in the disgraceful attack on the Preserver of his country, on the very anniversary of her deliverance and his own glory. They knew well that the evil spirit which had been thus called into action, would not be allowed to lie dormant; that every art would be used to excite and keep up the delusions under which the mass of their countrymen laboured, both as to the feelings and motives of the Conservative party, and as to the future results of the Bill; that to gain the temporary support of the crowd, the grossest and

most abject flattery of its prejudices, its ignorance, its very vices, would be resorted to on the part of the Ministry and their supporters. They felt how little likelihood there was that the still small voice of reason from the virtuous and intelligent, should as yet make itself heard by those who were daily told by those in authority, that they were themselves the wisest, virtuouslest, discreetest, best, and who, consequently, with a

presumption proportioned to the profundity of their ignorance, believed themselves capable of solving, as if by intuition, all the vast and complicated problems of government.

How prophetically has Dryden, in his noble lines, described the conduct of our Ministers, and the prevalent doctrines of our time, in an epistle to the Whigs of his day!

“ But these new Jehus spur the hotmouth’d horse,
Instruct the beast to know his native force,
To take the bit between his teeth, and fly
To the next headlong streep of anarchy.
Almighty crowd, thou shorten’st all dispute,
Power is thy essence, wit thy attribute ;
Nor faith, nor reason, make thee at a stay,
Thou leap’st o’er all eternal truths in thy Pindaric way.
Athens, no doubt, did righteously decide,
When Phocion and when Socrates were tried,
As righteously they did those dooms repent,
Still they were wise whatever way they went ;
Crowds err not, though to both extremes they run,
To kill the father and recall the son ! ”

Doubtful, however, as the prospect of returning a constitutional representative under such circumstances might be, the Conservative citizens of Edinburgh felt it to be their duty to make the attempt. The battle of common sense and rational liberty, if lost on the present occasion, they knew must be eventually won, and its ultimate triumph they felt must be promoted by taking their stand at once, and enabling the candid and the reasonable, by a comparison of the respective supporters of the Conservative and Ministerial candidates, to decide for themselves on which side the preponderance of rank, wealth, respectability, and property in Edinburgh truly lay.

They looked round for a representative, and they found him in Mr Blair. Born and educated in Edinburgh, connected on the one hand with its mercantile and banking interests, and on the other with its wealthy and landed aristocracy, bred to habits of business, of admitted high honour and private worth, temperately but firmly attached to Conservative principles, placed by fortune and situation in a state of perfect independence, they found in him a representative of their views, who by his sympathy with the people and the moderation of his opinions,

would at once uphold with firmness the cause of the Constitution, and put to silence the calumny so industriously circulated by the Ministry and their mocking birds of the press, that the friends of that Constitution were the enemies of the people.

Their efforts proved unsuccessful. The elements with which they had to contend were yet too powerful. Vague hopes and wild expectations in some—gratitude for a supposed boon in others—intimidation in one quarter—misrepresentation in another—utter incapacity of judging at all in a third;—such were the circumstances which decided the election, and returned two ministerial nominees as the first members for Edinburgh in the Reform Parliament. But disguise it as they might, the more clear-sighted of the other party felt that in the 1518 votes which were given for Mr Blair, there lay a world of moral force and influence, a weight of property which left all competition on their part hopeless. The fact was so notorious, that even among the Whigs themselves, we have heard but one opinion, namely, the expression of astonishment and regret at the statement which the Lord Advocate, with a singular absence of that good taste and right feeling which distinguishes

his general conduct, was so left to himself as to state, *in absence of Mr Blair and his friends* from the hustings, that among his voters he could number 400 who could actually buy up the whole 1518 who had supported his Conservative opponent. The statement is so ludicrously and palpably absurd, that any contradiction would be wasted on it. When his lordship *condescends* on the names of the elect, we shall believe it—but not till then.

But it seems not only were the Conservatives bankrupt in wealth, but in character too. His Lordship, in the intoxication of his triumph at the supposed annihilation of the Tory party, described the defeated party as mere *sycophants*, and Edinburgh itself, prior to the commencement of the Whig Millennium, as one vast emporium of corruption. The license of elections gives a considerable latitude to the controversial discussions of the press—but from the first law officer of the Crown in Scotland—from the gentleman—the man of letters, some temperance of expression, to say nothing of truth, might have been expected. How strongly does the excitement of contest, particularly, it would seem, in addressing that “delicate monster,” the new constituency, disturb the natural candour of an honourable mind. “’Tis pitiful—’tis wondrous pitiful!” Did it never occur to him, with how much more plausibility the epithet might be retorted on one, who having notoriously advocated up to the latest period a reform of the most limited kind, was suddenly found to have taken such a stride in the path of democracy, the moment the Ministry with which he had connected himself chose to introduce a measure so sweeping as to astonish at once their friends and their enemies? Did he never think that to his parliamentary colleague that epithet might have been applied with more justice, who, by some unaccountable chance no doubt, had all his life been all things to all administrations? He himself, we think, must have regretted an expression so inconsistent with his usual courtesy, could he have listened to the eloquent and indignant terms in which it was commented on by Mr P. Robertson, who, in proposing the toast of “The Legitimate Influence of

Property and Intelligence in the Choice of a Representative,” at the Public Dinner to which we are about to direct the attention of our readers, thus adverted to the rash statement of the Lord Advocate.

“I read,” said he, “with ineffable indignation and contempt, the expressions which the distinguished individual to whom I have referred, is reported to have used at the hustings, when he stated, and stated in our absence, that with his mighty arm, forsooth! he had slain the monster Toryism; when he described this great and enlightened metropolis as having been, for the last seventy years, ‘the great school of sycophancy and servility, the mart and emporium of jobbing, where a vast and prosperous trade had been carried on in consciences and offices; where independence was bartered for places, and where men were recruited to keep down popular rights, by the bounty of promises, and the daily pay of corruption.’ Sycophancy, indeed! who are the sycophants? Are they to be found in this distinguished assembly, or among the independent members of that body to which the learned Lord belongs, and who, when he was not in power, raised him, by their unanimous suffrages, to the head of the Bar? I deeply lament that he should have used such expressions. But he farther tells us, that not only the great numerical strength, the majority of wealth, also, is on his side—that they can count guinea for guinea, and acre for acre with us, and we have been promised a list, which, however, I have not yet seen, where, by a calculation, this will be made apparent. Since they got into power, the Whigs, it seems, have waxed lusty and rich upon our hands, and we have become poor in numbers and in purse. The result of this has been, that we are not only sycophants, but exhibit that sycophancy by resisting, on the one hand, the clamour of an excited population, and opposing, on the other, the measures of a rash and arrogant Administration.”—(Loud and rapturous applause.)

But we turn from the observation itself to its practical refutation.

The Conservative body of Edinburgh resolved to take the opportunity of a public dinner to the candi-

date who had on this occasion been the representative of Conservative principles, to prove by another open display the strength of their party, which had just been represented as annihilated, and the fearlessness, as well as the fairness, in which they were determined to maintain their opinions. On the 11th of January, a meeting, unparalleled in Edinburgh for its numbers, its high character, talent, and property, assembled to testify its gratitude to the man, who, amidst every discouragement, had had sufficient manliness, sufficient confidence in the ultimate prospects of the cause of truth, to stand forward as a rallying point to the friends of the Constitution; with something of the same feeling with which the Romans greeted their defeated general after the battle of Cannæ, and thanked him because in that moment of general consternation and despondency he had not despaired of the state.

The George's Street Assembly Room, the largest apartment in Edinburgh, though accommodating about 480 gentlemen, was found insufficient for the purpose, about a hundred more having been under the necessity of dining in the adjoining room. We quote from the Advertiser the following paragraph, which will give our readers at a distance some idea of the general character of the Meeting, and of the strength of that feeling which could associate so many distinguished individuals from every quarter, many of whom had come to Edinburgh from a distance of a hundred miles and upwards, for the very purpose of testifying their respect for Mr Blair, and their attachment to the cause of which he was the Representative.

"Friday, a grand public dinner was given in the Assembly Rooms to Mr Forbes Hunter Blair, by his friends of the Conservative party, who turned out upon the occasion upwards of five hundred in number. Sir Francis Walker Drummond of Hawthornden, Baronet, was in the Chair. On his right were placed Mr Blair, Sir George Clerk, Hon. Mr Leslie Melville, Colonel Lindsay, Sir George Leith, Sir John Hope, Mr Allan of Glen, Mr Ramsay of Barnton, Mr Blair of Blair, Mr Arbuthnot, Colonel Harvey, Mr Burn

Callender, Captain Forbes, Mr Walker Drummond, James Strange, Esq., J. Atholl M. Murray, Esq. of Macgregor, James Walker, Esq. of Dalry, James Farquharson, Esq. of Invercauld, and Sir John Forbes, *vice*. On the left of the chair were, Sir William Rae, Hon. James Bruce, Sir John Oswald, Hon. W. Drummond, Sir David Milne, Sir John Hall, Mr Campbell of Blythwood, Sir Robert Dundas, Dr Macknight, Mr Balfour of Fernie, Mr Bonar of Kinnemurghane, Mr Trotter of Dreg-horn, Mr Downie of Appin, Mr Gordon of Craig, Charles Stirling, Esq. of Kenmore, James Oliphant, Esq. of Gask, Charles Fergusson, Esq., younger of Kilkerran, and Mr Trotter of Ballendean, *vice*.

"Mr P. Robertson, advocate, acted as croupier. On his right were Mr Forbes of Callendar, Sir John Cathcart, Mr Mure of Caldwell, Mr Bruce of Kennet, Colonel Balfour, 82d Regiment, Mr Dundas of Arniston, Mr Pringle of Whytbank, Mr Adam Hay, Mr Scott of Harden, and Mr Donald Horne, W.S., *vice*. On the left, Mr Richardson of Pitfour, Sir James Riddell, Mr Johnston of Alva, Mr Ker of Blackshields, Mr George Wauchope, Mr Ogilvie of Chesters, Sir Charles Ker, General Elliot, Major Oliver, Mr Smith Cunningham, Mr Hamilton, Roselle, Mr Alexander of Southbar, Mr Hamilton of Pinnore, Mr Smith of Methven, Mr Dundas of Dunira, Mr Muir Mackenzie, and Mr Charles Neaves, advocate, *vice*."

The company in general included by far the greater proportion of the Landed Gentlemen, almost all the Bankers, a very numerous proportion of the most eminent of the Bar, and the Writers to the Signet, of the Army and Navy, of the most eminent Merchants and most respectable Shopkeepers, of Edinburgh. Of the enthusiasm, the confidence in the cause of truth and constitutional principles, the lofty and generous tone which pervaded the proceedings of the evening, none can have an idea but those who were witnesses of them.

Among many things, however, connected with this assembly, which must have inspired feelings of admiration and pride in every one who loves his country, there was one

feature peculiarly honourable to the great and important party of which it was the representative—we mean the public avowal of the generous and patriotic principles by which its future conduct was to be guided, the determination cordially to support the government of the country in every measure which appeared to be conducive towards the real happiness and stability of the state; the distinct disclamation of any intention to embarrass their policy by unnecessary opposition, or factious union with their opponents; and the resolution of the Conservatives steadfastly to pursue, with purity of purpose and singleness of heart, the only object they had in view—the preservation of the country from the ruin with which its institutions, its glory, happiness, and character, are so visibly threatened.

This is no idle boast—no empty parade of principle. The Conservative party may refer to their conduct during the past, as a guarantee for the future. Had they chosen to coalesce with the Radical party throughout the country during the late elections, a course which the insults, the slanders, the unmanly intimidation, the attacks on person and property, to which they have been subjected through the active or passive approbation of Ministry, would have not unnaturally dictated to meaner minds, less solicitous to merge all individual considerations in their country's good, the seats of the Ministry would not have been worth a month's purchase. But will any one venture to point out one instance of this unholy coalition?

We say fearlessly, there is not one. Where none but destructive candidates came forward, (we thank the Jew of the Times for teaching us that word,) the Conservatives gave them no support. Where a Radical was opposed by a Ministerialist, the Conservatives, as the least of two evils, gave their votes to the latter. Was this conduct—we will not call it noble, for to every real Conservative it appears only natural—was this spirit of fairness, this anxiety for the good of the country, met by a corresponding feeling on the part of the Ministry and their supporters? No! To the disgrace of the Ministerial party be it spoken, at this moment, though even they themselves perceive that

it is from the revolutionary and movement party alone that any real danger to the country is threatened,—that all the fancied evils of Toryism are as dust in the balance, compared with the sweeping ruin which impends over the country, from the new and fatal power which their policy first called into action,—they are so blinded by the memory of party prejudices,—so appalled even by the very spectre of Toryism, that they rush into the jaws of revolution to avoid it. *Everywhere they have supported the Radical candidates wherever they were opposed to a Conservative, and wherever, from local interests, or other circumstances, no tool of their own could be put forward with any prospect of success.*

Very different indeed were the sentiments of this distinguished assembly. No feelings of party rancour could so blind their reason or pervert their sense of duty, as to induce them for a moment to countenance the idea that they would enter into any combination with the enemies of the constitution, for the purpose of shaking from their seats even those who had been the authors of the calamities of the country. They expressed the resolution of the Conservatives, to act in Parliament as they had acted at the elections, and to give their cordial support to Ministers, “if satisfied with the victory they had obtained, they now preferred to take their stand in defence of the institutions of the country against the farther schemes of the Radicals;” and their determination neither to combine with the destructive party in the state, nor to compromise one iota of their principles by a combination with Ministers themselves.

But if the expression of this straightforward and generous resolution was distinct, not less firm and uncompromising was the avowal of their sentiments as to the policy which had been hitherto pursued by Ministers, and the visibly increasing perils which, under a course of alternate rashness and weakness, unparalleled in the history of the world, they had brought upon the country. The violations of the authority of the law, and of the dignity of the throne, which they had sanctioned—

their recognition and support of illegal and unconstitutional associations;—the attacks which they had made on the honour of the Peerage, and their abandonment of the Church to its relentless enemies of all religions, or of none;—these were commented on with the warm and just indignation which they were calculated to inspire. This was peculiarly obvious in the enthusiastic reception with which Sir William Rae was received. It was a tribute, paid partly, no doubt, to the man for his unobtrusive worth, but it was still more a homage to the principle which had guided his conduct in office,—that of preserving inviolable “the majesty of the law.” Well might the chairman remark, that were he called upon to give advice to the present Lord Advocate, as to the line of policy he ought to pursue, he could give him none so judicious, as that of imitating in his public conduct, in all points, the impartiality and the firmness of Sir William Rae. The company felt the truth of the observation; they contrasted the temperate yet determined assertion of the authority of the Crown, and of the supremacy of the laws during the official career of the late Lord Advocate, with the license given to seditious speeches and seditious acts during the present; the protection so impartially afforded to persons and property under the one, with the insults and personal outrages to which all who presume to differ from the majority, are tamely and passively allowed to be subjected under the other; and they felt that the gift of a light and sparkling eloquence, and the ingenuity of the critic or the advocate, were but a poor compensation for the absence of the more homely but more solid qualities of his predecessor.

It is impossible for us to touch on all the numerous topics adverted to by the speakers.

The Chairman, Sir Francis Walker Drummond, after the usual loyal toasts, proposed, in a speech distinguished alike by good taste and admirable feeling, the health of their distinguished guest, on whose high character, ability, and independence, he pronounced a eulogium, the justice of which was acknowledged by the prolonged cheers of the assembled multitude.

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Mr Blair, whose rising to acknowledge the compliment renewed these enthusiastic tokens of approbation, stated, with a modest self-reliance, the grounds on which he had solicited the honour of being the representative of Edinburgh. “I will not, I trust, be accused of comparing myself with the brilliancy of talent, or literary attainment, which one of my late opponents possesses, or with the Parliamentary experience of the other; but while I disclaim all competition with these gentlemen in these qualities, I hope I shall not be arrogating too much to myself if I say, that, in one thing, I shall hold myself their superior—I mean in perfect independence—(loud cheers)—being unfettered by any feeling of past obligation, or any view of future advantage, in conscientiously discharging my duty to my country. For the present, I trust, we are far from being conquered. We can discover who are the truest friends of the people; those who would mislead them by wild theories of government—theories inconsistent with human nature—or those who would guide them by judgment, study, and sound observation. I have been stigmatised by my opponents as the Champion of Anti-Reform. If by that term is meant an Anti-Revolutionist, an opposer of what threatens to bear down the bulwarks of the constitution, and to sweep before it every thing great, good, and glorious in the land, and which has distinguished this nation above every other, and raised her to a pitch of prosperity almost unexampled; if such be the import of the title, I glory in it, and conceive it one far nobler than Kings can bestow.—(Cheers.) But if by that title is meant that I am the opposer of any improvement in our constitution, if I am charged with any want of kindness or feeling of benevolence towards all classes of my fellow-countrymen, I repel the epithet with indignation and contempt.”

Mr P. Robertson’s able address in proposing “The Legitimate Influence of Property and Intelligence in the Choice of a Representative,” was directed to an analysis of the working of the Bill, in reference to the alleged defects which it professed to cure. He shewed that, under the

Reform Bill, twenty-nine of the members returned for Scotland are the same as those returned under the abused old system, "when there was no sympathy and little connexion between the representatives and the people;" that under the Bill, which was intended to cure the fatal propensity on the part of Scotch members to swell the Ministerial ranks, more members in the interest of Ministers had been returned than before; that, instead of returning members more closely connected with the great landed or commercial interests of the country, many of the representatives returned had not a rood of land in any county whatever, while the care of the mercantile districts and burghs was generally committed to the tender mercies of lawyers. With scarcely a single exception, the members returned, instead of being likely to become "Parliamentary heroes"—a strange want, it seems, which was felt under the old system—were persons whose very pretensions to the title were calculated to excite inextinguishable laughter. He contrasted the exclusion of Sir George Murray with the admission of Mr Kinloch, "a restored patriot," whom the lenity of the government he now vilifies restored to that country from which he had been expelled for sedition; the rejection of Sir George Clerk, to make way for that "young aspirant for fame," Sir John Dalrymple; and concluded with a spirit-stirring appeal to the principles by which the Conservative party should be guided, and the extent of that moral force by which it was and would continue to be supported.

The statesman-like address of Sir George Clerk in proposing "The Health of the Conservative Citizens of Edinburgh,"—which was acknowledged by Mr Trotter of Ballendean, with his usual brevity and good taste,—was listened to with deep attention. He reviewed the conduct of the Conservative party in Parliament, in the discussions on the Reform Bill, and pointed out, with singular clearness and force, the irresistible objections to it, which had justified their opposition; and the impossibility of resisting, upon similar grounds, a demand for a farther, **an indefinite extension of popular suffrage.** But the speech to which

we would peculiarly wish to direct the attention of our readers, was the masterly address of Mr Duncan McNeill, in proposing as a toast "The permanency of the Established Church;"—a speech conspicuous for every one of the highest qualities of eloquence, and which we feel it would be equal injustice to the speaker and to our readers to abridge.

"Till lately I did not believe that I should see the day when, at a meeting of such persons as are here assembled, there should exist in any breast a feeling of serious anxiety for the permanency of the Established Church. I had considered it as a political axiom, that every system of good and stable government should be connected with an established system of pure religion, and that the nation should enable its poorest subjects to partake, as freely as its most exalted nobles, of that inestimable fountain which yields to both of them equal consolation, and reminds both of them of their common nature.—(Cheers.)—But those things which we were accustomed to regard as political axioms, have, in the wisdom of modern politics, been rejected as political errors, and their very antiquity has been held a sufficient reason for rejecting them.—(Applause.)—A few short years ago the permanency of the British Constitution, unimpaired, was a less doubtful prediction than is now the permanency of the Established Church; yet within these few years what invasions have been made on the British Constitution!—(Cheers.)—It has withstood the assault; though shattered, it still exists, by the blessing of Providence, rather than through the wisdom of our rulers. (Continued cheering.) But its assailants have not yet relinquished their purpose, and strong indications have been given that among the points marked out for early attack is the Established Church. That Church is closely identified with the Monarchy, and if the Monarchy means to defend itself, it must defend the Church; (cheers;) but if the Monarchy, aided by the friends of the Church, shall not be strong enough, or wise enough, to defend the Church, the enemies of the Constitution will press their advantage with the consciousness of power, and the energy which suc-

cess inspires, and the Monarchy itself must fall a prey to their efforts.—(Cheers.)—I cannot here enumerate all the indications of hostility to the Established Church which have lately manifested themselves, but I may mention some of them. In the recent elections, we have seen the avowed rivals and secret enemies of the Church busy at work, almost without exception on one side, and that side not the Conservative. That unity of action could not be the result of chance. It must have had its origin in purpose and design—and when we see it directed towards the support of men who have now in their hands a power obtained by unsettling all established opinions, and exciting a feverish anxiety for change, the friends of the Established Church might, on that ground alone, be excused for entertaining some anxiety as to its fate.—(Much cheering.)—But the thing has, in a certain degree, been spoken out. It has been publicly stated, and I have not seen it contradicted, that pledges have been demanded on the subject of Church property, and Church establishments,—(cheers),—and that, in one populous town which has lately acquired the privilege of returning a Member to Parliament, the cry of ‘Burn the Bible,’ was one of the cries of the unenfranchised supporters of the popular and successful candidate.—(Continued cheers.)—We all know that in the neighbouring kingdom public odium has been excited and recklessly directed against the venerable Bench of Bishops, to the endangerment of the personal safety of some of them, and that a sweeping reform in the Church of England has been openly talked of by the avowed adherents of Government.—(Loud cheers.)—I do not pretend to a perfect knowledge of the economy of the Church of England, but this I know, that it can boast of names the most distinguished for talent, for learning, for piety, for every thing that can give grace and character to any establishment;—(Cheers)—and I feel confident that the culture cannot be bad which produces such fruits.—(Continued cheering.)—Standing here an humble member of a poorer—a less splendid establishment, I regard the Church of England, not as a rival of whom we should be jealous, but as a sister of the same family, whose exaltation

reflects lustre on us, and by whose degradation we also should be humbled. If the Church of England falls, rest assured our poorer, and, politically speaking, weaker Church, cannot keep its ground.—(Cheers.)—I regard the attacks which have been made on the Bishops as a prelude to an attempt to separate the Church from the State; and although it is possible that the revenues of the Church might be better apportioned among its members, yet I shudder at the idea of a general reform of the Church of England, concocted and commenced in the present political temperament of the country, and by those rash heads and rash hands which have caused that temperament, and have already evinced too great a disposition to pander to the false appetite of an intoxicated and insatiable mob.—(Continued cheering.)—I confess, however, that what appears to me to be by far the most ominous symptom of the times, is the success, the fatal success, which has attended the efforts that have for some time been systematically made to unsettle the previously fixed opinions of men, to alienate their affections from the established order of things—to destroy their attachment to all existing institutions, and to lead them to believe that whatever does not partake of the new system is a remnant of corruption and impurity, and that whoever does not join in the hue and cry for change is an enemy to the interests of the people, and should be dealt with as such.—(Much cheering.)—So successfully has this system been pursued that I can scarcely call to mind one circumstance or one name of which England should be proud, that has not been so reviled and abused, as to make every Briton of right feeling blush for his countrymen.—(Cheers.)—The British Constitution itself, admired by philosophers, lauded by historians, envied by the world, is treated as a rotten wreck fit only to be hewn down for fagots.—(Continued cheering.)—Statesmen and princes whose names are interwoven with the brightest passages in British story, are called to recollection, not to do honour to their virtuous deeds, but to cover their ashes with cold and malignant calumny, and to associate with their memories every thing that falsehood can make odious. (Cheers.)

—The preserver of his country's freedom—he whose name stands highest among all the living sons of men—he whom any nation on earth would be proud to call her own, and who has won for himself a larger claim to British gratitude than Britain ever can compensate—even he has been reviled, insulted, threatened.—(Much cheering.)—On the other hand, the names of men whose guilty lives were justly forfeited to the offended laws of their country, have been drawn forth from that oblivion in which charity had shrouded their ignominious end, and they are now held up as fit objects for the admiration, and, I presume, the imitation of the people.—(Cheers.)—Even in smaller matters, we see the current of popular opinion turned from the natural course, and running in a false direction. We see the exiled outlaw—(loud cheers)—restored only by the grace of his Sovereign, making his exile a boast, and the cause of it a passport to the favour and the confidence of the people.—(Continued cheering.)—We see the unenfranchised mob dictate to the electors how they are to bestow their suffrages. We see the beardless apprentices dictate to their masters when they are to close their warehouses. We see the unwilling debtor dictate to his creditor what measures he is to adopt, or whether he is to adopt any measures, to recover payment of his just debt.—(Much cheering.)—One step more, and we shall see the public delinquent dictate to the public prosecutor whether he is to be brought to trial.—(Cheers.)—In all these things I see a total unhingement of fixed opinions—an aversion to the existing order of things, merely because it is so—and a senseless desire for movement and change. Looking to the indications I have mentioned, I cannot venture to hope that the tide will not also be turned against the Established Church,—(cheers)—with what success will depend on the firmness of the friends of the Church, and the firmness of our rulers. In the former I have implicit confidence; in the latter I have not yet learned to repose the same confidence.—(Cheers and laughter.)—If, indeed, my confidence in them was to be at all measured by their confidence in themselves, it would be ample in the extreme.—(Reiterated

cheers and laughter.)—Their confidence in their own power and ability seems to be such that nothing is too difficult for them. One of their greatest errors has been their overweening confidence in themselves, blinding them to difficulties and to consequences. They seem almost to think themselves omnipotent. There is nothing in the history of heathen or barbarous times more absurd than the miscalculating conceit of the politicians of the present day.—(Cheers.)—When the heathen conqueror, exposed to the flattery of an admiring and devoted people, who had already ranked him with the gods, commanded his attendant to give him daily remembrance of his mortality, he acted in the spirit of philosophy, conscious of the infirmities of mankind, and of their proneness to forget them. When the English Monarch, in an age comparatively barbarous, placed his chair on the sea-shore, and forbade the advance of the ocean wave, he too acted in the spirit of genuine philosophy, reproving a nation's flattery, and marking his knowledge of his own weakness. But in our day has sprung up a race of statesmen, who, rejecting the precepts of philosophy, and the lessons of experience—forgetting the weakness of human nature, and surrendering themselves to the intoxication of power—vainly think that they can ride upon the whirlwind and direct the storm—(cheers)—that because they can raise the blast of popular passion, they can direct it to a proper end, and allay it at their pleasure—that because they can destroy, therefore they can reconstruct and restore. This is indeed the *acmé* of human presumption.—(Cheers.)—The merest child may apply the torch, but who shall stay the conflagration? The feeblest arm may destroy the functions of life in the noblest and most vigorous of God's created beings, but who shall reanimate the frame?—(Continued cheers.)—Let them think of this ere it is too late. Let them awaken from that delusive dream in which they have been indulging. Let them set themselves to work to preserve that which still remains. Let them try in earnest to check that torrent of destructiveness which is at present directed

with fearful force against all that is venerable—all that is valuable in the establishments of the land.—(Cheers.)—Let them do these things, not from mere selfish lust of power, and as expedients for maintaining themselves in place.—(Cheers.)—but in the pure spirit of sincere and genuine patriotism, and in such efforts they will have the support of all good men, and I do not despair that the Established Church, and whatever yet remains of our once-boasted institutions, may still be saved.—(Much cheering.)—I beg to propose as a toast—‘The Permanency of the Established Church.’”

These are the dictates of sound philosophy arrayed in the garb of impressive eloquence. How truly, how forcibly is the developement of that principle traced, which lies at the bottom of all this restless anxiety for change—the consciousness of power working upon ignorance—and which shews itself alike in the conduct of the apprentice who dictates to his master when he is to close his shop, or the Westminster tailor who dictates to the Premier when he is to open the Session!

Here we must close our notice of the proceedings of this remarkable meeting, deeply regretting that we cannot make room for any observations on the energetic speech of Mr Dundas of Arniston, in proposing the health of Sir George Clerk; the very effective and striking address of the gallant companion in arms of the Duke of Wellington, Sir John Oswald; or the speech of Sir William Rae, in acknowledging his own health, and proposing the memory of Sir Walter Scott; a speech distinguished by many of the best characteristics of eloquence, strong emotion, a spirit of the most firm and manly sincerity, and the greatest tact in handling a topic on which the commonplaces of oratory would have been so out of place. The single recollection to which he alluded—his parting interview with the great man now taken from this scene of contest and trouble—was more effectual to call up the solemn and hallowed recollections associated with the name of Sir Walter Scott, than the most elaborate eulogy he could have pronounced.

A word only before concluding.

The first Session of the experimental Parliament, big with the fate

of England, is about to commence. We regard its proceedings with something of the *pavorosa spes* of Petrarch, a mixture of apprehension and of hope. Some indications are already appearing that, on the minds of the more influential and honest of the Ministry, the necessity of now taking their stand against the torrent of innovation is beginning to dawn; that the insults and menaces to which they themselves have been subjected the instant they ventured to hint at arresting the progress of the movement, are beginning to produce that conviction which the reasonings of the Conservative party, and the example of other countries, had failed to effect. We speak not of the Noble Lord, the nominal head of the Government, in whom age seems to have deadened every quality save obstinacy, and to whom the voices of the past and present seem to speak in vain. We do not allude to the cyphers of the Ministry, the Durhams and Thomsons, deriving their sole importance from the units with which they are associated. But we turn to such names as those of Brougham, Althorpe, Stanley, Richmond; we ask ourselves, can the far-seeing and comprehensive mind of the Chancellor have read the old almanack of history to so little purpose as not to see, that never yet did a nation escape revolution by the course which Britain is now pursuing? We ask ourselves if the right-minded Lord Althorpe, a man too honest for the tortuous policy in which he has been involved, can look with indifference on the ruin with which so much that he at least must consider venerable and valuable is threatened; if the high-minded Richmonds and Stanleys can reconcile themselves to the arrogant dictation of those with whom they are brought into contact, or to a continuance of that system of cowardly concession, which never yet in the annals of popular movements produced any thing else but increased audacity of demand? We cannot persuade ourselves that such can be the case. The stream, shaken from its bed by a momentary convulsion, and polluted by the intermixture of fouler waters, must soon begin to struggle back towards its ancient and natural channel; men of principle and intelligence, of energy and ho-

nour, must at no distant period perceive the necessity of reverting to those Conservative principles, which, in an evil hour for themselves and their country, they abandoned.

The Conservative party are entitled to demand it of them, not as a matter of expediency, but of right. If Ministers were pledged to one party to introduce Reform, they were not less deeply and solemnly pledged to the other, that that Reform should be a final measure—not the herald of farther change, but the means of satisfying the mass of the people that change was unnecessary and undesirable. They have kept their faith to the Reformers—shall it be broken to us and to the country? They have abandoned the outworks of the Constitution, as indefensible—shall they now as tamely yield up the citadel?

One bugbear, which seems to alarm them, we are sure is an imaginary one. They have nothing to fear in the new Parliament from any combination between the Conservative and the Radical party, to deprive them of their possession of place or power. These are not the days when any Conservative need envy them their thorny seats, or their uneasy splendour. He would indeed be in love with danger, who would wish at this moment to snatch the reins of government from the hands of the present holders, when he sees that the only path they have left to him runs along the brink of a precipice. No! The Conservatives will act in Parliament as they have acted out of it,—they will pursue the only object they have in view, the good of their country, turning neither to the right hand nor the left,—mingling with no party, but moving onward in their own straightforward course, like that Sicilian river which carries its waters fresh and limpid even across the salt and bitter currents of the sea.

Posterity will never acquit Ministers of the deep guilt of having hazarded the safety of the country; but next to the merit of not having erred, would be the candid and timely confession of error. Let them

take their stand then ere it be too late,—while yet some of the bulwarks of our Constitution stand unshaken, though not unassailed—while yet our Monarch wears something more than “the likeness of a kingly crown,”—while our hereditary Peerage is left to us, though shorn of its beams,—while a national Church is left to us to elevate our morality, and to lay the foundation for the duties of the citizen in those of the Christian, and while our impartial and independent tribunals are left to us, independent alike of popular violence or regal influence, to make the majesty of the law felt and respected, and to give security to the persons and properties of all.

If, reflecting upon these things, our Ministers even now, at this eleventh hour, revert to the principles from which they have swerved too long, and evince the same firmness in maintaining what remains of our Constitution, as they shewed rashness in assailing that venerable edifice, the prospects of England need not yet be despaired of. But if, insensible to all the warnings which are heard around them, they continue to pursue in the new Parliament the course which they began in the old; if one solitary concession be made to clamour instead of conviction; if one jot or tittle of the property of the Church be diverted from its sacred destination; if even the task of distribution be attempted by an unthinking head or an ungentle hand; if the interests of our colonies are to be abandoned to wild and reckless legislation; if the securities of our agriculturists are to be sacrificed to the interested complaints of the manufacturing classes, or the dreams of political theorists, then, assuredly, the glory of England is gone for ever. Then, indeed, above the entrance to the Chapel of St Stephen's, that hall which was once the fountain of wise legislation, the focus and rallying point of British wisdom and worth, may be written up the gloomy inscription over the portal of the Inferno—

“Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch' intrate.”

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CCV.

MARCH, 1833.

VOL. XXXIII.

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Our readers will observe, that the Political Papers in this Number were written before the speechifications of the present Parliament. His Majesty's Ministers, to the delight of the Destructives, have begun the demolition of the United Church. Therefore we presume that, in their opinion, it is the greatest of all the grievances under which Ireland groans, burns, and murders. About a dozen Bishops are to be blown away—the clergy subjected to an income-tax—and Church lands, to the value of some millions of money, confiscated for the abuse of the State. In our Double Number for April, we shall expose the weakness and wickedness of these most imbecile and nefarious measures.

Probably by that time we shall know something definite of the resolutions of his Majesty's most admirable Ministers respecting the Church of England in England. No doubt their announcement in the Honourable House will be hailed with loud cheers which will last for several minutes; out of the Honourable House, and heard above the mouthing of the Movement, with execrations which will last for ages. The Conservatives in the Honourable House are comparatively few; out of it, "in numbers without number, numberless," including, by the confession of Josephus, a vast majority of the Landed Interest, and of all the learned and liberal professions. The Few must do their duty, as Mr Stanley says, "to the death;" and they will be supported by the Many till the sudden death of misrule, which cannot be very far off, and will be sudden as by sun-stroke. The Conservatives rightly supported Ministers on the division on the Address—and so will they on the bill for the pacification of Ireland. "If for no other reason," well says the *Standard* in its strength, "in order to take away from the Premier all excuse for continuing to connive at the progress of murder, arson, and rebellion; but it must also be supported under protest, that the Conservatives dislike its tyranny, and see through its dishonesty."

Other great questions that have long and oft undergone discussion by the Press will again be undergoing it by the Palaver. The renewal of the Bank Charter, of the Charter of the East India Company, the Emancipation of the Blacks, and the Murder of the Whites in our West Indian Colonies, Infant Slavery in Factories as contrasted with Infant Schooling on the scheme of Mr Wilderspin—these questions, and others of equal moment, will soon be brought before the Great Ten-Pounder-representative Debating Society—where is nightly heard the Collective Wisdom of Three countries. We are no speaker, having a natural defect in the palate, and moreover being tongue-tied; but we can write a bit, and have got a gross of pens, each as thick as the lady's little finger Byron speaks of in the Siege of Corinth, and as transparent—a keg of ink bright blue as indigo—a pile of paper soft and smooth as silk or satin. So woe to the Destructives. We smell a thunder-storm. But we are quite *pert*. What say you—next month—to a Noctes? a starry Noctes, on which you can hear—or think you hear—the rustle of the Northern Lights, as from the rim of ocean they shoot shifting up and over the innocent but angry-looking sky? And for months—for years—for ages—for centuries to come—you and your descendants shall have Literature, and Poetry, and Philosophy showered upon you in all "the pomp and prodigality of Heaven." If you have not—then is not our name

CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

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VOL. XXXIII.

EDMUND BURKE.

PART I.

The people of England are attached to liberty. They are made for it. They have by nature a gravity of mind which tends to save them from political rashness. They have a manliness which repels dishonourable submission to force. Thus, superior by their original temperament, alike to the extravagances of democracy, and to the oppressions of despotism, they alone, of all European nations, have been qualified to build up that last and noblest labour of utility and virtue, a free Constitution.

Yet while nations are composed of men, they must be liable to error. The vast and fluctuating varieties of human opinion must exhibit those currents and changes which defy or astonish the wisdom of the wise. New and untried hazards must perplex their political fortitude, strong temptations to hasty aggrandizement, or rash terrors of public loss, must overbalance the practical knowledge of the state; and England, with all her experience, vigour, and virtue, must take her share in those contingencies which compel nations to revert to first principles, and refresh their declining years by draughts from the original fountains of their fame. It is for such purposes that the lover of his country should value history. For he sees in it not a mere museum of the eccentricities and adventures of nations, it offers more than an indulgence to mere curiosity. It opens the door of that great repository of the faults and frailties, of the greatness and power,

of ages which have now gone down to the grave, not to gaze on them as curious specimens of the past, but as opulent and true instructors of the present. He sees in their configuration the secrets of the living frame, the sources of actual public strength, the organs of national renown, the muscular energy, the fine impulses which give activity and force to the whole animated system. But the most effectual portion of history is that which gives down great men to the future; for it furnishes the mind of the rising generation with a model on which it can shape itself at once. The embodied virtue of the champion of truth and freedom stands before it; the progress of genius and learning, of generous ambition and faithful principle, is displayed to the eye in all its successions. There is nothing ideal, nothing to be made up by fancy, or left to chance. The standard of excellence is palpable to the touch; and men can scarcely look upon this illustrious evidence of human capabilities without unconsciously emulating its labours or sharing its superiority.

In giving a rapid view of the life of the celebrated Burke, we are less anxious to render the due tribute to his ability than to his principles. His genius has long gained for itself the highest prize of fame. In an age eminent for intellectual distinction, Burke vindicated to himself the admiration of Europe. Owing nothing of his elevation to birth, opulence, or official rank, he requir-

ed none of those adventitious supports to rise and move at ease, and with instinctive power, in the highest regions of public effort, dignity, and renown; the atmosphere of courts and senates was native to his majesty of wing. There was no fear that his plumage would give way in either the storm or the sunshine; those are the casualties of inferior powers. He had his share of both, the tempest, and that still more perilous trial, which has melted down the virtue of so many aspiring spirits in the favour of cabinets. But Burke grew purer and more powerful for good; to his latest moment, he constantly rose more and more above the influence of party, until at last the politician was elevated into the philosopher; and fixing himself in that loftier region, from which he looked down on the cloudy and turbulent contests of the time, he soared upward calmly in the light of truth, and became more splendid at every wave of his wing.

This is no exaggeration of his singular ability, or of its course. Of all the memorable men of his day, Burke is the only orator, whose eloquence has been incorporated into the wisdom of his country. His great contemporaries grappled triumphantly with the emergencies of the hour, and having achieved the exploit of the hour, were content with what they had done. But it is palpable that Burke in every instance contemplated a larger victory; that his struggle was not more to meet a contingency, than to establish a principle; that he was not content with overwhelming the adversary of the moment, but must bequeath with that triumph some new knowledge of the means by which the adversary might be overwhelmed in every age to come; some noble contribution to that grand tactic by which men and nations are armed and marshalled against all difficulty. The labours of his contemporaries were admirable; the mere muscular force of the human mind never exhibited more prodigious feats, than in the political contests of the days of Chatham, Holland, Pitt and Fox. The whole period from the fall of the Walpole Ministry to the death of Pitt, was an unrelaxing struggle of the most practised, expert, and vivid ability. But it was

the struggle of the arena—a great rivalry for the prize of the people—the fierce and temporary effort of great intellectual gladiators. Where they were exhausted or perished, others followed, if with inferior powers, with close imitation. But no man has followed Burke. No defender of the truth has exhibited that fine combination of practical vigour with abstract and essential wisdom, that mastery of human topics and means with that diviner energy which overthrew not merely the revolutionary spirit of his day, but enables us to maintain the conflict against all its efforts to come; like the conqueror of the Python, leaving his own image to all time, an emblem of equally unriparable strength and grandeur, a model of all nobleness in form and mind.

Edmund Burke, like most of those men who have made themselves memorable by their public services, was of humble extraction; the son of an Irish attorney. Yet as Ireland is the land of genealogies, and every man who cares for the honours of ancestry may indulge himself at large among the wide obscurity of the Irish lineages, Burke's biographers have gratified their zeal by searching for the fountains of his blood among the De Burghs or Burges, whose names are found in the list of Strongbows, knights in the invasion under Henry the Second. Edmund Burke justly seems to have thought little upon the subject, and contenting himself with being the son of Adam, prepared to lay the foundations of a fame independent of the Norman. He was born in Dublin, January 1, 1730, old style; of a delicate constitution, which in his boyhood he rendered still more delicate by a love for reading. As he was threatened with consumption, he was removed at an early age from the thick air of the capital to the house of his grandfather at Castletown Roche, a village in the county of Cork, in the neighbourhood of the old castle of Kilcolman, once the residence of the poet Spenser, and seated in the centre of a district remarkable for traditional interest, and landscape beauty. Early associations often have a powerful effect on the mind of genius, and it is not improbable that the rich and lovely scenery of

this spot had some share in storing up those treasures of brightness and beauty, that love for solemn and lofty thoughts, which characterised in subsequent life the spirit of this extraordinary man.

From wandering among the hills and streams of this romantic country, of which the acknowledged picture still lives in the "Fairy Queen," Burke was transferred in his twelfth year to a school, kept by an intelligent Quaker at Ballytore, between twenty and thirty miles from Dublin. The opinion then formed of him was not unlike that which we might conceive from his later career. He was fond of acquiring great diversity of knowledge, evinced a remarkable quickness of apprehension, and delighted in the display of memory. He read many of the old romances of chivalry, and much history and poetry. His habits were almost sedentary, but he was gentle, good-natured, and willing to assist and oblige. In a debate, in 1780, after the riots, Burke adverted to his education, under the roof of the quaker, Abraham Shackleton. "I have been educated," said he, "as a Protestant of the Church of England, by a *dissenter*, who was an honour to his sect, though that sect was considered one of the purest. Under his eye I have read the Bible, morning, noon, and night, and have ever since been the happier and better man for such reading. I afterwards turned my attention to the reading of all the theological publications on all sides, which were written with such wonderful ability in the last and present centuries. But finding at length that such studies tended to confound and bewilder rather than enlighten, I dropped them, embracing and holding fast a firm faith in the Church of England."

Burke was sent to the Dublin University in 1743. There he acquired no particular distinction. In his third year he became "a scholar of the house," an honour obtained without much difficulty, after an examination in the classical course of the College; and probably one of the premiums at the general examinations of the students. On the whole, he appears to have been either indolent, or adverse to the course of reading pursued in the Irish University. Goldsmith speaks of him as an idler;

which was probably true, in the sense of a taste for desultory reading. Leland, then one of the tutors, always admitted that he displayed ability, but, from his retired habits, was unlikely to solicit public distinction. This also is probably true. The evident fact, on all authorities, is, that while in College, he was a literary lounge, satisfied with going through the routine of the required exercises, but enjoying himself only over novels and newspapers, plays and travels, and the general miscellaneous publications of the day; a style of reading ruinous to all the direct objects of University life, and which nothing but the painful exertions of many an after year, even with the most powerful abilities, can retrieve, but which utterly confuses and dilapidates inferior talents, habituates the mind to frivolous and diffuse expenditures of thought and time, generates all the gossiping and much of the vice of society, and fills the professions with unemployed barristers, unlearned clergymen, and hobbling physicians. Let no man sanction his disregard of the peculiar line of effort pointed out to him by the University, under the example of Burke, unless he can atone for his folly by the mind of Burke. And let no man look with negligence on the prospects opened out to many and well-directed exertion in Universities, unless he is prepared to begin life anew when he has passed without the walls of those noble institutions: turn that career into a lottery, which might have been a certainty; and prepare himself to encounter that long period of anxiety, toil, defeated hope, and perhaps bitter despair, which must intervene before he can break through the barriers of professional success, and pioneer his way through the rugged ascents and desolate bleaknesses that lie before even the most gifted and gallant adventurer. Yet, in the immediate instance of the Irish University, it is unfortunate that the mathematical sciences form the chief source of distinction;—unfortunate for the double reason, that they are not the best teachers of a national mind, and that they are most peculiarly unpalatable to the prominent tastes of the Irish mind. The country of Berkeley cannot be suspected of wanting any acuteness that may be requisite for

the more exact sciences; but still unquestionably the finest efforts of the national faculties have taken a different direction. Poetry, eloquence, vigorous dissertation in the sciences of politics, morals, theology, and history, have been the favourite triumphs of the Irish mind. The indications of natural power in those pursuits ought to have guided the system of the University, and to the extent of largely abandoning the barren toils of mathematics; a science in which not one Irishman out of millions has ever sought or obtained distinction; a science which, from its abstractions, should make the very smallest portion of a national course of instruction; a science too, in which, from its peculiarity, no individual who is not born with an actual and peculiar adaptation of mind for its study, will ever make a productive progress; and a science, too, which in its general use is not merely infinitely below all those pursuits which cultivate either the head or the heart for public or private life, but tending absolutely to repress and repel the faculties given for the fulfilment of our duties to society. Of all men, the man least fitted for a large and liberal view of things, is the mathematician. Of all men, the man most incapable of being reached by any reasoning which does not come in the shape of his science, is the mathematician. Of all men, the most tardy proficient in all the sciences which treat of the probabilities of human conduct, of facts not directly before the eye, and of principles not discoverable in curves and right lines, is the mathematician. What nation would choose the mere mathematician for its guide in the intricacies of politics, in the difficulties or the doctrines of religion, in the emergencies which demand the perspicuous understanding and the animating tongue? Yet politics and religion are the great concerns of the present world and the future. The value of the exact sciences is indisputable. But the primary object of all institutes for public education should be public duty. No University, as such, teaches the professions; law and physic are left to their peculiar schools, or are at best but branches and additions to the general course. Let Ireland reflect, by *whom* has her glory

been chiefly augmented in Europe, and while she gives the tribute of enlightened and willing homage to the memory of her orators, poets, and statesmen, her Burkes, Goldsmiths, Swifts, Sheridans, and the long line of eminent men who have made her name synonymous with all that is brilliant, vivid, and vigorous in the human mind, let her throw the whole force of her collegiate system into the formation of characters fitted to sustain their office, and render their services to the empire.

Some slight records of Burke's literary predilections at this period remain. Shakspeare, Addison, Le Sage, Smollett, and Fielding, were his frequent perusal, as they were that of every man of his time. He praised Demosthenes as the first of orators, declared Plutarch to be the pleasauntest reading in the whole range of Memoirs, preferred the Greek historians to the Latin, and was attracted by Horace and enamoured of Virgil. So far there was nothing singular in his tastes. He thought as all the world has thought for these two thousand years. But he also preferred Euripides, in all his tameness, to the simple vigour of Sophocles; professed his admiration of Lucretius, desultory and didactic as he is; and even ventured to speak of the *Æneid*, in all its dreary languor, perhaps the most inanimate poem that ever diffused itself from the pen of a real poet, as superior to the *Iliad*, of all the works of poetry, the most various, vigorous, and natural,—the model of living description, noble sentiment, and mingled strength and splendour of character. On those points he might assert his full claim to singularity. But those were the opinions of a boy, proud and pleased with the first perception of deciding for himself, the first unfettered plunge into the wilderness of criticism. He afterwards grew wiser as he grew calm.

But, even in his immature age, he had largely formed the taste for which he was subsequently so distinguished. Milton's richness of language, boundless learning, and scriptural grandeur of conception, were the first and last themes of his applause. Young, from whose epigrammatic labour of expression, and clouded though daring fancy, modern taste shrinks, was a favourite in Burke's

day, and Burke followed the public opinion, and satisfied himself that he was cultivating his mind by committing a large portion of the dreamy reveries of the Night Thoughts to memory. He also wrote some translations of the Latin poets, and some original verses, which exhibiting his command of rhyme, exhibit nothing more.

Burke's profession was naturally marked out by that of his father. In Ireland, where no man is contented with his own rank, the son of a thriving attorney is universally designed for the bar. Burke put his name on the list of the future dispensers of justice in that country of lawyers, Ireland. But, by a custom of the Irish bar at that time, he also entered himself of the Middle Temple in London, a measure now unnecessary for the call to the Irish bar, but still generally adopted, for its advantages in acquainting the student with the habits of the English bar, and in allowing the advocate to transfer himself to English practice whenever circumstances should induce him to leave the Irish Courts for Westminster Hall. Burke arrived in London in 1750. It is remarkable that he had already, in some degree, formed the political views which characterised the most eminent and concluding period of his life; thus the features of his mind, like the features of the body, returned only to their first expression, and shewed that his politics were his nature. While but a student in the University, he had been roused, by his indignation at fictitious patriotism, to write a pamphlet against Brooke, the author of that much-praised, but infinitely childish romance, the *Fool of Quality*, who aspired to the name of a popular champion, on the credit of having composed an insolent and absurd tragedy. His second tribute to good order was a letter to Dr Lucas, a man who bustled himself into importance with the mob of the metropolis, and after a life of clamour, faction, and persevering folly, of the demand of rights that were worth nothing, and the complaint of wrongs that existed only in his own brain, died in the odour of rabble sanctity, leaving his debts and his family as his bequest to popular benefaction.

The observant spirit, and philoso-

phical turn of his mind, are strikingly evinced in a correspondence which he held with an Irish friend. He remarks on his passage to the metropolis—"The prospects could not fail to attract the attention of the most indifferent; country seats sprinkled round me on every side, some in the modern taste, some in the style of old De Coverley Hall, all smiling on the neat but humble cottage. Every village as neat and compact as a bee-hive, resounding with the busy hum of industry, and inns like palaces."

He then sketches the metropolis, intelligently, yet with the ambitious and antithetical touch of clever inexperience—"The buildings are very fine, it may be called the Pink of Vice. But its hospitals and charitable institutions, whose turrets pierce the skies, like so many *electrical conductors*, avert the wrath of Heaven. Her inhabitants may be divided into two classes, the *undooers* and the *undone*! An Englishman is cold and distant at first; he is cautious even in forming an acquaintance; he must know you well before he enters into friendship with you; but if he does, he is not the first to dissolve the sacred bond; in short, a real Englishman is one who performs more than he promises; in company, he is rather silent; extremely prudent in his expressions, even in politics, his favourite topic. The women are not quite so reserved, they consult their glasses to the best advantage, and as nature is very liberal in her gifts to their persons, and even to their minds, it is not easy for a young man to escape their glances, or to shut his ears to their softly flowing accents.

"As to the state of learning in this city, you know I have not been long enough in it to form a proper judgment of the subject. I don't think, however, there is as much respect paid to a man of letters on this side of the water, as you imagine. I don't find that genius, the 'rath primrose, that forsaken dies,' is patronised by any of the nobility. So that writers of the first talents are left to the capricious patronage of the public."

All this is like the letter of any other lively observer. But the passage which follows, vindicates itself as the property of Burke. "Notwithstanding discouragement, literature

is cultivated in a high degree—Poetry raises her enchanting voice to Heaven—History arrests the wings of time in his flight to the gulf of oblivion—Philosophy, the queen of arts, and the daughter of Heaven, is daily extending her intellectual empire—Fancy sports on airy wing, like a meteor on the bosom of a summer cloud—and even Metaphysics spins her cobwebs and catches *some flies*.” His judgment of that great scene, in which he was so early and so long to be distinguished, is curious. “The House of Commons not unfrequently exhibits explosions of eloquence, that rise superior to those of Greece and Rome, even in their proudest days. Yet, after all, a man will make more by the figures of arithmetic than the figures of rhetoric, unless he can get into the trade wind, and then he may sail secure over the Pactolean sands.”

Hethen touches on the stage, which, like every worshipper of the traditional excellence of the drama, he concludes to have fallen off utterly from its original merits, a complaint renewed in every succeeding age, and probably with much the same forgetfulness of the true state of the former. We are to remember, too, that Burke's lamentation was in the days of Garrick, Barry, Mrs Yates, and a whole galaxy of first-rate performers; sustained by the activity, if not the talents, of such dramatists as Murphy, the elder Colman, Farquhar, and a long list of ingenious men, who kept the stage in continued exertion, and whose labours, in not a few instances, still survive for the pleasure and interest of posterity. “As for the stage, it is sunk, in my opinion, to the lowest degree; I mean with regard to the trash that is exhibited on it. But I don't attribute this to the taste of the audience, for when Shakspeare warbles his native woodnotes, the boxes, pit, and gallery are crowded, and the gods are true to every word, if properly winged to the heart.” The whole letter is a striking picture of his feelings on the subjects of most natural impressiveness to a young and susceptible mind. “Soon after my arrival in town, I visited Westminster Abbey. The moment I entered, I felt a kind of awe pervade my mind, which I cannot describe; the very silence seemed sacred. * * * Some would imagine that all those monuments

were so many monuments of folly. I don't think so. What useful lessons of morality and sound philosophy do they not exhibit! When the highborn beauty surveys her face in the polished Parian, though dumb the marble, yet it tells her that it was placed to guard the remains of as fine a form, and as fair a face as her own. They shew, besides, how anxious we are to extend our loves and friendships beyond the grave, and to snatch as much as we can from oblivion, such is our natural love of immortality. But it is here that letters obtain their noblest triumph; it is here that the swarthy daughters of Cadmus may hang their trophies on high. For when all the pride of the chisel, and the pomp of heraldry, yield to the silent touches of time, a single line, a half worn out inscription, remain faithful to their trust. Blest be the man who first introduced these strangers into our islands, and may they never want protection or merit. I have not the least doubt, that the finest poem in the English language, I mean Milton's *Il Penseroso*, was composed in the long resounding aisle of a mouldering cloister or ivy'd abbey. Yet, after all, do you know that I would rather sleep in the southern corner of a little country churchyard, than in the tomb of the Capulets? I should like, however, that my dust should mingle with kindred dust. The good old expression, ‘family burying-ground,’ has something pleasing in it, at least to me.”

At this period of his life he appears to have spent some time in rambling through England, for his recovery from a tendency to consumption, and to have lingered away the rest of his hours in desultory reading. In this way he passed, or perhaps wasted, the years from 1750 to 1753. But such a mind must have had many misgivings in such a course, and he was at length stimulated to effort, by hearing that the Professorship of logic in Glasgow was vacant; and on this prospect he set his heart. The founder, or at least the earliest ornament, of the metaphysical school of Scotland, was an Irishman, Francis Hutcheson. This circumstance might have appeared to Burke as some encouragement to an attempt, whose immediate motives, whether want of money, want of occupation, or thirst

of Scottish celebrity, must now be sought for in vain. The attempt itself has been disputed; but it is fully established in evidence, that in 1752, or 1753, he was a candidate for the chair of Logic in Glasgow, and fortunately for his own renown, and the reverse for that of the electors and the college, he was an unsuccessful one. His triumphant rival was a name, whose laurels seem to have been limited to Glasgow, a Mr James Clow.

He had now given up the bar; whether through ill health, disinclination to the severe restrictions of its first steps, or the general and miscellaneous style of life and study which had become favourite and familiar with him. He supped and talked at the Grecian Coffee-house, then the evening resource of all the clever idlers of the Inns of Court. He was asked to dinner by Garrick, then delighting all the world, and whose civilities must have been highly flattering to an obscure Irish student. He made an occasional trial of his powers in old Macklin's Debating Society, and in the intervals of his leisure he is said to have employed himself in joining the general war of pamphlets against the Newcastle Administration.

But this rambling life must have been insufficient for the vigour of Burke's mind: it could scarcely have received much approbation from his judgment. The idea of shifting the scene altogether at length occurred to him, and the prospect of a situation in America, whether solicited by himself, or offered by his friends, seems to have engrossed him for a while. But his father's dislike to the idea of his looking for fortune in lands so remote from Ireland, checked this cherished object; and Burke, in a letter which begins with "Honoured sir," and expresses with his usual grace the feelings of a gentle and dutiful spirit, gave up the design.

He lingered two years longer—unknown, but not idle; for at the end of these two years, in 1756, he published his "*Vindication of Natural Society*," and his celebrated "*Treatise on the Sublime and Beautiful*." The "*Vindication*" deserves praise for its authorship, but panegyric for its intention. Bolingbroke

had given, from youth to age, the unhappy example of genius rendered useless, rank degraded, and opportunities thrown away. Gifted with powers which might have raised or sustained the fortunes of empire, his youth was distinguished only by systematic vice, his manhood by unprincipled ambition, and his age by callous infidelity. His life is yet to be written, and it would form an unrivalled lesson to those who solicit worldly distinction, by giving popularity to crime. It would shew the profligate statesman defeated in all his objects, and the still more profligate champion of unbelief alike stung by the censures and the neglect of wiser mankind. Burke's would have been the pen to have done justice to such a subject. We should have seen his fine sagacity detecting the insidiousness, the smiling hostility and the inveterate hatred of the enemy of government and religion. His heart would have taught him to abhor the sullen malignity of the infidel, his loyalty to expose the restless disaffection of the rebel, and his sense of virtue to scourge the impurity of the man of the passions. His singular knowledge of past public transactions, and his personal experience of the life of statesmen, would have given the force of maxims to his conclusions; and in the punishment of this shewy impostor, we should have had the most eloquent, majestic, and instructive of all lessons to the rising mind of nations.

The "*Vindication*" was an attack, not on Bolingbroke's Jacobite politics, but on his irreligion. A gross and pernicious scorn of all the truths which man holds sacred, had been the fashion of the age. It had been generated among the misty metaphysics of Germany, and was rapidly swelled to its full growth in the public and personal licentiousness of the court of France. From France, England, disdaining to borrow the meanest implement for the meanest uses of life, stooped to borrow the favourite notions of party in government and religion. Bolingbroke, exiled to France for his political intrigues, filled up the dreariness of his solitude by copying French infidelity, and paid his debt of gratitude to England by preparing the poisons

of Berlin and Paris for the lips of the people. It was to the honour of Burke, that in his youth, and in the midst of a general delusion of all who constituted the leaders of public taste, he should sacredly discern where the truth lay, and manfully come forth armed in its cause. Nominally adopting the tenets of Bolingbroke, he pushed them on to practical absurdity. Applying to society the modes of argument which the infidel had applied to religion, he shewed that it justified absurdities against which common sense revolts, and crimes against which the common safety arms itself; that the plea which might serve to overthrow religion, would be equally forcible against the existence of all order, and that the perfection of the infidel system would reason mankind into the uselessness of a government, as rapidly as into the burden of a religion.

In a passage, which seems to come glowing from the pen of Bolingbroke in his hour of triumph, his young antagonist thus happily at once seizes the sounding amplification of his style, and ridicules the philosophical folly of his argument:

"In looking over any state, to form a judgment on it, it presents itself in two lights, the external and the internal. The first, that relation which it bears in point of enmity or friendship to other states. The second, that relation which its component parts, the governors and the governed, bear to each other. * * * The glaring side of all national history is enmity. The only actions on which we have seen, and always will see all of them intent, are such as tend to the destruction of one another. 'War,' says Machiavel, 'ought to be the only study of a prince;' and by a prince he means every sort of state, however constituted. 'He ought,' says this great political doctor, 'to consider peace only as a breathing time, which gives him leisure to contrive, and furnishes ability to execute military plans.' A meditation on the conduct of political societies made old Hobbes imagine that war was the state of nature; and truly, if a man judged of the individuals of our race by their conduct when united and packed into nations and kingdoms, he might imagine that

every sort of virtue was foreign and unnatural to the mind of man.

"The first accounts which we have of mankind are but so many accounts of their butcheries. All empires have been cemented in blood; and in these early ages, when the race of mankind began first to form themselves into parties and combinations, the first effects of the combination, and indeed the end for which it seems purposely formed and best calculated, was their mutual destruction. All ancient history is dark and uncertain. One thing, however, is clear: There were conquerors and conquests in those days, and consequently all that devastation by which they are formed, and all that oppression by which they are maintained. We know little of Sesostris, but that he led out of Egypt an army of above 700,000 men; that he overran the Mediterranean coast as far as Colchis; that in some places he met but little resistance, and of course shed not a great deal of blood, but that he found in others a people who knew the value of their liberties, and sold them dear. Whoever considers the army which this conqueror headed, the space he traversed, and the opposition he frequently met, with the natural accidents of sickness, and the dearth and badness of provision to which he must have been subject in the variety of climates and countries his march lay through—if he knows any thing, he must know that even the conqueror's army must have suffered greatly. It will be far from excess to suppose that one-half was lost in the expedition. If this was the state of the victorious, the vanquished must have had a much heavier loss, as the greatest slaughter is always in the flight; and great carnage did in those times and countries ever attend the first rage of conquest. It will therefore be very reasonable to allow on their account as much as, added to the losses of the conquerors, may amount to a million of deaths. And then we shall see this conqueror, the oldest whom we have on record, opening the scene by the destruction of at least one million of his species, unprovoked but by his ambition, without any motives but pride, cruelty, and madness, and without any benefit to himself, (for Justin expressly tells us he did not

maintain his conquest,) but solely to make so many people in so distant countries feel experimentally how severe a scourge Providence intends for the human race, when it gives one man the power over many, and arms his naturally impotent and feeble rage with the hands of millions, who know no common principle of action but a blind obedience to the passions of their ruler."

Thus pursuing his way through ancient history, and still designating it as one common display of misery and massacre, the whole resulting from the facts that society exists, and that it has rulers at its head, he comes to the scene which Europe exhibited on the fall of the great tyrant dynasty of Rome. "There have been periods when no less than universal destruction to the race of mankind seems to have been threatened. Such was that, when the Goths, the Vandals, and the Huns, poured into Gaul, Italy, Spain, Greece, and Africa, carrying destruction with them as they advanced, and leaving horrid deserts everywhere behind them. 'Vastum ubique silentium, secreti colles, fumantia procul tecta, nemo exploratoribus obviis,' is what Tacitus calls 'facies victorie.' It was always so; but here it was emphatically so. From the north proceeded the swarms of Goths, Vandals, Huns, Ostrogoths, who ran towards the south into Africa itself, which suffered as all to the north had done. About this time, another torrent of barbarians, animated by the same fury, and encouraged by the same success, poured out of the south, and ravaged all to the north-east and west, to the remotest parts of Persia on one hand, and to the banks of the Loire on the other, destroying all the proud and curious monuments of human art, that not even the memory of the former inhabitants might survive. * * * * I shall only, in one word, mention the horrid effects of bigotry and avarice in the conquest of Spanish America; a conquest, on a low estimation, effected by the murder of ten millions of the species. * * * * I need not enlarge on the torrents of silent and inglorious blood which have glutted the thirsty sands of Africa, or discoloured the polar snow, or fed the savage forests of America for so

many ages of continual war. * * * * I go upon a naked and moderate calculation, just enough, without a pedantical exactness, to give your lordship some feeling of the effects of political society. I charge the whole of those effects upon *political society*. The numbers I particularized amount to about thirty-six millions. * * * * In a state of nature, it had been impossible to find a number of men sufficient for such slaughters, agreed in the same bloody purpose. Society and politics, which have given us such destructive views, have given us also the means of satisfying them. * * * * How far mere nature would have carried us, we may judge by the example of those animals which still follow her laws, and even of those to which she has given dispositions more fierce, and arms more terrible than any ever she intended we should use. It is an incontestible truth, that there is more havoc made in one year by men of men, than has been made by all the lions, tigers, panthers, ounces, leopards, hyenas, rhinoceroses, elephants, bears, and wolves, upon their several species, since the beginning of the world, though those agree ill enough with each other, and have a much greater proportion of rage and fury in their composition than we have. But with respect to you, ye legislators, ye civilizers of mankind, ye Orpheuses, Minoses, Solons, Theseuses, Lyncurguses, Numas, your regulations have done more mischief in cold blood, than all the rage of the fiercest animals in their greatest terrors or furies has ever done or ever could do."

He then, from a long and detailed examination of the chief provisions and orders of society, draws the conclusion, that man is a loser by association with his kind, by government, by jurisprudence, by commerce, by every shape and step of civilisation. But the wildest declaimer against religion will protest against thus sending man back to the forest, and stripping him of all the advantages of society on account of the disadvantages. He will protest against arguing from the abuse of society in the hands of a certain number of violent men, to its vast, general, and beneficial uses to the infinite multitude. But the same protest is as directly applicable to

the sceptic, who rejects religion on account of the casual evils connected with its progress, the religious wars fomented by human passions, the corrupted practices of venal priests, the tyranny of jealous persecutors, the guilty artifice, or the blinding superstition. If the essential good is to be rejected for the sake of the accidental evil, then must civilisation be cast away as well as religion; but if the great stock of human good which religion bequeaths to mankind, the immeasurable consolations, the high motives, the pure guides, the noble and perpetual stimulants reaching through all the depths of the human race, and reaching through them all undebased by human guilt, and maintaining the connexion of man through all his grades with Deity, are to weigh heavier in the balance than the mere abuses of religion by man, then let us acknowledge that the infidel is not simply weak, but criminal, that he shuts his eyes against argument, and that he is convicted of folly by all that remains to him of reason.

The concluding fragment of this essay is curious, as an evidence of the early period at which Burke had matured his pen. The style is no longer the flowing and figurative declamation of Bolingbroke, it is Burke, as he stood before the world in the latest days of his triumph over the atheistic and revolutionary impulses of Europe; calm and dignified, clothed in the garb of that philosophic melancholy which impressed his practical wisdom so powerfully upon the general heart.

He speaks in the person of Bolingbroke. "You are, my lord, but just entering into the world. I am going out of it. I have played long enough to be heartily sick of the drama. Whether I have acted my part in it well or ill, posterity will judge with more candour than I, or than the present age, with our present passions, can possibly pretend to. For my part, I quit it without a sigh, and submit to the sovereign order without murmuring. The nearer we approach to the goal of life, the better we begin to understand the true value of our existence, and the real weight of our opinions. We set out, much in love with both, but we leave much behind us as we advance. But the passions which press our opinions

are withdrawn, one after another, and the cool light of reason, at the setting of our life, shews us what a false splendour played upon those objects of our more sanguine seasons."

This tract is remarkable for its declaration of opinions on the right side, when it was the pride of every man who pretended to literature, to be in the wrong. But it is scarcely less remarkable, as actually forming the model of much of that revolutionary writing, which so recklessly laboured to inflame the popular passions, on the first burst of the French insurgency. Burke, in his ridicule, had prepared an armoury for Paine in his profligate seriousness. The contemptuous flights of the great orator had pointed the way for the Jacobin to ascend to the assault of all that we were accustomed to reverence and value. The evils brought upon man by feeble government, misjudging law, ministerial weaknesses, and national prejudices, were eagerly adopted by the champions of overthrow, as irrefragable arguments against the altar and the throne; and Burke must have seen with surprise, or increased ridicule, the arrows which he had shot out in sport, and for the mere trial of his boyish strength, gravely gathered up, and fitted to the Jacobin string, to be used against the noblest and most essential institutions of the empire.

The essay attracted considerable notice. Chesterfield and Warburton were said to have regarded it for a while as an authentic work of the infidel lord. The opinion prevailed so far, that Mallet, who, as the residuary legatee of his blasphemies, thought himself the legitimate defender of his fame, volunteered a public disclaimer on the subject, and the critics were thenceforth left to wonder on whose shoulders the mantle of the noble personage had fallen. Still Burke was unheard of, but his second performance was destined to do justice to his ability. In the same year was published the *Treatise on the Sublime and Beautiful*. No work of its period so suddenly sprang into popularity. The purity, vigour, and grace of its language, the clearness of its conceptions, and its bold soarings into the metaphysic clouds, which, dark and confused as they had

rendered all former efforts, were, by the flashes of Burke's fine imagination, turned into brightness and grandeur, attracted universal praise. Its author was looked for among the leading veterans of literature. To the public astonishment, he was found to be an obscure student of 26, utterly unknown, or known only by having attempted a canvass for a Scotch professorship, and having failed. He now began to be felt in society. The reputation of his book preceded him, and he gradually became on a footing of acquaintance, if not altogether of intimacy, with the more remarkable names of the day connected with life and literature; Pulteney, Earl of Bath, Markham, soon after Archbishop of York, Reynolds, Soame Jenyns, Lord Littleton, Warburton, Hume, and Johnson. This was a distinction which implied very striking merits in so young a man, unassisted by rank or opulence, and with the original sin of being an Irishman, a formidable disqualification in the higher circles of England fifty years ago. This treatise had been the pioneer to his storming of the sullen rampart of English formality. But to have not only climbed there, but made good his lodgment, evidently implies personal merits of no ordinary kind. To good-humoured and cordial manners, to singular extent and variety of knowledge, he added great force and elegance of conversation. Johnson's, even the fastidious Johnson's, opinion of him, is well known, as placing him already in the very highest of intellectual companionship.—"Burke is an extraordinary man, his stream of talk is perpetual." Another of his *dicta* was, "Burke's talk is the ebullition of his mind; he does not talk from a desire of distinction, but because his mind is full."—"Burke is the *only man* whose common conversation corresponds with the general fame which he has in the world. Take up whatever topic you please, he is ready to meet you." In another instance, where some one had been paying himself the tribute due to his memorable powers, he again gave the palm to his friend. "Burke, sir, is such a man, that if you met him for the first time in the street, where you were stopped by a drove of oxen, and you and he stepped aside

for shelter but for five minutes, he'd talk to you in such a manner, that when you parted, you would say,—that *is* an extraordinary man. Now, you may be long enough with me without finding anything extraordinary."

A portion of this fortunate quality must be attributed to his fondness for general study, and the vigorous memory by which he retained all that he had acquired. But a much larger portion must be due to that salient and glowing power of thought, that vivid mental seizure, by which all his knowledge became a member of his mind; by which every new acquisition resolved itself into an increase, not of his intellectual burden, but of the essential activity and strength of his faculties. He had a great assimilating mind. Johnson's often-recorded expression, "that no man of sense would meet Mr Burke by accident under a gateway, to avoid a shower, without being convinced that he was the first man in England," found a striking illustration, a few years after, in the testimony of an utter stranger. Burke, in passing through Litchfield, had gone with a friend to look at the cathedral, while his horses were changing. One of the clergy, seeing two gentlemen somewhat at a loss in this vast building, politely volunteered as their cicerone. The conversation flowed, and he was speedily struck with surprise at the knowledge and brilliancy of one of the strangers. In his subsequent account of the adventure to some friends, who met him hastening along the street, "I have been conversing," said he, "for this half hour, with a man of the most extraordinary powers of mind, and extent of information, which it has ever been my fortune to meet, and I am now going to the inn to ascertain, if possible, who the stranger is." That stranger had completely overlaid the cicerone, even in his local knowledge. On every topic which came before them, whether the architecture, history, remains, income, learning of the ancient ornaments of the chapter, persecutions, lives, and achievements, the stranger was boundless in anecdote and illustration. The clergyman's surprise was fully accounted for, by being told at the inn that this singular companion was Mr

Burke, and the general regret of all to whom he mentioned the circumstance, was, that the name had not been known in time for them to have taken advantage of so high a gratification.

But, for three years more, this memorable man was confined to the struggles of private life. He was still actively, though obscurely, employed in writing or editing a History of the European Settlements in America, in seven heavy volumes, which obtained but slight public notice; laying the foundations for a History of England, which never reached beyond a few sheets; and establishing and editing, in 1758, in conjunction with Dodsley, the Annual Register. In this work, the genius of the author is in disguise. We look in vain for the fire, the fancy, which seemed to be constituent features of his authorship. And one of the most remarkable features of the whole performance, is the strong self-denial to which the philosopher and the orator had already learned to tame down the ardour and animation of his mind. But the work was judiciously conceived: it came forth at a time when the public required something more than a chronicler of the passing day; and, like all works which fill up a chasm in public curiosity, it succeeded to a remarkable extent. Five or six editions of the earlier volumes were rapidly received. But income from such sources must be precarious. He had married, had a son; he had hitherto made no advance in an actual provision for life; and a few years more of the natural toils which beset a man left to his own exertions for the support of a family, would probably have driven him to America, his old and favourite speculation against the frowns of fortune in Europe. At length the life for which he was made, the stirring and elevated interests of political and parliamentary distinction, appeared to open before him. He owed this change to an Irishman, the Earl of Charlemont. Ireland still remembers the name of that estimable person with gratitude. A narrow fortune, and humble talents, did not prevent him from being a great public benefactor. He was the encourager of every scheme for national advantage, the patron of lite-

ature, the head of the chief literary institution of Ireland, and of every other institution tending to promote the good of the country. Though living much on the Continent, and in England in early life, and long associated with all that was eminent in rank and talents in Great Britain, he generously and honestly fixed his residence on his native soil, turbulent as it was, remote from all the scenes congenial to his habits, perplexed with furious party, and beggared by long misrule. For this determination, he seems to have had no other ground than a sense of duty. And he had his reward. No man in Ireland was revered with such true and unequivocal public honour. In all the warfare of party, no shaft ever struck his pure and lofty crest. Old connexions, and the custom of the time, which made every man of independent fortune enter public life on the side of opposition, designated him a Whig. But no man less bowed to partisanship, no man more clearly washed the stains of faction from his hands, no man was farther from the insanity of revolution. With gentle, but manly firmness, he repelled popularity, from the moment when it demanded his principles as its purchase. With generous, but indignant scorn, he raised up his voice equally against the insidious zeal which would substitute an affected love of country for a sense of duty; and the insurrectionary rage which would cast off the mild dominion of England, for the lust of democracy at home. He finally experienced the fate of all men of honour thrown into the midst of factions. His directness was a tacit reproach on their obliquity; his simple honour was felt to be a libel on their ostentatious hypocrisy. He had been elected by the national acclamation, to the command of the Irish Volunteers, a self-raised army of 50,000 men. He had conducted this powerful and perilous force through an anxious time, without collision with the government, or with the people. But, when French principles began to infest its ranks, he remonstrated; the remonstrance was retorted in a threat of the loss of his popularity. He embraced the alternative of a man of honour, and resigned. But the resignation was fatal to the success of his

threateners. When he laid the staff out of his hands, he laid down with it the credit of the Volunteers. They lost the national confidence from that hour. Rude and violent agitators first usurped the power, then divided it, and then quarrelled for the division. The glaring evil of the bayonet drawn for political discussion, startled the common sense of the nation, and drove it to take refuge with the minister. The army, which had been raised amid the shouts of the nation, was now cashiered by its universal outcry. The agitators went down among the common wreck, and, in the subsidence of the general swell and uproar of the popular mind, the fame and virtues of the venerable commander of the Volunteers, alone floated undiminished to the shore.

But, if for one quality alone, the name of this nobleman ought to be held in memory. Perhaps no public individual of his day extended such ready and generous protection to men of ability, in their advancement in the various ways of life. He had two boroughs at his command in the Irish House of Commons, and, in all the venality which so daringly distinguished partisanship in that House, no one ever heard of the sale of the boroughs of Lord Charlemont. He applied his influence to the many and high-minded purpose of introducing men of talents into the Legislature.

An accidental intercourse with Burke, chiefly in consequence of the character which he derived from the treatise on the Sublime and Beautiful, induced him to serve his interests, by a connexion with the Secretary for Ireland, so well known by the name of single-speech Hamilton.

Hamilton's character is a problem to this hour. A single effort of eloquence had placed him among the hopes of the British senate. He never repeated it. Its reputation, and the friendship of Lord Halifax, then President of the Board of Trade, made him a member of the Board in 1756. Hamilton still continued silent. In four years after, he was made Secretary for Ireland, on the appointment of his noble friend as Lord Lieutenant. In the Irish House, the necessities of his situation, as Prime Minister of the Viceroyalty,

overcame his nervousness, and he spoke, on several occasions, with remarkable effect. But on his return to the English Parliament, his powers were again shut up; and, by a strange pusillanimity, a tenderness of oratorical repute, unworthy of the member of an English public assembly, during the remainder of his life, his voice was never heard. Yet, probably no man led a more anxious and self-condemning life. During this entire period, public distinction, and distinction peculiarly by eloquence, seems to have never left his contemplation. He compiled, he wrote, he made commonplaces of rhetoric, he was perpetually preparing for the grand explosion to which he was never to lay the train. He saw, and we may well suppose with what bitter stings to his vanity, the contemporaries, whose talents he scorned, hastening on in the path which he longed yet feared to tread, and snatching the laurels that had hung down, soliciting his hand. He saw a new generation start up while he pondered, and entering upon contests whose magnitude rendered all the past trivial, and displaying powers which threw the mere rhetorician into the shade, obtain the most magnificent prizes of eloquence. Still he continued criticising, preparing for the great effort that was never to be made, and pondering on the fame which he had already suffered hopelessly to escape, until he sank out of the remembrance of society, and dwindled into the grave. Perhaps literary history has seldom afforded an example of vanity so completely its own punisher; his extravagant sense of the merit of a single effort, strangled every effort to come; he was stifled in his own fame; his vanity was suicidal.

With a superior of this order, jealous, anxious, and severe, it was impossible that Burke's open temperament, and gallant dependence on his own great powers, should long cordially agree. At the end of two years, he suddenly abandoned the private secretaryship, to which he declared Hamilton, in the spirit of tyranny, had annexed degrading conditions, and in 1763 returned indignantly to England, to take the chances of beginning the world anew.

But the world on which he now

fixed his eyes, wore a different aspect from the humble and cheerless world which he had so long contemplated in his closet. His Irish Secretaryship had made him feel his faculties for public life; it had thrown him into those waves which might waft him on to the most brilliant fortune. He had invigorated every muscle of his mind by the practical labours of office. Those two years, toilsome as they were in the passing, and painful in the termination, had made him a statesman. He was thenceforward marked with the stamp of public life; we hear no more day-dreams of melancholy independence in America. From this moment, he was committed to the cause in England. He buckled on his golden armour, and entered the lists for life within the realm which no man more contributed to adorn and to save. Within two years after his return from Ireland, he commenced this career. In 1765, the Marquis of Rockingham was appointed Premier. Burke was recommended to him as private secretary, and the Minister gladly availed himself of the services of a man, already so distinguished for literary excellence and official ability. This recommendation, equally fortunate on both sides, was chiefly due to Mr Fitzherbert, a man of birth and accomplishment, who had known Burke at Johnson's celebrated club. Of Fitzherbert himself, Johnson has left the following graphic sketch:—"There was no sparkle, no brilliancy in Fitzherbert; but I never knew a man who was so generally acceptable. He made every body quite easy, overpowered nobody by the superiority of his talents, made no man think the worse of himself by being his rival, seemed always to listen; did not oblige you to hear much from him, and did not oppose what you said."

Burke's tardy progress to the station for which nature, genius, and acquirement had formed him, is another among the thousand proofs of the fallacy, that talents make their own fortune. We see here a man of the highest abilities, with those abilities directed to the express labours of public life, associating with a round of leading persons in life and literature, blameless in his private conduct, undegraded by pecuniary difficulty, ardent in spirit, and

giving evidence of admirable qualities for the service of the state; and yet we see this man of talent and diligence, of vigorous learning and public virtue, left to linger in obscurity for ten of the most vivid years of his being, admired and overlooked, applauded and neglected, down to the point of abandoning England, and fixing himself a reluctant exile in a foreign country, and from this fate rescued by the mere accident of club companionship, indebted for the whole change in his prospects, for the interposition between eminence in England and banishment to America, to the casual civility of a good-natured man of conversation. The truth is, that genius is *not* the quality for this self-elevation. It is too fine, too fastidious, too delicate in its sense of degradation, and too proud in its estimate of its own rank, to take the better and humiliating chances of the world alone. It has the talon, and the plume, and the eye that drinks in the congenial splendour of the sun. But those very attributes and organs are its disqualifications for the work that is to be done by the mole-eyed and subterranean ambition of the routine of public life. This is the evil of all long established governments. Public employ, the object of the most generous of all ambitions, is surrounded with a system of artificial obstacles, a circumvallation of dependence through which no man can make his way by his single assault. Patronage holds the key of every gate of the citadel. Family influence, personal connexion, private obligations, all must sign the passport that admits the new man within the lines and ramparts of this singularly jealous and keenly guarded place of strength. It is only in the great general changes of the state, in the midst of mighty revolutions and sweeping overthrows of established authority, when the old bulwarks are broken down into fragments, that young talent can despise ancient vigilance, force its way over the ruins, and be master, in its own right, unindebted but to its own solitary prowess and self-dependent energy.

Yet all may be for the best. Even in the restraints laid upon the saliency of genius, there may be that good which redounds in securing

states from rash ambition, the besetting sin of powerful minds. It may be useful even to the productive services of such minds, that they should undergo in part the training that belongs to delay and disappointment. The pride of talent may be wisely taught that the feelings of a race whose mediocrity it would be ready to trample under its feet, that the commonplaces and forms of society, that even the feeble prejudices which grow up with old institutions, like the moss and weedy blossoms, harmless ornaments round the walls of our castles, are entitled to some share of its regard; that there are other ministers of good on earth, than the impetuous stride and burning glance of genius; that the general genial harvests of social life are not to be ploughed in by the lightning, nor reaped by the whirlwind. At least, we may well rejoice in the alternative which leaves us the quiet of society, undisturbed by revolution. To pass in peace through life is the first gift of government to nations. A few "bright particular stars" may thus be lost to the national eye, glittering for a moment, and then sunk below the horizon for ever. But we may well be content with a sky which gives us the light of day and the seasons in their time, unstatted by the terrors or the wonders of those flaming phenomena which, if they descend to increase the splendour, may come to shock the harmony of the sphere.

Burke was now brought into Parliament for Wendover, in Buckinghamshire, by the influence of Lord Verney, and on July the 17th, 1765, received his appointment as private secretary to the Minister. Yet even at this moment his fortunes were on the verge of wreck. His country operated against him; and, as in the crude conceptions of the English populace, every Irishman must be a Roman Catholic and a Jacobite, the old Duke of Newcastle, a man who through life exhibited the most curious combination of acuteness and absurdity, of address in office, and eccentricity everywhere else, instantly adopting the wisdom of the coffee-houses, hurried to the Marquis of Rockingham to protest against his bringing this firebrand into the magazine of gunpowder which then

composed the Ministry. The Marquis, a simple man, was terrified at what he had done; but a straightforward one, he had the manliness to mention the statement immediately to his new associate. Burke, probably not without some contempt for the understandings of both the noble Lords, satisfactorily shewed that it was even possible to be an Irishman and a Protestant at the same time; and referring to his career in the College, where he had obtained a scholarship,—an honour reserved expressly for Protestant students,—he at length succeeded in appeasing the trepidations of the two Ministers, and establishing the facts, that, being a Protestant gentleman by birth, he was not a Jesuit, and being educated in the Irish University for the bar, he was *not* educated for a priest at St Omers.

But it may be easily conceived that this rapidity of suspicion was not palatable to the feelings of a man like its object. He instantly retorted upon the Premier; and declared that his retaining office was thenceforth incompatible with his feelings; that suspicion so easily roused and so readily adopted, would naturally introduce reserve into their intercourse; and that conceiving a half confidence to be worse than none, he must immediately resign. The Marquis listened, but he was an old English gentleman. The dignity of conscious spirit and virtue in Burke attracted only his applause. He desired that the subject should be entirely forgotten, professed himself more than ever gratified by the manliness of his conduct, and refused to hear of his resignation. Burke, of course, gave way to this generous refusal, and proved himself worthy of the most perfect confidence, by his zeal and services during the life of his noble friend, and by many an eloquent tribute to his grave. In one of his speeches in Parliament, several years after the death of the Marquis, he thus feelingly alluded to his appointment and his patron:—

"In the year sixty-five, being in a very private station, far enough from any idea of business, and not having the honour of a seat in this House, it was my fortune, unknowing and unknown to the then Ministry, by the intervention of a commou

friend, to become connected with a very noble person at the head of the Treasury department. It was indeed in a situation of little rank and of no consequence, suitable to the mediocrity of my talents and pretensions; but a situation near enough to enable me to see, as well as others, what was going on. And I did see in this noble person such sound principles, such an enlargement of mind, such clear and sagacious sense, and such unshaken fortitude, as bound me, as well as others better than me, by an inviolable attachment to him from that time forward."

The new Ministry opened the session of Parliament on the 14th of January, 1766. Burke immediately shewed the value of his accession. His first speech was on American affairs, and his force, fancy, and information, astonished the House. Pitt, (Lord Chatham,) whose praise was fame, followed him in the debate, and pronounced a panegyric (a most unusual condescension) on the new orator. He observed that "the young member had proved himself a very able advocate. He had himself intended to enter at length into the details, but he had been anticipated with so much ingenuity and eloquence, that there was little left for him to say. He congratulated him on his success, and his friends on the value of the acquisition which they had made."

The stirring times through which we have passed, and the still more stirring times which seem to lie before us, throw an air of lightness over transactions deemed momentous in the days of our fathers. The last quarter of a century shoots up between like the pillar of the Israelites, covering all behind us with cloud, and all before us with flame. We have become accustomed to a larger wielding of power for larger consequences,—not armies but nations marching into the field—not empires but continents convulsed with overthrow, or rejoicing in the fracture of their chains,—conspiracies of kingdoms, and triumphs of the world. To us the strifes of domestic party, which excited the passions of our ancestors, have the look of child's play; we hear the angry declamation and the prophetic mepace, with something not far from scorn for the

men who uttered and the men who believed. The whole has too much the air of a battle on the stage. And it must be acknowledged that the mimic spirit of the hostility was well authenticated in the perpetual changes of the actors, in the unhesitating shiftings of their costume, in their rapid transitions from banner to banner, in their adoption night after night of new characters, and their being constant to nothing but a determination to be always before the public, until age or national contempt drove them from the scene. But other things and other times are in reserve for their offspring. We see the gathering of storms that shall try the strength of every institution of England and mankind. A new evil has been let loose upon the earth, from a darker source than any that the timid crimes or colourless follies of past ages ever opened. French Jacobinism has spread through the world. Its Babel was cast down in France, but the fall has diminished nothing of its malignity, and nothing of its power. Its confusion of tongues there has only inducted it into the knowledge of every language on earth, and the scattered strength of atheism and revolt has gone forth to propagate the kingdom of violence, and the idolatry of the passions, round the globe. The multitude in every quarter of Europe are already in the hands of Jacobinism. A spirit of fantastic and scornful innovation is at this time abroad, marshalling every casual discontent into its levy against the liberties and thrones of all nations; every complaint of idleness, of folly, of fortune; of the common chances of nature; even scarcity, disease, the simple inclemencies of the seasons, swell the same muster-roll of grievances with misgovernment; until the signal is given, and with rebellion in the van, and rapine in the rear, the whole sullen battalion is moved against the last refuges of law, government, and religion. Unless some hand mightier than that of human championship drive back the tempter to his dungeon, the ruin of all that deserves our homage is inevitable. The rise or fall of rival administrations will then cease to be a matter of moment to any living being. Be their merits what they may,

they will hold their power but by the caprice of the crowd. If they are virtuous, they will but raise the scaffold for themselves; if they are vicious, they will but wash it with the blood of others. All the old generous impulses to public service, all the glowing and lofty aspirations which gave men wings in their ascent up the steep of honour, and made the ruggedness of the height, and the tempests on its brow, only dearer portions of the triumph, will be at an end; there will be but one motive to labour, pelf and lust; one check to treason, fear. Successive administrations will be gathered and dissolved with the rapidity of a snow-ball. Their rise and progress will be no more noted, and no more worth being noted, than the floating of bubbles down the stream. The names of Whig and Tory will be equally obnoxious, or equally forgotten. One great faction will absorb all. A hundred-headed democracy will usurp the functions of government, and turn ministers into clerks, and cabinets into bureaus for registering the plunder, or tribunals for shedding the blood of the nation. Is this an imaginary picture of the rule of the multitude? Or is it some sullen remnant dug up from the sepulchres, where the crimes of antiquity lie, fortunately hid from the world? Is it not even a creation of our own day, is not its fiery track felt still across every field of France? We there saw a power, which had no name in courts or cabinets, start up with the swiftness of an exhalation, and spread death through the state. England was saved; over her a great protection was extended. A man of the qualities that are made for the high exigencies of empires, guided her councils, and appealing to the memories and the virtues of the country, rescued the constitution. Let the successors to his power be the successors to his intrepidity, and, no matter by what name they are known, we shall honour them. No voice of ours shall call their triumph in question, or be fretfully raised in the general acclamation that follows their car to the temple of victory. But the time for the old feeble compliances is past in every kingdom of Europe. The time for stern deter-

mination, prompt vigour, sleepless vigilance, and sacred fidelity, is come. The materials of revolt are gathered and heaped high, and ferment in every province of the Continent. We know the conflagration that is prepared at home, we have heard the insolent menace of the hundred thousands that are to march with banners flying from our manufacturing towns to meet the insurgent million of the capital, and concoct laws for King, ministers, and nation, under the shadow of the pike. But we know, too, how such menaces were met before; how the throne was strengthened by the very blast that was to scatter its fragments through the world; how the temple, instead of a ruin, was turned into an asylum for the grateful virtues of the land; how the national terror was transmuted into valour and patriotism; and even in the rolling of the thunders that still shook the Continent, England saw but the agency of a power above man, armed for the preservation of her empire.

Burke's early distinction in Parliament was the result of a mind remarkably constituted for public effort; but it was also the result of that active and masculine diligence which characterised him through life. Contemplating statesmanship as holding the highest rank of intellectual pursuits, and not unnaturally excited by the lustre of its rewards, he had from an early period applied himself to the study of politics; as he advanced nearer to the confines of public life, he had adopted the practical means of exercise in speaking, in some instances at debating clubs, of attending the debates in the House of Commons, and of making himself acquainted with the principal subjects which were likely to attract discussion. Such was his diligence, that on the subject which must have been the most repulsive to his soaring mind, the details of the commercial system, he was soon conceived to be among the best informed men in England.

This was the day of ministerial revolution—cabinets were abortions. The reign had commenced with an unpopular ministry, solely sustained by the character of the monarch. But no ministry can stand long on

any strength but its own. The King, weary of upholding the Bute cabinet against its original tendency to go down, at length cast it off, and it sank never to rise again. The Grenville ministry succeeded to its place, and its unpopularity. It was charged with the Bute principles without their palliatives, with purchasing place by the spoils of the people, with crushing the national liberties with one hand, while it was surrendering the national honour to foreigners with the other; of being a government of nepotism, favouritism, and secret patronage, a Bute ministry in masquerade. The general outcry at once demanded its overthrow, and the restoration of Pitt. The King, with a submissiveness which fully contradicts the charges of obstinacy, now offered the government to the man of the popular choice. Burke, in a letter to the celebrated Flood, written in 1765, with admirable sagacity, narrates the course of the negotiation, and almost predicts its results. "There is a strong probability that new men will come in, and not improbably with new ideas. There is no doubt that there is a fixed resolution to get rid of them all, (unless perhaps of Grenville,) but principally of the Duke of Bedford. So that you will have much more reason to be surprised to find the ministry standing by the end of the next week, than to hear of their entire removal." His idea of Lord Chatham is curious, and the event shewed his knowledge of that memorable man's character. "Nothing but an INTRACTABLE temper in your friend Pitt can prevent a most admirable and lasting system from being put together. And this crisis will shew whether *pride* or patriotism be predominant in his character; for you may be assured, he has it now in his power to come into the service of his country upon any plan of politics he may think proper to dictate, with great and honourable terms for himself and every friend he has in the world, and with such a strength of power as will be equal to every thing but absolute despotism over the King and kingdom. A few days will shew whether he will take this part, or that of continuing on his back at Hayes *talking fusion!* excluded from all ministerial, and incapable of all Par-

liamentary service. For his gout is worse than ever, but his pride may disable him more than his gout."

The history amply confirmed the conjecture. The Duke of Cumberland was sent by the King to offer the premiership to Pitt. He refused it. The ministry, elated by the discovery that a substitute was not to be found, and indignant at the attempt to find one, raised their demands upon the King. But the royal resources were not yet exhausted, and within two months the Marquis of Rockingham was placed at the head of a new cabinet. Burke's panegyric on the premier was the exuberance of a glowing fancy set in motion by a grateful heart. But it was an error. The Marquis was not the leader to collect the scattered energies of party, and shape them into system. Compared with Bute, he wanted conciliation, and with Grenville, knowledge of life and business. Formal and frigid, relying upon personal rank for official dignity, and for public confidence on hereditary prejudices, and forgetting the new element which had risen to disperse all such prejudices, he found himself suddenly in the rear of public opinion, saw even his own adherents starting forward before him; saw his whole force broken up, and after a struggle of a few months between pride and feebleness, retreated from a field into which he ought never to have entered. Burke, on this event, probably as a matter of duty, wrote his defence, "A short History of a short Administration," a work of a few pages, and dry as it was brief. A dull epitaph, and only the fitter for the tomb that it covered.

Pitt now came in in triumph, with the people yoked to his chariot; the King more reluctantly, but nearly as much yoked as the people; he rapidly formed an administration, and commenced his career with an energy which justified the national election. But with all the qualities which could raise him to the highest rank, he wanted the one important quality which could alone keep him there. He made no allowances for the feelings, the habits, or the weaknesses of other men. In a despotism government, perhaps, he would have been minister for life, and the admiration,

if not the terror, of Europe; his clearness of political vision, the lofty mastery with which he grasped the thunders of the state, and the unerring vigour with which he launched them, his natural habits of command, his severe integrity, and his brilliant, bold, and indefatigable ambition, would have achieved all the miracles of despotic policy, and raised a small kingdom into power, or extended a large one into European supremacy. But the time for this display of unmitigated strength was past in England. Even in France, the era of the Richlieu and Mazarines was no more. Great schemes of independent government were no longer to be *created*. The minister must work with such materials as were supplied to him, and Chatham, who, under a Philip the Second, would have broken down the Netherlands, or stifled their hostility by throwing the weight of the world upon them; or under a Henry the Eighth, would have alike trampled out the Reformation, or swept its enemies before the breath of his nostrils, according to the caprice of his sovereign; was forced in the day of George the Third, to concede and compromise, to feel the tenure of his power dependent on men whom he could scarcely stoop to acknowledge as his associates, to ballast the vessel of the State with even the fragments of former party, and, having done all, to see the helm wrenched from his hand.

The difficulty of forming the new cabinet, and the disunions which so quickly gave the King the power of dissolving it, were popularly caricatured by Burke. "He (Lord Chatham) put together a piece of joinery so crossly indented and whimsically dove-tailed, a cabinet so variously inlaid, such a piece of diversified mosaic, such a tessellated pavement without cement, here a bit of black stone and there a bit of white, patriots and courtiers, king's friends and republicans, Whigs and Tories, treacherous friends and open enemies, that it was indeed a very curious show, but utterly unsafe to touch and unsure to stand on. The colleagues whom he had assorted at the same board, stared at each other, and were obliged to ask,—Sir, your name? Sir, you have the advantage me.—Mr Such-a-one—I beg a

thousand pardons. I venture to say that it did so happen, that persons had a single office divided between them, who had never spoken to each other in their lives."

Burke, on the fall of his friends, withdrew for a few months to Ireland. He felt, with a just sense of his own reputation, that overtures would probably be made to him, and, with a sense of delicacy sufficiently remarkable in a young statesman, determining to avoid even the imputation of waiting to be purchased, he took his departure within two days of the ministerial retirement. But the changes of cabinets were now comparatively unimportant to his fortunes. He had shewn what he was, and he could be forgotten no more. He had now risen to the surface, and no fall of ministers could carry him down with them again. Once set floating on the tide of public affairs, he had within him a buoyancy that nothing could overweigh; the probability even was, that every swell and agitation of the surface would only lift him still higher, and make his qualities more conspicuous in the general struggle. The impression made on his friends in London, is strikingly recorded in a letter of Johnson to Langton, in 1766. "We have the loss of Burke's company since he has been engaged in public business, in which he has gained more reputation than perhaps any man at his first appearance ever gained before. He made two speeches in the House, for repealing the Stamp Act, which were publicly commended by Mr Pitt, and have filled the town with wonder. Burke is a great man, and is expected soon to attain civil greatness." The Chatham Ministry followed the fate of its predecessors. Raised in defiance of the throne, it was naked on the side of prerogative; and while it was engaged in defending itself from the new hostility of the people, it received a blow against which it had made no preparation; the ministry fell under the royal hand. Pitt, too proud to capitulate, and deserted by his troops, gave up the contest at once, and left his power to be partitioned among his deserters. The Duke of Grafton was placed at the head of a cabinet formed of recreants of all parties; and one of the most ineffective and

characterless cabinets that England ever saw, began its operations, with a populace inflamed to the most extraordinary excesses, with a failing finance, a general convulsion of the commercial system, and the whole body of the colonies in uproar, hurling scorn on the mother country, denying and defying her laws, disputing her rights, and with the same rebellious banners waving from their shores to repel the authority of England, and welcome the alliance of her enemies.

Burke was now the acknowledged leader of that part of opposition which professed the principles of the Marquis of Rockingham; Mr Grenville, of that part which had fallen with himself from power. No two men could have fewer conceptions in common. Differing in all points of policy, they were kept together only by their hostility to the weak and wavering cabinet, whose overthrow they hourly contemplated. At length, a pamphlet entitled, "The present State of the Nation," written by either Mr Grenville, or his former secretary Mr Knox, under his dictation, and containing some sarcasms on the Rockingham Ministry, brought Burke into action. He flew to the defence of a cause which he considered his own, and by his "Observations on a late State of the Nation," completely retorted the charges, and added to his fame all that profound thought, exact details of the national interests, and animated eloquence could give. But the chief excellence of all this eminent person's works is, that they are for the general experience of mankind; they are not the artificial ornaments of the hour, but instinct with a spirit of life, which makes them flourish as green as ever from generation to generation. Rapid and brilliant as his conceptions rise from the passion of the moment, and transitory as may be the circumstances of their origin, they have in them nothing transitory, nothing of the meteor; they take their place at a height above the vapours of this dim world, and minister illumination to every age to come. He thus speaks of the fatal facility with which public men slide into apostasy—(The Bedford party had at this period seceded from their old friends, and joined administration)—

"It is possible to draw, even from

the very prosperity of ambition, examples of terror, and motives to compassion. I believe the instances are exceedingly rare, of men immediately passing over the clear, marked line of virtue, into declared vice and corruption. There are a sort of middle tints and shades between the two extremes; there is something uncertain on the confines of the two empires, which they first pass through, and which renders the change easy and imperceptible. There are even a sort of splendid impositions, so well contrived, that at the very time when the path of rectitude is quitted for ever, men seem to be advancing into some higher and nobler road of public conduct. Not that such impositions are strong enough in themselves; but that a powerful interest, often concealed from those whom it affects, works at the bottom and secures the operation. Men are thus debauched away from those legitimate connexions, which they had formed on a judgment, early perhaps, but sufficiently mature, and wholly unbiassed."

With what countenance might some of the apostates who carried the Catholic question look in this mirror held up to them by the frowning genius of Burke! With what shame and remorse might those who have still the power of feeling, see the features stamped by that guiltiest of all tergiversations! With what terror might those who are beyond shame see their crime blazoned and thrown into hideous light, for the scorn and warning of all posterity! The only distinction between Burke and the reality is, that the apostasy which is long to wreak its retribution on England, had none of the flowery descants, the smooth and stealing lapses, the gentle labyrinthine circuits into vice. There was no gradation. The treachery did not condescend to wear a mask, nor the wooer to desire one; the crime was embraced in all its deformity, and the criminals boasted of the openness of the intrigue, and made a reputation of the audacity with which they abandoned every sense of personal and public honour.

The picture of the bond slaves of party, who begin by sacrificing their principles, and then sacrifice their friends, is incomparable. "People

not well grounded in the principles of public morality, find a set of maxims in office ready made for them, which they assume as naturally and inevitably as any of the insignia or instruments of the situation. A certain tone of the s and practical is immediately acquired. Every former profession of public spirit is to be considered as a debauch of youth, or, at least, as a visionary scheme of unattainable perfection. The very idea of consistency exploded. The convenience of the business of the day is to furnish the principle for doing it. Then the whole ministerial cant is quickly got by heart. The prevalence of faction is to be lamented. All opposition is to be regarded as the effect of envy and disappointed ambition. All administrations are declared to be alike. Flattering themselves that their power is become necessary to the support of all order and government, every thing which tends to the support of that power is sanctified, and becomes a part of the public interest.

" Growing every day more formed to affairs, and better knit in their limbs; when the occasion (now their only rule) requires it, they become capable of sacrificing those very persons to whom they had before sacrificed their original friends. It is now only in the ordinary course of business to alter an opinion, or to betray a connexion. Frequently relinquishing one set of men and adopting another, they grow into a total indifference to human feeling, as they had before to moral obligation, until, at length, no one original impression remains on their minds, every principle is obliterated, every sentiment effaced.

" In the meantime, that power which all these changes aimed at remains still as tottering and uncertain as ever. They are delivered up into the hands of those who feel neither respect for their persons, nor gratitude for their favours; who are put about them in appearance to serve, in reality to govern them; and when the signal is given, to abandon and destroy them, in order to set up some new dupe of ambition, who, in his turn

is to be abandoned and destroyed. Thus living in a state of continual uneasiness and ferment, softened only by the miserable consolation of giving now and then preferments to those for whom they have no value, they are unhappy in their situation, yet find it impossible to resign; until at length, soured in temper, and disappointed by the very attainment of their ends, in some angry, in some haughty, in some negligent moment, they incur the displeasure of those upon whom they have rendered their very being dependent. Then, '*perierunt tempora longi servitii*;' they are cast off with scorn, emptied of all natural character, of all intrinsic worth, of all essential dignity, and deprived of every consolation of friendship. Having rendered all retreat to old principles ridiculous, and to old regards impracticable; not being able to counterfeit pleasure, or to discharge discontent, it is more than a chance, that in the delirium of the last stage of their dis-tempered power, they make an insane political testament, by which they throw all their remaining weight and consequence into the scale of their declared enemies, and avowed authors of their destruction. Thus they finish their course. Had it been possible, that the whole, or even a great part of those effects on their fortunes, could have appeared to them in their first departure from the right, it is certain that they would have rejected every temptation with horror."

We shall now have to follow Burke through more various and elevated transactions; in which he was no longer the contemplatist, but a great leader of the contest. The sounds of war and anarchy were coming from America, they were reverberating from Ireland, they were preparing to be answered by a tenfold roar from France; every principle of national stability was to be tried in its turn. The character of Religion, Loyalty, and Government, was to undergo the fiercest ordeal known in history, and at every trial, the genius and wisdom of Burke were to among the most conspicuous guides of the land.

TOM CRINGLE'S LOG.

CHAP. XIX.

BRINGING UP LEE WAY.

" And I have loved thee, Ocean, and my joy,
Of youthful sports, was on thy breast to be
Borne like thy bubbles onward—From a boy,
I wanted with thy breakers. They to me
Were a delight; and if the frothing sea
Made them a terror, 'twas a childish fear—
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane "

Childe Harold

—————" Heaven's verge extreme
Reverberates the bombs descending star,
And sounds that mingled laugh, and shout and scream.
To freeze the blood, in one discordant jai,
Rung to the peeling thunderbolts of war.

* * * * *
While rapidly the marksman's shot prevailed,
And aye as if for death some lonely trumpet wailed.
Gertrude of Wyoming

THE puncture in Mr Bang's neck from the boarding-pike was not very deep, still it was an ugly lacerated wound; and if he had not, to use his own phrase, been somewhat bull-necked, there is no saying what the consequences might have been.

"Tom, my boy," said he, after the doctor was done with him, "I am nicely coopered now—nearly as good as new—a little stiffish or so—lucky to have such a comfortable coating of muscle, otherwise the *carotid* would have been in danger. So come here, and take your turn, and I will hold the candle."

It was dead calm, and as I had desired the cabin to be used as a cockpit, it was at this time full of poor fellows, waiting to have their wounds dressed, whenever the surgeon could go below. The lantern was brought, and, sitting down on a wadding tub, I stripped. The ball, which I knew had lodged in the fleshy part of my left shoulder, had first of all struck me right over the collar-bone, from which it had glanced, and then buried itself in the muscle of the arm, just below the skin, where it stood out, as if it had been a sloe both in shape and colour. The collar-bone was much shattered, and my chest was a good deal shaken, and greatly bruised; but I had perceived nothing of all this at the time I was shot; the sole perceptible sensation was the pinch in the shoulder, as already described. I was much surprised (every man who has been

seriously hit being entitled to expatiate) with the extreme smallness of the puncture in the skin through which the ball had entered; you could not have forced a pea through it, and there was scarcely any flow of blood.

"A very simple affair this, sir," said the surgeon, as he made a minute incision right over the ball, the instrument cutting into the cold dull lead with a *cheep*, and then pressing his fingers, one on each side of it, it jumped out nearly into Aaron's mouth.

"A pretty sugar-plum, Tom—if that collar-bone of yours had not been all the harder, you would have been embalmed in a gazette, to use your own favourite expression. But, my good boy, your bruise on the chest is serious; you must go to bed, and take care of yourself."

Alas! there was no bed for me to go to. The cabin was occupied by the wounded, where the surgeon was still at work. Out of our small crew, nine had been killed, and eleven wounded, counting passengers—twenty out of forty-two—a fearful proportion.

At length the night fell.

"Pearl, send some of the people aft, and get a spare square-sail from the sailmaker, and"—

"Will the awning not do, sir?"

"To be sure it will," said I—it did not occur to me. "Get the awning triced up to the stanchions, and tell my steward to get the beds

on deck—a few flags to shut us in will make the thing complete.”

It was done; and while the sharp cries of the wounded, who were immediately under the knife of the doctor, and the low moans of those whose wounds had been dressed, or were waiting their turn, reached our ears distinctly through the small sky-light, our beds were arranged on deck, under the shelter of the awning, a curtain of flags veiling our quarters from the gaze of the crew. Paul Gelid and Pepperpot occupied the starboard side of the little vessel; Aaron Bang and myself the larboard. By this time it was close on eight o'clock in the evening. I had merely looked in on our friends, ensconced as they were in their temporary hurricane house; for I had more work than I could accomplish on deck in repairing damages. Most of our standing, and great part of our running rigging, had been shot away, which the tired crew were busied in splicing and knotting, the best way they could. Our main-mast was very badly wounded close to the deck. It was fished as scientifically as our circumstances admitted. The fore-mast had fortunately escaped—it was untouched; but there were no fewer than thirteen round shot through our hull, five of them being between wind and water.

When every thing had been done which ingenuity could devise, or the most determined perseverance execute, I returned to our canvass-shed aft, and found Mr Wagtail sitting on the deck, arranging, with the help of my steward, the supper equipment to the best of his ability. Our meal, as may easily be imagined, was frugal in the extreme—salt beef, biscuit, some roasted yams, and cold grog—some of Aaron's excellent rum. But I mark it down, that I question if any one of the four who partook of it, ever made so hearty a supper before or since. We worked away at the junk until we had polished the bone, clean as an elephant's tusk, and the roasted yams disappeared in bushels-full; while the old rum sank in the bottle, like mercury in the barometer, indicating an approaching gale.

“I say, Tom,” quoth Aaron, “how do you feel, my boy?”

“Why, not quite so buoyant as I could wish. To me it has been a day of fearful responsibility.”

“And well it may,” said he. “As for myself, I go to rest with the tremendous consciousness that even I, who am not a professional butcher, have shed more than one fellow-creature's blood—a trembling consideration—and all for what, Tom? You met a big ship in the dark, and desired her to stop. She said she would not. You said, ‘You shall.’—She rejoined, ‘I'll be d—d if I do.’ And thereupon you set about compelling her; and certainly you have interrupted her course to some purpose, at the trivial cost of the lives of only five or six hundred human beings, whose hearts were beating cheerily within these last six hours, but whose bodies are now food for fishes.”

I was stung. “At your hands, my dear sir, I did not expect this, and”——

“Hush,” said he, “I don't blame *you*—it is all right; but why will not the Government at home arrange by treaty that this nefarious trade should be entirely put down? Surely all our victories by sea and land might warrant our stipulating for so much, in place of hugger-muggering with doubtful ill-defined treaties, specifying that you *Johnny Crapeau*, and you *Jack Spaniard*, shall steal men, and deal in human flesh, in such and such a degree of latitude *only*, while, if you pick up one single slave a league to the northward or southward of the prescribed line of coast, then we shall blow you out of the water wherever we meet you. Why should poor devils, who live in one degree of latitude, be kidnapped, whilst we make it felony to steal their immediate neighbours?” Aaron waxed warm as he proceeded——“If slavery be that *Upas-tree*, under whose baleful shade every kindly feeling in the human bosom, whether of master or servant, withers and dies, I ask, who planted it? If it possess such a magical, and incredible, and most pestilential quality, that the English gentleman who shall be virtuous and beneficent, and just in all his ways, *before he leaves home*, and *after he returns home*, shall, during his temporary sojourn within its influence, have his warm heart of

flesh smuggled out of his bosom, by some *hocus pocus*, utterly unintelligible to any unprejudiced rational being, or have it indurated into the flint of the *netter* milstone, or frozen into a lump of ice"—

"Lord," ejaculated Wagtail, "only fancy a snow-ball in a man's stomach, and in Jamaica too!"

Hold your tongue, Waggy, my love," continued Aaron; "if all this were so, I would again ask, who planted it?—say not that *we* did it—I am a planter, but I did not plant slavery. I found it growing and flourishing, and fostered by the government, and made my nest amongst the branches like a respectable *corbie crur*, or a pelican in a wild-duck's nest, with all my pretty little tender black *branchers* hopping about me, along with numberless other unfortunates, and now find that the tree is being uprooted by the very hands that planted and nourished it, and seduced me to live in it, and all!"—

I laughed aloud—"Come, come, my dear sir, you are a perfect Lord Castlereagh in the *congruity* of your figures. How the deuce can any living thing exist among the poisonous branches of the Upas-tree—or a wild-duck build!"—

"Get along with your criticism Tom—and don't laugh, hang it, don't laugh—but who told you that a *corbie* cannot?"

"Why *there* are no *corbies* in Java."

"Pah!—botheration—there are pelicans then; but you know it is not an *Upas*-tree, you know it is all a chimera, and like the air-drawn dagger of Macbeth, that 'there is no such thing.' Now, that is a good burst, Gelid, my lad, a'u't it?" said Bang, as he drew a long breath, and again launched forth.

"Our Government shall quarrel about sixpence here or sixpence there, of discriminative duty in a foreign port, while they have clapt a knife to our throats, and a flaming faggot to our houses, by absurd edicts and fanatical intermeddling with our own colonies, where the slave-trade has notoriously, and to their own conviction, entirely ceased; while they will not put out their little finger, nay, they calmly look on, and permit a traffic utterly repug-

nant to all the best feelings of our nature, and baneful to an incalculable degree to our own West Indian possessions; and the suppression of which—Lord, what a thing to think of!—has nearly deprived the world of the invaluable services of me, Aaron Bang, Esquire, Member of Council of the Island of Jamaica, and Custos Rotulorum Populorum Jig of the Parish of"—

"Lord," said Wagtail, "why, the yam is not half done."

"But the rum *is*—ah!" drawled Gelid.

"D—the yam and the rum too," rapped out Bang. "Why, you belly-gods, you have interrupted such a torrent of eloquence!"

I began to guess that our friends were waxing peppery. "Why, gentlemen, I don't know how *you* feel, but *I* am regularly done up—it is quite calm, and I hope we shall all sleep, so good-night."

We nestled in, and the sun had risen before I was called next morning. I hope

"I rose a sadder and a wiser man
Upon that morrow's morn."

"On deck, there," said I, while dressing. Mr Peter Swop, one of the Firebrand's master-mates, and acting-master of the Wave, popped in his head through the opening in the flags. "How is the weather, Mr Swop?"

"Calm all night, sir; not a breath stirring, sir."

"Are the sails shifted?" said I, "and the starboard main-shrouds replaced?"

"They are not yet, sir; the sails are on deck, and the rigging is now stretching, and will be all ready to get over the mast-head by breakfast-time, sir."

"How is her head?"

"Why," rejoined Swop, "it has been boxing all round the compass, sir, for these last twelve hours; at present it is north-east."

"Have we drifted much since last night, Mr Swop?"

"No, sir—much where we were, sir," rejoined the master.

"There are several pieces of wreck, and three dead bodies, floating close to, sir."

By this time I was dressed, and

had gone from under the awning on deck. The first thing I did, was to glance my eye over the nettings, and there perceived, on our quarter, three dead bodies, as Mr Swop had said, floating,—one a white Spaniard, and the others the corpses of two unfortunate Africans, who had perished miserably when the brig went down. The white man's remains, swollen, as they were, from the heat of the climate, and sudden putrefaction consequent thereon, floated quietly within pistol-shot, motionless and still; but the bodies of the two negroes were nearly hidden by the clustering sea-birds which had perched on them. There were at least two dozen shipped on each carcass, busy with their beaks and claws, while, on the other hand, the water in the immediate neighbourhood seemed quite alive, from the rushing and walloping of numberless fishes, who were tearing the prey piecemeal. The view was any thing but pleasant, and I naturally turned my eyes forward to see what was going on in the bows of the schooner. I was startled from the number of black faces which I saw. "Why, Mr Tail-tackle, how many of these poor creatures have we on board?"

"There are fifty-nine, sir, under hatches in the forehold," said Timothy, "and thirty-five on deck; but I hope we shan't have them long, sir. It looks like a breeze to windward. We shall have it before long, sir."

At this moment Mr Bang came on deck. "Lord, Tom, I thought it was a flea-bite last night, but, mercy, I am as stiff and sore as a gentleman need be. How do *you* feel? I see you have one of your fins in a sling,—eh?"

"I am a little stiff, certainly; however, that will go off; but come forward here, my dear sir; come here, and look at this shot-hole—saw you ever any thing like that?"

This was the smashing of one of our pumps from a round shot, the splinters from which were stuck into the bottom of the launch, which overhung it, forming really a figure very like the letter A.

"Don't take it to myself, Tom—no, not at all."

At this moment the black savages on the fore-castle discovered our friend, and shouts of "Sheik Coco-

loo" rent the skies. Mr Bang, for a moment, appeared startled, and, so far as I could judge, he had forgotten that part of his exploit, and did not know what to make of it, until at last the actual meaning seemed to flash on him, and, with a shout of laughter, he bolted in through the opening of the flags to his former quarters below the awning. I descended to the cabin, breakfast having been announced, and sat down to our meal, confronted by Paul Gelid and Peppercot Wagtail. Presently we heard Aaron sing out, the small skuttle being right overhead, "Pegtop, come here, Pegtop, I say, help me on with my neckcloth—so—that will do; now I shall go on deck. Why, Pearl, my boy, what do you want?" and before Pearl could get a word in, Aaron continued, "I say, Pearl, go to the other end of the ship, and tell your Coromantee friends that it is all a humbug—that I am *not* the Sultan Cocoloo; furthermore, that I have not a feather in my tail like a palm branch, of the truth of which I offer to give them ocular proof."

Pearl made his salam. "Oh, sir, I fear that we must not say too much on that subject; we have not irons for one-half of them savage negirs;" the fellow was as black as a coal himself; "and were they to be undeceived, why, reduced as our crew is, they might at any time rise on, and massacre the whole watch."

"The devil!" we could hear friend Aaron say; "oh, then, go forward, and assure them that I am a bigger ostrich than ever, and I shall astonish them presently, take my word for it. Pegtop, come here, you scoundrel," he continued; "I say, Pegtop, get me out my uniform coat,"—our friend was a captain of Jamaica militia—"so—and my sword—that will do—and here, pull off my trowsers, it will be more classic to perambulate in my shirt, in case it really be necessary to persuade them that the palm branch was all a figure of speech. Now, my hat—there—walk before me, and fan me with the top of that hering barrel."

This was a lid of one of the wadding-tubs, which, to come up to Jigmarée's notions of neatness, had been fitted with covers, and forth stumped Bang, preceded by Pegtop doing the honours. But the instant he appear-

ed from beneath the flags, the same wild shout arose from the captive slaves forward, who, that is such of them as were not fettered, immediately began to bundle and tumble round our friend, rubbing their flat noses and woolly heads all over him, and taking hold of the hem of his garment, whereby his personal decency was so seriously periled, that after an unavailing attempt to shake them off, he fairly bolted, and ran for shelter, once more, under the awning, amidst the suppressed mirth of the whole crew, Aaron himself laughing louder than any of them all the while. "I say, Tom, and fellow-sufferers," quoth he, after he had run to earth under the awning, and looking down the scuttle into the cabin where we were at breakfast, "how am I to get into the cabin? if I go out on the quarter-deck but one arm's length, in order to reach the companion, these barbarians will be at me again. Ah, I see!"—

Whereupon, without more ado, he stuck his legs down through the small hatch right over the breakfast table, with the intention of descending, and the first thing he accomplished, was to pop his foot into a large dish of scalding hominy, or hasty-pudding, made of Indian corn meal, with which Wagtail was in the habit of commencing his stowage at breakfast. But this proving too hot for comfort, he instantly drew it out, and in his attempt to reascend, he stuck his bespattered toe into Paul Gelid's mouth. "Oh! oh!" exclaimed Paul, while little Wagtail lay back laughing like to die; but the next instant Bang gave another struggle, or wallop, like a *pelloch* in shoal-water, whereby Pepperpot borrowed a good kick on the side of the head, and down came the *Great Ostrich*, Aaron Bang, but without any feather in his tail, as I can avouch, slap upon the table, smashing cups and saucers, and hominy, and devil knows what all, to pieces, as he floundered on the board. This was so absurd, that we were all obliged to give uncontrolled course to our mirth for a minute or two, when, making the best of the wreck, we contrived to breakfast in tolerable comfort.

Soon after the meal was finished, a light air enabled us once more to

lie our course, and we gradually crept to the northward, until twelve o'clock in the forenoon, after which time it fell calm again. I went down to the cabin; Bang had been overhauling my small library, when a shelf gave way (the whole affair having been injured by a round shot in the action, which had torn right through the cabin), so down came several scrolls, rolled up, and covered with brown paper.

"What are all these?" I could here our friend say.

"They are my logs," said I.

"Your what?"

"My private journals."

"Oh, I see," said Aaron. "I will have a turn at them, with your permission. But what is this so carefully bound with red tape, and sealed, and marked—let me see, 'Thomas Cringle, his log-book.'"

He looked at me.—"Why, my dear sir, to say the truth, that is my first attempt; full of trash, believe me;—what else could you expect from so mere a lad as I was when I wrote it?"

"The child is father to the man," Tom, my boy; so may I peruse it; may I read it for the edification of my learned allies,—Pepperpot Wagtail, and Paul Gelid, Esquires?"

"Certainly," I replied, "no objection in the world, but you will laugh at me, I know; still, do as you please, only, had you not better have your wound dressed first?"

"My wound! Poo, poo! just enough to swear by—a flea-bite—never mind it; so here goes—"

"Thomas Cringle, his log-book.—"Arrived in Portsmouth, by the *Defiance*, at ten, a.m. on such a day. Waited on the Commissioner, to whom I had letters, and said I was appointed to the *Torch*. Same day, went on board and took up my berth in said vessel!"—

"Ahem, ahem!" quoth Bang; "stiffing hot berth; mouldy biscuit; and so on."

"Why, nothing very entertaining in all this, certainly—let me see,—"My mother's list makes it fifteen shirts, whereas I only have twelve."

"Come," said Bang, "that is an incident."

"Admiral made the signal to weigh, wind at S.W., fresh and squally. Stockings should be one

dozen worsted, three of cotton, two of silk; find only half a dozen worsted, two of cotton, and one of silk. Fired a gun, and weighed."

"Who?" quoth Aaron, "you or the Admiral, or the worsted, cotton, or silk stockings?"

"Oh, botheration! I said you would glean nothing worth having, my dear sir, and you see I did not deceive you."

"Possibly not," quoth he, "but let me judge for myself, Master *Tummas*."

"Downs—Goodwin Sands."—

"Hum, hum! Ah, come, here is something continuous. Let me clear my harmonious voice. Wagtail, my boy—Gelid, dear, lend me your ears, they are long enough,—they would make purses, if not silk ones. Here goes!"—

"Tom Cringle's first log.—Sailed for the North Sea, deucedly sea-sick; was told that fat pork was the best specific, if bolted half raw; did not find it much of a tonic;—passed a terrible night, and for four hours of it obliged to keep watch, more dead than alive. On the evening of the third day, we were off Harwich, and then got a slant of wind that enabled us to lay our course."

"Lie our course, I would have written," said Aaron.

"We stood on, and next morning, in the cold, miserable, drenching haze of an October daybreak, we passed through a fleet of fishing-boats at anchor. 'At anchor,' thought I, 'and in the middle of the sea,'—but so it was—all with their tiny cabooses, smoking cheerily, and a solitary figure, as broad as it was long, stiffly walking to and fro on the confined decks of the little vessels. It was now that for the first time I knew the value of the saying, 'a fisherman's walk, two steps and overboard.' With regard to these same fishermen, I cannot convey a better notion of them, than by describing one of the two North Sea pilots whom we had on board: well, this pilot was a tall, raw-boned subject, about six feet or so, with a blue face—I could not call it red, and a hawk's-bill nose, of the colour of bronze. His head was defended from the weather by what is technically called a south-west, pronounced sow-west, cap, which is in shape

like the *thutch* of a dustman, composed of canvass, well tarred, with no snout, and having a long flap hanging down the back to carry the rain over the cape of the jacket. His chin was embedded in a red comforter that rose to his ears. His trunk was first of all cased in a shirt of worsted stocking-net; over this he had a coarse linen shirt, then a thick cloth waistcoat; a shag jacket was the next layer, and over that was rigged the large cumbersome pea jacket, reaching to his knees. As for his lower spars, the rig was still more peculiar:—first of all, he had on a pair of most comfortable woollen stockings, what we call fleecy hosiery—and the *beauties* are peculiarly nice in this respect,—then a pair of strong fearnaught trowsers; over these again are drawn up another pair of stockings, thick rig-and-furrow, as we call them in Scotland, and above all this were drawn a pair of long, well-greased, and *liquored* boots, reaching half way up the thigh, and altogether impervious to wet. However comfortable this *costume* may be in bad weather *in board*, it is clear enough that any culprit so swathed, would stand a poor chance of being saved, were he to fall *overboard*. The wind veered round and round, and baffled, and checked us off, so that it was the sixth night after we had taken our departure from Harwich before we saw Heligoland light. We then bore away for Cuxhaven, and I now knew for the first time that we had a government emissary of some kind or another on board, although he had hitherto confined himself strictly to the captain's cabin.

"All at once it came on to blow from the north-east, and we were again driven back among the English fishing-boats. The weather was thick as butter-milk, so we had to keep the bell constantly ringing, as we could not see the jib-boom-end from the forecabin. Every now and then we heard a small, hard, clanking tinkle, from the fishing-boats, as if an old pot had been struck instead of a bell, and a faint hollo, "Fishing-smack," as we shot past them in the fog, while we could scarcely see the vessels at all. The morning after this particular time to which I allude, was darker than any

which had gone before it; absolutely you could not see the breadth of the ship from you; and as we had not taken the sun for five days, we had to grope our way almost entirely by the lead. I had the forenoon watch, during the whole of which we were amongst a little fleet of fishing-boats, although we could scarcely see them, but being unwilling to lose ground by lying to, we fired a gun every half hour, to give the small craft notice of our vicinity, that they might keep their bells a-going. Every three or four minutes, the marine drum-boy, or some amateur performer,—for most sailors would give a glass of grog any day to be allowed to beat a drum for five minutes on end,—beat a short roll, and often as we drove along, under a reefed foresail, and close reefed topsails, we could hear the answering tinkle before we saw the craft from which it proceeded, and when we did perceive her as we flew across her stern, we could only see it, and her mast, and one or two well swathed, hardy fishermen, the whole of the little vessel forward being hid in a cloud.

"I had been invited this day to dine with the Captain, Mr Splinter, the first lieutenant being also of the party; the cloth had been withdrawn, and we had all had a glass or two of wine a-piece, when the fog settled down so thickly, although it was not more than five o'clock in the afternoon, that the captain desired that the lamp might be lit. It was done, and I was remarking the contrast between the dull, dusky, brown light, or rather the palpable London fog that came through the sky-light, and the bright yellow sparkle of the lamp, when the second lieutenant, Mr Treemail, came down the ladder.

"We have shoaled our water to five fathom, sir—shells and stones. Here, Wilson, bring in the lead."

"The leadsmen, in his pea jacket and shag trowsers, with the rain-drop hanging to his nose, and a large knot in his cheek from a junk of tobacco therein stowed, with pale, wet visage, and whiskers sparkling with moisture, while his long black hair hung damp and lank over his fine forehead, and the stand-up cape of his coat, immediately presented himself at the door, with the lead in his claws, an octagonal shaped cone, like

the weight of a window sash, about eighteen inches long, and two inches diameter at the bottom, tapering away nearly to a point at top, where it was flattened, and a hole pierced for the line to be fastened to. At the lower end—the butt-end, as I would say—there was a hollow scooped out, and filled with grease, so that, when the lead was cast, the quality of the soil, sand, or shells, or mud, that came up adhering to this lard, indicated, along with the depth of water, our situation in the North Sea; and by this, indeed, we guided our course, in the absence of all opportunity of ascertaining our position by observations of the sun. The Captain consulted the chart—"Sand and shells; why, you should have deeper water, Mr Treemail. Any of the fishing-boats near you?"

"Not at present, sir; but we cannot be far off some of them."

"Well, let me know when you come near any of them."

"A little after this, as became my situation, I rose and made my bow, and went on deck. By this time the night had fallen, and it was thicker than ever, so that, standing beside the man at the wheel, you could not see farther forward than the booms; yet it was not dark either, that is, it was moonlight, so that the haze, thick as it was,

like appearance, as if it had been luminous in itself, that cannot be described to any one who has not seen it. The gun had been fired just as I came on deck, but no responding tinkle gave notice of any vessel being in the neighbourhood. Ten minutes, it may have been a quarter of an hour, when a short roll of the drum was beaten from the forecastle, where I was standing. At the moment, I thought I heard a holla, but I could not be sure; presently I saw a small light, with a misty halo surrounding it, just under the bowsprit—"Port your helm," sung out the boatswain; "port your helm, or we shall be over a fishing-boat!" A cry arose from beneath; a black object was for an instant distinguishable, and the next moment a crash was heard; the spritsail-yard rattled, and broke off sharp at the point, where it crossed the bowsprit; and a heavy smashing thump against our bows told in fearful language that

we had run her down. Three of the men and a boy hung on by the rigging of the bowsprit, and were brought safely on board; but two poor fellows perished, with their boat. It appeared that they had broken their bell, and although they saw us coming, they had no better means than shouting, and showing a light, to advertise us of their vicinity.

"Next morning the wind once more chopped round, and the weather cleared, and in four-and-twenty hours thereafter we were off the mouth of the Elbe, with three miles of white foaming shoals between us and the land at Cuxhaven, roaring and hissing, as if ready to swallow us up. It was low water, and, as our object was to land the Emissary at Cuxhaven, we had to wait, having no pilot for the port, although we had the signal flying for one all morning, until noon, when we ran in close to the green mound which constituted the rampart of the fort at the entrance. To our great surprise, when we hoisted our colours and pennant, and fired a gun to leeward, there was no flag hoisted in answer at the flag-staff, nor was there any indication of a single living soul on shore to welcome us. Mr Splinter and the Captain were standing together at the gangway—"Why, sir," said the former, "this silence somewhat surprises me: what say you, Cheragoux?" to the government emissary or messenger already mentioned, who was peering through the glass close by.

"Why, ni Lieutenant, I don't certain dat all ish right on sore dere."

"No," said Captain Deadeye; "why, what *do* you see?"

"It ish not so mosh vat I shee, as vat I no shee, sir, dat trembles me. It cannot surely be possib dat de Prussian an' Hanoverian troop have left de place, and dat dese dem France-man ave advance so far as de Elbe *autrefois*, dat ish, once more?"

"French," said Deadeye; "poo, nonsense; no French hereabouts; none nearer than those cooped up in Hamburgh with Davoust, take my word for it."

"I sall take your vord for any ting else in de large world, ni Capitan; but I see someting glance behind dat rampart, parapet you call, dat look dem like de shako of de *infanterie*

légere of dat willain de Emperor Napoleon. Ah! I see de red worsted epaulet of de grenadier also; *sacre*, vat is dat pof of vite smoke?"

"What it was we soon ascertained to our heavy cost, for the shot that had been fired at us from a long 32-pound gun, took effect right abait the foremast, and killed three men outright, and wounded two. Several other shots followed, but with less sure aim. Returning the fire was of no use, as our carronades could not have pitched their metal much more than half-way; or, even if they had been long guns, they would merely have plumped the balls into the turf rampart, without hurting any one. So we wisely hauled off, and ran up the river with the young flood for about an hour, until we anchored close to the Hanoverian bank, near a gap in the dike, where we waited till the evening.

"As soon as the night fell, a boat with muffled oars was manned, to carry the messenger on shore. I was in it; Mr Treemail, the second lieutenant, steering. We pulled in right for a breach in the dike, lately cut by the French, in order to inundate the neighbourhood; and as the Elbe at high water is hereabouts much higher than the surrounding country, we were soon sucked into the current, and had only to keep our oars in the water, pulling a stroke now and then to give the boat steerage way. As we shot through the gap into the smooth water beyond, we then once more gave way, the boat's head being kept in the direction of lights that we saw twinkling in the distance, apparently in some village beyond the inner embankment, when all at once we dashed in amongst thousands of wild-geese, which rose with a clang, and a concert of quacking, screaming, and hissing, that was startling enough. We skimmed steadily on in the same direction—"Oars, men!" We were by this time close to a small cluster of houses, perched on the forced ground or embankment, and the messenger hailed in German.

"*Qui vive!*" sung out a gruff voice; and we heard the clank of a musket, as if some one had cast it from his shoulder, and caught it in his hands, as he brought it down to the charge. Our passenger seemed

a little taken aback; but he hailed again, still in German. '*Parole,*' replied the man. A pause. 'The watchword, or I fire.' We had none to give.

"Pull round, men," said the Lieutenant, with great quickness; 'pull the starboard oars; we are in the wrong box; back water the larboard. That's it! give way, men.'

"A flash—crack went the sentry's piece, and *ping* sung the ball over our heads. Another pause. Then a volley from a whole platoon. Again all was dark and silent. Presently a field-piece was fired, and several rockets were let off in our direction, by whose light we could see a whole company of French soldiers standing to their arms, with several cannon, but we were speedily out of the reach of their musketry; but several round shots were fired at us, that hissed, recocheting along the water close by us. Not a word was spoken in the boat all this time, but we continued to pull for the opening in the dike, although, the current being strong against us, we made but little way; while the chance of being cut off by the *Johnny Crapeaus* getting round the top of the embankment, so as to command the gap before we could reach it, became every moment more alarming.

"The messenger was in great tribulation, and made several barefaced attempts to stow himself away under the stern sheets.

"The gallant fellows who composed the crew strained at their oars until every thing cracked again; but as the flood made, the current against us increased, and we barely held our own. 'Steer her out of the current, man,' said the lieutenant to the coxswain; the man put the tiller to port as he was ordered.

"Vat you do soch a ting for, Mr Capitan Lieutenant?" said the emissary. 'Oh! you not pershave you are rone in onder de igh bank. How you shall satisfy me, no France *infanterie légère* dere, too, more as in de fort, eh? How you shall satisfy me, Mister Capitan Lieutenant, eh?'

"Hold your blasted tongue, will you," said Treenail, 'and the *infanterie légère* be damned simply. Mind your eye, my fine fellow, or I shall be much inclined to see whether

you will be *légere* in the Elbe or no. Hark!'

"We all pricked up our ears, and strained our eyes, while a bright, spitting, sparkling fire of musketry opened at the gap, but there was no *ping ping* of the shot overhead.

"They cannot be firing at us, sir," said the coxswain; 'none of them bullets are telling here away.'

"Presently a smart fire was returned in three distinct clusters from the water, and whereas the firing at first had only lit up the dark figures of the French soldiery, and the black outline of the bank on which they were posted, the flashes that answered them shewed us three armed boats attempting to force the passage. In a minute the firing ceased; the measured splash of oars was heard, as boats approached us.

"Who's there?" sung out the lieutenant.

"Torches," was the answer.

"All's well, Torches," rejoined Mr Treenail; and presently the jolly-boat, and launch and cutter of the Torch, with twenty marines, and six-and-thirty seamen, all armed, were alongside.

"What cheer, Treenail, my boy?" quoth Mr Splinter.

"Why, not much; the French, who we were told had left the Elbe entirely, are still here, as well as at Cuxhaven, not in force certainly, but sufficiently strong to have peppered us very decently.

"What, are any of the people hurt?"

"No," said the garrulous emissary. 'No, not hurt, but some of us frightened leetle piece—ah, very mosh, *je vous assure.*'

"Speak for yourself, Master Plenipo," said Treenail. 'But, Splinter, my man, now since the enemy have occupied the dyke in front, how the deuce shall we get back into the river, tell me that?'

"Why," said the senior lieutenant, 'we must go as we came.'

"And here the groans from two poor fellows who had been hit were heard from the bottom of the launch. The cutter was by this time close to us, on the larboard side, commanded by Mr Julius Caesar Tip, the senior midshipman, vulgarly called in the ship *Bathos*, or the art of sinking, from

his rather unromantic name. Here also a low moaning evinced the precision of the Frenchman's fire.

"'Lord, Mr Treenail, a sharp brush that was.'

"'Hush,' quoth Treenail. At this moment three rockets hissed up into the dark sky, and for an instant the hull and rigging of the sloop of war at anchor in the river, glanced in the blue-white glare, and vanished again, like a spectre, leaving us in more thick darkness than before.

"'Gemini! what is that now?' quoth Tip, as we distinctly heard the commixed rumbling and rattling sound of artillery scampering along the dike.

"'The ship has sent up these rockets to warn us of our danger,' said Mr Treenail. 'What is to be done? Ah, Splinter, we are in a scrape—there they have brought up field-pieces, don't you hear?'

"Splinter had heard it as well as his junior officer. 'True enough, Treenail; so the sooner we make a dash through the opening the better.'

"'Agreed.'

"By some impulse peculiar to British sailors, the men were just about cheering, when their commanding officer's voice controlled them. 'Hark, my brave fellows, *silence* as you value your lives.'

"So away we pulled, the tide being now nearly on the turn, and presently we were so near the opening that we could see the signal-lights in the rigging of the sloop of war. All was quiet on the dike.

"'Zounds, they have retreated after all,' said Mr Treenail.

"'Whoo—o, whoo—o,' shouted a gruff voice from the shore.

"'There they are still,' said Splinter. 'Marines, stand by, don't throw away a shot; men, pull like fury. So, give way my lads, a minute of that strain will shoot us along side of the old brig—that's it—hurrah!'

"'Hurrah!' shouted the men in answer, but his and their exclamations were cut short by a volley of musketry. The fierce mustaches, pale faces, glazed shakoos, blue uniforms, and red epaulets, of the French infantry, glanced for a moment, and then all was dark again.

"'Fire!' The marines in the three boats returned the salute, and by the flashes we saw three pieces of field

artillery in the very act of being unlimbered. We could distinctly hear the clash of the mounted artillerymen's sabres against their horses' flanks, as they rode to the rear, their burnished accoutrements glancing at every sparkle of the musketry. We pulled like fiends, and being the fastest boat, soon headed the launch and cutter, who were returning the enemy's fire brilliantly, when crack—a six-pound shot drove our boat into staves, and all hands were the next moment squattering in the water. I sank a good bit, I suppose, for when I rose to the surface, half drowned and giddy and confused, and striking out at random, the first thing I recollected was, a hard hand being wrung into my neckerchief, while a gruff voice shouted in my ear—

"' *Rendez vous, mon cher.*'

"Resistance was useless. I was forcibly dragged up the bank, where both musketry and cannon were still playing on the boats, which had, however, by this time got a good offing. I soon knew they were safe by the Torch opening a fire of round and grape on the head of the dike, a certain proof that the boats had been accounted for. The French party now ceased firing, and retreated by the edge of the inundation, keeping the dike between them and the brig, all except the artillery, who had to scamper off, running the gauntlet on the crest of the embankment until they got beyond the range of the carronades. I was conveyed between two grenadiers, along the water's edge, so long as the ship was firing; but when that ceased, I was clapped on one of the limbers of the field-guns, and strapped down to it between two of the artillerymen.

"We rattled along, until we came up to the French bivouac, where round a large fire, kindled in what seemed to have been a farmyard, were assembled about fifty or sixty French soldiers. Their arms were piled under a low projecting roof of an out-house, while the fire flickered upon their dark figures, and glanced on their bright accoutrements, and lit up the wall of the house that composed one side of the square. I was immediately marched between a file of men, into a small room in the out-house, where the commanding officer of the detachment was seated at

a table, a blazing wood fire roaring in the chimney. He was a genteel, slender, dark man, with very large black mustaches, and fine sparkling black eyes, and had apparently just dismounted, for the mud was fresh on his boots and trowsers. The latter were blue, with a broad gold lace down the seam, and fastened by a strap under his boot, from which projected a long fixed spur"—

"Nothing very noticeable in all this," said Mr Bang.

"Possibly not, my dear sir," I replied; "but to me it was remarkable as an unusual dress for a *militaire*, the British army being, at the time I write of, still in the age of breeches and gaiters or tall boots, long cues and pipeclay—that is, those troops which I had seen at home, although I believe the great Duke had already relaxed a number of these absurdities in Spain."

"His single-breasted coat was buttoned close up to his throat, and without an inch of lace except on his crimson collar, which fitted close round his neck, and was richly embroidered with gold acorn and oak leaves, as were the crimson cuffs to his sleeves. He wore two immense and very handsome gold epaulets."

"My good boy," said he, after the officer who had captured me had told his story—"so your Government thinks the Emperor is retreating from the Elbe?"

"I was a tolerable French scholar, as times went, and answered him as well as I could."

"I have said nothing about that, sir; but, from your question, I presume you command the rear-guard, Colonel?"

"How strong is your squadron on the river?" said he, parrying the question.

"There is only one sloop of war, sir—and I spoke the truth."

"He looked at me, and smiled incredulously; and then continued—

"I don't command the rear-guard, sir—but I waste time—are the boats ready?"

"He was answered in the affirmative."

"They set fire to the houses, and let off the rockets; they will see them at Cuxhaven—men, fall in—march!—and off they all trundled towards the river again."

"When we arrived there, we found ten Blankenese boats, two of them very large, and fitted with sliding platforms. The four field-pieces were run on board, two into each; one hundred and fifty men embarked in them and the other craft, which I found partly loaded with sacks of corn. I was in one of the smallest boats with the colonel. When we were all ready to shove off, 'Lafont,' said he, 'are the men ready with their *contres*?'"

"They are, sir," replied the sergeant.

"Then cut the horses' throats—but no firing.' A few bubbling groans, and some heavy falls, and a struggling splash or two in the water, showed that the poor artillery horses had been destroyed."

"The wind was fair up the river, and away we bowled before it. It was clear to me that the colonel commanding the post had overrated our strength, and, under the belief that we had cut him off from Cuxhaven, he had determined on falling back on Hamburg."

"When the morning broke, we were close to the beautiful bank below Altona. The trees were beginning to assume the russet hue of autumn, and the sun shone gaily on the pretty villas and *blooming gardens* on the hill side, while here and there a Chinese pagoda, or other fanciful pleasure-house, with its gilded trellised work, and little bells depending from the eaves of its many roofs, glancing like small golden balls, rose from out the fast thinning recesses of the woods. But there was no life in the scene—'twas 'Greece, but living Greece no more,'—not a fishing-boat was near, scarcely a solitary figure crawled along the beach."

"What is that?" after we had passed Blankenese, said the colonel quickly. "Who are those?" as a group of three or four men presented themselves at a sharp turning of the road, that wound along the foot of the hill close to the shore."

"The uniform of the Prussians," said one.

"Of the Russians," said another.

"Poo," said a third, "it is a picket of the Prince's," and so it was, but the very fact of his having advanced his outposts so far, shewed how he trembled for his position."

After answering their hail, we pushed on, and as the clocks were striking twelve, we were abreast of the strong beams that were clamped together with iron, and constituted the boom or chief water defence of Ham-burgh. We passed through, and found an entire regiment under arms, close by the Custom-house. Somehow or other, I had drank deep of that John Bull prejudice, which delights to disparage the physical conformation of our Gallic neighbours, and hugs itself with the absurd notion, 'hat on one pair of English legs doth march three Frenchmen.' But when I saw the weather-beaten soldier-like veterans, who formed this compact battalion, part of the *élite* of the first corps, more commanding in its aspect from severe service having worn all the gilding and lace away—'there was not a piece of feather in the host—I felt the reality before me fast overcoming my preconceived opinion. I had seldom or ever seen so fine a body of men, tall, square, and muscular, the spread of their shoulders set off from their large red worsted epaulets, and the solidity of the mass increased by their wide trowsers, which in my mind contrasted advantageously with the long gaiters and tight integuments of our own brave fellows.

"We approached a group of three mounted officers, and in a few words the officer, whose prisoner I was, explained the affair to the *chef de battalion*, whereupon I was immediately placed under the care of a sergeant and six rank and file, and marched along the chief canal for a mile, where I could not help remarking the numberless large rafts—you could not call them boats—of unpainted pine timber, which had arrived from the upper Elbe, loaded with grain, with gardens, absolute gardens, and cow-houses, and piggeries on board; while their crews of *Firlanders*, men, women, and children, cut a most extraordinary appearance,—the men in their jackets, with buttons like pot lids, and trowsers fit to carry a month's provender and a couple of children in; and the women with bearings about the quarters, as if they had cut holes in large cheeses, three feet in diameter at least, and stuck themselves through them—such sterns—and as to their costumes, all very fine

in a Flemish painting, but the devils appeared to be awfully nasty in real life."

"Oh, Tom," said Aaron, "very impure figures all these."

"But we carried on until we came to a large open space fronting a beautiful piece of water, which I was told was the Alster. As I walked through the narrow streets, I was struck with the peculiarity of the gables of the tall houses being all turned towards the thoroughfare, and with the stupendous size of the churches. We halted for a moment, in the porch of one of them, and my notions of decency were not a little outraged, by seeing it filled with a squadron of dragoons, the men being in the very act of cleaning their horses. At length we came to the open space on the Alster, a large parade, faced by a street of splendid houses on the left hand, with a row of trees between them, and the water on the right. There were two regiments of foot bivouacking here, with their arms piled under the trees, while the men were variously employed, some on duty before the houses, others cleaning their accoutrements, and others again playing at all kinds of games. Presently we came to a crowd of soldiers clustered round a particular spot, some laughing, others cracking coarse jests, but none at all in the least serious. We could not get near enough to see distinctly what was going on; but we afterwards saw, when the crowd had dispersed, three men in the dress of respectable burghers, hanging from a low gibbet, --so low in fact, that although their heads were not six inches from the beam, their feet were scarcely three from the ground. We soon arrived at the door of a large mansion, fronting this parade, where two sentries were walking backwards and forwards before the door, while five dragoon horses, linked together, stood in the middle of the street, with one soldier attending them, but there was no other particular bustle, to mark the headquarters of the General commanding. We advanced to the entrance—the sentries carrying arms, and were immediately ushered into a large saloon, the massive stair winding up along the walls, with the usual heavy wooden balustrade. We as-

cended to the first floor, where we were encountered by three aides-de-camp, in full dress, leaning with their backs against the hard-wood railing, laughing and joking with each other, while two wall-lamps right opposite cast a bright flashing light on their splendid uniforms. They were all *décoré* with one order or another. We approached.

"Whence, and who have we here?" said one of them, a handsome young man, apparently not above twenty-two, as I judged, with small tiny black, jet-black, mustaches, and a noble countenance; fine dark eyes, and curls dark and clustering.

"The officer of my escort answered, 'A young Englishman,—*un jeune de vaisseau*.'

"I was no such thing, as a poor midddy has no commission, but only his rating, which even his captain, without a court-martial, can take away at any time, and turn him before the mast.

"At this moment, I heard the clang of a sabre, and the jingle of spurs on the stairs, and the group was joined by my captor, Colonel . . .

"Ah, colonel!" exclaimed the aides, in a volley, "where the devil have you come from? We thought you were in Bruxelles at the nearest."

"The colonel put his hand on his lips and smiled, and then slapped the young officer who spoke first with his glove. 'Never mind, boys, I have come to help you *here*—you will need help before long;—but how is —?' Here he made a comical contortion of his face, and drew his ungloved hand across his throat. The young officers laughed, and pointed to the door. He moved towards it, preceded by the youngest of them, who led the way into a very lofty and handsome room, elegantly furnished, with some fine pictures on the walls, a handsome sideboard of plate, a rich Turkey carpet—an unusual thing in Germany—on the floor, and a richly gilt pillar, at the end of the room farthest from us, the base of which contained a stove, which, through the joints of the door of it, appeared to be burning cheerily.

"There were some very handsome sofas and ottomans scattered through the room, and a grand piano in one corner, the furniture being covered

with yellow, or amber-coloured velvet, with broad heavy draperies of gold fringe, like the bullion of an epaulet. There was a small round table near the stove, on which stood a silver candlestick, with four branches filled with wax tapers; and bottles of wine, and glasses. At this table sat an officer, apparently about forty-five years of age. There was nothing very peculiar in his appearance; he was a middle-sized man, well made apparently. He sat on one chair, with his legs supported on another."

"All very natural," again said our friend Aaron.

"His white-topped boots had been taken off, and replaced by a pair of slipshod slippers; his splashed white kerseymere pantaloons, seamed with gold, resting on the untrayed velvet cushion; his blue coat, covered with rich embroidery at the bosom and collar, was open, and the flannels thrown back, displaying a richly embroidered crimson velvet facing, and an embroidered scarlet waistcoat; a large solitary star glittered on his breast, and the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour sparkled at his button-hole; his black neckerchief had been taken off; and his cocked hat lay beside him on a sofa, massively laced, the edges richly ornamented with ostrich down; his head was covered with a red velvet cap, with a thick gold cord twisted two or three turns round it, and ending in two large tassels of heavy bullion; he wore very large epaulets, and his sword had been inadvertently, as I conjectured, placed on the table, so that the point of the steel scabbard rested on the ornamental part of the metal stove.

"His face was good, his hair dark, forehead without a wrinkle, high and massive, eyes bright and sparkling, nose neither fine nor dumpy—a fair enough proboscis as noses go."

"Now," quoth Aaron, "very inexplicit all this, Tom. Why, I am most curious in noses. I judge of character altogether from the nose. I never lose sight of a man's snout, albeit I never saw the tip of my own. You may rely on it, that it is all a mistake to consider the regular Roman nose, with a curve like a shoemaker's paring-knife, or the straight Grecian, with a thin transparent

ridge, that you can see through, or the Deutsch *meerscham*, or the Sax-on pump-handle, or the Scotch *mull*, or any other nose, *that can be taken hold of*; as the standard gnomon. No, no; I never saw a man with a large nose who was not a blockhead—eh! Glid, my love? The pimple for me—the regular pimple.—But *al-lions*!”——

“There was an expression about the upper lip and mouth that I did not like—a constant nervous sort of lifting of the lip as it were; and as the mustache appeared to have been recently shaven off, there was a white blueness on the upper lip, that contrasted unpleasantly with the dark tinge which he had gallantly wrought for on the glowing sands of Egypt, the bronzing of his general features from fierce suns and parching winds. His bare neck and hands were delicately fair, the former round and muscular, the latter slender and tapering, like a woman’s. He was reading a gazette, or some printed paper, when we entered; and although there was a tolerable clatter of muskets, sabres, and spurs, he never once lifted his eye in the direction where we stood. Opposite this personage, on a low chair with his legs crossed, and eyes fixed on the ashes that were dropping from the stove, with his brown cloak hanging from his shoulders, sat a short stout personage, a man about thirty years of age, with very fair flaxen hair, a florid complexion, a very fair skin, and massive German features. The expression of his face, so far as such a countenance could be said to have any characteristic expression, was that of fixed sorrow. But before I could make any other observation, the aide-de-camp approached with a good spice of fear and trembling, as I could see.

“Colonel,” said he, “to wait on your Highness.”

“Ah,” said the officer to whom he spoke, “ah, colonel, what do you here? Has the Emperor advanced again?”

“No,” said the officer, “he has not advanced; but the rear-guard were cut off by the Prussians, and the — light, with the — grenadiers, are now in Cuxhaven.”

“Well,” replied the general, “but how come *you* here?”

“Why, Marshal, we were detached to seize a depot of provisions in a neighbouring village, and had made preparations to carry them off, when we were attacked through a gap in the dike, by some armed boats from an English squadron, and hearing a distant firing at the very moment, which I concluded to be the Prussian advance, I conceived all chance of rejoining the main army at an end, and therefore I shoved off in the grain-boats, and *here* I am.”

“Glad to see you, however,” said the general, “but sorry for the cause why you are here returned.—Who have we got here—what boy is that?”

“Why,” responded the colonel, “that lad is one of the British officers of the force that attacked us.”

“Ha,” said the general again, “how did you capture him?”

“The boat (one of four) in which he was in was blown to pieces by a six-pound shot. He was the only one of the enemy who swam ashore. The rest, I am inclined to think, were picked up by the other boats.”

“So,” grumbled the general, “British ships in the Elbe?”

The colonel continued, “I hope, *Majesty*, you will allow him his parole — is, as you see, quite a child.”

“Parole?” replied the Marshal, “parole!—such a mere lad cannot know the value of his promise.”

A sudden fit of rashness came over me. I could never account for it.

“He is a mere boy,” reiterated the Marshal. “No, no—send him to prison;” and he resumed the study of the printed paper he had been reading.

I struck in, impelled by despair, for I knew the character of the man before whom I stood, and I remembered that even a tiger might be checked by a bold front—“I am an Englishman, sir, and incapable of breaking my plighted word.”

He laid down the paper he was reading, and slowly lifted his eyes, and fastened them on me.—“Ha,” said he, “ha—so young—so reckless?”

“Never mind him, Marshal,” said the colonel. “If you will grant him his parole, I—”

“Take it, colonel—take it—take his parole, not to go beyond the ditch.”

" 'But I decline to give any such promise,' said I, with a hardihood which at the time surprised me, and has always done so.

" 'Why, my good youth,' said the general, in great surprise, 'why will you not take advantage of the offer—a kinder one, let me tell you, than I am in the habit of making to an enemy?'

" 'Simply, sir, because I will endeavour to escape on the very first opportunity.'

" 'Ha!' said the Marshal once more, 'this to my face? Lafontaine,'—to the aide-de-camp,—'a file of soldiers.' The handsome young officer hesitated—hung in the wind, as we say, for a moment—moved, as I imagined, by my extreme youth. This irritated the Marshal—he rose, and stamped on the floor. The colonel essayed to interfere. 'Sentry—sentry—a file of grenadiers—take him forth, and'—here he energetically clutched the steel hilt of his sword, and instantly dashed it from him—'Sacre!—the devil—what is that?' and straightway he began to *pirouette* on one leg round the room, shaking his right hand, and blowing his fingers.

"The officers in waiting could not stand it any longer, and burst into a fit of laughter, in which their commanding officer, after an unavailing attempt to look serious—I should rather write fierce—joined, and there he was, the bloody Davoust—Duke of Auerstad—Prince of Eckmühl—the Hamburgh Robespierre—the terrible Davoust—dancing all around the room, in a regular *guffaw*, like to split his sides. The heated stove had made the sword, which rested on it, nearly red-hot.

"All this while the quiet, plain-looking, little man sat still. He now rose; but I noticed that he had been fixing his eyes intently on me. I thought I could perceive a tear glistening in them as he spoke.

" 'Marshal, will you intrust that boy to me?'

" 'Poo,' said the Prince, still laughing, 'take him—do what you will with him;—then, as if suddenly recollecting himself, 'But, Mr ***, you must be answerable for him—he must be at hand if I want him.'

"The gentleman who had so unex-

pectedly patronised me rose, and said, 'Marshal, I promise.'

" 'Very well,' said Davoust. 'Lafontaine, desire supper to be sent up.'

"It was brought in, and my new ally and I were shewn out.

"As we went down stairs, we looked into a room on the ground floor, at the door of which were four soldiers with fixed bayonets. We there saw, for it was well lit up, about twenty or five-and-twenty respectable-looking men, very English in appearance, all to their long cloaks, an unusual sort of garment to my eye at that time. The night was very wet, and the aforesaid garments were hung on pegs in the wall all round the room, which being strongly heated by a stove, the moisture rose up in a thick mist, and made the faces of the burghers indistinct.

"They were all busily engaged talking to each other, some to his neighbour, the others across the table, but all with an expression of the most intense anxiety.

" 'Who are these?' said I to my guide.

" 'Ask no questions *here*,' said he, and we passed on.

"I afterwards learned that they were the hostages seized on for the trifling contribution of fifty millions of francs, which had been imposed on the doomed city, and that this very night they had been torn from their families, and cooped up in the way I had seen them, where they were advertised they must remain until the money should be forthcoming.

"As we walked along the streets, and crossed the numerous bridges of the canals and branches of the river, we found all the houses lit up, by order, as I learned, of the French marshal. The rain descended in torrents, sparkling past the lights, while the city was a desert, with one dreadful exception; for we were waylaid at almost every turn by groups of starving lunatics, their half-naked figures and pale visages glimmering in the glancing lights, under the dripping rain; and, had it not been for the numerous sentries scattered along the thoroughfares, I believe we should have been torn to pieces by bands of *moping* idiots, now rendered ferocious from their sufferings, in con-

sequence of the madhouses having been cleared of their miserable, helpless inmates, in order to be converted into barracks for the troops. At all of these bridges sentries were posted, past which my conductor and myself, to my surprise, were franked by the sergeant who accompanied us giving the countersign. At length, civilly touching his cap, although he did not refuse the piece of money tendered by my friend, he left us, wishing us good night, and saying the coast was clear. We proceeded without farther challenge, until we came to a very magnificent house, with some fine trees before it. We approached the door, and rung the door-bell. It was immediately opened, and we entered a large desolate-looking vestibule, about thirty feet square, filled in the centre with a number of bales of goods, and a variety of merchandise, while a heavy wooden stair, with clumsy oak balustrades, wound round the sides of it. We ascended, and turning to the right, entered a large well-furnished room, with a table laid out for supper, with lights, and a comfortable stove at one end. Three young officers of *chasseurs*, in their superb uniforms, whose breast and back pieces were glittering on a neighbouring sofa, and a colonel of artillery, were standing round the stove. The colonel, the moment we entered, addressed my conductor.

"Ah, —, we are devilish hungry — *Ich bin dem Verhungern nahe* — and were just on the point of ordering in the provender, had you not appeared.' A little more than that, thought I; for the food was already smoking on the table.

"Mine host acknowledged the speech with a slight smile.

"'But who have we here?' said one of the young dragoons; — he waited a moment — '*Etes vous Français?*' I gave him no answer. He then addressed me in German: — '*Sprechen sie gelamfig Deutsch?*'

"'Why,' chimed in my conductor, 'he does speak a little French, indifferently enough; but still' —

"'Well, my dear —, how have you sped with the Prince?' —

"'Why, colonel,' said my protector, in his cool calm way, 'as well as I expected. I was of some service to him when he was here before, at the time

he was taken so very ill, and he has not forgotten it, so I am not included amongst the unfortunate *détenus* for the payment of the fine. But that is not all, for I am allowed to go to-morrow to my father's, and here is my passport.'

"'Wonders will never cease,' said the colonel; 'but who is that boy?'

"'He is one of the crew of the English boat which tried to cut off Colonel — the other evening, near Cuxhaven. His life was saved by a very laughable circumstance, certainly — merely by the marshal's sword, from resting on the stove, having become almost red-hot.' And here he detailed the whole transaction as it took place, which set the party a-laughing most heartily.

"I will always bear witness to the extreme amenity with which I was now treated by the French officers. The evening passed over quickly. About eleven we retired to rest, my friend furnishing me with clothes, and warning me that next morning he would call me at daylight to proceed to his father's country seat, where he intimated that I must remain in the meantime.

"Next morning I was roused accordingly, and a long, low, open carriage rattled up to the door, just before day dawn. Presently the *réveil* was beaten, and answered by the different posts in the city, and on the ramparts.

"We drove on, merely shewing our passport to the sentries at the different bridges, until we reached the gate, where we had to pull up until the officer on duty appeared, and had scrupulously compared our personal appearance with the written description. All was found correct, and we drove on. It surprised me very much, after having repeatedly heard of the great strength of Hamburgh, to look out on the large mound of green turf that constituted its chief defence. It is all true that there was a deep ditch and glacis beyond; but there was no covered way, and both the scarp and counterscarp were simple earthen embankments, so that, had the ditch been filled up with fascines, there was no wall to face the attacking force after crossing it, nothing but a green mound, precipitous enough, certainly, and crowned with a low parapet wall of masonry, and brist-

ling with batteries about half way down, so that the muzzles of the guns were flush with the neighbouring country beyond the ditch. Still there was wanting, to my imagination, the strength of the high perpendicular wall, with its gaping embrasures, and frowning cannon. All this time it never occurred to me, that to breach such a defence as that we looked upon was impossible. You might have plumped your shot into it until you had converted it into an iron mine, but no chasm could have been forced in it by all the artillery in Europe; so battering in breach was entirely out of the question, and this, in truth, constituted the great strength of the place. We arrived, after an hour's drive, at the villa belonging to my protector's family, and walked into a large room, with a comfortable stove, and extensive preparations made for a comfortable breakfast.

"Presently three young ladies appeared; they were his sisters; blue-eyed, fair haired, white skinned, round sterned, plump little partridges.

"*Haben sie gefrühstet?* (it: the eldest.

"*Pas encore,*" said he in French, with a smile. "But, sisters, I have brought a stranger here, a young English officer, who was recently captured in the river."

"An English officer?" exclaimed the three ladies looking at me, a poor little dirty midshipman, in my soiled haen, unbrushed shoes, dirty trousers and jacket, with my little square of white cloth on the collar; and I began to find the eloquent blood mounting in my cheeks, and tingling in my ears; but their kindly feelings got the better of a gentle propensity to laugh, and the youngest said—

"*Sie sind gerade zu rechter Zeit gekommen!*" When, finding that her German was Hebrew to me, she tried the other tack. "*Vous arrivez à propos, le déjeuner est prêt!*"

"However, I soon found that the moment they were assured that I was in reality an Englishman, they all spoke English, and exceedingly well too. Our meal was finished, and I was standing at the window looking out on a small lawn, where overgreens of the most beautiful kinds were chequered with little round clumps of most luxuriant

hollyhocks, and the fruit-trees in the neighbourhood were absolutely bending to the earth under their loads of apples and pears.

"Presently my friend came up to me; my curiosity could no longer be restrained. 'Pray, my good sir, what peculiar cause, may I ask, have you for shewing me, an entire stranger to you, all this unexpected kindness? I am fully aware that I have no claim on you.'

"My good boy, you say true; but I have spent the greatest part of my life in London, although a Hamburgher born, and I consider you therefore in the light of a countryman; besides, I will not conceal that your gallant bearing before Davoust riveted my attention, and engaged my good wishes."

"But how come you to have so much influence with the mon-ge-néral, I mean?"

"For several reasons," he replied; "for those, amongst others, you heard the colonel who has taken the small liberty of turning me out of my own house in Hamburgh mention last night at supper; but a man like Davoust cannot be judged of by common rules. He has, in short, taken a fancy to me, for which you may thank your stars—although your life has been actually saved by the Prince having burned his fingers. But here comes my father."

"A venerable old man entered the room, leaning on his stick. I was introduced in one word.

"He had breakfasted in his own room," he said, "having been ailing, but he could not rest quietly after he had heard there was an Englishman in the house until he had himself welcomed him."

"I shall never forget the kindness I experienced from this worthy family—for three days I was fed and clothed by them as if I had been a member of the family. Like a boy as I was, I had risen early on the fourth morning at grey dawn, to be ailing in dragging the fish-pond, so that it might be cleaned out. This was an annual amusement, in which the young men and women in the family, under happier circumstances, had been in the invariable custom of joining, and, changed as these were, they still preserved the fashion. The seine was cast in at one end, loaded

at the bottom with heavy sinks, and buoyant at the top with cork floats. We hauled it along the whole length of the pond, thereby driving the fish into an enclosure about twenty feet square, with a sluice towards the pond, and another fronting the dull ditch that flowed past beyond it. Whenever we had hunted the whole of the finny tribes (barring those slippery youths the eels, who, with all their cleverness, were left to dry in the mud) into the toils, we fill-

I all the tubs, and pots and pans, and vessels of all kinds and descriptions, some of them unnameable, with the fat honest-looking Dutchmen, the carp and perch, who really submitted to their captivity with all the resignation of most ancient and quiet watchmen, scarcely indicating any sense of the likeness of captivity, except by a lumbering sluggishness of their broad heavy tails.

"A man action of this kind could not take place amongst a group of young folks without shouts of laughter, and it was not until we had caught the whole of the fish in the pond, and placed them in safety, that I had leisure to look about me. The city lay about four miles distant from us. The whole country about Hamburgh is level, except the right bank below it, of the noble river on which it stands, the Elbe. The house where I was domiciled stood on nearly the highest point of this bank, which gradually sloped down into a swampy hollow, nearly level with the river. It then rose again gently until the swell was crowned with the beautiful town of Altona, and immediately beyond appeared the ramparts and tall spires of the noble city itself.

"The morning had been thick and foggy, but as the sun rose, the white mist that had floated over the whole country, gradually concentrated and settled down into the hollow between us and Hamburgh, covering it with an impervious veil, which even extended into the city itself, filling the lower part of it with a dense white bank of fog, which rose so high that the spires alone, with one or two of the most lofty buildings, appeared above the rolling sea of white fleece-like vapour, as if it had been a model of the stronghold, in place of the reality, packed in white wool, so distinct did it appear, diminished as it

was in the distance. On the tallest spire of the place, which was now sparkling in the early sunbeams, the French flag, the pestilent *tricolor*, that U'pas-tree, waved sluggishly in the faint morning breeze."

"U'pas-tree--bad simile, with regard to a flag," grunted Bang; but I let him go on.

"It attracted my attention, and I pointed it out to my *patron*. Presently it was hauled down, and a series of signals was made at the yard-arm of a spar, that had been slung across it. Who can they be telegraphing to? thought I, while I could notice my host assume a most anxious and startled look, while he peered down into the hollow; but he could see nothing, as the fog bank still filled the whole of the space between the city and the acclivity where we stood.

"What is that?" said I; for I heard, or thought I heard, a low rumbling rushing noise in the ravine. Mr. . . . heard it as well as I apparently, for he put his finger to his lips—as much as to say, 'Hold your tongue, my good boy—*vous verrez*!'

"It increased—the clattering of horses' hoofs, and the clang of scabbards was heard, and, in a twinkling, the husar caps of a squadron of light dragoons emerged from out the fog bank, as, charging up the road, they passed the small gate of green basket-work at a hand-gallop. I ought to have mentioned before that my friend's house was situated about half way up the ascent, so that the rising ground behind it in the opposite direction from the city, shut out all view towards the country. After the dragoons passed, there was an interval of two minutes, when a troop of flying artillery, with three six-pound field-pieces, rattled after the leading squadron, the horses all in a lather, at full speed, with the guns bounding and jumping behind them as if they had been playthings, followed by their *caissons*. Presently we could see the leading squadron file to the right—clear the low hedge—and then disappear over the crest of the hill. Twenty or thirty pioneers, who had been carried forward behind as many of the cavalry, were now seen busily employed in filling up the ditch, and cutting down the

short scrubby hedge; and presently, the artillery coming up also, filed off sharply to the right, and formed on the very summit of the hill, distinctly visible between us and the grey cold streaks of morning. By the time we had noticed this, the clatter in our immediate neighbourhood was renewed, and a group of mounted officers dashed past us, up the path, like a whirlwind, followed, at a distance of twenty yards, by a single cavalier, apparently a general officer. These did not stop, as they rode at speed past the spot where the artillery were in position, but, dipping over the summit, disappeared down the road, from which they did not appear to diverge, until they were lost to our view beyond the crest of the hill. The hum and buzz, and anon, the 'measured tread of marching men,' in the valley between us and Edinburgh, still continued. The leading files of a light infantry regiment now appeared, swinging along at a round trot, with their muskets poised in their right hands—no knapsacks on their backs. They appeared to follow the route of the group of mounted officers, until we could see a puff of white smoke, then another and a third from the field-pieces, followed by thudding reports, there being no high ground nor precipitous bank, nor water in the neighbourhood to reflect the sound, and make it emulate Jove's thunder. At this, they struck across the fields, and forming behind the guns, lay down flat on their faces, where they were soon hid from our view by the wreaths of white smoke, as the sluggish morning breeze rolled it down the hill side towards us.

"What the deuce can all this mean—is it a review?" said I, in my innocence.

"A *reconnaissance* in force," groaned my friend. "The Allied troops must be at hand—now, God help us!"

"The women, like frightened hares, paused to look up in their brother's face, as he kept his eye steadily turned towards the ridge of the hill, and, when he involuntarily wrung his hands, they gave a loud scream, a fearful concerto, and ran off into the house."

"A loud scream—a fearful concerto," quoth Bang—"Bad phrase, Tom; but let us get along."

"The breeze at this moment 'aside the shroud of battle cast,' and we heard a faint bugle call, like an echo wail in the distance, from beyond the hill. It was instantly answered by the loud, startling *blare* of a dozen of the light infantry bugles above us on the hill-side, and we could see them suddenly start from their lair, and form; while between us and the clearing morning sky, the cavalry, magnified into giants in the strong relief on the outline of the hill, were driven in straggling patrols, like chaff, over the summit—their sabres sparkling in the level sunbeams, and the reports of the red flashes of their pistols crackling down upon us.

"They are driven in on the infantry," said Mr ***. He was right—but the light battalion immediately charged over the hill, with a loud hurrah, after admitting the beaten horse through their intervals, who, however, to give the devils their due, formed again in an instant, under the shelter of the high ground. The artillery again opened their fire—the cavalry once more advanced, and presently we could see nothing but the field-pieces, with their three separate groups of soldiers standing quietly by them,—a sure proof that the enemy's pickets were now out of cannon-shot, and had been driven back on the main body, and that the *reconnaissance* was still advancing.

"What will not an habitual exposure to danger do, even with tender women?"

"The French have advanced, so let us have our breakfast, Julia, my dear," said Mr ***, as we entered the house. "The Allied Forces would have been welcome, however; and surely, if they do come, they will respect our sufferings and helplessness."

"The eldest sister, to whom he spoke, shook her head mournfully; but, nevertheless, betook herself to her task of making coffee.

"What rumbling and rattling is that?" said *** to an old servant who had just entered the room.

"Two waggons with wounded

men, sir, have passed onwards towards the town.

"Ah!" said mine host, in great bitterness of spirit.

"But *allons*, we proceeded to make the best use of our time—Ham, good—, excellent—eggs, fresh—coffee, superb—when we again heard the field-pieces above us open their fire, and in the intervals we could distinguish the distant rattle of musketry. Presently this rolling fire slackened, and after a few scattering shots here and there, ceased altogether; but the cannon on the hill still continued to play. We were by this time all standing in a cluster in the porch of the villa, before which stood the tubs with the finny spoil of the fish-pond, on a small paddock of velvet grass, about forty yards square, separated from the high-road by a low ornamental fence of green basket-work, as already mentioned. The firing from the great guns increased, and every now and then I thought I heard a distant sound, as if the reports of the guns above us had been reflected from some precipitous bank.

"I did not know that there was any echo here," said the youngest girl.

"Alas, *Jaquette*!" said her brother, "I fear that is no echo;" and he put up his hand to his ear, and listened in breathless suspense. The sound was repeated.

"The Russian cannon replying to those on the hill," said Mr. . . ., with startling energy. "God help us! it can no longer be an affair of posts; the heads of the Allied columns must be in sight, for the French skirmishers are unquestionably driven in."

"A French officer at this moment rattled past us down the road at speed, and vanished in the hollow, taking the direction of the town. His hat fell off, as his horse swerved a little at the open gate, as he passed. He never stopped to pick it up. Presently a round shot, with a loud ringing and hissing sound, pitched over the hill, and knocked one of the fish-tubs close to us to pieces, scattering the poor fish all about the lawn. With the recklessness of a mere boy I dashed out, and was busy picking them up, when Mr. . . . called to me to come back.

"Let us go in, and await what

may befall; I dread what the ty'— Here he prudently checked himself, remembering no doubt, 'that a bird of the air might carry the matter'—

'I dread what *he* may do, if they are really investing the place. At any rate, here, in the very arena where the struggle will doubtless be fiercest, we cannot abide. So go, my dear sisters, and pack up whatever you may have most valuable, or most necessary. Nay, no tears; and I will attend to our poor old father, and get the carriage ready, if, God help me, I dare use it.'

"But where, in the name of all that is fearful, shall we go?" said his second sister. "Not back to *Hamburg*—not to endure another season of such deep degradation—not to be exposed to the—Oh brother, you saw we all submitted to our fate without a murmur, and laboured cheerfully on the fortifications, when compelled to do so by that inhuman monster *Davoust*, amidst the ribaldry of a licentious soldiery, merely because poor *Jaquette* had helped to embroider a standard for the brave *Hanseatic Legion*—you know how we bore this"—here the sweet girl held out her delicate hands, galled by actual and unwonted labour—"and many other indignities, until that awful night, when—No, brother, *we* shall await the arrival of the Russians, even should we see our once happy home converted into a field of battle; but into the city *we* shall *not* go."

"Be it so then, my dearest sister. —*Wilhelm*, put up the *stuhl wagen*."

"He had scarcely returned into the breakfast-room, when the door opened, and the very handsome young officer, the aide-de-camp of the Prince, whom I had seen the night I was carried before *Davoust*, entered, splashed up to the eyes, and much heated and excited. I noticed blood on the hilt of his sword. His orderly sat on his foaming steed, right opposite where I stood, wiping his bloody sabre on his horse's mane. The women grew pale; but still they had presence of mind enough to do the honours with self-possession. The stranger wished us a good morning; and on being asked to sit down to breakfast, he unbuckled his sword, threw it from him with a *clash* on the floor, and then, with all the grace

in the world, addressed himself to discuss the *comestibles*. He tried a slight approach to jesting now and then; but seeing the heaviness of heart which prevailed amongst the women, he, with the good-breeding of a man of the world, forbore to press his attentions.

"Breakfast being finished, and the ladies having retired, he rose, buckled on his sword again, drew on his gloves, and taking his hat in his hand, he advanced to the window, and desired his men 'to fall in.'

"Men—what men?" said poor Mr ***.

"Why, the Marshal has had a company of *sapeurs* for these three days back in the adjoining village—they are now here."

"Here?" exclaimed ***; 'what do the sappers *here*?' Two of the soldiers carried slow matches in their hands, while their muskets were slung at their backs. 'There is no mine to be sprung here?'

"The young officer heard him with great politeness, but declined giving any answer. The next moment he turned towards the ladies, and was making himself as agreeable as time and circumstances would admit, when a shot came crashing through the roof, broke down the ceiling, and knocking the flue of the stove to pieces, rebounded from the wall, and rolled harmlessly beneath the table. He was the only person who did not start, or evince any dread. He merely cast his eyes upward and smiled. He then turned to poor ***, who stood quite collected, but very pale, near where the stove had stood, and held out his hand to him.

"On my honour," said the young soldier, 'it grieves me to the very heart; but I must obey my orders. It is no longer an affair of posts; the enemy is pressing on us in force. The Allied columns are in sight; their cannon-shot have but now penetrated your roof; we have but driven in their pickets; very soon they will be here; and in the event of their advance, my orders are to burn down this house and the neighbouring village.'

"A sudden flush rushed into Mr ***'s face. 'Indeed! does the Prince really?'

"The young officer bowed, and

with something more of sternness in his manner than he had yet used, he said, 'Mr ***, I duly appreciate your situation, and respect your feelings; but the Prince of Eckmühl is my superior officer, and under other circumstances'—Here he slightly touched the hilt of his sword.

"For myself I don't care," said ***; 'but what is to become of my sisters?'

"They must proceed to Hamburgh."

"Very well—let me order the *stuhl wagen*, and give us, at all events, half an hour to move our valuables."

"Certainly," said the young officer; 'and I will myself see you safe into the city.'

"Who says that eels cannot be made used to skinning? The poor girls continued their little preparations with an alacrity and presence of mind that truly surprised me. There was neither screaming nor fainting, and by the time the carriage was at the door, they, with two female domestics, were ready to mount. I cannot better describe their vehicle, than by comparing it to a canoe mounted on four wheels, connected by a long perch, with a coach-box at the bow, and three gig bodies hung athwart ships, or slung inside of the canoe, by leather thongs. At the moment we were starting, Mr *** came close to me and whispered, 'Do you think your ship will still be in the river?'

"I answered that I made no doubt she was."

"But even if she be not," said he, 'the Holstein bank is open to us. Anywhere but Hamburgh *now*.' And the scalding tears ran down his cheeks.

"At this moment there was a bustle on the hill top, and presently the artillery began once more to play, while the musketry breezed up again in the distance. A mounted bugler rode half way down the hill, and sounded the *recall*. The young officer hesitated. The man waved his hand, and blew the *advance*.

"It must be for us—answer it." His bugle did so. 'Bring the pitch, men—the flax—so now—break the windows, and let the air in—set the house on fire; and, Sergeant Guido,

remain to prevent it being extinguished—I shall fire the village as we pass through.’

“He gave the word to face about, and desiring the men to follow at the same swinging run with which the whole of the infantry had originally advanced, he spurred his horse against the hill, and soon disappeared.

“My host’s resolution seemed now taken. Turning to the sergeant—‘My good fellow, the *reconnaissance* will soon be returning; I shall precede it into the town.’

“The man, a fine *vieux moustache*, hesitated.

“My friend saw it, and hit him in a Frenchman’s most assailable quarter.”

“Which is that, Tom?” said Aaron; “stem or stern—a *priori*, or a *pos.*?”—

“Now, don’t, my dear sir,” said I, intreatingly. He read on,—“The ladies, my good man—the ladies—you would not have them drive *pill-mill* in with the troops, exposed most likely to the fire of the Prussian advanced guard, would you?”

“The man grounded his musket, and touched his cap—‘Pass on.’

“Away we trundled, until coming to a cross-road, we turned down towards the river, and at the angle we could see thick wreaths of smoke curling up into the air, shewing that the barbarous order had been but too effectually fulfilled.

“‘What is that?’ said *. A horse with his rider entangled, and dragged by the stirrup, passed us at full speed, leaving a long track of blood on the road. ‘Who is that?’ The coachman drove on, and gave no answer; until, at a sharp turn, we came upon the bruised and now breathless body of the young officer, who had so recently obeyed the savage behests of his brutal commander. There was a musket-shot right in the middle of his fine forehead, like a small blue point, with one or two heavy black drops of blood oozing from it. His pale features wore a mild and placid expression, evincing that the numberless lacerations and bruises, which were evident through his torn uniform, had been inflicted on a breathless corpse.”

“But what became of the empty horse, Tom?” I laughed.

“Ah, you nauticals—no interest

in that noble animal—all tar and pitch with you”-

Mr Bang had before now been awfully gravelled, whenever he came in contact with the few words of German which had been introduced into the Log, but at present he was nonplussed altogether. Taking up the thread of the story which we have just dropped, the Log went on to say, “That the *stuhl wagen* had carried on for a mile farther or so, but the firing seemed to approximate, whereupon our host sung out”—“Lord,” said Aaron, “what a queer dialect! Why, deuce take me if I can pronounce it! I say, Thomas, how do you give this?”

“Why, as it is written, my dear sir; but stop, I will read it—*Fahrt Zu, Schwager—Wir Kommen nicht weiter.*” The tenderness of the German pronunciation, if he had ever heard it spoken, would have saved all the worthy fellow’s scruples.

“The driver of the *stuhl wagen* skulked along, until we arrived at the beautiful, at a mile off, but the beastly, when close to, village of Blankenese.”

“Vile style that,” again chimed in Aaron, “absolutely vicious—why, Tom” —

“Now, my dear sir,” said I, “I have repeatedly told you I was a mere boy, and” —

“Poo, poo,” quoth the planting attorney; “let me jog on.”

“When the *codure* stopped in the village, there seemed to be a *nonplus*, to coin a word for the nonce, between my friend, and his sisters. They said something very sharply; and with a degree of determination, that startled me. He gave no answer. Presently the Amazonian attack was renewed.

“‘We shall go on board,’ said they.

“‘Very well,’ said he; ‘but have patience, have patience.’

“‘No, no; *Wann wird man sich einschiffen müssen?*’

“By this time we were in the heart of the village, and surrounded with a whole lot, forty at the least, of Blankenese boatmen. We were not long in selecting one of the fleetest-looking of those very fleet boats, when we all trundled on board, and I now witnessed what struck me as being an awful sign of the times.

The very coachman of the *stuhl wagen*, after conversing a moment with his master, returned to his team, tied the legs of the poor creatures as they stood, and then with a sharp knife cut their jugular veins through and through on the right side, having previously reined them up sharp to the left, so that, before starting, we could see three of the team, which consisted of four superb bays when we started, level with the soil and dead; the near wheeler only holding out on his forelegs.

"We shoved off at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and after having twice been driven into creeks on the Holstein shore by bad weather, we arrived about two next morning safely on board the *Torch*, which immediately got under weigh for England. After my story had been told to the Captain, I left my presser and his sisters in his hands, and I need scarcely say that they had as hearty a welcome as the worthy old soul could give them, and dived into the midshipman's birth for a morsel of comfort, where, in a twinkling, I was far into the secrets of a pork pie."

"A pork pie!" said Aaron Bang.

"A pork pie!" said Paul Gelid.

"Why do you know," said Mr Wagtail—"I—why, I never *in all my life* saw a pork pie."

"My dear Pepperpot," chimed in Gelid, "we both forget. Don't you remember the day we dined with the Admiral at the Pen, in July last?"

"No," said Wagtail, "I totally forget it." Bang, I saw, was all this while chuckling to himself—"I absolutely forget it altogether."

"Bless me," said Gelid, "don't you remember the beautiful calipeever we had that day?"

"Really I do not," said Pepperpot, "I have had so many good feeds there."

"Why," continued Gelid, "Lord love you, Wagtail, not remember that calipeever, so crisp in the broiling?"

"No," said Wagtail, "really I do not."

"Lord, man, it *had* a pudding in its belly."

"Oh, now I remember," said Wagtail.

Bang laughed outright, and I could not help making a hole in my manners also, even prepared as I was for my jest by my sable crony Pegtop.

Aaron looked at me with one of his quizzical grins; "Cringle, my darling, do you keep these Logs still?"

"I do, my dear sir, invariably."

"What," struck in little Wagtail, "the deuce, for instance, shall I, and Paul, and Aaron there, all be embalmed or preserved?" ("Say pickled," quoth the latter) "in these said logs of yours?" This was too absurd, and I could not answer my allies for laughing. Gelid had been swaying himself backwards and forwards, half asleep, on the hind legs of his chair all this while, puffing away at a cigar.

"Ah!" said he half asleep, and but partly overhearing what was going on; "Ah, Tom, my dear, you don't say that we shall all be handed down to our poster"—a long yawn—"to our poster"—another yawn—when Bang, watching his opportunity as he sat opposite, gently touched one of the fore-legs of the balanced chair with his toe, while he finished Gelid's sentence by interjecting, 'iors,' as the Couch fell back and floundered over on his stern. His tormentor drawling out in wick-ed mimicry—

"Yes, dear Gelid, so sure as you have been landed down on your posteriors *now*, ah, you shall be handed down to your posterity *hereafter*, by that pestilent little scamp Cringle. Ah, Tom, I know you—Paul, Paul, it will be *paulo post futurum*, with you, my lad."

Here we were interrupted by my steward's entering with his tallow face. "Dinner on the table, sir." We adjourned accordingly.

"We shall take the balance of the log to-morrow, Tom, eh?" said el Señor Bang.

TITHES.

TITHES—are they not a grievous impost—are they not a tax upon industry—paid by the consumer? Irish tithes—are they not peculiarly odious and oppressive, superadding to all the other objections to which they are liable, this chief one, that people of one denomination are compelled to pay the religious instructors of those of another? These are questions much agitated at the present day; and to the consideration of which we have resolved to devote a few pages.

The view which we propose to take will be strictly practical. We will, therefore, consider tithes not as they *were*, but as they *are*; not as they have reference to the rights of the clergy "*en posse*," but to the exercise of those rights "*in actu*;" our object being to see how the present system actually works, and to endeavour, with as much fairness as possible, to ascertain the value of the objections that have been alleged against it.

In the first place, it is to be observed, that a very considerable portion of the land of this country is not subject to tithe. We believe about one-third, at least, may be so reckoned. But the amount of this exemption is usually measured by the increase in the rent of such land, over and above the rent of land not so exempted. Now, that the tenant can be benefited by a mere transfer to the landlord of proceeds which would otherwise belong to the clergyman, is more, we think, than the new doctrines of political economy have as yet made plain to the common sense of mankind. But of this anon.

It is, in the next place, to be considered, that by law all lands for the first time brought into cultivation, are exempt from tithes for seven years: a provision which would seem well calculated to render that possible case, which is such a favourite with our modern illuminees, namely, that land which cannot pay a rent, may yet be subjected to tithe, a perfect nonentity in practice.

The case which we are to consider, therefore, is simply this, that land which has been at least seven

years under cultivation, is liable to the subtraction of a tenth of its produce, which goes into the granary of the clergyman, or is by him commuted for money. Now, in considering whether this is, or is not, a grievance, the first question that occurs is, does such land, or does it not, pay a rent? For, if it does, it is quite clear that its produce is *more* than sufficient to pay the wages of labour and the profits of stock; and tithe can only be a grievance when, by a collusion between landlord and tenant, a rent is exacted and agreed to, which encroaches on the rights of the clerical proprietor. In that case, he must either forego his just demand, or enforce it by compelling the tenant to pay him his dues out of the fund destined to the replacing of his capital. For instance, suppose the produce of the land represented by

If we represent the wages of labour and the profits of stock by	40
---	----

There will remain, after these are deducted,	30
Now the full tithe of the gross produce will be	4

So that here will remain to the cultivator, after tithe is paid,	26
--	----

Unless, therefore, the produce represented by this last number be insufficient to remunerate the labour and capital employed by rearing it, it is clear that tithe can be no grievance to the farmer. And if it be insufficient, why should the labour and capital be so employed? If the former were *compelled* to cultivate under adverse circumstances, he might complain. But when he *chooses* to do so, either his conduct is unwise, or his complaint is unfounded; and, in neither case, can he or ought he, to look for redress from the legislature. Should he, however, say, that he would be very well satisfied with the return indicated by the number 26, but that a large deduction must be made from that in the shape of rent, the answer is ob-

vious, as an honest man, *he should not agree to pay a rent which should leave him unable to liquidate a claim that was anterior to such an obligation.*

Now, in point of fact, is any land subject to tithe, which either does not, or might not yield a rent? We believe not. We believe, that in the United Empire none such could be truly specified. And, if this be so, is it not clear to demonstration, that *tithe is not considered*, either by landlords or tenants, an impost which *overburdens* the land? Since, if they did so consider it, they could not demand, or submit, to a rent, without acting, at the same time, with cruelty, impolicy, and injustice.

When a farmer is about to make an offer for land, he considers the various claims to which it is subject, and which must be satisfied before it can make him any return; and he either will not, or ought not, to make any offer which does not leave him a profit in the concern, *after all previous charges have been paid.* Now, if it do leave him this profit, he may be glad of his bargain; and, if it do not, he has no one to blame but himself.

But the proprietor, he who holds the land in fee, is not he a sufferer by the exaction of tithes? Certainly not. He is possessed of the land either by grant or purchase. If by the former, tithe was expressly reserved; so that *that portion of the produce never was his.* If by the latter, the amount of tithe was taken into account in estimating the value of the land, and the purchase-money was only an equivalent for its value *diminished by that amount*, so that in neither case can the proprietor be said to be aggrieved.

If, indeed, a tyrannical government were to force upon an honest and patriotic gentleman a property of three or four thousand a-year, upon condition of his paying tithes, we think he would have much reason to complain. But when he accepts the grant *gladly upon such conditions*, we rather think it a little unreasonable in his successors, whose rights are all derived from him, to set up any claim to hold the land without complying with these conditions. If they are discontented with the conditions, let them relin-

quish the land. But, if they resolve to hold the land, let them adhere to the conditions. These are no harder now than they were at first. And the tenants of any of these proprietors might, with as much colour of justice, withhold from *them* their rents, as they withhold from the ministers of religion the funds allocated to them by the very instruments by which the right of exacting these rents was created.

It should, then, be constantly held in mind, that tithe is a lien upon land which *precedes* rent; which was created *before* rent was paid; for which a due allowance was made in the various arrangements between landlord and tenant; and which, therefore, without any hardship, may, and by common equity ought to be satisfied, before any rent should be exacted.

It will, however, be said, that, although neither landlords nor tenants have reason to complain of tithes, the public at large may have reason so to complain; in as much as *tithes are paid by the consumer.* This is the new form which the question has assumed, and which has been given to it by the late David Ricardo. It deserves, and it shall receive an attentive consideration.

Ricardo's notion respecting tithes is a kind of corollary deduced from his theory of rent. To understand the former, therefore, it will be necessary to state the latter.

The *cause* of rent he asserts to be the *varying* fertility of different soils. And rent itself he defines to be the *difference* between the produce of the same amount of capital, when employed upon inferior and superior land. It will, he says, be the same thing to a cultivator to invest a smaller capital in the cultivation of productive ground, and pay a certain rent, as to invest a larger capital in the cultivation of ground for which he may pay no rent, but which is less productive.

If Ricardo had contented himself with stating this as *a fact*, without proceeding to assign it as a cause, or to make it the foundation of a theory, it would be all very well. It might even serve to illustrate the law according to which rent varies. But it is sur-

prising, that it should have escaped his penetration, that rent would exist if there was no difference in the fertility of land, *provided only its extent was limited*: and that it is *that*, as compared with the wants of mankind, and not its varying fertility, that is the cause of rent, which, although it may be in many instances *measured*, yet is never *occasioned* by that difference of productiveness to which by him it is solely attributed. But upon this subject we cannot do better than lay before the reader the clear and conclusive observations of Colonel Thomson. In his tract, entitled, "The True Theory of Rent," he thus writes—"In this account, the matters of fact stated in the outset are entirely and absolutely true. The fallacy lies in assuming to be the cause, what in reality is only a consequence. Proof spirit sells for a certain price, and more diluted spirits sell for inferior prices till they come to that which is worth no more than water;—*therefore*, the reason why proof spirit sells for a high price is, that there are weaker spirits which are selling for a lower; and if there had happened to have been no weaker spirits, the proof spirit would not have sold at all. This is a specimen of the kind of fallacy involved. There is precisely the same nullity of proof, that what is quite true with respect to the concomitant circumstances when they happen to exist, is therefore the essential and inseparable cause, without which the principal phenomenon could not have taken place. *When* it happens, or even if it *always* happens, that there exist soils of various degrees of productiveness down to that which does no more than replace the expense of cultivation with the necessary profit, and that men are moreover acquainted with the art of forcing increased crops, by the application of more capital—all that is stated with respect to the rent being equal to the difference between the highest and the lowest returns, is as necessarily and undeniably true as any thing that has been stated with respect to proof spirit. But all this is no manner of evidence that these circumstances are the *causes* of the principal phenomenon, and that it could not have existed without them,—in one case more than in the

other. In both cases this kind of conclusion is a pure fallacy, a simple '*non causa pro causa*.' On the truth or falsehood of this hang the merits of the whole of what is called the Ricardo Theory of Rent, and the consequences derived from it."

In point of fact, the inferior soils, instead of being the cause why rent increases, are rather causes why it is limited in its amount. The only effect of their non-existence in any given case would be, to cause the rent of the superior qualities of land to be higher. They are brought into cultivation for the purpose of reducing the monopoly price, which would be obtained by the cultivation of better land, if there were no other competitors in the market.

"The value of corn," says Ricardo, "is regulated by the quantity of labour bestowed on its production on that quality of land, or with that portion of capital which pays no rent." *Principles of Political Economy*.—P. 62.

"The value of corn," observes Colonel Thomson, "is not regulated by this; but does itself regulate the quality of land and the portion of capital, that can be brought into action with a profit. The inverted proposition, as given above, amounts to saying, that the price of corn is regulated by the cost for which it can be produced, on the best quality of land, or with the least portion of capital that can be brought into activity, with a *living profit at the going price*; or, in other words, that the price is regulated by the price, which is reasoning in a circle."

"Again," Ricardo says, "nothing is more common than to hear of the advantages which the land possesses over every other source of useful produce, on account of the surplus which it yields in the form of rent. Yet when the land is most abundant, most productive, and most fertile, it yields no rent; and it is only when its powers decay, and less is yielded in return for labour, that a share of the original produce of the more fertile portion is set apart for rent."

Upon this, Colonel Thomson remarks.—"Among the properties here assigned as the causes of *no rent*, the property of *abundance*, or of unappropriated land not having begun to be scarce, is the only effective one.

nably true, that tithe cannot constitute any part of the market price of corn, when that price is regulated by the produce raised upon lands that are tithe-free. And it must, generally speaking, be so regulated, when so large a proportion of the lands employed in agriculture is so circumstanced. Price rises, *not* because tithe is paid, but because demand presses against supply. No man will cultivate his ground merely in order to pay a tithe, if he can do nothing more. Price must have risen in consequence of an increase in the effectual demand, before land which is subject to tithe *will* be cultivated; and thus the market price of all produce grown upon the lands of a better quality will have so far exceeded the cost price, as to leave, after paying the profits of stock and the wages of labour, a very considerable residuum, which will be shared between the clergyman and the landlord; the clergyman separating his tenth, and the landlord appropriating the remainder.

But we do not agree with this able writer, that even if all lands were subject to a uniform tithe, *that* burden could be thrown upon the consumer in any case, beyond the precise point of time when the market price was just sufficient to pay the tithe, the profits of stock, and the other expenses of cultivation. Up to that point of time, the land would not be cultivated; for no one would consent to cultivate it at a loss. And after that point of time there would begin to accumulate that residuum above the cost price, which constitutes the fund out of which tithe and rent must be finally paid. So that the tithe would be thrown up upon what may be denominated the surplus profits; and, therefore, could not, in any such case, constitute any portion of the expenses of production.

This, however, will be said to be the question—Would it be thus thrown up, or would it be projected upon the consumers? Projected upon the consumers, say Ricardo and his disciples; because corn is a *necessary* which the public *must* purchase, and for which the farmers *can*, accordingly, get their own price. Now this position directly contradicts what we should have thought

might almost pass for a truism, namely, *that the market governs the farmer, not the farmer the market*. If that be true, it is undoubtedly true, that the farmer, in taking land, will consider not what price he *may* be able to extort, but what price the public are *willing to give* for his produce. His bargain with the landlord will, therefore, be made with reference to *existing prices*, and he will consent to pay only such a rent as leaves him able to pay the other burdens to which the land is liable, after having replaced his capital and realized his profits. At least, no prudent man would make any other kind of bargain. It may be added, that if the farmer may govern the market so as to make the consumer pay the tithe, there is no reason why he may not also govern it so as to make him pay the rent, or, indeed, to carry prices to any height that might be dictated by his cupidity.

But farmers have no such power over the market. If they had, it would be, ultimately, most injurious to themselves. Like other dealers, they will consider themselves sufficiently remunerated if they are able to replace their capital, with the ordinary profits of stock. And like other dealers they will only calculate upon being able so to do, when a willingness to give remunerating prices has been previously evinced by the public. To act upon any other principle, would be to reverse the maxim which, in all such matters, usually governs the conduct of mankind.

If farmers may throw the tithe on the consumers, in the manner Ricardo has supposed, there is no reason why they might not throw upon them a sum equivalent to tithe, supposing tithe to be extinguished. So that, at all events, the public would not benefit by their extinction, unless farmers may be supposed to be more willing to pay a tax, than to realize a personal advantage.

If the landowner united in his own person the characters of landlord and cultivator, it is clear that the charge of tithe must fall upon *him*. And we fully subscribe to the dictum of Colonel Thomson, "that what he cannot keep himself, he can never recover from others by the invention of selling it to them with their eyes open."

"If it is urged," says the Colonel, "that such landowners might recover the tax from the consumers, by raising the price of corn,—the answer is, that the operation of their individual interests will prevent it. If they raise the price of corn, it is manifest that less must be sold. A high price spins out the consumption of a deficient harvest, and would cause only a portion of equal magnitude to be consumed out of a plentiful one. But none of the landowners would place so much confidence in union among his brethren, as either to throw away corn already in his barns, when he had the option of selling it,—or refuse to grow it, when by the sale of it he could obtain what he considers a reasonable profit. The quantity of corn grown and sold, therefore, will not be diminished by any such combination; and if the quantity is not diminished, the price for which it is sold cannot be increased. If there was no monopoly gain, the case would be very different indeed. For then the tax would oblige the landowners to contract their growth, till the price rose to what would pay them for their trouble; in the same manner as other producers do in similar circumstances. And the landowners themselves will actually do this, with respect to that portion of their produce which will not pay them the necessary profits of stock."

His observations are no less valuable or conclusive upon that case, which has furnished their most plausible topics to the advocates of the contrary opinion.

"The *cheval de bataille* of those who believe that taxes on agricultural produce fall on the consumers, is the malt tax. If a tax is laid on malt, the price of beer rises till the tax is recovered to the dealers; and it would do the same if the tax were laid on barley. What then, they say, so clear as that the tax falls on the consumers? The fallacy here is in bringing forward only half the case. If a tax is laid on barley, the quantity of land laid down with barley will be diminished, in such a manner as according to the guesses of the growers will cause the price to rise to what, after paying the tax, will make it as advantageous to grow barley as any thing else. And though the

guesses may be rough and imperfect the first year, they will be better in every succeeding year, and will in the end attain to the greatest exactness that can be desired. But if the price of barley is raised through the quantity being diminished, the prices of some other kinds of produce must fall, through the quantity grown being increased,—for the land will be employed in growing something else. The landowners, therefore, furnish the tax, and in the first instance recover it from the consumers of barley in the price. But on the other hand they suffer a reduction of the prices of other kinds of produce; which makes a deduction from their recovery of the tax, and a set-off to the consumers of agricultural produce against the increased price paid for the article taxed. The consumers of beer pay a higher price for their barley, and consume less; but the consumers of wheat or of something else, pay a lower price for what they consume, and consume more. There is some loss of business to maltsters, brewers, and publicans; but there is an increase of business to millers, bakers, or whoever are the dealers in the articles whose consumption is increased. And as no man lives on beer alone, the tax will be compensated, at all events, in a certain degree, not only to the consumers of agricultural produce in the aggregate, but to every individual consumer of beer also. And if it should turn out in the end, that the aggregate gains of the consumers, by the reduction of the prices of other things, are equal to their losses by the rise of barley,—or, in other words, that they have paid the same sum for the whole produce as before,—the consumers will be just where they were, with the exception of the altered proportions which have been forced upon them, and the landowners will have furnished the tax without recovery."

Nor, upon the assertion that, inasmuch as tithe has a tendency to throw a certain portion of land out of cultivation, and thereby create a diminution of produce, the price must be raised till it makes the produce the same as before, *because men cannot go without the produce*, are his reasonings less pertinent or constraining.

"The fallacy," he says, "here, as

has been mentioned already is in the inattention to the nature of effectual demand, and the assumption that the produce cannot be diminished. It is not true that men say, 'we must and will have such and such a quantity of corn, whatever may be the price.' But they say, 'we will have as much as it is more convenient for us to pay for at the price for which the grower will grow it, than do without it.' It is a question of equilibrium, between the inconvenience of paying a high price, and the inconvenience of economizing in the use of corn; and whatever may be the laws by which the magnitude of these two inconveniences severally vary, there must be an equilibrium somewhere, at a point short of consuming the old quantity. That men cannot live without a certain quantity, meaning thereby *some* quantity, of food, is true; but it is not true that men are living on a *fixed* quantity, which will not be diminished on an increase of price. At the siege of Gibraltar, General Elliott ascertained by experiment upon himself, that a man can live on four ounces of food per day. If this is assumed as the smallest quantity on which life can be sustained, it is still, in the first place, not true that the community, or any considerable portion of its members, are living on four ounces of food per day; and, secondly, even if it was true, the result of an increase of price would be, not that the same quantity of food would continue to be bought by the consumers, whatever was the price, but that the population would begin to decrease by all the modes consequent on insufficient food, and that for this decrement there would be no food bought at all. So far from there being any necessity that the same quantity of food shall be bought, it does not even follow that the buyers shall all live to buy. But there is no necessity for pushing the argument to this length. It is sufficient to attend to the fact, that when there is a necessity for the consumption being diminished, because the corn is not there to be consumed, an increase of price is the engine that carries it into effect; a clear proof that increase of price diminishes consumption."

Upon this part of the subject it can be scarcely necessary to add a

sentence more. *Colonel Thomson has settled the question.* Tithe is not paid by the consumer, even as rent is not paid by the consumer. Both are paid out of that surplus fund which, according to the settled laws which regulate the growth and the sale of agricultural produce, must be accumulated, though neither landlords nor clergymen were in existence.

Upon the whole, we are not surprised at the prejudice which some of our political economists cherish against Universities. They must consider that, by their means, in the person of Colonel Thomson, a most hopeful disciple has been woefully perverted. Had it not been for his pernicious scientific education, and his acquaintance with logic, he never would have been a dissenter from their views, or led to question the soundness of the principles upon which they proposed to carry on their *sapping and mining* operations against the Established Church.

Before we take leave of him, we cannot but observe, that, while we are thankful for the instruction which his pages have imparted to us, we lament that his discussion of the question has not been somewhat more expanded. We fear that many of his readers will have reason to consider him liable to the censure which Horace pronounces, when he says, "*Brevis esse laboro, obscurus fio.*" This cannot proceed from barrenness of imagination. Colonel Thomson's illustrations are as ready and pertinent, as his reasoning is perspicuous and strong. It is therefore solely to be attributed to the severity of the school in which he has been trained, to the rigidly scientific habits into which his mind has been disciplined; and we could wish to succeed in persuading him, that, without in the least departing from academic dignity and scholastic strictness, it would be possible for him to convey his thoughts in a manner much more level to the capacities of all sorts and descriptions of readers. He can have no interest in hiding his light under a bushel.

But we must return to our subject. Whether tithes are, or are not, paid by the consumer, are they not a tax upon industry? We think not; and we shall give our reasons. Those who take the most adverse view of

the subject, represent tithes as *diminishing by one-tenth the fertility of land*. Now, it is certain, that land is of various degrees of fertility; that one quality of land is by much more than one-tenth more fertile than another. But has it ever yet been contended that this disadvantage under which the inferior land lies, is a tax upon industry? No. Simply because there was no Church Establishment to be subverted by such a misrepresentation. The land which is thus comparatively unproductive *will not be cultivated*, until prices rise to a height that will remunerate the farmer. It is the same with land subject to tithe. Both causes may retard cultivation; and so far, leave industry unemployed. But neither can be truly said to *tax industry*. Industry is not exerted upon the land, until its exertion may put it beyond the tax. The industry that is thus called into action is amply remunerated. The farmer cannot complain when he is enabled to pay the wages of labour, and to realize the profits of stock. And the public cannot complain when they get what they want, at the price for which they are willing to procure it.

When men talk of tithes as a tax upon industry, it would be very well if they remembered that the productions of the earth are a bounty upon industry; that although they may plant and water, it is God that gives the increase. If this truth was more strongly imprinted upon their minds, we should hear less of an objection that savours so much of impiety and ingratitude. A tax upon industry! Why it is just such language as we might expect to hear, if they were themselves *the creators* of the productions of the earth, and were indebted for nothing to the goodness of Providence! A seed is deposited in the ground; it is returned fifty-fold; and those upon whom the beneficence of God thus overflows, think it a hard thing to be asked to contribute a tithe of what he has himself given them to his service! Truly may it be said, "the ox knowest his owner, and the ass his master's crib; but Israel doth not know; my people do not consider." We shall not at present stop to indite a homily upon this; but, if the objectors to whom we have alluded would

only imagine what they themselves would think of individuals who might have received from some great man a favour, similar to that for which they must feel themselves indebted to the great Creator, and yet who refused to acknowledge it, by making some small returns for his service; appropriating greedily, and without thanks; and giving grudgingly, and of necessity; in a word, cramming, while they blasphemed the feeder; they would have some faint idea of what may be justly thought of their own language when they complain of tithe as a tax upon industry!

But we well know, that a consideration such as this will only provoke the sneers of the utilitarians. Upon them we urge it not. Against such antagonists we rest satisfied with having proved that tithe is no tax upon industry; a position which they may deny, and they may mystify; but which they will find it difficult to disturb, unless they can shew that there is a tax upon industry *where there is no industry to be taxed; or where the growers are remunerated by existing prices where any industry is exerted*.

It has been said that tithes are an obstacle to improvement; and, in some few instances, they may be so considered. We are, therefore, desirous to see adopted any reasonable and practicable modification of the system by which the objection might be removed. We are sure that, ultimately, it must be for the benefit of the clergy as well as of the laity, that the country should be improved; that two blades of grass should be made to grow where but one grew before; and we are satisfied, that no serious objection would be made to any proposal for abating or moderating the imposition of tithes, in any cases where it could be clearly shewn, or for any length of time during which it could be clearly proved, that they would be an obstacle to improvement. The cases, however, are but few in which a relief from tithe would encourage enterprise; and, therefore, the cases can be but few in which the burden of them discourages cultivation. But, be this as it may, we meet the objection fairly, by proposing a remedy. Thus we test the sincerity of our opponents; to whom, indeed, we do less

than justice, if they are not more tender of their objection than we are even of tithe, or if they would wish to see the grievance which they complain of redressed, when it may, hereafter, operate as a lever for the overthrow of an offensive system. When an objection is a *pretext*, and not a *cause*, it must be something very different from truth and reason, that can prevail against it.

When it is said that taxes are paid by the landlord, it must not be supposed, that they fall upon the individual commonly so called, but only that they are taken from a fund which is denominated rent, in contradistinction to the funds which supply the profits of stock, and the wages of labour. The landlord has *no more right* to the tenth, which he merely hands over to the party, whether lay or clerical, for whose benefit it has been reserved, than he has to any other property of which he might be the trustee; or than his tenants have to the sums which they have stipulated to pay him, as considerations for their respective farms. And yet, even by a respectable writer in the *Quarterly Review*, the matter has been thus misrepresented. Tithes have been represented as a grievance upon the landlord, from which he ought to be relieved! (vol. xlv, page 37), as if he had received a grant of the land tithe-free; or took no care to be indemnified for its amount when he made the purchase! For if he gave for nine-tenths the price of the whole, he was a fool. And if he claims a dominion over the whole, having purchased but nine-tenths, he is a knave. In neither case can he call for the protection of the legislature, which should not countenance his knavery, and cannot prevent his infatuation. No. It is every whit as false, to maintain that tithe is paid by the landlord, as that it is paid by the consumer. It constituted a lien upon the land before the proprietor came into possession, the liquidation of which should precede rent, which ought to commence only when that lien had been satisfied. So that nothing could be more equitable, than to make the owners of all lands which paid a rent, accountable for the tithe; for the tithe ought to be considered as in their hands, from the very moment that rent began to

be exacted. The landlord has no right, to appropriate any portion of the residuum above the profits of stock and the wages of labour to his own purposes, until he satisfies those who have previous claims; and as such, the law recognises the claims of the individuals who may be denominated ecclesiastical landlords; whose rights were secured to them, at the time when the lay proprietors came into possession of the fee, and which cannot be violated, without a fatal departure from the principle, by the maintenance of which can property of every other description alone be protected. The lay landlords, therefore, in paying tithes, pay nothing that may be called their own, and, therefore, as far as they are concerned, tithes are no grievance.

But, Irish tithes, who can stand up for them, are they not altogether indefensible? There, a people professing one religion, are compelled to support the ministers of those who profess another! A little patience, gentle reader. We are no advocates of what is indefensible; but, we have, we confess, as yet to learn, that such an epithet is fairly applicable to the Church of Ireland.

Let us take the supposition most favourable to our opponents, and for which Mr O'Connell, the bitterest enemy of the Church of Ireland, most loudly contends, namely, that tithes are paid by the consumer; and, we ask, who are the consumers of Irish produce? The answer must be, the people of England. They are the consumers of Irish produce; and, therefore, according to the statements of the Irish anti-tithe conspirators themselves, *they are the payers of the Irish tithes*. So that, admitting their own principle, the Irish are not burdened with that obnoxious impost; and, so far from its being true, that the Popish people of Ireland are supporting a Protestant clergy, *it is much more consonant to truth, to affirm that the Protestant people of England are supporting a Popish clergy in Ireland*.

And this, in point of fact, is the real state of the case, as would very soon be felt if the export trade were discontinued. The prices which the Irish farmers are enabled to obtain for raw produce in England, determine the price for which it sells in

Ireland. There is a monopoly established in their favour, to the exclusion of Poland and Prussia, and other countries by which they might be undersold; and this has caused demand so far to gain upon supply as to increase, very considerably indeed, that surplus above the expenses of cultivation, out of which both rent and tithes are ultimately paid. It is, therefore, as false as it is mischievous to allege, that the sum paid to the Established clergy in Ireland, is wrung from the hard pittance of the Roman Catholic labourer. That labourer would not find his comforts one whit increased (whatever they might be diminished) if tithes were henceforth abolished. And the farmers or the landed proprietors, merely hand over to the clergyman a sum upon which they can, by possibility, have no claim, and which they never would have received had not the prices of their produce been raised by English capital and English consumers.

Nor can it be said that the people of England are sufferers by being thus burdened with the support of the Church of Ireland. In whatever degree the export trade has a tendency to raise the price of corn in Ireland, it must have a similar tendency to lower it in England. If new lands are called into cultivation in the one case, old lands must be thrown out of cultivation in the other. So that while the surplus fund for the payment of rent and tithe in the one country is increased, in the other it either does not increase, or diminishes; and, consequently, the people have less to pay in one direction, the more they have to pay in the other. The value of their own produce is diminished in proportion as that of Irish produce is increased; and by how much the amount of the whole falls short of what it would be if they were the sole cultivators, *by so much* must they be considered gainers. The English only purchase Irish produce because it is cheaper than their own; and while they have the benefit of this cheapness, they should not grudge those to whom they are indebted for it, the benefit of their custom. Neither do they. They are wise enough to know what, in this respect at least, is their true interest.

Indeed, if there be any party who have a right to complain, they are *the English clergy* and land proprietors, whose property is diminished both in value and amount by the same cause which increases the tithe and the rental of Ireland.

The grievance, therefore, of which the agitators complain is, *that a sum derived from English capital is received and spent amongst themselves!* It is curious that they do not make the increase of rent, which has also been the consequence of the trade with England, a ground of complaint. Perhaps it is because it would be less palpably unreasonable so to do. For rent is often spent out of the country; tithe seldom or never. Rent contributes to the encouragement of absentees; tithes to that of a resident gentry. The landlord is often felt as an oppressor; the clergyman generally as a benefactor to his neighbourhood. Indeed, we have reason to believe that the poor people themselves are at length beginning to be sensible of this. It has been reported to us, upon authority by which we have never been deceived, that the peasantry in the county of Kilkenny, where the hostility against tithe raged fiercest, are at length fully sensible of the folly of banishing the clergy from their homes. The labourers feel, that, whatever the farmers and landowners may have gained by withholding the tithe, *they* have been no gainers by the loss of employment, or the absence of that kindness and those courtesies which they always experienced from the clergy of the Established Church. Let any unprejudiced man go into the neighbourhood of Dr Hamilton, or Dr Butler, and witness the keen regret with which the majority of even their Roman Catholic parishioners regard their absence, let him witness the charities which have been suspended, the good works which have been interrupted, the civilizing influences which have been withdrawn, and he will be able to form some estimate of the mischief which has been done by that malignant system of combination which has driven these respected gentlemen, and numbers like them, from their several spheres of activity and benevolence. We verily believe that this system could not be

maintained, were it not that the poor people have now no adequate protection against it. ITS SANCTIONS HAVE NOW BECOME MORE TERRIBLE THAN THOSE OF THE LAWS OF THE LAND ! And Captain Rock is feared and obeyed, while the enactments of the nominal legislature are regarded as little more than so much waste paper !

In the preceding paragraphs we have admitted, for argument sake, that it is unjust to call upon people, professing one form of religion, to contribute to the maintenance of the religious teachers of those of another ; and we have been satisfied with shewing, that, in point of fact, such an objection is unfounded—that no such demand is, in reality, made. But even if we were unable to shew, as we trust we have shewn, upon their own principles, that the complaints of the Agitators are without any basis in truth, we could not for a moment admit that it is unjust to expect of dissenters of every denomination to contribute to the maintenance of that Church which is by law established ; because, to admit such a principle would be to strike at the very foundation of an Established Church.

Dissent is not a *privilege*, but an *indulgence*. To say that those who disapprove of the religion adopted by the state, are to be exempted from any share of the expenses attending its maintenance, is to proclaim a *bounty* upon dissent, which must render it impossible, in the long run, to uphold any form of national religion. Thus, a toleration of error would proceed to the extent of an intolerance of truth ; and the only mode of faith for which no sufficient provision *could* be made, which might at the same time secure its purity and its permanency, would be that very one which might be judged most agreeable to the precepts and maxims of Holy Scripture.

For, to what purpose is any form of divine worship established, if every individual is at the same time told that he is at liberty to use his own discretion in contributing or not contributing his stipend for its support, just as he thinks proper ? Even of those who approve of it, how many will contribute, when they may refuse ? In how many will coldness, indifference, caprice, operate to pre-

vent or retard the performance of a bounden duty ? And if such be the case with those whose inclinations may be said to be favourable, what may not be apprehended from those whose dispositions are decidedly adverse ? To place a Church upon such a footing, would resemble the folly of building a house upon sand. When the winds rose, and the rains fell, and the floods came, they would beat upon that church, and it would fall, and great would be the fall of it.

It may be allowed that it certainly would be impracticable thus to procure a sufficient support for any system of national religion ; but that no such system ought to be established ; that religion, like every thing else, should be left to find its own level, and depend, altogether, for its countenance or its rejection, upon the common sense and the natural honesty of mankind. This is the view of the subject which we know is taken by the great majority of those who are loudest in their denunciations against tithes, and who, in objecting against them, may be considered as only carrying into effect one of their engines of hostility against the Church Establishment. But it would, surely, be more manly, as well as more fair and rational, to object to the Establishment in the first instance, and then, if the objections should be considered sound, proceed to the abolition of tithe ; than begin by seeking for such abolition, although tithe may be the only practicable mode of ensuring a sufficient maintenance for such an Establishment, should the allegations of its defamers prove unfounded. In this latter case it might, perchance, be found that punishment rather hastily anticipated conviction ;—and thus, while the trial of the Establishment only served to evince its truth and its purity, it would be attended, contemporaneously, with such a confiscation of its revenues as must ensure its downfall and its degradation.

But, to advert for a moment (for we cannot afford space to discuss it at any length) to the notion that no particular mode of faith should be established, because men will be led, naturally, to approve of, and to adopt that which is the best, it may be admitted, that if the assertion were

true, the advice were good; as, on the other hand, it cannot be denied, that the advice is not good if the assertion be unfounded.

This maxim of the free traders in Christianity would be just, if men were as much alive to their eternal, as they are to their temporal, interests. When men are in want of corn, wine, oil, or any other necessities or conveniences, their wants are the parents of skill and enterprise, which soon enable them to procure what they desire. But, the *more* they stand in need of religion, the *less* they are conscious of that need; and, consequently, if the most important concern is not to be entirely neglected, there is a necessity for taking, in that respect, some better care of them than they are likely to take of themselves.

The very passions, prejudices, interests, and attachments, which cause them to take excellent precaution for their well-being in the present world, are most adverse to their well-being in the world to come. And, therefore, no wise legislators either ever have, or ever will act upon the principle of leaving religion to find its own level, by not establishing any particular church, or, by removing the muniments and abolishing the privileges of one that has been established; even as the Hollanders will not act upon the principle of suffering the sea to find its natural level, by the removal of those mounds and barriers by which alone they have been hitherto protected from its inundation.

On the contrary, wise legislators have always admitted that they never could secure the social and political, until they had done what in them lay to secure the moral and religious well-being of the people. Man must be regarded in his relation to God, before the duties can be defined, or the rules laid down, which should determine his conduct in relation to man. In this country, the government have been so fully sensible of this, that the Church has been, from the very earliest period, incorporated with the state, and the leading truths of our religious belief made, as it were, the corner-stones of our civil polity.

Religion, which else had been an "airy nothing," "a rhapsody of words," thus obtained "a local ha-

bitation and a name.' Instead of resembling "a voice crying in the wilderness," its ministers taught as those "having authority;" and a provision was made which secured adequate instruction, in all things "pertaining to life and to godliness," to all classes included between the humblest and the most exalted.

We are not here discussing the comparative claims of different churches to the favour or the preference of the state. In that matter, as in all others, the wisdom of the community, as expressed by the legislature, must decide. We are merely contending for the propriety, nay, the necessity, of giving a permanent subsistence and an authorized exposition to whatever mode of religious belief may be supposed to afford the most adequate representation of Christianity. Respecting this mode of belief there may be various opinions; and it is the right of every individual to submit any objections which he may entertain against it to the judgment of the community; but, it is also his duty to be obedient to the laws by which it has been established, and neither to commit nor to countenance any violence by which its stability might be endangered. While he may do any thing which, *by influencing the judgments of our senators*, might tend to its reform or alteration, he should do nothing, which, by acting on *the fears, the prejudices, or the cupidity of the multitude*, might lead to its subversion. A wise and liberal government will equally avoid the dangerous extremes of *prescribing error*, so that it may not be gainsaid, and *proscribing truth*, so that it dare not be defended.

But, as surely as a knowledge of our duty towards God is necessary to the performance of our duty towards man, as surely as there is no security that a community will contain good citizens, unless it also contain good Christians, so surely is it a duty incumbent upon princes and governors to provide the means of religious instruction for those over whom they are appointed to preside; and whatever may be the varieties of opinion which it may be expedient to permit amongst their subjects, no one, *unless by his own choice, or through his own fault*, should be

left uninstructed in that "*more excellent way*," which bears the most authentic impress of the Christian revelation.

For this great purpose, (which combines considerations of moral duty with those of state necessity,) it is right that a provision should be made to which all classes may contribute, even as they contribute to the accomplishment of any other object which may be judged expedient for the well-being of the community. And an individual could no more plead dissent in bar to the tax which might thus be imposed upon him for the support of an Establishment, *than he could plead a leaning towards republicanism in bar to the tax which might be imposed upon him for the support of the monarchy.* In both cases, provided dissent proceed not to the extent of an open attempt to subvert the Establishment, it may be tolerated; and provided a leaning towards republicanism proceed not to manifest itself by any overt act of hostility against the monarchy, it may be endured. But in neither case should either the one or the other be permitted to disturb the settled arrangements of society, much less to tamper with the foundations of social order. With opinion, as such, the state will not meddle, as long as it does not meddle with the state; but the very moment the laws are resisted, or force or violence is employed for the purpose of defeating their provisions, that moment it becomes necessary to take the most effectual measures that such force or violence shall not be successful.

But America, it will be said—look to America! and we say, look to America. In arguing with competent judges, we would be content to rest the whole question upon the practical evidence of the necessity of a state religion which the very condition, both moral and political, of America affords. We might refer, in illustration of this, to numberless instances, in which the moral appetite has been either starved or pampered—either unduly or viciously excited, or injuriously or mischievously repelled; and all for the want of that steady and fostering guidance which might educate piety and repress extravagance—that sober, benignant *matriculation* of the community, which

would be effected by a well-chosen and a wisely administered Church Establishment. But we forbear. The government of America has as yet scarcely witnessed two generations. The cup of the Amorites is not yet full. And events are already hastening forward, which admonish us, that before a third generation elapses, many, by whom the pernicious mispolicy of America, in neglecting the important concern of religion, is at present but too fondly admired, will point to it as a warning, and not as an example.

But the absence of a religious Establishment, in a country that has never had one, is a very different thing from its removal in a country where it had long subsisted. In the former case, necessity will have given rise to many expedients, by which its absence may be, in some imperfect manner, supplied. The moral appetite will not be altogether repressed, although it may not be naturally or healthily exercised. Just as in individuals who are born with imperfectly formed lungs, the liver sometimes performs some of the offices of the defective organ; so there may arise, and there will arise in such a community, some mode, however imperfect or inadequate, of discharging the function of an Established Church. But in the latter case, where a Church Establishment had long subsisted, and where its influence was suddenly suspended, without any compensatory provision having been made to remedy the great derangement which must thus arise in the moral and the social system, we recognise one of those instances of sudden and fatal injury to a mortal part—a plucking out, as it were, or a laceration of the lungs—from which scarcely any thing less than the dissolution of the body politic is to be apprehended.

Now, such must be precisely the effect of any violence by which the Established Church in these countries may be overthrown. It is coeval with the monarchy. It has grown with its growth, and strengthened with its strength. Its ministers constitute one of the estates of the realm; and its property is held by a tenure more ancient and more venerable than that of any other property in the land. A sudden violence to such

an establishment must give a shock to society which it could not easily recover, even independently of the serious moral loss which must attend the suspension of its holy and benignant ministrations.

"But are not these holy and benignant ministrations sometimes suspended, or worse than suspended, by the unhappy collisions upon money matters which take place between the clergy and their flocks?" Here, again, we are willing to meet the objectors half way, and to acknowledge the beneficial consequences that would flow from an arrangement, by which the clergy, in what regarded their own maintenance, might be separated altogether from secular considerations. The difficulty has been, to combine security of property, with that privilege of exemption from the cares and anxieties of worldly business, which it is so desirable, for many reasons, that the clergy should enjoy, so that effectual care might be taken, that, while their whole time might be devoted to the great business of their calling, the patrimony of the Church should not be wasted. Now, this difficulty is, we think, most satisfactorily obviated, in the plan which Dr Whately, the Archbishop of Dublin, lately submitted to the Committee of the House of Lords, before whom he was examined upon the state of Ireland. He proposes, that parishes should be congregated into unions, and as many as could be conveniently managed, placed under the superintendence of some experienced and responsible individual in all matters relating to the incomes of the incumbents—his duty and authority being somewhat similar to that which is at present discharged and exercised by the bursars of our Universities. Thus, the property of the Church would be as well secured as the property of our colleges; and, while the clergy were undistracted in the blessed occupation of "rightly dividing the word

of truth," the stewards, to whom the care of their secular concerns had been committed, would "give them their meat in due season."

Here, then, is a plan by which the objection above stated, may be fairly and fully met. But are the objectors satisfied? No. Why? Simply because their allegation was a *pretext* for the destruction of the Church, and was not urged with any view to the remedying of a defect, or the removal of an inconvenience. Mr O'Connell now complains more loudly of the remedy than he ever before complained of the disease; and this, and all other objections which he and his faction may urge, will be cherished with as much more lingering obstinacy as a knavish mendicant cherishes his sores, which are more offensive to the eye, than injurious to the health, and more profitable in the exhibition, than painful in the endurance.

It was not our intention to have travelled into any matter not strictly referable to the economical consideration of the question of tithe. Our space does not permit us to enlarge upon the peculiar claim of the English and Irish Church Establishments to a liberal and independent provision;—but we trust enough has been already said to evince the unreasonableness and the futility of the cavils which have been raised against the mode in which they are at present supported.

It has been shewn that tithe does not fall upon the consumer: that he does not pay more for raw produce than he should pay if tithe were removed. For, though it be granted that the imposition of tithe checks production, it must also be admitted, that the limitation of production checks population; so that the supply will still bear the same relation to the demand, and the consumer, after tithe has been abolished, will have precisely the same and no greater facilities for procuring corn than he had before.*

* Colonel Thomson calculates, upon grounds which appear to us solid, that the loss arising out of prevention of production caused by tithes, supposing them to be universal, may be estimated at less than the hundred and twelfth part. He then proceeds to estimate what the loss would be, supposing the clergy paid by an impost on manufactures.

"The value," he says, "of the whole annual produce of the agriculture in Great

It has been shewn that tithe does not fall upon the landlord; that is, that the individual commonly so called is not deprived of any thing *which he could truly call his own*, in consequence of the imposition of tithe; which should be considered as a pre-existing and paramount claim upon the land, *the satisfaction of which should precede any accumulation for the benefit of the landlord.*

The true mode of considering the matter would be to suppose that there are two kinds of landlords. One kind are obliged to reside upon the land, and to perform various duties, which have an important bearing upon the well-being of the cultivators of the soil. The other kind

are *not* obliged to residence, neither is the performance of *any* duty compulsory upon them. Can it, therefore, be the interest of the cultivators to diminish the fund appropriated to the first, *when the only effect of such diminution must be to increase the fund appropriated to the second?* No, surely; unless it be their interest to increase wages while they diminish service—a paradox which, although it might qualify economists for depriving of their hire the useful labourers in the Church, would disentitle them to object against the sinecure clergy.

It is also to be considered, that the first class, or the ecclesiastical landlords, as they may be called, hold

Britain, compared with that of manufactures, has been estimated as being one to three. If, then, the support of the clergy were to be raised by a tax on the produce of manufactures instead of agriculture, the tax must be a third of a tithe, or $3\frac{1}{3}$ per cent. And the consequence of this would be, *in addition to the tax being paid by the consumer*, to cause a gratuitous loss, or prevention of production, which, if ten per cent may be assumed as the average rate of manufacturing profits, would be equal to ten-elevenths of $3\frac{1}{3}$ per cent on the whole amount of goods manufactured. And the value of this would be to the value of the hundred and twelfth part of the agricultural produce, which is what is supposed to be kept out of existence by the system of tithe, as $\frac{1}{100} \times \frac{10}{11} \times \frac{10}{3} \times 3$ to 1 divided by 112, or as $\frac{1}{11}$ to $\frac{1}{112}$, or something more than 10 to 1;—an inequality not to be got over by any conceivable inaccuracies in the numerical assumption. In which it is remarkable, that the result is independent of the comparative values of agricultural and manufactured produce, and will be the same, whatever is their proportion. The explanation of which is, that if the manufactured produce is less, a greater portion of it must be taken.

“Hence, the real state of the charge against tithes is, first, that the tax, with the exception of a trifling reaction, is paid by the landlords, instead of being paid by the consumers, as would have been the case if it had been levied upon manufactures; and, secondly, that there is a saving of more than nine-tenths of the loss or prevention of production, which would have taken place by the other mode. When tithes are asserted to be a peculiarly pernicious and impolitic mode of taxation, these facts are always kept out of sight. The proof of the assertion falls to the ground upon examination, like the proof of many other popular outeries. As the woodpecker, the rook, and the goat-sucker, have been persecuted time out of mind for imaginary injuries, so the ecclesiastical rook has been charged with collecting his subsistence in a manner peculiarly injurious to the public, through clear ignorance or concealment of the nature of the process. Some species of commutation might, possibly, be better still. But it is plain that the extended outcry has been made, either through ignorance, or a desire to direct the hostility of the community to a particular quarter by misrepresentation.

“If a third part of the land is tithe-free, (as is understood to be the case in England,) one-third must be deducted from the estimate of the effect of tithes. And the effect of the abolition of the other two-thirds would be, that the produce of the country would be increased by two-thirds of a hundred and twelfth, or $\frac{1}{100}$; which, if it took place all at once, would cause the price of corn to fall by a quantity which, on account of the comparative smallness of the increase, must be, at all events, not very remote from the ratio of the increase;—or, if corn is supposed at 56s. and fourpence a-quarter. But this fall of price (being, in fact, the small reaction mentioned under the heads of tithes and taxes on the produce of land, and to which, in those places also, the same observation may be applied) will be only temporary. And the reason of this is, the certainty that any given permanent alteration in the quantity of corn, will ultimately produce a corresponding alteration in the population that is to consume it, and so bring back corn to the old price.

whatever they possess in virtue of qualifications which may be possessed by any other individuals in the community. Is it an evil, that the humblest individual may entertain the hope that his son or his son-in-law may, at some future time, be a Bishop of Winchester, or an Archbishop of Canterbury? What interest can he have in diminishing the chances of such an event, by confiscating the fixed estates of the clergy, or contributing to connect them with a species of property, to the enjoyment of which neither he nor any one belonging to him can establish any claim? Is it any grievance to him that all the landed property of the country is not locked up in entail,—but that some portion of it is thrown open to enlightened competition, and made attainable by means of moral and intellectual qualifications?

It has been shewn, that the outcry against Irish tithes, whether paid by the landlord, or paid by the consumer, is altogether unfounded. *It is not true* that the Roman Catholics of Ireland are burdened with the support of the Protestant establishment. If tithe be paid by the consumer, as the demagogues contend, the people of England are saddled with that tax; and not only with that, but also with the stipend, whatever it is, by which the Popish peasant maintains his own clergy. If it be paid out of the fund denominated rent, it is merely handed over by the land proprietors, who are, generally speaking, Protestants, to those for whom it has been received in trust, namely, the Established clergy. It is also to be held in mind, that this fund is chiefly created by English competition for Irish produce; and, therefore, in reality, falls much more upon the land in England than the land in Ireland.

The case, therefore, is clear. The only question is, will the Government so consider it,—or will they surrender the Irish Church to the demands of the Irish demagogues, and the fierce hostility of the Irish

insurgents? There are many reasons which render it most important to the Irish insurgents, that their demands should be complied with; and not the least material of these is the persuasion under which they labour, that the very instant the Church is abandoned, the Union may be considered as repealed. Will this operate as a motive with our governors, to enter into a bond of sleeping partnership with the mid-day assassins and the midnight incendiaries, by whom the Irish clergy have been plundered and proscribed? Or, are the laws to have their course; and is injured innocence to be protected, and outraged justice to be vindicated? Are the unoffending pastors of an unoffending people to be outlawed, and hunted from their homes; or, are the murderers to be arrested in their career of blood, and made to feel that there is at length a limit to forbearance, and that atrocities may no longer be perpetrated with impunity, because the objects of them are distinguished by the evangelical virtues? These are questions which we will not prejudge. We have joined issue upon them with the disturbers of the public tranquillity; and the case is at present before the Reformed Parliament. But we can have no hesitation in saying, that the decision to which they may come upon it will determine the fate of the empire.

For our parts, we have done our duty. We have stated our case with freedom, and without partiality. We are not conscious of having courted popularity, or of having truckled to power. We have done our best to examine the question at issue, with minds unbiassed by favour or prejudice;—and if those before whom it must shortly come for a final hearing, can only say as much, we have no fears for the result;—if it should be otherwise, (which may Heaven avert!) upon their heads be the guilt and the misery which must necessarily flow from their mispolicy and injustice.

IRELAND.

No. III.

THE ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE.

THE time is fast approaching, when the state of Ireland will force itself on the consideration of the most reluctant legislature. For a quarter of a century past it has been a subject to which the attention of Government has been constantly directed, and on which unnumbered reports have been made by Parliament, but which, from its complication, its difficulty, and its apparent hopelessness, has never led to any important measures. Constantly enquiring about Ireland, they have never done any thing effective, and the country has gone on from bad to worse, under the system of concession, first recommended by the Whigs, since acted upon by the Tories, and at length carried to an extravagant extent by Ministers, till at last all semblance of order has disappeared, and society has reached a degree of anarchy unparalleled in any Christian state.

It is earnestly to be hoped that Ireland will no longer be considered as a subject of party contention. It has been so much too long, both among its own fervid inhabitants, and the great parties who divide Great Britain. The extravagance to which faction has risen in that unhappy land, is one great cause of the total absence of any great legislative measures, or any firm steps for the tranquillization of its inhabitants; and until it is looked to in a cool dispassionate strain, by the English legislature, and all the enlightened classes in this country, no efficient measures for its relief ever will be adopted. It is a remarkable but melancholy fact, that while the Irish are continually complaining of the oppressive nature of the English government, and the vast injury they have sustained from the ascendancy of the Protestant party, they have never been able to point out any specific or intelligible plan for the relief of the prevailing suffering. The lower orders of the peasantry seem to have only one plan on all

occasions, which is, to shoot every man who attempts any practical improvement in the country, and burn any witnesses who depone against them in a court of justice, while the better classes of the Catholics content themselves with eternal declamations on English injustice, without proposing any thing whatever for the removal of the evils of which they complain. O'Connell, indeed, and the Repealers, have a clear remedy for all these grievances, which is to repeal the Union, and subject Ireland to a separate legislature. But without stopping to dwell on the impossibility of such a measure being carried, fraught as it obviously is with the immediate dismemberment of the empire, the establishment of French influence in the sister island, and a *bellum ad internecionem* between the two countries, it is sufficient to observe, that our sprightly neighbours do not as yet possess within themselves the elements requisite to form a useful legislature.

They forget, when they make this demand, that the experiment has been tried for many hundred years, and totally failed. Till the Union in 1800, Ireland was governed by a local legislature; and yet the country, on their own shewing, was all along in the most miserable state; and certainly the degraded habits and redundant numbers of the poor, sufficiently demonstrate that no measures for their practical improvement ever were adopted by their Irish rulers. Arthur Young observes, that the Parliament of Ireland, in one of those *fits of insanity*, to which they were occasionally subject, once passed a resolution, that any lawyer who lent his aid to any process for the recovery of tithes, should be debarred from practising in the courts of law; and such, in truth, was too frequently the character of their legislature. Like all rude and uncivilized but impassioned nations, their measures were characterised by vehemence.

ment resentment at individuals, but no measures for the general benefit. These Parliaments, it is true, were chiefly assembled under Protestant influence; but it will hardly be asserted, that the wisdom of their decisions is likely to be much increased by the admission of O'Connell and his band of Catholic Repealers; and, in truth, such is the exasperation of the parties in Ireland at each other, and the vehement passions which they bring to bear upon public affairs, that it is apparent that the dissolution of the Union would be instantly followed by such extreme measures as would speedily rouse a civil war, of the most sanguinary character, over the whole country, and terminate in the re-establishment of English ascendancy, after years of suffering, as the only means of saving either life or fortune out of the general wreck.

Holding it, therefore, as a proposition too clear to admit of dispute, that the amelioration of Ireland is to be based on British connexion, and founded on the measures to be brought forward in the British Parliament, we shall consider the means which exist for the alleviation or removal of Irish grievances, and by which ultimately the state of that country may be rendered somewhat more tranquil than it is under its present distracted rule.

We have already stated, in the first paper of this series, that the great and lasting misfortune in Ireland has been that they have received institutions in imitation of England, for which they are obviously disqualified, and which are adapted to a totally different state of society; and that, in consequence, the administration of justice has become defective, the protection of life and property imperfect, and impunity been practically afforded to criminals and anarchists of the very worst description. This is an evil of the utmost magnitude; striking, as it obviously does, at every species of industry, or the growth of any habits of subordination or regularity, and tending to continue that state of anarchy in which the country has so long been plunged, and which perpetuates the redundant and miserable population, which has so extensively overspread the British isles.

The obvious and only remedy for this deplorable state of things, lies in the establishment of a vigorous and efficient government, so organized as to meet and curb the wicked in all their enterprises; and that by such means the disturbances of Ireland *might* be effectually quelled, and order completely re-established, is evident from the success which has attended similar undertakings in other countries where the case was, to all appearance, still more hopeless. Scotland, in 1696, was very nearly in as bad a state as Ireland is now. Its whole population was not 1,000,000; and of these 200,000 were sturdy beggars, who lived at free quarters on the inhabitants, and, as Fletcher of Saltoun said in his memorable speech on the subject, feared neither God nor man. The country was divided by religion; had been the seat of civil war for seventy years; and its nobles, instead of being disposed to co-operate with Government for the restoration of order, were almost all leagued together to place a rival family on the throne. How then was this state of anarchy checked in that country? By an admirably organized system of criminal law, and a resolute executive, which gradually extinguished the private feuds of the inhabitants, rendered hopeless the system of intimidation and violence which had so long prevailed, and at length established order and tranquillity throughout a kingdom which had been desolated by feuds and civil wars for three centuries. Ireland is doubtless in a deplorable state of anarchy; but it is not so bad as La Vendée and Brittany were, after a million of Frenchmen had perished in the desperate conflict of which that heroic land was the theatre, and every family mourned several of its members cut off by republican vengeance; and yet by the able efforts of Hoche and Carnot, followed by the wise measures of Napoleon, peace was completely restored to its infuriated inhabitants. It is evident, therefore, that the thing may be done; the only question is, whether Government have resolution enough to go on with the necessary measures to effect the object.

The root of the whole evils complained of in the administration of

point of fact, although the law has in general proved sufficiently strong and effectual for the ultimate suppression of Whiteboy associations, it has not been effectual in affording protection to the public against being exposed to the crimes and atrocities of those conspiracies for a considerable period previous to their being completely repressed.

"The first object of the law which the Committee recommend to be passed, is to give power to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, if a case of violent disturbance of the peace by a Whiteboy association shall actually occur, to issue his warrant for a special assembling of the Court of Quarter Sessions, at a period when, according to the ordinary course of the law, it could not assemble; and if the occasion should seem to require it, to appoint a person of high standing at the bar to act as Assessor to the Court. The Court to try all prisoners charged with Whiteboy and other offences below the rank of capital felonies; and to continue to sit by adjournment from time to time until tranquillity shall be restored."

An able officer, Colonel Sir John Harvey, holding a high situation in the Irish police, gives the following decisive evidence in favour of a public prosecutor in Ireland:—

"Do you think that the English principle of law, that the person injured shall be the prosecutor for the injury, and incur the expense of seeking redress, though the injury is considered to be an injury to the public, should be applied to Ireland?—No; I think it should *always be treated as an injury to the public, and a public prosecutor appointed; that might remedy the evil.*

"If there was a public officer that should take charge of the informations laid before the magistrate, and superintend laying the bills before the grand jury, and, if found, see that the case was properly conducted in court; if all that was conducted by a public officer at the public expense, would that tend to give the law full effect?—Yes, and it would lead to create a respect for the law, which *does not now exist.*

"Is there not now so much impunity that the people are careless of committing offences?—Such has long been my impression.

"May not the impunity allowed in those smaller crimes in ordinary times, form the basis and tend to the extension of *insurrectionary crimes, when attempted to be introduced by some factious or Whitefeet party?*—Yes, I think so.

"And that the present laxity amounts to a sort of bounty upon crime?—Yes, it relaxes the morals of the people, and makes them indifferent to the commission of petty crimes; whereas if they were properly punished, we should have a very different state of things in Ireland."

Here again we have experience in Ireland, leading to the adoption of the same system, which for three centuries has been established with the happiest effects in Scotland.

The Committee have been most meritorious in the labour they have bestowed on the accumulation of evidence on this subject; but their recommendations, in many respects, are tinged by a degree of timidity, arising from an unwillingness to deviate from old institutions, evidently unsuitable to the circumstances of the country. The recommendation just quoted is a signal proof of this observation. For an evil of acknowledged magnitude, of long standing, and universal extent, they propose only the inadequate remedy of the assembly of an extraordinary Court of Quarter Sessions, by proclamation from the Lord Lieutenant. Such temporary and casual measures will never be attended with any lasting good effect in a country so grievously distracted as Ireland is, and where the people have so long been accustomed to comparative impunity for every species of outrage. To strike terror into a disorganized, disaffected, and almost insurgent peasantry, it is indispensable that the *ordinary courts* and the common law should be able to reach them *at all times*. Such a system would be an act of mercy to the deluded wretches themselves; for how often does it happen that a few striking examples at first are sufficient to put a stop to a system, which, if allowed to rise to a head, the transportation of hundreds can hardly extinguish?

To grapple with this dreadful evil, which lies at the root of so many of the disorders of Ireland, we would propose that there should be established in every county permanent magistrates, paid by the Crown, selected from men of character and eminence at the bar, who should be authorised *at all times* to summon juries for the trial of offenders against the public peace, and to inflict any punishment short of death. The in-

fluence of such a local authority always sitting, and which can apply the vigorous arm of the law to the commencement of disorders, is incalculable. Its efficacy has been abundantly tried in Scotland. Though the Sheriff in that country is not vested with the power of transporting criminals, yet the steady and incessant application of the punishment of imprisonment has a most powerful effect in repressing disorders; and when combined with the severer sentences imposed by the judges on the Circuit, completely keeps under the tendency to anarchy in that well-regulated country. Larger powers would be required for the Irish Sheriffs, on account of the more disturbed state of the country; but with these, and a vigorous and efficient police, we have not the slightest doubt that by these means tranquillity might ultimately be restored even to its worst provinces.

The Committee have reported, that it is the long interval between the crimes and their punishment which leads to the enormous height to which Whiteboy outrages generally arise in Ireland, before they are repressed by the terrible examples of the Special Commissions or the Assizes. What is the appropriate remedy for this evil? Evidently to have a local court established in every county, which could try crimes as soon as they were committed, and might transport the offenders as fast as their outrages were perpetrated, months before the tardy Grand Jury began to assemble, or the authorities in Dublin could be moved to issue a special commission or proclamation. The expedience of such an establishment might be inferred *a priori*, from a consideration of the principles which govern the unruly part of mankind; it is abundantly proved by the example of Scotland; and, without any knowledge of its establishment in that country, it has been strongly recommended by all the witnesses best acquainted with the real state of Ireland.

Mr Barrington, Crown Solicitor on the Munster Circuit, states this in the strongest manner. Being asked,

“Before you have a special commission, must not there be a considerable extent of outrage?—I would issue it

if there were only half-a-dozen persons to try for such offences. I recollect Mr Saurin saying, in 1815, that he would send down a special commission if there were only two cases; and he did send one down to Limerick when there were few cases, and it was quieted.

“But before a single case could be prepared for trial, might not such a gang as you have alluded to, by their power of intimidation, bring the county altogether into a state of disturbance?—*Certainly they might*, but the more time allowed the greater the disturbance.

“Are the means that magistrates possess such as enable them at all times immediately to apply the law that is calculated to suppress insurrection?—I think there ought to be in every county in Ireland a police magistrate, a stipendiary police magistrate, whose duty it would be to watch every offence, and the moment an outrage occurred, to enquire into every particular relating to it, and report it to the crown solicitor or law officers. I would have the chief constables not exactly as they are now, but of a lower class, such as sergeants in the army, and the difference of expense would make up for the payment of the stipendiary magistrate. I know instances where chief constables having been captains or majors in the army, gentlemen at whose houses they dined, did not like to ask them to go on duty to patrol after dinner. This would not be the case if they were taken from men in a lower rank. I would have a police stipendiary magistrate for the whole county, and the difference of expense would, in my opinion, be a great saving to the county.

“If the present magistrates of a county were to do their duty vigilantly, would these stipendiary magistrates be necessary?—I think you require some person in each county, whose duty it would be to enquire into and report on every outrage that occurred; for instance, a gentleman may be absent when an outrage occurs in his neighbourhood. There is in Limerick and Kerry a district of fifty miles without a single magistrate.

“You say that if the first symptom is not immediately met and the parties checked, that it goes on so rapidly that it becomes next to impossible for magistrates not being stipendiary to interfere with effect?—Yes; it goes on till it arrives at what you have seen in Clare and in the Queen’s County.

“Has not this been the case, that wherever an attempt has been made by any party to introduce these insurrectionary proceedings, they have so far suc-

ceeded that it has generally taken two, three, or four years before it has been entirely suppressed?—In Clare, *the whole disturbance was suppressed in a few months*, to the astonishment of every body. Last year, it it had not been for the activity of the police magistrate in Limerick, Mr Vokes, I question whether that county would not have been as bad as ever Clare was.

"Would not similar results follow to those which you have described in other counties, notwithstanding there might be every disposition on the part of the magistrates to do their duty?—Certainly; I think *had there been a local magistrate in the Queen's County*, whose duty it was to watch the incipient outrage, that he might have checked it, and in the other counties also which have been disturbed. I would therefore have a police magistrate, as well in the peaceable as in the disturbed counties, who should be responsible; and on the first outrage occurring, let the whole force of the government and the law officers, investigate the case till they came to the root of it."

Every one practically acquainted with Ireland, knows how much the administration of justice is disfigured or prevented by the party spirit which prevails on both sides. Mr Barrington justly considers the operation of permanent judges, free from such local influence, as one great advantage to be derived from the proposed permanent magistrates.

"You have given as one of your reasons for the appointment of a permanent stipendiary magistracy, that the resident magistrates in Ireland were generally under the influence of party spirit?—I did not say so; I said we could not get a local agent except from one party or the other.

"That is not the case with respect to the magistrates at all?—Party is much more in some parts of Ireland than in others.

"Do you consider a stipendiary magistracy would be so regulated as to be free from the influence of all party considerations?—I do; I judge of it from the mode in which I see some police magistrates act.

"Would you propose to give to the stipendiary magistrate the civil jurisdiction of all ordinary magistrates, or confine his jurisdiction to criminal matters?—I would give him the full power of all ordinary magistrates, and the commission for every county adjacent to the one in which he is residing; this man being responsible

to Government, there is no great danger that any party feeling would prevent him from doing his duty.

"You originally said that in Ireland there was a tendency among the common people to create disturbance, unless they were checked?—I think the great fault in Ireland is, that the people are not inclined to appeal to the laws as they do in this country; the great object is to make Irishmen attached to the law, and that can only be done by perseveringly prosecuting every case, no matter of what description.

"You would have a stipendiary magistrate in every county?—Yes; and he should take out of the hands of the parties themselves the administration of the law. If a homicide occurs at a fair, instead of the people coming forward to prosecute, they wait till the next fair, and then commit, in retaliation, a murder on the other side. *I would take the prosecution out of their hands*; I would not wait till they gave the information; it should be the duty of the magistrate to force forward the prosecution, and punish the persons who had committed the first homicide."

The same change is strongly recommended by Colonel John Rochfort, an active and intelligent magistrate in Queen's County:—

"How do you account for the lower orders of the people being able to establish such a formidable association, and commit such outrages for so long a period, without it being checked in the first instance?—It was the want of a sufficiently numerous police in the country. I think there are some legal arrangements wanting that may check the commencement of these outrages.

"Do you think that the quickness with which the parties commence a system of outrage and establish intimidation, leads to the making it so formidable at once, as to counteract the open efforts the magistrates are able to make?—I think in the present state of Ireland there is a *general intimidation over the country*; the moment a Rockite notice is served, or a demand for arms made, intimidation commences, though it has been in a perfect state of quiet before.

"Do you conceive that the ordinary powers of magistrates, with the best disposition to suppress any thing of this kind in the first instance, are sufficient for that purpose, or can be applied in the instantaneous manner necessary to stop the progress of it?—No, I think not; I think there is something wanting to enable us to check the commencement of the out-

rages, for they commence by small beginnings; a single man quarrelling with his own family about the division of some property, is enough to set it agoing; he gets in some people from the neighbouring county, they serve a Rockite notice and commit some outrages, and intimidation follows, nobody knowing where the blow will fall next.

"Then with the view of preventing the recurrence of this system of association in the Queen's County, are you of opinion that some amendment is wanted with regard to the power possessed by magistrates generally, with respect to the means of administering the law?—I think the first commission of crime might be prevented by a more ready administration of the law; by the Crown solicitor having a clerk or a partner residing in each county town, who should have an office open ready to receive all applications and information upon the subject, and whose duty it should be to collect the evidence, and do every thing in his department in the office; and I think that the quarter-sessions should be, in the case of any disturbance, not adjourned over for three months together, *but no longer than a week or a fortnight*, according to the exigency of the case, so that prompt justice might be administered.

"Your object would be, in having this deputy-solicitor of the Crown, to watch the early proceedings, and assist the magistrates in taking steps to put a stop to it?—Yes, and to assist individuals who are attacked, and cannot afford to go to a solicitor themselves."

But it is not sufficient that the recommendations contained in these depositions, and embodied in the Report of the Committee, are adopted by Government; it is also indispensable that some provision be made for the protection of witnesses who speak against the Whiteboys, and of the jurymen who are summoned to their trials. As matters now stand, they are so completely intimidated, that conviction too often is impossible. The only way to meet this dreadful evil, is to authorize Government, upon a report from the Judges on the Circuit, that juries will not convict from intimidation, to suspend that mode of trial altogether, and convict the criminals as in courts-martial by the Judges alone. Provision at the same time must be made for the emigration, at the public expense, of all witnesses, with their families, who are deemed worthy of it

by the court, and consider their lives or properties endangered if they return to their houses. These are strong measures; but strong measures alone will be attended with any effect in a country so distracted as Ireland. It is in vain to apply to a people on the borders of the savage state, the institutions or franchises of a highly civilized society, or which work well under a training of centuries of tranquillity and peace. The system of intimidation which checks any attempt even at justice, is thus described by Colonel Rochfort:—

"Is it not the fact, that the class of well-disposed farmers are perfectly cognizant of the nightly proceedings of the disaffected persons in the part of Ireland where you live, and are afraid to give any information?—Yes.

"But they could do it if they pleased?—Yes; I am not sure that the evidence they could give would lead to a conviction before a jury, but it would be sufficient to direct our searches.

"But the system of terror is now such, that they would be afraid to come forward and tell what they saw?—Yes, certainly; and that is very reasonable, *as their property, and their own lives, and that of their families, are in the power of any ruffian.*

"Then a man worth L. 100 or L. 200 a-year, is it not natural he would conceal any offences he saw, rather than come forward as a prosecutor?—Certainly."

It is needless to comment on this state of things; till it is removed, there is an end of order or protection to life in Ireland.

It is evident that great part of the licentiousness of Ireland has arisen from the administration of justice by the country gentlemen; in other words, by one of the parties in the state over the other. All the witnesses examined before the Committee concur in stating that there is a thorough distrust of law in every part of the country, and a settled belief that the courts are nothing but the engine by which the ruling party wreak their vengeance on their adversaries. The length to which this party spirit is carried, is such, that in the opinion of the most competent judges, it in a great measure disqualifies the better class of the people from taking an active part with any good effect, in the suppression of

disorders. Sir Hussey Vivian's opinion is decisive on this point:—

"Do you think there is any class of society, farmers for instance, so exempt from the spirit of party, in the agitated counties, that it would be safe to put arms in their hands?—Undoubtedly not. I think there is that party spirit, that if you put arms into the hands of one party, you incur the animosity of the other; and we know of the arming of the yeomanry in the north, and there is no doubt that that has led to organization, and to a certain extent arming, of the Ribbonmen; there is, I conceive, in consequence, more danger of collision in the north than in any part of Ireland. *I have no doubt that the yeomanry could put them down if they came to blows*; but still there is more danger to be apprehended from the very circumstance of both parties being to a greater extent better armed than in any other part of Ireland.

"That is, where the arms are put into the hands of those of a particular creed?—That may have produced the effect I have stated.

"The question was this—Supposing a case where the only distinction of individuals was the interest which was possessed in the district, measured by the amount of property possessed?—In order to do that, you must re-organize the minds of the people of Ireland.

"Supposing, in the Queen's County, the most respectable class of farmers were armed, do you think they are so exempt from the spirit of disturbance in the county as to afford a sufficient guarantee that they would use their arms in support of the constituted authorities?—I should doubt very much whether, in case of a disturbance, they would not use them against each other. I know there is a violent party spirit that must be overcome to prevent their so doing, and this pervades all Ireland."

The same intelligent officer, whose command and opportunities of observation extend over all Ireland, has given equally decisive evidence as to the superior efficacy and impartiality of the police, in the discharge of their arduous duties.

"What is your opinion of the conduct of the police?—My opinion of the conduct of the police, formed after the enquiries I have made, is, that *it has been generally excessively good*; and I believe the police has been most efficient, for nothing can be better than the manner in which they have conducted themselves where the troops have had to do with them.

"Can you state the feeling with which they are regarded by the people?—With a very great degree of animosity in most parts of the country.

"Does that animosity extend to the regular troops?—No; on the contrary.

"To what do you attribute that?—We act in support of the civil authority; they are the civil authority; theirs is a sort of system of espionage, and they have many duties to perform which occasion their being disliked by the people.

"Can you suggest any improvement in the constabulary establishment in Ireland?—I think that is not within my province; the police force seems to me a very good one; they generally conduct themselves admirably well.

"Do you consider that the hostility of the people to the police is any impeachment upon the police?—Certainly not.

"You would say, perhaps, the measure of hostility was the measure of their utility?—*Certainly, in a great degree.*"

In the testimony of these competent judges, we have a clear plan pointed out for the pacification of the ordinary disturbances of Ireland—a vigorous and efficient clerk of the Crown, or public prosecutor in each county, with a proper establishment of efficient clerks, to investigate cases, and take evidence at all times—a local magistrate of character and talent, selected from the higher grades of the bar, to try transportable cases at all times, and superintend the preparation of the capital ones for the Circuit Judges—an extension of the police, who now discharge their duty with such praiseworthy fidelity and forbearance, and their establishment in such force as to make resistance impossible. Such is the system recommended by the practical men in Ireland, after centuries of suffering and disquietude, under institutions framed on the English model; and it is precisely the same as was established three centuries ago by the wisdom of the Scottish legislature, and to which the long tranquillity and orderly habits of that country are mainly to be ascribed.

But great as would be these improvements upon the criminal practice of Ireland, and absolutely indispensable as they are to any thing like a tranquillization of that distracted country, it is evident that something more is necessary to put down the organized insurrection which now

prevails in so many of its provinces—which has so much increased since the labours of the Committee were closed, and now threatens to sever the connexion between the two countries.

In investigating the evidence on this important subject, there are four conclusions, to which every impartial mind must arrive, and which are amply supported by the testimony of witnesses, on both sides of politics, above all suspicion.

1. That the ordinary disturbances, prior to the agitation on the Catholic Question, arose from merely local or agrarian causes, and had no connexion with political discontent, or the government of Great Britain.

2. That during the Catholic Question, this discontent was seized hold of by the Agitators, and turned to political purposes.

3. That the machinery erected for agitation or emancipation, is now applied to the ulterior objects of Catholic ambition, Extinction of Tithes, the Repeal of the Union, and the Resumption of the Estates of the Protestants; and that the country is thereby in a continual state of outrage and intimidation, utterly destructive to all the purposes of good government.

4. That the supine indifference, or tacit encouragement of Ministers to this agitation, is the circumstance which has brought it to its present alarming height.

Mr Barrington, the crown-solicitor for Munster, declares—

“The Whiteboy system has, for the last sixty years, continued under different names; as, Peep-o-day-boys, Thrashers, Whiteboys, Righters, Carders, Shanavats, Caravats, Rockites, Black-hens, Riskavallas, Ribbonmen, the Lady Clares, the Terry Alts; these latter were the names they assumed last year in Clare. Now we have the Whitefeet and Blackfeet. The outrages have been of the same kind for the last sixty years; the only variation is, that the horrid torture called ‘carding’ has not been used at all latterly; a few years back that system (which was a dreadful mode of torturing a person whom they wished to punish) was in frequent practice.

“Associations have been formed for regulating the prices of land, attacking houses, administering oaths, delivering threatening notices, taking arms, taking horses at night and returning them again in the morning, taking away girls, mur-

ders of proctors and gaugers, preventing exportation of provisions, digging up land, destroying fences, houghing cattle, resisting the payment of tithes, and other outrages similar to those which have occurred in Clare last year, and which are now the subject of investigation in the Queen’s County.

“A few of these cases will, I think, give much more information to the Committee than any general observations or opinions. I have traced the origin of almost every case I prosecuted, and I find that they generally arise from the attachment to, the dispossession of, or the change in the possession of land; hatred of tithe proctors prior to the Composition Act, and from the passing of that act, until the last year, we had not in Munster a single outrage relating to tithe; previous to the Composition Act we had several murders of proctors. Then the compelling the reduction of prices of provisions, the want of employment, and in Clare the want of potato ground; the introduction of strangers as workmen. One of the outrages at Clare, for which fourteen men were convicted, was that of a Kerry man going to get work in Clare; his house was attacked and prostrated. I have never known a single case of direct hostility to the government as a government, although hostility to the law leads to hostility to the government; but as to direct opposition to the government, I never knew an instance of that being the object.”

Of the mode in which these outrages were committed, and the height to which they have risen, the following account is given by the same witness:

“Can you state what means are taken by these gangs to propagate these systems, as you have given the Committee to understand that there is a willingness on the part of the peasantry to commit crime?—I do not wish the Committee to understand any such thing. I believe the greater number join through terror and necessity, from the kind of houses they inhabit, and the retired situation in which they are placed. The parties to the murder of Mr Blood went to the houses of many poor farmers to compel them to go with them. Some of these farmers told me that they were delighted to hear of their execution; *they said so secretly*, knowing I would not disclose it; they frequently made them join when they went out at night. Captain Rock (the man Dillane, who I have alluded to) told me that he has been obliged to threaten to fire at his own men to make them attack a house.

"What are the means by which they exercise these systems of intimidation over the lower orders?—By going to their houses at night, and swearing them to join, and be ready whenever they may be called on to take arms or to attack houses. If they refuse, or their wives and families should in any way prevent them, they were formerly carded, but latterly wounded or flogged, or some other punishment inflicted on them.

"Is punishment nearly certain to follow the non-execution of what is ordered to be done?—*Most certainly; and the consequence is, the whole peasantry of a county, not having any means of resistance, are obliged to join.* When this system commences, the whole county is soon in a flame, if it is not discovered and instantly checked.

"In the first instance, the gang obtains the support of a great number of individuals?—Yes

"Does this intimidation operate further, so as to check the administration of the law?—It does; they are threatened if they attempt to prosecute or give any information, and they swear them not to do so. In 1821, the county of Cork and the bounds of Kerry were in a most dreadful state, the King's troops were attacked, and the people took possession of a town; there was a regular battle between the people and the light infantry and yeomanry of the county, at Deshure. The gentlemen took the rifle brigade behind them on horseback, and pursued the insurgents. A special commission was sent down, which quieted those counties at once."

Such was the origin of the system of outrage and intimidation in Ireland, and the means by which it rose to the formidable height which it has assumed of late years. But still, till taken advantage of by the political Agitators, it never assumed a general aspect, or acquired, except in 1798, a political character. But it was of this inflammable and reckless state of the public mind, in the lower classes, that the Whigs and Agitators took advantage to organize agitation, on the subject of Catholic Emancipation, and which is now applied with so much efficacy, to effect the suppression of Tithes and the Repeal of the Union.

Col. Rochfort declares that he was a firm friend to Catholic Emancipation. He was asked, "what do you conceive to be the reason that that measure has not had the effect

in tranquillizing the country you expected?—I think, that the agitation raised to carry the Catholic Relief Bill, has been transferred to other objects."

"You remember some publications in the shape of pastorals that emanated from high authority?—Yes, certainly.

"Is it your opinion that they preceded the resistance to tithe, or produced the resistance to tithe?—I think they had a considerable effect in organizing the resistance to tithe; but whether they took the opportunity of the general feeling which they found prevailing, or led it, is more than I can say.

"At any rate, the publications were anterior in their date to the present disturbances, and the associations guiding those disturbances?—They were anterior to the general meetings."

Sir Hussey Vivian, whose means of information are perhaps more extensive than those of any other individual in Ireland, on account of his military command, confirms this testimony.

"From the information you have received, do you conceive that the organization against tithes is a resistance that has sprung up among the peasantry, acting upon the result of their own feelings on the injustice of it, or a resistance that is promoted by Agitators?—It is hardly possible to say: I think it was in the first instance a question that arose out of the writings and principles set forth by Agitators; but it has got such a hold among the people of Ireland, I do not see the way out of it; like other great questions, it has been taken up too late. Since I have been in Ireland, I have been all over the country; I have been in almost every military station; and I took a great deal of pains to endeavour to ascertain the feelings of the people of Ireland, and to see what it is that excites them, and whether they have any grievances to complain of. I have been in 500 different cottages, and I have seen and heard a great deal of the cottagers and farmers, and ascertained their opinions. One day when out hunting, I said to a farmer, 'I wish I had a large landed estate here, I would soon settle this question of the tithes, as far as my property was concerned.' He said, 'How would you do it?' I said, 'You should never hear the words tithes or church-cess,' (which, by the way is a greater grievance with the people than the tithes). 'I would say, there is my land, will you give me L.150 a-year for that farm, and I will settle all

the claims of the church?' He said, 'Do you suppose that that would settle it; do you suppose that if I paid you 35s. an acre, that I should not know that 5s. an acre went to a parson professing a religion that I do not profess: do you think I should not know, that if you did not pay the parson, I should have it for 30s. instead of 35s. an acre?' "

Of the length to which this combination against tithes has gone, it is unnecessary to multiply many proofs. That which M. Dupard says of Queen's County, may serve as a specimen for the whole country.

"Have any tithes been recently paid in the Queen's County?—No.

"Are they likely to be paid?—Never; they will never pay tithe.

"Do you think that the resistance to tithes extends to Protestants as well as Catholics?—The lower classes of Protestants have been intimidated from paying tithe; they have been served with notices not to pay.

"Which do you think will ultimately prevail, the system of intimidation, or the terrors of the special commission?—I think they have no respect for the laws at all.

"Does this association for mischief prevail throughout the country?—Yes.

"There have been murders and robberies committed under it?—Yes.

"So that the county is in the possession of that particular association?—Yes, nearly so.

"What do you conceive to be the object of this association from your acquaintance, which is considerable, with what is going on; what do you conceive to be the object of the association?—It is a complete resistance to the existing laws; some of them say, *they will have all the lands in the country in their hands again*; some of the Whitefeet and Blackfeet say that.

"Why do they seek to get arms in the way they do?—I heard for some time it was for the purpose of opposing the levying the tithes.

"Have they any system of management, any committees?—Yes, they have, amongst themselves; they meet in public-houses.

"Do they investigate the cases and decide what house they will attack, or what individual they will ill-treat?—Yes, they decide it some days previously to the attack.

"When there is an attack made upon a man to give up his land, is it the result of an investigation of the case, and the decision of the committee, and an order that the

person shall be turned out of his land?—Yes, that is decided at a meeting of the committee previously concerted some days."

And it is not the less material to observe, that these outrages commenced at a period, when there were an unusually small number of real grounds of complaint among the people, and in counties where there was a very great number of resident gentlemen, and the laws were administered with unusual lenity; when rents were low, wages high, and the people comfortable; decisive evidence, that it was not the redress of real evils, so much as the arts of Agitators, and the democratic spirit excited by the French Revolution and the Reform Bill, which has thrown the country into its present distracted state. Col. Rochfort put this in the clearest point of view.

"Have the goodness to describe shortly to the Committee in what state that county is with respect to disturbance?—It has been in an exceedingly disturbed state; all kinds of outrages, what we call insurrectionary or White-boy outrages, going on; serving notices to give up land, and that upon the penalty of having their houses burned, or their own persons being murdered.

"Is it general through the county?—Yes, I think it is; some parts are more affected by it than others.

"At what time did they first establish themselves?—I was abroad the whole of 1828 and 1829, and great part of 1830, but I understood it began in 1829; it was then checked, and began again more extensively in 1831.

"To what do you attribute it?—Remotely, I should say, to the general feeling of hostility between the ancient Irish and English, which has been transferred to the two religions, and that excited by various causes; the agitation for emancipation and tithes, and the various things of that kind, and the revolutions of *Paris and Belgium*.

"Then you mean there is a kind of indigenous spirit and feeling on the part of the people, originally hostile, and continuing as such, to the law?—Yes, and to a great extent.

"The Queen's County, till the period you refer to, was generally very quiet?—Yes, it was very quiet; and a great number of respectable gentry residing in it. I think one part of the object of the Agitators was to overturn as much as possible the influence of the country gentry."

"Is not the county conspicuous for the number of resident gentry?—Yes.

"And the good understanding that existed between them and the people?—Yes.

"And free from complaints of the conduct of the magistrates?—Yes; quite free from that, and very little cause of complaint of any other kind.

"And the duty of the magistrates very fairly and honourably performed?—Yes; *I do not think they could have been better performed in any part of the world.*

"Then with regard to the rent, what has been the conduct of the gentry towards their tenants?—I think the rents charged by the head landlords are in general moderate; and I think the gentry have in very few cases acted against their tenants, and in none where there were not great arrears; and where they have done so, in all the cases that have come to my knowledge they have remunerated the tenants, and given them the means to quit the land or transport themselves, and left them *nothing to complain of reasonably.*

"There were no grounds of complaint then in the county, of the conduct of the gentry in removing tenants?—*No reasonable grounds, in my opinion; where any were removed, consideration was had for them.*

"Against what class are their efforts directed?—Against all the lower farmers who have arms; a portion of the Whitefeet might have gone for arms, but a great many committed robberies and burglaries, which all fall upon the poor.

"In other cases, the attacks were upon farmers holding a few acres of ground?—Yes; and frequently in the same family, when there were disputes in the family, mostly about a small quantity of ground.

"Was there any committee managing and directing those proceedings?—I know nothing of my own knowledge; but it is impossible such a system could go on without it.

"Do you think that the peasantry would have entered into this conspiracy themselves unless acted upon by external causes?—No.

"You have stated that at no other time has improvement made greater progress?—Yes.

"Do you not think that is a very ominous feature in the character of the present disturbance, as it removes it from any feeling of distress?—Yes, certainly.

"And when every exertion has been made by the magistrates and gentry to make themselves as serviceable to the population as they can?—Yes, I think they have.

"And that therefore the present chasm that separates the two extremes of society, the gentry from the peasantry, has produced this result; that their authority as magistrates is entirely dependent upon causes that have nothing to do with any grievance connected with the conduct of the gentry?—Certainly.

"Do you think that the feeling against title just now is greater in the abstract than it has been upon former occasions?—Yes, I think it is.

"Would you ascribe it to a growing conviction of the odiousness of this impost, or to the result of agitation?—*To agitation, and better organization.*"

The prejudicial effect of the agitation set on foot to carry Emancipation, with the bitter disappointment which has followed the passing of the measure, is admitted by its warmest advocates. Listen to Mr Dillon, the secretary to the Catholic Association in Queen's County, on the subject.

"You have stated that the people were disappointed by the results of the Emancipation; state what was included in their notion of what was likely to result from it.—They expected the abolition of tithes; it was not held out to them; I do not think it was held out to them during the struggle for emancipation, but I am sure they expected it, and a reduction of rents, and a revision of the grand jury laws, and different other advantages; I would be inclined to say that the peasantry themselves had rather a vague notion of the benefits to result from it; that some benefits would result they conceived, but their notions were ill defined.

"A general indefinite good?—Yes.

"Do you not think in that they included a repeal of the Union?—No, I do not think that they thought of it at that time.

"That is a subsequent thing?—Yes, with the peasantry of the country certainly; not with others.

"Do you not think that the disappointment of the peasantry at the settlement of the question of Emancipation has produced a feeling of exasperation on their minds which has determined them in agitating for themselves?—I think it is because they found no immediate benefits to follow.

"And because they find no immediate benefits resulting from it, they are now resolved to agitate for themselves?—Yes."

This is exactly what we always maintained would take place, and

what historical information would lead every one to expect. Where any concession is made to popular agitation, disappointment is sure to ensue when the object is gained, and this only makes the people more discontented, and augments the general exasperation which prevails. The machinery erected for one object, is applied with more angry inclinations to another; and thus one concession to democratic violence leads to another, till the whole institutions of society are at length melted down in the revolutionary crucible.

Of the ultimate objects to which the Association, now so general throughout Ireland, is directed, we have the following account from Hovenden Stapleton, Esq, a barrister, and magistrate of Queen's County.

"How do you account for this association for illegal purposes spreading so extensively?—It is not surprising it should spread so much in the collieries, the population being very great; the colliers are constantly in the habit of combining for a rise of wages; they drink excessively, and they are a people most easily contaminated, and likely to be led into such a system.

"To what objects have their operations been directed?—In the first instance, the taking of arms; during 1829 it was almost entirely confined to the taking of arms; after that there was some cessation, but in the last year their object seems to have been the settlement and disposition of land and property of almost every kind.

"Do you consider that as their ultimate object?—*Their ultimate object I conceive to be the disposition and settlement of land; to prevent any landlord taking land from a tenant, or preventing him doing what he pleases with his land.*

"Is the system governed by committees?—I have reason to think that it is. I think there is what they call a head committee, composed of seven members, who sit and discuss all matters; then there is a sub-committee under them, who receive orders from the head committee. The body at large are sworn to commit whatever may be ordered."

Of the conduct of the priests in the excitement of this agitation, the same witness gives the following account:—

"Did the priests take no part in the tithe

question in exciting the people to opposition?—I believe a very strong part; but the tithe question did not come into my part of the county; it was in the county of Carlow and the county of Kilkenny, where it seems to have been put an end to.

"But the Roman Catholic clergy did take a very active part in exciting opposition to tithe?—*Very active indeed.*

"Do you not think that that strengthened the general feeling of insubordination through the country?—Of course.

"Are not the priests a little alarmed at the loss of influence they are beginning to feel?—I am sure they are.

"And they are beginning to feel a little uneasy lest the people should get out of their hands altogether?—Probably so.

"Is that the motive that influences the priests?—I cannot say that.

"Do you think, if the Roman Catholic priests had been as active to repress the first outbreaking as they were to encourage it, that any disturbance would now exist?—I think that they could have checked the disturbances in the beginning in my parish, had they co-operated with the magistrates. We had a very large meeting of magistrates very close to the residence of the Catholic priest. Sir John Harvey came from Dublin, and Colonel Evans from Kilkenny, on the part of Government, and several magistrates and gentlemen attended; and though the meeting was opposite the priest's house and he at home, he did not attend nor give his assistance; we memorialized the Government for troops and additional police, which displeased him very much.

"You say that the tithes are extinguished; does that extend to church property as such, or the mode of paying it; do you think there is as much opposition to the payment of tithe as a rent-charge, as in the usual form?—Yes, I think in every shape.

"So that in fact it is church property they consider to be extinguished?—They have got rid of the payment of the tithe, which is the only church property in my district."

The supineness of Government in checking these outrages, and the consequent head which insubordination and disorder have acquired, has come out in spite of all their efforts to repress it, even from the witnesses whom they themselves cited. Mr Hovenden fully explains this subject.

"Do you attribute the want of harmony and concurrence between the Go-

vernment and the resident gentry to any political feeling?—I do think the gentlemen in that part of the country have some political feeling against the present Government; I have none.

"What does that arise out of?—They think there is a want of energy in the Government.

"To what does that extend?—*They let the country come into a state almost of open rebellion without adopting energetic measures.*

"Did not that state exist in other parts of Ireland under former Governments?—Not in the Queen's County.

"If it existed in Clare and other counties, why should you accuse the present Government, if former Governments have been equally guilty?—The disturbances in Clare commenced in the present Government. I am acquainted with the county of Clare, having property there, and I know the feeling amongst the magistrates and gentry there is the same as in the Queen's County; that it was in consequence of the supineness of Government that disturbances got to such a head there.

"May not former Governments have been equally culpable in this matter?—The state of Ireland was *not so much convulsed under former Governments.*

"You were asked whether that want of concurrence may not be attributable to political feelings?—Yes.

"You have been asked whether the present disturbed state of the country is not owing to the misconduct of former Governments; have former Governments ever in so marked a way held up the gentlemen of the country and the magistrates of the country, as objects of reprobation, in the manner that the present Government have done?—I know that the Queen's County has never been in a state like the present under former Governments, *nor at any former period have I known the same want of confidence in the Government as the magistrates now have.*

"Has it been the conduct of former Governments to depreciate the conduct of the yeomanry and landlords?—No; I think that breach is wider than it has ever been before; there is that want of confidence and co-operation between the Government and the magistrates, which I do not remember in former times.

"Do you find that this hostility to the present Government exists among those who have been their political friends, as well as those who are known to be their political opponents?—I think it is very general."

Major-General Crawford, who was

present, both at the rebellion in 1798, and the disturbances in these times, and who is, consequently, so well able to mark the features of resemblance between them, gives the following interesting account of the influence of the priests over their flocks, and the share they had in exciting several of the worst disturbances in the county of Kilkenny.

"You have stated that, in 1798, in consequence of the peculiar position in which you were, as presiding at several courts-martial, you had an opportunity of judging of the character of the Catholic clergy, and from those opportunities you have formed the worst opinion of them?—Undoubtedly, I speak of that.

"Have you any grounds for considering the Catholic clergy of the present day to be similar in character to those you observed, admitting that what you state is correct, in 1798?—I was a member, not president of the courts-martial. I have a strong impression on my mind that *they are exactly similar in point of principle to those of 1798*; and I have had private information from people in whom I think I could confide, that their plans are to overturn the Protestant interests of this country, and to possess themselves of Protestant property, and raise their church upon the ruin of ours; and that is my firm impression.

"Have you any facts upon which those impressions are grounded?—I have mentioned that I received private information upon the subject, which I could not with any degree of honour or propriety divulge.

"Then the whole of these impressions are grounded upon private information?—No; they are grounded on the former circumstances, in addition to private information.

"What are the circumstances of their conduct to which you refer in speaking of the clergy of the present day?—From their great influence over their flocks, I am persuaded that no improper conduct could originate in their parish without their approbation.

"You think that every single crime committed by any Catholics in any parish in Ireland must solely be attributed to the influence that the parish priest has over them?—I am sure he knows every crime committed, from confession, and I am sure he could prevent it if it was his wish to do so.

"Do you believe he knows every crime before a person goes to confession?—How could that be possible? I am sure until after confession he could not know it; but from the general informa-

tion he receives, he will know of things going on in the parish.

"Do you think that the present combination against tithe is likely to extend to other objects?—Yes, I do; *I think it will extend to rents very speedily, and every species of property.*

"Do you not think that the present interference in the letting of farms and the management of property is the beginning of it?—Already they will not suffer any persons to hold lands in the neighbourhood of Castlecomer, but with the approbation of the Whitefeet.

"Do you think that a transition to the non-payment of rent is very natural?—Yes; I think when one law is infringed on with impunity, other laws will necessarily be infringed.

"Do you think that the toleration of any aggression is a toleration and a bounty upon farther aggression?—Yes; I think it excites to it.

"Do you think that the present combination will proceed, when it has disposed of one claim, to settle another?—I am satisfied of it.

"Do you think that the powers of the law which can now be brought to bear upon the present combination, are sufficient to repress it?—No, not now; *if they had been determinately acted on in the first instance, they would have been sufficient*; but I think that they have gained a head that makes it impossible to do it now.

"You have spoken of the priests being at the head of the mobs, and that they were actually leading the mobs at that time; was there any doubt at all about it?—Not the least, in the town, nor among the Protestants generally of Castlecomer, though there is a doubt, it seems, in the minds of some of this committee.

"Was there any doubt expressed by any one at the time?—Not the least under the sun; it was clear as noon-day.

"Did anybody at that time doubt that the priests could instantly have quashed this disturbance at the outset?—The people would not have assembled without their excitement; and *they could have quashed it with as much ease as I lay down my hand*; gentlemen here may not believe what I state, but I am perfectly persuaded of it.

"Do you conceive there is any similarity between the present combination, which appears to have been entered into on the part of the disturbers, and other combinations during other disturbed periods in 1796 or 1798?—I think that the present combination is different to 1798 considerably.

"In what respect?—They were then a very mixed body; the commencement was with the Presbyterians; it extended to some of the Established Church, but very few, and when it came into the Roman Catholic country it was embraced by them very warmly; but *the present combination is among the Roman Catholics*, and it seems to gain ascendancy in the country, and that the object is to *gain the property of the Protestant possessors, and to make this an independent Catholic country*; this is my impression.

"What was the object of the tumultuous meeting at Castlecomer in January last?—It was to get rid of the tithes.

"Was that the beginning of it?—Not altogether the commencement; they had assembled in two or three instances before; they had assembled at Loughlin Bridge and at Dr Butler's, and at two or three other places, I believe; but the great assemblage was at the two bridges.

"Did the priests appear, from the result of that meeting, to have obtained a considerably increased dominion over the people?—There is not the least doubt of it, from the proceedings of that day, that their influence over the country was paramount; in fact now, except in the garrison towns, they are the only legislators. The Whitefeet laws are enforced either by severe beatings, or by attempts at assassination or murder, so that the common law has no effect whatever. Out of the garrison towns the whole of the country is under the influence of the mob; no gentleman can go out unarmed with safety.

"Under the influence of that description of persons you describe as having assembled at Castlecomer?—It originated from that mob. I think a general combination has taken place since that, and a more dangerous kind of conspiracy has originated.

"Of what sort?—I think that at that period the object was to get rid of the tithe. Since that their ulterior objects are to compel the Protestants to quit the country, and to get rid of the English connexion. I think the object is separation. I think these are the ulterior objects that they did not think of in the first instance.

"Do you think that their success upon the subject of tithes has encouraged them?—Yes, I am sure of it; and that was my impression at the time. I should rather have put down their apparent success, and not have allowed them to acquire a new character."

This gentleman was an eyewitness.

ness to the efforts of the Catholic clergy in exciting the efforts of unruly mobs on various occasions. He swears—

“Has not Captain Rock’s law against tenants coming in been directed against every class of his Majesty’s subjects, Roman Catholics, Presbyterians, and Protestants?—I do not know that; but *I know the whole is influenced by the Catholic priests.*

“How do you know that?—By seeing them head it, and seeing their influence over them.

“How often did you see a priest at the head of a mob?—*Six or eight times in different situations.*

“What was it you saw that convinced you that the priests were heading the mob for mischief?—I saw them heading the mob, and I saw by their signs and signals they were accelerating their movements instead of repressing them.

“What were their movements?—I saw them winking and nodding at them, and apparently encouraging them.

“You think it perfectly possible they might be winking at them to disperse them?—I do not think that; indeed the whole demeanour was more like exciting; and they could, if they would, have dispersed them at the two bridges.

“Is there any other instance connected with their demeanour?—Yes; I think their whole appearance was hostile.

“You have told the committee you saw one of those priests winking; did you see any other particular act done by those priests besides the winking—any particular act you can state?—I saw him flourish this way with his hand to the people to come *(waving his hand)*; I saw him do other things that made me think he was rather exciting than retarding them in their operations.

“What was the result of a meeting when the priest headed the mob in that way?—It ended in giving a consequence to the mobility, that induced a great number of others that would not to have joined them, and to give a solidity and strength to their party, and give them a character, which in Ireland is every thing.

“Did you remain there the whole of that time?—Yes, I did, till they dispersed.”

Such has been the terror excited by these proceedings that the Protestants are generally quitting Kilkenny, unless forcibly detained by their landlords. The same witness adds—

“Have the Protestants in that neigh-

bourhood in any numbers emigrated since the time of that meeting?—A very great number, and many more are going, and those who cannot go are sorry they cannot.

“Then you think that the Protestants who remain in the country continue in the country because they cannot afford to pay their passage?—Not that exactly, but because they cannot dispose of their property. Many of them could pay their passage, but they cannot dispose of their property; for the landlords have said they shall not dispose of their farms, and there they must remain.

“Do you mean to convey to this Committee that the same persons who are combinators against the payment of tithes are the persons who, under the name of Blackfeet and Whitefeet, have been disturbing the Queen’s County?—It is possible there may be a different system; but I think in general principle, and in the description of people, they are the same.”

With whom the opposition to tithe originated, and by whom it was organized, is fully known; and to elucidate it, we shall quote an authority which the Catholic agitators will hardly controvert, that of Dr Doyle.

“You have written strongly upon the subject of tithe, and in a manner very much calculated to influence the judgment of those who may be influenced, either by your writings or the authority of the writer? I rejoice that any member of the Committee should think so favourably of my writings.

“Do you not think they were very much calculated to move the people? I should be a very unfit person to judge of any production of my own.

“Did it not happen that within your diocese this opposition to tithe first commenced, and to which it has been nearly as yet confined? I think the *first opposition to tithe originated in my diocese.*—What I wrote got into the newspapers, and through them into the hands of the bulk of the people, and from that period, no doubt, my writings may have contributed very much to the opposition. Instead, however, of endeavouring to exculpate myself from this as matter of blame, I take no small credit to myself for having commenced that opposition, though I regret exceedingly that it is attended with disasters or breaches of the peace.

“In that work did you not express yourself to this effect, that you hoped the opposition of the people to tithes would be as lasting as their love of justice? A very happy form of expression which

occurred to me, and which I like exceedingly.

"You published a pastoral letter after this other writing, in which you advise the people, though not to a breach of the peace, yet by every art and ingenuity in their power to prevent the payment of tithes? *I advised them to exercise their wit and ingenuity in that way.*—Certainly in writing pastorals, *I never look to the government as a government.* I have always a view to the peace of the country, and the authority of the law. I feel myself *totally unconnected with government*; and though bound as a subject in duty, to give them any support in my power, *my business in society has no reference to them*; so that in writing pastorals *I look only to the interests of religion*, and to the good of the people over whom I am placed Bishop, through the Providence of God."

Dr Doyle adds, and adds truly, that in these famous pastorals, which commenced the insurrection against tithes, he recommended to the people to abstain from violence and outrage. With what success such a recommendation was likely to be attended, we leave those to judge who know the fervid character of the Irish, and can appreciate the justice of the following empiatic statement from that very competent witness, Sir Hussey Vivian.

"In offering an opinion on the state of Ireland, there is one thing I should wish to notice, and that is, *the extraordinary coarseness of human life amongst the lower classes.* I have endeavoured, as far as possible, to find out whence it arises that men who appear so kind in their dispositions, so grateful for any little kindness bestowed upon them, as the lower class of Irish generally are, should exhibit such little apparent reluctance to destroy their fellow creatures. I have asked the Catholic clergy; I have expressed my astonishment that they, who have such power and influence over the minds of the lower classes, do not prevent it; but neither they nor others I have spoken to on the subject pretend to account for it.

"Do you not think it may be owing to the abject state in which they exist, which makes their lives of little value?—Yes. I can understand that as applying to themselves, but not as applying to the lives of other persons; it is a most remarkable thing. If you go into their houses, and you are kind to them, they appear grateful beyond measure, and I believe really

are so, and yet those very persons would have no sort of hesitation in taking up a stone and committing murder. The cause of this readiness to sacrifice life is one of those things that ought to be inquired into, and if possible, the feelings, by which they are influenced, eradicated from the minds of the people."

And it is to this ardent, reckless, and impassioned people, so perfectly careless of life, and reckless of blood, that Dr Doyle addresses the "pastoral letter," exhorting them to "exercise their wit and ingenuity in resisting the payment of tithe," and hoping that "their opposition to it would be as lasting as their love of justice." It is not surprising that after such injunctions, carried into effect, as they are proved to have been, by the priests heading the mobs, the state of Ireland should have become so desperate, that, as expressed in the King's Speech, "the execution of the law has become impracticable," and universal anarchy prevails.

We might extend these interesting quotations to any length; but we must forbear, how strongly soever we may be impressed with the conviction that the salvation of Ireland, possibly the fate of the empire, depends on a general appreciation of the truths they contain.

The value of this testimony will not be duly appreciated, unless it is recollected that it was brought forward by a Whig Committee, and came out in answer to questions put by Whigs, and from witnesses selected by them. The Committee was almost entirely composed of Whigs and Agitators. It embraced Mr Stanley, Sir Henry Parnell, Lord Ebrington, Mr O'Connell, Lord Killeen, Lord Duncannon, the Earl of Ossory, Mr James Grattan, and all the leading gentlemen of the Ministerial party from Ireland. They took the direction in summoning the witnesses, and the labouring oar in conducting the examinations, as must be evident to every one from the questions put, which were generally calculated, and obviously intended, to bring out an answer favourable to the proceedings of government. Yet from their witnesses and their questions has come out the evidence which has now in part been detailed.

Whoever considers these valuable extracts with attention, cannot fail of being impressed with the following truths, which contain the principles on which alone the pacification of Ireland can be effected.

1. That prior to the political agitation which the Whigs and Agitators have raised up of late years for party purposes, and especially to force Catholic Emancipation upon a reluctant legislature, the disturbances of Ireland, how great and distressing soever, had never acquired a political character, or become formidable to the stability of the empire; but arose only from local causes, and discontents owing to the administration of landed property.

2. That when Catholic Emancipation was urged as the great means of overthrowing the Tory administration, the Whigs and Agitators took advantage of the fiery spirit which these local grievances had occasioned, and turned it into the new channel of political discontent; and created a complete organization throughout the Catholic party to the last degree formidable to any regular government.

3. That when it was found that Emancipation was a mere delusion, and no practicable benefit had accrued from it to the people, their discontents and exasperation rapidly increased, and under the guidance of the Agitators, were directed to fresh demands, the extinction of tithes, and the repeal of the Union.

4. That in exciting this new insurrection the people were stimulated by the direct advice and exhortations of their dignified clergy; and proceeded on a system directed, organized, and completed by the Agitators; and that in arraying these unhappy persons in this manner in direct hostility to the government, they are morally responsible for the terrible consequences which have ensued from what they knew of the impetuous passions of the people with whom they had to deal, and their total disregard of human life.

5. That the weakness of Government, in rewarding and patronising the Agitators, and doing nothing to suppress the insurrection in its commencement, have brought it to its present unexampled height, when, by their own admission, sanguinary

measures must be resorted to, and the most violent steps adopted, to stifle a state of anarchy which threatens the empire with dissolution.

6. That the ultimate object of all this disorder and organization is to establish the Catholic religion, divide the church lands, resume the forfeited estates, and massacre the Protestants, or drive them out of the country, and establish a separate government in close alliance with France.

7. That the only chance of preserving the empire from dismemberment, is instantly to put down this atrocious system of agitation, and deprive the Irish for a time of those political rights, which they have shewn themselves unfit to enjoy, and employed only to their own and their neighbours' ruin.

8. That such a system requires a firm and resolute executive, and can never be carried into effect with any chance of success, unless it is based on the cordial co-operation of the Protestants and yeomanry; a body against whom no disorders have been proved; whose interests and affections are identified with those of Great Britain; and whose conduct, under the most trying circumstances, when deserted by the Government, and assailed by the Catholics, has been at once dignified, humane, and heroic.

9. That the Catholic priests have shewn themselves unworthy members of a Christian Church; reckless and audacious agitators, who have not scrupled to set a nation on fire to gratify their spiritual and temporal ambition, and are answerable to God and man for the unnumbered crimes which have been committed, in the frantic career into which they have impelled their flocks, and all the blood which may require to be shed before the restoration of order is effected.

10. That having done this to repress the disorders of Ireland, Government must instantly proceed with some *really healing* and beneficial measures; and that of these the very first is to remodel the administration of the criminal law; take its execution, in a great measure, out of the hands of the local magistrates, and establish a system of vigorous prosecution by public authorities,

whose operations never are suspended, similar to that which has so long been in operation, with such admirable effects, in the northern part of Great Britain.

The state of things is growing so rapidly worse in Ireland under the anarchy which, under the agitation of their demagogues, and the weakness of their government, has grown up to so extraordinary a height, that the preceding picture, highly coloured as it is, now falls greatly short of the truth. To demonstrate this, we shall transcribe the catalogue of crimes reported to Sir Hussey Vivian in 1830, and contrast them with the list, furnished by Mr Stanley, from the two counties of Queen's and Kilkenny *alone*, within the last twelve months.*

We are by no means insensible to the many real evils of Ireland, and shall, in succeeding Numbers, examine the causes of the prevailing distress, and the means by which it may be alleviated. Of these, the establishment of poor's laws, and of a vigorous system of government, works calculated to give bread to those who are dispossessed of their farms, and relieve them from the grievous distress to which they are now subjected on such an event, form the most conspicuous. But these are too important subjects to be attempted in this paper.

In the terrible state to which Whig

agitation, Catholic ambition, and Ministerial weakness, have reduced this unhappy country, there is no opening for hope, which we can see, but in the vigour, patriotism, and courage of the Protestant party, and the admirable organization which they have attained under the direction of the Conservative Society. The names of the founders and leaders of that noble establishment deserve to be enrolled in the records of their country's fame. The able and patriotic Mr George A. Hamilton was the first country gentleman who joined it, and as such richly deserves the eloquent eulogium pronounced on him by Mr Boyton; and his example has been followed now by almost all the patriotic or noble of the land. In their patriotism and energy, is to be found the last sheet-anchor of their distracted country in the tempest of revolution; and we rejoice to find, from the altered tone and intentions of Government on Irish affairs, that they are at length awakened, in words at least, to a sense of the only means which remain for the salvation of the country; and if they once embrace the right feelings, they cannot fail soon to enter into a cordial union with the intrepid party who have so long, and with so little external aid, stemmed the progress of disaster in their country.

Edinburgh, Feb. 8, 1833

* From July 1831, to August 1832.
In Leinster province, including Kilkenny,
Wexford, Carlow, Kildare, Queen's
County, Wicklow, Meath, and Lowth.

21 Murders.
106 Persons shot at.
35 Houses robbed of Arms.
26 Acts of Incendiarism.
27 Cattle maimed.
116 Houses attacked.

To English readers, this appears a pretty formidable catalogue for a single province in one year; but it sinks into nothing, compared with that which Mr Stanley has reported of Queen's County and Kilkenny *alone* for the last twelve months.

Kilkenny, 1832.		Queen's County, 1832.	
Murders,	32	Murders,	60
Houses Burnt,	31	Burnings and Burglaries,	626
Burglaries,	519	Malicious Injuries,	115
Houghing Cattle,	36	Serious Assaults,	209
Serious Assaults,	178		

The Hon. Member added, "That this list, frightful as it is, contained only a *small portion* of the offences which had been committed against the law, and were reported to the police and the other authorities. He would ask the House, whether the law was obeyed, when those who were the victims of the outrages suffered in silence, and refused to become prosecutors, from the fear of being denounced enemies to their country?"—*Debate on Address, Feb. 5, 1833.*

A LAST APPEAL TO KING, LORDS, AND COMMONS, FROM ONE OF
THE OLD CONSTITUTION.

WHEN our dearest interests are risked upon the issue of a "perilous experiment;" when fear and a thrilling sense of insecurity drive cheerfulness from our hearths, and sleep from our beds; and the hope of safety rests upon sacrifice, and therefore unwillingly admitted, and upon breaking asunder the sacred bonds that have linked us to kindred, friends, and country,—and we look abroad into the wilderness of the world for an uncertain, and at best an unendured shelter, it is no wonder if powerless indignation against the authors of the calamity is succeeded by entreaty, and in our despondency of other means, we appeal to the very persons who seem engaged to effect our ruin. The victim in his last agony entreats mercy even at the hands of the merciless assassin. We reason with the unreasonable, and would sway the insane by giving them credit for judgment. Nor is this a time to tax an individual effort with vanity. I feel that it is *my* home that may be invaded, *my* property that *may* be legally plundered; that it is *myself* may be persecuted, under the popular ban, for my political opinions; that in a revolution that I see more than probable, my own flesh and blood, my children, helpless females, may be worse than destitute—though of the class of the people—a proscribed race to be hunted to torture and death by a fiendish rabble. These fears will obtain pity from some, (whose incredulity is a noble eulogy upon our old constitution,) and ridicule or affected contempt from the many. But I cannot shut my eyes to the horrors of the first French Revolution, nor can I possibly exaggerate the miseries suffered by thousands of my own and my children's condition. I know from the history of the world, and particularly of that Revolution, that cruelty is progressive; and that mankind are not aware to what point of savageness and atrocity their own natures are capable of being directed. I am not deceived, because the surface of the earth does not still shew unburied the bones of the thousands massacred in those bloody days, nor be-

cause their cities and towns still have the common stir of life in their streets, and the green of tree and herbage is still smiling on their land. External nature does not exhibit the past agonies of the dead. But still the record is written; history remains the monument of the buried, and our admonition; and if it do not shew us such horrid spectacle as the Roman Legions beheld when, six years after the defeat of Varus, they broke in upon the scene of massacre of their countrymen, it will still paint enough to make us shudder, and reflect upon the principles by the practical force of which humanity has been rendered thus ferocious. I know what France—but a few years before, happy France, the land of amenity and cheerfulness—acted, witnessed, and suffered; and I see no charm in the character of England that will protect us if we follow the same principles. I believe the populace of this country may be rendered as cruel, as bloody-minded as the same class were in France. I believe no country has any real protection from the natural violence of man, capable of frightful exaggeration, but its government, its constitution; and it is to the altered character of our own, that I confess I look with indescribable fears. I am not duped by the late comparative calm after our tempestuous struggle. We wait but as spectators, seated in expectation of the drawing up of the curtain; our deeper interest, the agitation of our passions, will be better exhibited when the action of the important drama, be it tragedy or otherwise, shall commence. My worst apprehensions are still alive within me. Yet would I make an appeal, a last appeal,—I say a last, because I am convinced that the fate of England, in the hands of the present Parliament, and I am convinced from all history, that a further indulgence in democratic principles must overthrow every valued institution, and the very name of our limited monarchy. I appeal to all conjunctively, and to each separate estate of the realm. May they well consider their real position, why they are so

placed—not for themselves alone, but for their country, and through their country for themselves. They are responsible to God and their country for their high trust, and may they exercise it as men who must give an account of their stewardship. I make my appeal to King, Lords, and Commons, for they still exist in form, and I will commence with the last, as that estate from which aggression is universally threatened and expected.

In addressing this body, I must preface thus. If I could help myself, I would not acknowledge your authority to legislate. For I must remind you of facts. Your title is derived from a suicidal Parliament, acknowledging its own legislative incompetence—and even that Parliament was collected by means I must ever think unconstitutional, by the basest intimidation, by before unheard-of exercise of ministerial influence; while the sober voice, and power of election in great bodies of the people were kept down by armed infuriated mobs. But let that pass. The same base arts have been practised in your election, and too many of you are not representatives to consult for the good of the whole community, but delegates of Political Unions, declared to be illegal, yet left by the Whig Ministry, for their own party ends, in the full exercise of their usurped power. Yet even then, as a Reform Parliament, you have not been established without a violation of another estate of the realm, who, *unforced*, would never have sanctioned the law by which you stand congregated; many, therefore, think that you want that *constitutionally legal sanction* that ought to render you a Parliament. Thus again they think your title defective.

But there you are in Parliament assembled, though many think established by a *tyranny*, to legislate for us, and we must submit.

Thus constituted, I know a large part of you to be pledged to obey the dictation of societies, the leaders of which, in times of wholesome Government, would have been tried, perhaps hanged, for treason. From such of you it would be madness to expect any thing good; a waste of words to remonstrate. You are, however, miserably deceived, if you think

your own safety one jot more secure than that of those you may be willing to doom to destruction. You yourselves form too many competitions, and out of your class these are more numerous, *ad infinitum*, to supplant you in the career of democratic ambition. The ready way of supplanting is by setting aside, nor will your rivals be nice in the manner; and when you fall, you will meet with no sympathy, but the execrations of the people as the *perpetrators of evil*.

There is among you a Conservative body; to them I need not appeal; they will do their duty, and I trust and believe there will be now no trimming, no wavering among them. The rest of you are new, or Ministerial Whigs. With you party is all. For how can I think you moved by any other spirit, when your acts are diametrically opposed to the former published sentiments of the most talented of you, and organs of your party, and to your opinions even now *owned in private*? It is from this dream of party security I would have you to awake, ere by your acquiescence in revolutionary schemes, you involve yourselves and every interest in the country in one common ruin. You hate the Tories, and your hatred wars against your interest. It is unquestionably your interest, and your honour is deeply concerned in it, to attach yourselves as much as possible to the Conservatives, that you may make available their sure aid against the enemies of the monarchy. Those enemies, whom *you* have hitherto taken as your masters, as you have been coarsely reminded by their paper *The Times*. You have allowed them to put the saddle on your backs, and their hard bit in your mouths, and you have not power of yourselves to shake them off, and they can use both whip and spur, and boast that they gall your sides. But if you are disposed to take your stand, and in sincerity accept, adopt the good sense and good intentions of the Conservatives, who have really no present ambition to supplant you in office, you may obtain a power, which, though I think you ill deserve, I for one shall rejoice to see in your hands.

You are fully forewarned as to the dangerous points to which you will

be urged. Against *all* of these you must make a resolute stand. They are the downfall of the Church, the abrogation of the Corn Laws, sacrifice of the Colonies, destruction of Corporations, and the Ballot.

With the downfall of the Church, you must know, there will be an end to the Monarchy, and it is for that very end that it is urged upon you by the destructive Republicans. With the degradation of the Church, will be the degradation of the Monarchy, and of the Peerage; and England, for a time, however unfit for the change, will be a republic, and perhaps, as such, wholly and entirely such, for a short period, more strong and sound than a justly limited monarchy mutilated; and this will reconcile many friends of the Monarchy to that change. But this, as is the fate of all republics, that are really such, not in name but in fact, will be succeeded by the vilest democracy, ever outrageous in its bloody tyranny, in its time to be succeeded by a military despotism. I believe this to be the natural succession, after the first destruction has been effected.

The Church is so interwoven with the general ties that bind and secure all property, that in effecting its downfall, or its degradation, you must infringe upon the great law of property, and thereby admit a principle that must, if pursued, lead to confiscation; and it is important for you to consider, that you will never persuade the people to a belief that this conduct towards the Church is not intended as a *punishment*, a proscription, for the political opinions of the clergy. Are you prepared to establish such precedent, such law of proscription, of punishment; and will your own estates, some of them perhaps former Church plunder, and held on Church tenures, which you may condemn as invalid, be safe from the principle which you are called upon to apply to the acting, the working Church?

I say nothing of such a contemplated interference being an irreligious act, and in the highest degree demoralizing in its effect. You have so long borne enmity to the Establishment, courted into hostility with it, and taken part with the Dissenters, that you will ever remain either blind, or seeing, indifferent, to

these consequences. I say, simply, look to the titles of your estates. I know it is a doctrine you have long encouraged, that the property of the Church is public property, and may therefore be resumed. You may use this doctrine, in your enmity, to raise a cry against, and intimidate the clergy, who have always conscientiously opposed you, but you do not, and cannot believe, that it has any foundation of truth or justice.

You *know* that tithes and other Church property were never a grant from Parliament, and, therefore, cannot be *resumed*. Force may usurp, seize, but not resume what it never gave. Such property were grants to the clergy by the original proprietors of the lands; have been acknowledged, sanctioned, and protected by the laws of Parliaments. But Parliaments gave them not, nor had the *right* to give, nor can have the *right* to take away. Nay, you have no more *right* even to change this property, or any part of it, for another, than you have to compel Mr Coke to give his property to Mr Hunt, or Mr Cobbett, or Mr Hume, because it is convenient for them to have it; and to take in lieu thereof any other property, or perhaps an annuity from the Funds.

But there is a very large body most deeply interested in the preservation of the Church in all rights and privileges, whom, as the tide runs, it may be dangerous to injure,—the poor. How will the cry, "Let those pay the Church who want its offices" suit them? They now have all the advantages, and they are many, without paying one farthing. They have resident clergy spending their incomes amongst them, ready with their means, their example, and their personal attendance, who are at the sick man's bedside, and then the eye of the poor man blesses the clergyman. You will perhaps say that you mean not to effect a downfall of the Church; but look well, that your confidence that such downfall will not be effected by your measures, be not founded in mere conceit. Where is the necessity for the "perilous experiment?" Who are they who demand it? Not the tithe-payers, but the city demagogues and unionists, who pay nothing, and desire the mischief, because they have no re-

ligion, hate it with a deadly hatred, and cry "down with it! down with it, even to the ground!" detest the pure unoffending clergy, as the unjust citizen who condemned to death Aristides, because he was allowed to be just. They know that the uprooting religion will prepare the way more surely for the democracy they *do* mean to establish. Will not the poor consider themselves robbed with the clergy, robbed of their dearest property, their rights, a word of so large acceptation, and so wildly misapplied by the demagogues? for the diabolical attempts of the press have not yet rooted religion from the hearts and affections of the agricultural population. You say you have no such intentions; but are you sure you are not under masters who have, and will do their utmost to drive you to this accomplishment?

I repeat that the agricultural population wish no alteration, their names are used by an evil press, town demagogues, some designing dissenters and unionists; but collect the wishes of farmers and agricultural labourers fairly, and I am confident you will find they demand no change,—that they dread and fear it; and well they may, for they will be the greatest sufferers. The labourer says, "I pay nothing for my church, and have it to go to; and the clergyman is my benefactor, my friend;" the farmer says, "With whom can I make a better bargain than with the parson? I know how much more I pay my landlord for lands that are tithe-free, and I do not want Government collectors who will take the full value."

The real attack is upon religion; and I assume that the first *change* you effect, will ultimately lead to the confiscation of Church property,—and from that inevitably to other confiscation. When your masters, "the people," falsely called, have obtained a Parliamentary sanction to their dogma that Church property is public property, and you shall have, under their direction acting upon it, made the distribution according to your discretion, will they not find that the property of the Peerage, and it may be one reason for declaring the Peerage useless, stands in the same relation; and that

the law which justifies a more equal distribution of the one, will justify and demand a more equal distribution of the other? Will they not then soon discover that aristocratic wealth is injurious to the people, and find a precedent at hand for convenient mulcts? For remember that the whole income of the 26 Bishoprics put together is under L.165,000, (it is easy to find many a two dozen of commoners whose incomes amount to more, and offer an equally tangible temptation,) and that few of these, except twelve of the best, from the necessary expenses attendant on the office and station, pay their own expenses. But your economists attempt a nice distinction, for which they have their secret object. Church property is an unfixed property, they say; not like an estate devolving from father to children, but distributable among uncertain persons, therefore the public, therefore disposable for the public. Now this principle, if admitted, will sweep all corporation funds, all charitable funds for uncertain persons, into those rapacious hands. The estates bequeathed for almshouses for the poor must then be confiscated, and University foundations.

But Church property is magnified into a mine of wealth wherewith to pay the national debt; or if that honesty can be avoided, to furnish all expenses of government. Now the amount is not worth mentioning. By calculations made from returns laid before Parliament, it is certain that in 1812, when wheat was L.12 per quarter, the whole income of parochial clergy from tithes, and land in lieu of tithes, was L.2,046,457, 0s. 5½d. And in 1803, wheat at L.3, 19s. 2d. per quarter, the whole income was L.1,694,991, 6s. 7½d., and cannot be so much now. This sum divided among the parishes would give to each clergyman about L.150 per annum. There are 11,342 livings in England and Wales, not four livings worth L.4000, not thirty in all England worth L.2000 a-year, 4361 under L.150 each.

The total amount of Cathedral property is under L.300,000, which, divided among Deans and Prebendaries, would not produce L.500 a-year to each. Many prebendal stalls are not worth any thing whatever,

conferring merely honorary titles. Sum up all these together, bishoprics, tithes, and cathedral property, it amounts to little more than £2,000,000; and if this sum was divided, unjustly abolishing Deans, and Chapters, and Bishops, among all the parishes, each clergyman would barely receive £200 a-year.

Then, calculate the expenses necessarily attendant on clerical education; that preparation without which not even a poor curacy can be obtained, much less a living, which, to many never falls, and to few before thirty years of age; the expenses of an education that ensures to the poor competent teachers, and diffuses its kindly and polishing influence among those classes that have little communication with the higher; and you will find that the clergyman, perhaps generally speaking, might have purchased a better annuity for his money. Then again, in fair honesty tell the people, that if there be, as you say, prizes, good things in the Church, that they are not hereditary, but are generally, or may in a great measure be made to be, the rewards of the learning and piety of the middle and lower among themselves. They are not prizes in a chance lottery, and if they were, the chances would be to the people; but they are generally rewards, and the necessary preparation and qualification for order provides, as well as human means can devise—and if not, let the wisdom of the legislature be directed to that point—that those on whom the prizes fall shall be fit to receive them, and the public benefit by the acceptance.

But the "Church of England" is likewise the Church in Ireland, and let not the predicament of the Church there induce you, while you profess to maintain the integrity of the Union, to give such a precedent to the Repealers for annulling it as you must do, if you sanction the abrogation of the fundamental law of that Union, the recognition of one and the same Church in all its rights and privileges. If you are repealers for the Church, you cannot complain if others are repealers for the State. It is said to be the intention of Earl Grey to bring in a bill, making it high treason to propose the repeal of the Union; with what face can he do

this, and preface the act by the annulment of its fundamental article? But it will become you honestly and boldly to tell the people what you know to be the origin of this state of things in Ireland? Why the Church is there so audaciously and systematically attacked, and how the weakness or mistaken policy of Government has emboldened, and brought into fearful power, the priesthood and Catholic population? Would it not be honest to tell the people from your seats in Parliament, that such has been the zeal and pious toil of the Protestant clergy in Ireland, assisted by Protestant Education and Bible Societies, and the building of churches, that the superstitions of Catholicism were yielding to the gospel light and spirit of truth; that the priests became alarmed, as with the superstitions must fall their power and advantage? Like the priests of old, "the rulers, elders, and scribes," "the high priest, and as many as were of the kindred of the High Priest, were gathered together," and "beholding the man *healed*, and standing among them, they could say nothing against it;" and "conferred among themselves, saying, what shall we do to these men? for that indeed a notable miracle has been done by them is manifest to all, and we cannot deny it;" "but that it spread no further among the people, let us straitly threaten them, that they speak henceforth no more in this name; and they commanded them not to speak at all nor teach in the name of Jesus." The man *healed* was the sight they could not bear, of old as now. They feared their Dagon would fall on his face, before the presence of the ark, with the loss of *head* and *hands*. They knew how easily their congregations were to be inflamed; they turned them from religion to politics, they preached not even their traditions, but sedition, and bloodthirsty systematic villainy from the very altars; held out to the poor, whom they had rendered poorer and more wretched by their agitation, prospects of the possession of estates, enjoyment of property, and directed their first attack, as a necessary preliminary step, on tithes, the surest defeat of their opponents; and upon the Protestant clergy, whose property was to be

plunder, "lawful" plunder. Left free from agitation, the mass of the people would be converted to the Protestant faith; no matter, then, if agitation produce robbery, murder, and cruelties that would disgrace the veriest savages. They *must* be irritated by constant agitation, kept up to their execrable works by the most infamous promises. The price of blood was proclaimed. And in this mischief, the Catholic priesthood met with more than government protection; they felt encouragement. The Protestants alone were discouraged, Bible education almost prohibited, the Protestant magistracy insulted and degraded, law and the fear of it set aside, universal terrorism established; lawless perjured insolence and wickedness predominant. And it is to these scoundrels, with a vain hope that you can reconcile the fiends by the sacrifice, that you would yield up the rights and privileges of the Church, made one, by the bond of the Union, with the Church of England? And you think that agitation will then cease, and that you can conquer an insatiable spirit, by yielding in part to its demands? that you can extinguish flame by feeding it with fuel?

The demon well knows his kingdom to be insecure, until there is a total separation from, or extinction of Protestantism.

General plunder, perhaps general massacre, for so it has been, may be now in the schemes of the rebels.

Infidels, anarchists, and republicans, in England, will be glad to adopt what part of the precedent in Ireland suits their views, and in their time by similar agitation, and perhaps similar results, give the last blow to our mutilated empire. The Fiend of the *Fisherman*, escaping from his glass case, will sweep across the Channel in his expanded volume of smoke, assume on this land some new gigantic form; and then what power will charm him back into his prison, and sink him again in the deep?

You have *now* to grapple manfully with rebellion, to yield nothing; and you will be responsible for all the dreadful consequences, if you shew further impotence, and put not forth your insulted strength. You must secure the Catholic population from the Catholic priesthood; you must

suppress agitation; and the Protestant seed, which has been, and will be again widely scattered, will spring up and give increase. This you must encourage, and the blessing of God will reward your labours;—a contrary conduct will be your crime, and your punishment. Be not deceived—the Churches of England and Ireland are one. The blow that levels the one will level the other. I know that, ultimately, the "gates of hell shall not prevail against her." Her temporary removal or degradation may be permitted in punishment of a guilty nation.

Your tyrant masters of the Unions will likewise demand of you the abrogation of the Corn Laws—and to this they will mainly be instigated by two motives. They hate the aristocracy, all aristocratic distinction, and will go great lengths to injure the great landholders in their property; they will do what they can to burden it with taxation, and reduce its value; and in their selfish and short-sighted policy, they will demand cheap bread, simply because they do not grow it. They have been encouraged in their selfishness, and have been taught that they might enrich themselves by the villainous game of "beggars my neighbour." Knowing this system must lead to the desired confusion, the republicans and anarchists have by all means promoted it, and dignified their impudent dogmas with the title of philosophy. But I said, it is a self-shand short-sighted policy. The manufacturer's best customer is his home customer; he is the safest. Effect the ruin, or curtail the means of the agriculturist, the great home customer, and where in the end will shopkeeper and manufacturer be? The manufacturer will look in vain to markets whose real interests, or compulsion of Governments, or high duties, may keep him out of, and he will have either lost or injured his best and readiest. But this is not all. Even those classes, the agriculturists, will not, with the patience expected of them, suffer long. The operatives and manufacturers have now the greatest facility in combining against the farmer, landholder, and agricultural labourer; but necessity, distrust, and engendered hostility, may teach the art of combining, and create facilities for the purpose among the latter also.

They may be taught by their enemies, and shame it is they should be their own countrymen! The farmers and their labourers begin to be alive to *their* interests, and to form themselves into societies and clubs of protection. They have hitherto seen their ricks and barns burnt by revolutionists, with a patience it has required all the art of the Reformers to keep in good trim. But they now suspect there was more in the plots than they were made acquainted with; a few more barns and houses burnt over their heads, under the cry of "cheap bread," may drive them to meetings, and retaliation where they find the cry raised; and England may have, after the example of Ireland, her "*Volunteers*," and manufactories may blaze. The town operative mobs may again rush forth with their revolutionary banners to set fire to the castles, mansions, and farms of the aristocratic landowner; and the farmer and labourer see no security for themselves in that. The work of demolition is a fearful thing, and the cry of "cheap bread" may be driven back to the manufactory in irresistible flames; and the injured, insulted country population carry *their* firebrands into the towns, and to the very ships that shall convey the foreign corn to our shores. I know this cannot be of long continuance while there is law, (and pray that it may never be, for it is dreadful to contemplate, the very possibility should be a warning,) but democratic license may attain a violence that may defy law. If interest is perpetually set against interest, class against class, (under a good government they are but one interest,) the nation must become bands opposing each other, and too many will be robbers, plunderers, and incendiaries, to be suppressed by nothing but the strong hand of military law and despotism, a dictatorship to be hailed as a mercy, and forced upon the people, made willing by the necessity.

These are views of wretchedness, but they are the exact consequence of measures that have been so operative in France, and which we appear too much inclined to pursue. Such is the natural course of selfish, suspicious, mean democracy.

I deny not that there are many well-meaning persons, but howil-

dered, self-called philosophers, who very sapiently and graciously entertain the abrogation of the Corn Laws; but I have never been able to understand how their minds can be duped by their reasoning. They appear to have lain in bed the greater part of their lives, and dreamed of human society. They know not what it is. They take the oddest whims and fancies for wisdom. Sir H. Parnell asserts that the country will save £12,000,000 a-year by abolishing the Corn Laws! What! at no loss to any? Yes, he admits the landowners will be to some extent sufferers; that many lands will be out of cultivation; but never mind, proprietors will be the only sufferers, and some must be sacrificed, (and will they not lose exactly this £12,000,000?) But what does he say of the farmers and the labourers thrown out, and the capital no longer so employed? "O rem incredibilem!"—so much the better, they are all to go to the manufactory. The manufacturer, wonderful word, is converted by instantaneous metamorphosis from the rough hide, with an exultation as if he were the Great Mogul of the Cotton Empire,—the real "Monarch of all he surveys!" Here is a knowledge of human nature, particularly of the habits of the agriculturist! The robust farmer, with his sturdy and colossal stride across his furrows, and with lusty lungs that emulate the bellowing of his own bulls, to be chained down to a loom and wheels and spinning-jennies, to be kicked, perhaps, by the asinine hoofs of the puniest, and cuffed for his inexperience by the slipper of some dwindled abortion of the Political Union, that will threaten him into submission by the mention of committee or inquisition! Overproduction is of course an impossibility. "The castles in the air" have their inmates to be supplied, and, living on air, want not to be fed, and will take off the stock wonderfully, and steam may reach the moon, and sublimar markets scarcely be thought of. 'Tis the most egregious and consummate folly that ever disgraced the human brain. It invests with comparative wisdom the school of Laputa, and projectors of Lagado, who, while their projects were ripening to perfection, had nothing else on earth ripening, but let their whole

country lie miserably waste, and the more they failed were the more violently bent on prosecuting their absurdities. These our philosophers are worthy of precedence in the court of Queen Whims, and to be fed gratuitously on categories and abstractions all the rest of their lives.

I do trust, that, as you must see the folly of those schemes, you will advance one step further, and see that it is wickedness that will urge you to gratify these incurable philosophers; and that it will be unpardonable in you to yield to the selfish clamour of your present masters—and a wretched policy too—for they will bring the punishment on you, when they find that you have injured them, by attending to their demands. But if they now prevail on you to accede to their views in this respect, they see that shipping will be wanted to convey all this foreign corn, to feed England with, to our shores; certain, of course, that foreign nations will let us have at all times, peace or war, this corn, and allow our vessels to bring it. The Colonies now employ shipping; *therefore*, that shipping may be to spare, you must sacrifice the Colonies, and yield to the fanatic's wicked cry for emancipation of slaves, though it lead to the certain ruin of the planters, massacre of the whites, and destruction of the negroes by the hands of each other. And then, though seven millions of exported manufactures and import duties be the loss, the shipping, they fondly think, may be employed in their new corn trade. But no such vessels will ever be so employed, nor will foreign Powers *then* allow it, to save all the Whig Philosophers and Political Economists in the empire from starvation. The Colonies will be gone, manufacturers ruined, innumerable and therefore the more starving, as they are become by the addition of the loom-driving farmers. The agriculturist, in this case, has been ruined, our supremacy at sea annihilated,—and cooped up in our island, the “nation of shopkeepers” will have neither customers nor bread.

I talk not to you now of the injustice to the Colonies; that horrid word has been hid out of sight, covered by the mantle of fanaticism; and there are state reasons of the new

philosophy, why it should be called sanctity and righteousness. You may *so* call it, but you will mean expediency. But I tell you, that when your Colonies are lost—the large empire dismembered—the people in agitation, bankruptcy, beggary, and all kinds of distress—and the whole power of the state consequently crippled, a new attempt may be made by France, shaking off her present despicable government, and again, under the influence of their genius and military despotism, to establish a universal dominion; and Great Britain, the glory of nations, if it succeed, may come under her bondage, her long sought, and most hated of her Provinces. You are to enquire of yourselves how you are provided with defence.

You will likewise, possibly, be immediately called upon to infringe upon the integrity of your “final measure,” by yielding the Ballot, the mischief of which is confessed by Lord John Russell—who is nevertheless prepared to entertain it—to be incalculable, beyond the conception of the people, and his power of shewing. And in the spirit of the Ballot, all corporations are to be remodelled, that the management of their property may fall into needy hands, and that brawling and bankrupt demagogues may be perpetually disturbing the peace of towns and cities, with corporation funds at their disposal, maintain a dangerous, overawing, magisterial authority, bowing only to the supremacy of a Directory or Political Union. I do not ask you if the charity funds will fall into safer hands, be better distributed, or more even-handed justice dealt, especially when the new dogma shall be established, that corporation property is public property, and may be confiscated for public purposes, of which the distributors may take upon themselves to be judges. You know quite otherwise, and that these funds, and this power, are sought both for their own value, and for the purpose of making and keeping in pay political converts.

I hope you will put all these several schemes together, and see that they are of connexion with each other; that they are all of the Movement, of the Old Corresponding Society, United Irishmen, and other

Unions, and that they are intended, under the promise of your engineering ability, to be brought to bear against the Monarchy; and that may be as powerless as the old fortress of Antwerp, which the Whig Ministry, by the assistance of an immense French army—ever to be at command—have so successfully assaulted.

In all these schemes I have simply considered your assent or dissent. I have not asked of you what will your conduct be, if, assented to by you, they should be opposed by both or either of the other estates of the realm, the House of Lords and the King. The question must be put, Are you prepared to insist upon your *own supremacy*, to resist, and to recommend resistance to the payment of taxes? Are you prepared again to demand the suppression of ~~the~~ legitimate voice of the Peers; or to demand of the King the virtual abdication of his power, or delegation of it into your hands, and an unconstitutional use of *his* prerogative, tyrannically stretched to meet your oppression? If you are so far prepared, you will do well to consider before you *act*, if usurpation, if tyranny, be only words applicable to princes, when their subjects may wish to dethrone them; or, if you think them the realities proclaimed against in all the declarations of Whig principles, very constitutional treason, and rendering the perpetrators of them amenable to the sternest justice.

I confess, it fills me with fear, it creates a sickness, a loathing of the profession of political principles, to hear the daily discussions on "What will the Reformed House of Commons do?" However insane the schemes conjectured are, and even admitted so to be, no one seems to dream of the existence of any legislative check, in either the House of Lords or the King. This is fearful, as it is an indication of two things, an admitted irresistible power of the Movement party, and the apathy, or cowardice rather, of the community that can tamely bear it. But so it is, and yet the House of Peers have their *duties* to perform. Will they perform them? What does experience tell me? Cover it as you will, the proudest have submitted. They have been too careful of their "Order," they have preserved it

from some present pollution, but I cannot disguise it, that they have taken a stain upon themselves, and yet have scarcely preserved their Order from pollution, certainly not from insult, which, *suffered*, is akin to it. I, as bearing allegiance to the Constitution, have nothing to do with their Order, but as a constitutional body of protecting power. The moment they consider their Order their caste, it becomes nothing to me. If it have no power to protect me from popular fury, or the encroachment of sovereign power, it is simply an exclusive class, and my pride rises against it. If they submit to a republican power, will not the honour of their mere Order be justly contemned? I admire the spirit of the Earl of Caernarvon, entreating to be restored to the civil power of a commoner, being stript of that of a peer. ~~As~~ ^{One} has, at least, the dignity of an aspiring and active ambition; the other, thus stript, the humiliation and impotence of degradation.

The House of Peers is again called to the defence of what remains of our Constitutional Fortress. In alarm and almost expectation of a total demolition, with the fall of which, the safety of myself, as one of the people, and all I hold dear depends, I would thus make my earnest appeal to them:

I would wish to address you thus:—My Lords Spiritual and Temporal,—but I regret that I am compelled to address you separately, for it is one of the favourite schemes of the day, that the Lords Spiritual should be ejected. Then, my Lords Temporal, as this scheme may, I know not how soon, be brought before you, allow me to suggest a doubt, if one party have a right to eject the other. If it be the right of King, Commons, and Lords Temporal, to eject the Lords Spiritual, would you acknowledge a right in the King, Commons, and Lords Spiritual, to eject you? You would not. Have you not then only equal right to your seats? Neither you nor the people, in their senses, can acknowledge any power of ejection. If done, you will admit it to be in violation of all law. But suppose you do sanction such violence, will you not thereby sanction the other House, should they declare your ejection, should they

declare Parliament supreme without you? So, likewise, should you sanction the new distribution of the revenues of the Lords Spiritual, according to fancies of your own, or of the other House, may not this right bestretched to reach your own?

It is very probable that you will be at issue with the Reformed Commons' House of Parliament. It is very probable, there will be again a cry to suppress your voice. What will you do? If you are to be degraded, if your order is to be polluted, let it not be with your own consent. For there is more real degradation in yielding to intimidation, than in the actual contamination of your order by a disgraceful influx. Let the act be the act of those who dare do it. If you would retain the respect of the people, as well as your proper usefulness, for which you were created, yield not one step. Whatever be the consequences, be firm in honourable duty, and in due time you will brand the Ministers, who dare advise such an act, with infamy, and you may in the end rescue your country.

In the permanent security of your titles, privileges, and estates, I see the safety of my own little means and rights; and be assured the people will in the end support you, if you will stand firm in your post, where you are placed for their good. I cannot but think the resolution of submission and retirement, some of you took, most unfortunate. You should have made no compromise. The consequence now is, that you are too much passed by in public calculation and political estimation. Your voice is not thought of. "What will the Lords do?" is not now asked. May you recover your true dignity and power, for to you must we mainly look. If you again retire from any one contest, and surrender what yet remains of the Constitution, will not the people justly think your Order unnecessary, and offending their pride?

It is not necessary to entreat your forbearance with respect to those other schemes, the subject of my appeal to the other House. I am satisfied that none of them will originate with you, or obtain your sanction. I can only entreat you to maintain the integrity of your constitutional power, and to give your dis-

sent, so that if a despot Minister be determined to carry such measures, let the acts be done by his menials and wretches, marched in files into your House, with honours that disgrace in the giving, as taking, and not by yourselves. Stand aloof from the iniquity, and the time may come when a better sense of public justice may separate the assassins from your Order.

My Lords Spiritual—There was a time when seven Bishops remonstrated with their Sovereign, suffered imprisonment in the Tower, and trial, and would have endured martyrdom, rather than assist in the degradation of the Church. England is now grateful to the pious memories of those men. Had they concoded, they would have been spurned by the people, who almost adored them; and they saved the Church, they saved the nation from tyranny. There are none whom it more becomes, by your firmness under persecution, to shew the zeal and effect of your religion, than yourselves, whether persecution be in evil report, or personal danger, or both. These are times when it becomes you to manifest boldness, not only in the resolution of your minds, but in your speech. Need may be, that you "cry aloud and spare not." I know another practice is enjoined you: You are reminded daily, hourly, of Christian meekness, and insults are heaped upon you to try your acquirement of the lesson. The ferule of the "schoolmaster" is raised above the crosier; and you have been told in your places in Parliament to "put your houses in order," "for you shall die, and not live!" Some of you want not due energy, courage, and commanding eloquence, to make the proud insulter quail; and, therefore, you will even from high quarters be again recommended all Christian meekness and forbearance, and to lay your cheek to the smiter's hand, and to use most gentle terms in reply. You may tell them this is no Christian duty, perhaps a relinquishment of duty; that you are to "be angry, and sin not." When St Paul, by command of the High Priest, was smitten on the mouth, he called the smiter "a whited wall." Yet you dare not imitate the Apostle, but must use soft words. What was occasionally the language, and bearing,

too, of your Blessed Lord and Master:—"Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, ye hypocrites, for ye are like unto whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones, and all uncleanness;" and did not He *whip* the offenders out of the Temple? It may be thought convenient to smite *you* also *on the mouth*, that your mouth may be silent; but boldness, unsparing boldness even of speech, may be a Christian duty, when meekness would be no virtue. Generally, your timidity or apathy has been quite appalling to the Christian community. Had you made some appeal to the Christian public conjointly, warning all men against infidel attacks, and the consequences of degrading the Church, and shewing forth the truth, you would have raised a spirit that might have defied the malice that is now so powerful against you. Your mistaken forbearance and timidity, with an exception on the part of the Bishop of Exeter, gives despair to the whole Church. I would not see his Grace of Canterbury a Becket, but a trifle of the courageous bearing of a Becket would be no great evil. We should not have witnessed the wavering, the conceding—the bringing forward measures, and postponing them and withdrawing them, and being foiled by the wiles of craftier politicians. Nor would the general clergy have been so utterly kept in the dark with regard to proposed measures; and they might with advantage have been consulted.

At your hands, my Lords, under Providence, the Church looks for defence for the preservation of all her rights and privileges; demands of you that you make no compromise, no barter. If you succeed not, you are to *suffer* all that persecution and malice may inflict, that your Church may triumph after you, and in you.

Give not the people the least reason to suspect that you value a *life-interest* above the permanent interest of the Church. Stand upon the titles of the estates of the clergy; *deny any power* of interference. Allow not the forbearance of the clergy in not claiming the full amount due to them, if it be a merit, to be taken from them, and be made the basis of a commutation. Strip them not of

this grace of their forbearance. Even if a secure commutation can be made, it must be upon the equity-value of the clergy's rights, not according to the measure of their contentment, that bears with it the grace of giving. Yet is this forbearance made a plea for a low valuation, but it is iniquitous. If a kind landlord have taken low rents, or have thrown back a portion, is there any equity in *forcing* him for ever to accept a something in lieu, estimated from his lenity? This would be robbery established by law. You can never acquiesce in any such measures that would prove you bad stewards of the Church. I can make no distinction between the Church in England and in Ireland. You cannot sever them, and you must see that preservative justice is meted equally to both. They are one—indissoluble.

I do not believe so ill of you as to suspect that any selfish consideration will induce any one of you to participate in the revenues or emoluments violently taken from another.

With sentiments of respect and loyalty, I now make my appeal to His Majesty. Sire—The deep interest I take in my country's welfare, now at fearful hazard, and the conviction that all I hold most dear is at peril, with the boldness of one who would entreat to have the danger averted, I address myself to the Constitutional Father of his People. It is a maxim of our Constitution, that the King of England can do no wrong.—His Ministers are responsible. Your Majesty's Whig Ministers have reversed this law, and by a public and disgusting use of your name, thrown "the wrong," or the responsibility, upon your Majesty.

You are invested with privileges or a prerogative important and extensive, for the maintenance of the integrity of the Three Estates of the realm. The *object* defines and limits the use. It was never thought necessary to provide against an abuse, manifest by being destructive of the object; yet your Whig Ministers have put a violent construction on your prerogative, and, by persuasion, have obtained your acquiescence in a despotic abuse of it, by which, against your Majesty's most ardent wishes, they have suppressed, or forced, the constitutional voice of the House of Peers. All their acts

have been paraded with your Majesty's name; and what has been the consequence?—Disgusting flattery and mock loyalty to cover most evil and disloyal intentions from the mass of wretches, whose known sentiments are, and ever have been, republican; and by the unpunished working of seditious poison, real substantial loyalty sickened, and decaying, in danger of annihilation. The change that has taken place in the sentiments of the people, since your Majesty has taken your present Ministers to your councils, is almost incredible. I was present, a short time since, at a large and crowded theatre, where, when the national anthem, "God save the King," was played, there were not three heads uncovered. I well remember the time when this could not have happened. During the reigns of your honoured father and brother, I have heard the very wretches, who have, with evil design in their hearts, called *you* their beloved King, turned out of theatres for their marked disrespect to loyalty. The democratic spirit is fawning and servile to obtain a purpose; but it is an adept, too, in mockery, and can, like the deadly imp,—

"Keep count within the hollow crown,
That rounds the mortal temples of a
King.

————— And there the antic sits,
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his
pomp,

Allowing him a breath, a little scene
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with
looks,

Infusing him with self and vain conceit,
As it this flesh which walls about our
life

Were brass impregnable; and humour'd
thus,

Comes at the last, and, with a little pin,
Bores through his castle wall,—and—
farewell King."

Your Majesty has experienced much relaxation of this strained popularity. Your title to be a "second Alfred" vanished in a day. Majesty should hold the check, a little restrain all parties, and not be too popular. A sudden and forced loyalty seldom lasts, and brings discredit by its decline on royal state and dignity. It is often but a short step from honour to contempt. The unsteady^a people fly to rapid changes. It is from the Palm branches to the Cross

—from "Hosannah," to "Crucify him! Crucify him!" A mortal monarch may scarcely expect to fare better than his Redeemer.

I who was born of most loyal parents, and from my cradle to manhood taught maxims of loyalty, and to reverence the name and sacred person of a King, cannot, dare not, charge upon your Majesty the wrong, that has produced this change in the people—this fearful state of things. But I dare to remind your Majesty, that your throne has been beset with enemies, false friends, dangerous advisers; and that they have partly engendered, and partly fostered without, a strong feeling in favour of Revolution; that daring schemes to subvert all the good institutions in the country have been set afloat, and slanderously sent forth with the sanction of your Majesty's name. Evil intentions have been put forth as *your* intentions. In the list stands the downfall of the Church. Slander spared not your Majesty's name; for, ere your royal brother was well cold, it was the boast of the infidel, and often did I hear it, and indignantly deny it, that your Majesty had asserted of the Bishops, that you would "unfrock the lawn-sleeve gentry." This was a base and a mischievous slander, and perhaps instigated those wretches at Bristol, who would have burnt the churches, and declared that in six weeks "there should not be one standing in the land," and who did burn to the ground a Bishop's palace. It was a base slander. I only remark it, to shew the objects to which you were to be urged, and the danger of the use of your Majesty's name.

That your Ministers should in any way have used it, is surprising, because they are in your confidence; and it argues a betrayal of that confidence, or something worse than even that. A system of agitation, under the authoritative command, "Agitate, agitate, agitate!" was set on foot, that has raised another power unknown to the Constitution. The deliberations of your Majesty's Council and Parliaments have been threatened by another and more numerous and mob parliament elsewhere. It was in vain that your Majesty issued your prohibitory proclamation. The illegal Unions were courted by your Ministers.

New in your reign, you must have been disgusted to hear and read your royal brother's and father's names reviled, and to have been advised to bestow your royal favour on those who had most reviled them. Could either honoured spirit return, with power of utterance, he might say from Shakspeare's Henry IV.,

"Only compound me with forgotten dust.
* * * * *

Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;

For now a time is come to mock at form.

* * * Up, Vanity!
Down, royal state—all you sage counsellors, hence."

"O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!

When that my care could not withhold thy riots,

What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?
O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!"

Under a system of agitation raised by the Ministry, your Majesty's best and greatest subjects have been assaulted; their houses barricaded against the fury of mobs; castles and mansions of your nobility have been attacked and burnt; and the second city of the British Empire in part sacked, and in dreadful conflagration. All this, too, in the name of your Majesty and Reform. This must be charged upon your Ministers.

Your Christian people fear that the same Ministry, with their intended Church Reform, will actually effect the Church's downfall. The wisest and the greatest persons in your dominions, have declared in both Houses of Parliament, that the Monarchy itself is in extreme peril. The first outcry, during the sitting of this Reformed Parliament, may demand the Church. Does your Majesty think that the infernal Cerberus, with his many sleepless heads, will be satisfied with one sop? The truly loyal fear that the sacrifice of your crown will be ultimately demanded. It is already demanded. Perhaps the daily published seditions do not reach your Majesty. The Papers, the Pamphlets, the Almanacs, the Prophetic Messengers, where may be seen coloured,

conflagrations, massacre of troops, and Death sitting triumphantly under a Republican banner, upon the Crown, the Sceptre, and the Bible. Such things are, and too numerous to mention. They have their object. They are unnoticed—have free scope; and the minds of your Majesty's subjects are poisoned, and, of the weak, prepared for violent revolution, as the fiat of destiny. The loyal, who would dare support the monarchy with life and property, fear the establishment of Republicanism. And, it must be confessed, there are many admirers of the old limited Monarchy, with its wholesome power and restraint, who begin to doubt if an imperfect and mutilated one may not advantageously yield to another form. They never entertained these doubts before. That they should now be entertained, and with fair publicity, is an evil symptom.

But now all things go wrong—principles seem at fault. The public mind, raw with vexation, and constant irritation—is allowed no rest; and class is made to war against class. Perpetual tempestuous agitation has driven peace from the land; every thing seems insecure. We dread a dismembered empire, a ruined, or, at best, a degraded Church, a despised and falling monarchy, and the despotism of mobs.

I am satisfied of your Majesty's kind and fatherly intentions towards your people, but you have unfortunate wretched advisers. Much mischief has been done that cannot be undone; but still there are lengths to which, in good conscience, your Majesty cannot go. If exhorted to sacrifice any the smallest interest of the Established Church, or in any part of your dominions encourage Popery, may not your Majesty protest, (and your Christian subjects will hail it with joy,) that you have sworn "to the utmost of your power to maintain the laws of God, the true profession of the Gospel, and the Protestant Reformed Religion established by the law; and to preserve unto the Bishops and Clergy of this realm, and to the churches committed to their charge, all such rights and privileges as by law do or shall appertain unto them or any of them?"

* * * * * Feb. 9, 1833.

TURANDOT. A DRAMATIC FABLE.

BY COUNT CARLO GOZZI.

It is a curious circumstance, that the dramatic literature of Italy should be absolutely the poorest in Europe, we mean not in the number, but in the quality of its productions. In numbers, indeed, we question whether any country in Europe can compare with it. Riccobini has appended to his History of the Italian Theatre, a list of about 5000 dramas, printed from 1500 to 1736, and Apostolo Zeno had himself collected a Dramatic Library of 4000 Italian Plays, which are now, strangely enough, in the hands of the Dominicans at Venice. But of the authors of these how many are known to the world? How many even to the Italians themselves? Ten names, perhaps, out of as many hundreds. The drama of Italy, of the very land which one would at first be disposed to select as the peculiar seat and "procreant cradle" of the dramatic art, is of all others the coldest, dullest, and most contemptible.

Look at the Italian in real life, with what vehemence he seems to feel, with what energy he expresses himself, as if trying by how many senses at once he can give vent to his emotions! Observe the morra players in the streets of Rome, glaring on each other as fiercely as if they had set their lives upon a cast, when the sole question is, whether they are to thrust out two fingers or three. See the Lazzaroni listening, as if spell-bound, to the narrative of the itinerant story-teller, in the streets of Naples; the women of Malamocco and Palestrina, sitting on the sea-shore, and hailing their returning husbands and lovers with songs, as twilight darkens over the Adriatic. Look at that group of peasants from Albano, listening with the rapt soul sitting in the eyes to some strain from the sweet south, breathed before the roadside altar; or yonder procession of banditti just caught, and moving up with their gay embroidered sashes, ear-rings, and rosaries, to their prison in St Angelo—carrying the wild scenes of the middle ages, as it were, into the midst of the civilisation of

the nineteenth century. Then, add to this the recollections of antique grandeur, by which they are incessantly surrounded; the more modern remembrances of glory and crime; the infinite contrast of manners, habits, and feelings, produced by the separation of Italy into so many different states; the distinct division of ranks, which from the earliest moment has pervaded society in Italy; a language musical as is Apollo's lute, and a power of expression and action suited to the warmth and vivacity of the emotions it has to express; and how shall we account for the barrenness and coldness of the Italian drama? Where life itself seems acting, how comes the representation of that life to be so wan, so woebegone, so spiritless? Down to the time of Alfieri, their tragedies are flat and dreary as their own Campagna, of which the only ornament is here and there some mouldering fragment of antiquity. Not a trace of modern feelings, manners, or passions, do they present; over the minds of their authors, the Middle Ages, with their new creeds, religious, moral, or philosophical, seem to have passed in vain; so that, in reading the classic dramas of Trissino, Rucellai, or Sperone Speroni, one might almost believe he was perusing some newly discovered tragedies of Seneca, excavated from Pompeii or Herculaneum. Nothing but the difference of language makes us aware that they are the production of the 16th century. Their comedies, lifeless imitations of Plautus and Terence, no more reflect the manners or feelings of the time, than the annual Latin play does the sayings and doings of the Etonians. If the heap of rubbish which Apostolo Zeno bequeathed to the monks, were to be subjected, like Don Quixote's library, to a purification by fire, we really think the only work we should intertere to preserve would be the Mandragola of the accomplished politician, historian, novelist, and dramatist—Macchiavelli.

Things had come to the very worst about the middle of the 18th century. Poor Apostolo Zeno had by this time gone to swell with his ten octavos the heap he had bequeathed to his monkish executors; he had been gathered to his fathers, and the Abate Pietro Chiari reigned in his stead. The Abate was court poet at Modena, and being of opinion that the trade of a court poet was verse-making, he set to work conscientiously to do as much for his salary as it was in the power of any hard-working verseman to perform. Being well read in mythological matters, and having on the whole a turn for rhyme, he continued to pour out, or rather to hammer out, one tragedy and comedy after another, all utterly destitute of a single spark of genius or poetic fire, but regular as a regiment in line, moral to the last degree, and stately as a Lord Mayor's procession. His favourite verse was the Alexandrine; he apprehended, and with some justice, that any other would break down under the weight of his diction. It was the style of Marino and the Seccentisti applied to the most trivial and vulgar, as well as the most important or touching concerns of the stage, and embodied in versification the most unmusical and monotonous. Yet, notwithstanding all this, the Abate, from the mere absence of competition, maintained for several years the undisputed possession of the Italian stage.

It was scarcely wonderful then, that, at such a moment, the appearance of Goldoni, though certainly no star of the first magnitude, should have been hailed with an admiration bordering on enthusiasm. Looking back at the present moment to his plays—in which we perceive little except a series of agreeable conversation pieces, and early pictures of national manners, with a pervading gaiety, rather than humour or wit, which runs through them; but with an utter absence of any thing like elevation or depth of feeling; plots which, where they rise above the commonplace incidents of the day, run into all the complexities of the Spanish theatre; and incidents and language often the most trivial or vulgar,—one who has not paid a little attention to what had preceded

him, almost feels at a loss to account for that extreme popularity which conferred on the author the title of *Il gran Goldoni*. But the truth was, the public were so tired of the artificial and affected, that nature in any shape, however prosaic, was felt to be a relief, and Goldoni undeniably possessed the art of seizing and depicting national manners with singular truth, and liveliness of imitation. While, accordingly, his more sentimental attempts are now entirely and deservedly forgotten, his sketches of Italian character in such pieces as *Le Baruffe Chiozzotte*, (*The Squabbles of Chiozza*,) still excite, on the Italian stage, nearly the same lively interest as that with which they were originally greeted.

Still this was far enough from very elevated or distinguished aim, and amusing as Goldoni's comedies at first appeared to those accustomed to the emphatic nothingness of the Abate Chiari, the want of a higher object, and of more poetical elements in the drama, began by degrees to make itself felt. Had Goldoni been very attentive to the signs of the times, he might have perceived the growth of this feeling; but confident in his own inexhaustible fertility, and in the success of the last fifteen years, the blow which overturned for ever his literary supremacy, came upon him almost as suddenly as a thunderclap in a sunny sky.

Had a stranger about this time been present at any of the sittings of the *Accademia de Granelleschi* at Venice, his attention would soon have been arrested by the appearance of one of its members. From his meagre figure, his melancholy features, and a certain care-worn look which he wore, he would have set him down for some plodding antiquarian, whose body, adapting itself to the constitution of his mind, seemed to be fast approaching the condition of a mummy. He would have anticipated from him some adust essay on a Roman patera, or the genuineness of a copper Otho. What would have been his astonishment, to find that the very spirit of Momus himself lurked beneath this sepulchral exterior, and instead of being wearied with an antiquarian dissertation, to listen with tears (of laughter) in his eyes, to the "*Tarantana degli Influssi per l'Anno 1757*,"

or some other piece of ludicrous and cutting satire, directed against the unhappy Abate Chiari, Goldoni, and the other apostles of bad taste and unnational feeling. The oftener he had repeated his visits, the more would his admiration have increased for this singular being, who, with a boundless and careless prodigality, seemed to throw off, day after day, and almost without an effort, the most ingenious, and frequently the most profound views in criticism, or the most cutting and effective satire against those admirers of French taste and French philosophy, who were attempting at once to introduce a dramatic and a moral revolution in Italy. This was Count Carlo Gozzi.

It was scarcely possible to conceive a more complete contrast to Goldoni. Gozzi saw every thing on its poetical, as Goldoni did on its prosaic side. The latter lived, moved, and breathed in the present, adopted its prejudices and its new opinions, flattered its prevailing tastes, and seemed to think he was conferring an inestimable benefit on the literature of his country by subjecting it to the principles of French criticism. The former, of exactly the opposite turn of mind, saw with regret and anxiety the visibly impending changes in society which the influence of the French philosophers was already beginning to bring into operation, and disliking the present, and desponding as to the future, threw himself the more enthusiastically into the arms of the past. It seemed as if the spirit of the Middle Ages, the chivalrous fire of the Tassos and Ariostos, extinct in the breasts of the Italians of the 18th century, still lingered in that of Gozzi. But perceiving with that delicate tact which was a peculiar characteristic of his mind, that the representation of such subjects suited better with the epic and narrative than the dramatic form, he turned to the brilliant fables of the East, as to a newer and more untrodden field, for the materials which he was to invest with the genial and romantic colouring of his own mind. On these Oriental subjects he has poured the elevating and softening light of those feelings which Christianity has inspired, the motives, the vir-

tues, the hopes and fears, which it has introduced; a tinge of the spirituality and religious enthusiasm of Calderon, combines, in his hands, with the more sensual character of Oriental poetry, and gives to the Calafs and Jenuaros of Oriental fiction, something of the solemnity and self-devotion of a "Constant Prince," or the grandeur of the "Magico Prodigioso."

The source to which Count Gozzi resorted in order to realize these conceptions, was the old, much-abused, and now almost expiring national comedy of Italy,—the *Commedia dell'Arte*, in which, with the exception of a certain number of obnoxious characters, and the general arrangement of the incidents by an outline, called a *scenario*, all, or nearly all, the dialogue, was left to be filled up at the moment, according to the wit, ingenuity, or eloquence of the actors. Nowhere, perhaps, except in Italy, where a natural eloquence and comic humour, with a singular quickness and power of expression, are characteristic even of the lowest ranks, could exhibitions such as these have attained or maintained that ascendancy over the public, which, for two centuries prior to Goldoni, the *Commedia dell'Arte* had done over the popular mind in Italy. To the causes of their success too must be added the satirical interest they possessed, from the circumstance that the characters were generally the representations of the proverbial vices or absurdities of the different States into which Italy was divided. The Neapolitan came to enjoy the caricature of the Venetian merchant, the Pantalone of the Italian comedy; the Venetian had his revenge in the exposure of the Neapolitan Bobadil Spaviento; the Bergamask came to sneer at the Ferrarese pimp, Brighella, or the Apulian toper, Pulcinello; while these again were enabled to clear accounts by laughing at the knaveries of Scapin, or the blunders of Arlecchino, the roguish or silly representatives of Bergamo. These, however, were but a small part of the national caricatures in which the *Commedia dell'Arte* dealt. Rome sent a representation in Gelsomino, Bologna in its Doctor, Calabria in its Giangurgole, Spain (which, during the palmy

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state of the Italian national comedy, enjoyed an extensive intercourse with Italy, from its Neapolitan connexion,) in its *Captain Fuego y Sangre*; in short, as any new feature of national character became prominent in any of the Italian provinces, it immediately found a representative in some of those comic masks which composed the personages of the national drama; and thus, although the movements of each character, in its leading features, were, like those of pieces at chess, chalked out beforehand and invariable, yet, from their power of combination and contrast, and from the variety and point which might be given to the dialogue, by actors of ability and imagination, such as the Colalti, Zanoni, Fiorelli, Sacchi, and others, this unique and carnivalesque drama never failed, before the time of Goldoni, to fill the theatres, and to form the delight of an Italian audience.

Goldoni himself, had, at the outset of his career, been well aware of the capabilities of the Italian masks, and had frequently written dramas in which they were introduced; though, in general, by tracing out minutely for them beforehand the whole turn of the dialogue, he deprived the national comedy of what was at once its most remarkable feature, and its peculiar attraction,—the improvisation which made every actor at once a poet as well as a player. Latterly, however, as the imitation of French models became more and more visible in his manner, the hapless masks were gradually laid aside; the crowds which had once flocked to witness, with shouts of laughter, the *bêtises* of Arlequin, or the jokes of Truffaldino, now sat, as Wordsworth mildly says, “all silent and all damned,” during the representation of the *Donna di Garbo*; and the Sacchi Company at Venice, at that time the most celebrated performers of the masked drama, found, with infinite annoyance both to their purse and feelings, their occupation gone.

Charity, good taste, and personal feeling, therefore, combined to enlist Count Gozzi in their behalf. He wished to humble a little the pride of the present dictators of the Venetian stage,—Chiari and Goldoni,—who triumphantly pointed to their

crowded theatres, as proof of their superior talent,—to revive the taste for a species of scenic representation, which he justly considered as the most original and characteristic which Italy possessed, to pave the way for the introduction of those more poetical views which he himself entertained of the objects of the Drama, by exposing the trivial, vulgar, and prosaic nature of that which they had been taught to believe so classical and so ingenious; and, at the same time, to rescue from poverty and distress a deserving body of men, who had embarked their all in that very national comedy which had been thus suddenly discountenanced and superseded. He accordingly presented them with a dramatic sketch under the title of the *Loves of the Three Oranges*—in which he had attempted to unite, as much as possible, their different views.

When Gozzi's new piece was first advertised by the Sacchi Company, his well-known reputation for talent and satirical humour, secured a brilliant and numerous attendance at the theatre of St Samuel, then the residence of the company. Many were probably aware that some satirical explosion lurked under this whimsical title. Some came to witness a *bona fide* nursery tale, others to see what a man of talent could possibly make of a theme so extravagant and incomprehensible. The curtain rose to soft music; a prologue directed against the weak points of his opponents, put the audience upon the proper scent, and this strange capriccio, which had formed the subject of conversation in Venice for weeks before, commenced. The King of Diamonds, dressed like his prototype upon a pack of cards, was discovered in deep conversation with his prime minister Pantaloon, (the time-honoured Pantaloon of the Masked Comedy,) on the critical condition of his son Tarlaglia, who had fallen into a state of incurable melancholy. A thousand specifics are suggested by Pantaloon, each embodying some piece of satire against some noted Venetian quack,—but all in vain. He even ventures to insinuate some hints as to the possibility of the Prince's malady being owing to the youthful indiscretions of the monarch himself, though his majesty imme-

diately "reprobates the idea" in some spirited sentences, in which he vindicates his conjugal fidelity, and general correctness of deportment. He assures Pantalon, that his son's malady is mental, not corporeal, and that his only chance of recovery consists in his being induced, by some device or other, to enjoy a hearty laugh—a consummation of which he began to despair. Pantalon endeavours to console him, advises him to have recourse to Truffaldino, an experienced practitioner in the art of laughter, and recommends a course of festivals, tournaments, plays, and other expedients, as the only means of combating the fatal melancholy of the heir-apparent.

Meantime, a counterplot, in which the leading actors are Clarice, the niece of the King of Diamonds, and Leander, the Knave of Diamonds, and prime minister, is maturing, the object of which is to poison the unfortunate prince with a course of Alexandrine verses, to make way for Leander, to whom Clarice is attached. In this detestable scheme they are abetted by the Fairy Morgana, who hates the King of Diamonds on account of the monies she has lost upon his painted Image, but favours the Knave, because by means of him she had partly recovered her losses. The news of the arrival of Truffaldino (the representative of the Masked Comedy) strikes the conspirators with dismay; but learning that he has been supposed to be sent by the Magician Celio, (the representative of Goldoni,) they console themselves by thinking, that by forming a coalition with him, they may put an end entirely to the formidably comic powers of Truffaldino.

The scene changes to the chamber of the invalid. The unfortunate Prince of Diamonds was discovered seated in an arm-chair, attired in the most extraordinary raiment, and with an array of phials, ointments, pills, boluses, draughts and spit-boxes spread before him in most admired disorder. He lamented, in mock-pathetic strains, filled with the most ludicrous technicalities, his wretched situation, when Truffaldino was introduced for the purpose of making the first experiment on his risible muscles. A scene, entirely *all'improvista*, which, if it did not produce the proper effect

upon the Prince, at least convulsed the audience with laughter, followed. Truffaldino, by snelling to the Prince's breath, at once discovers the odour of the undigested Alexandrines, which he had been feloniously induced to swallow. The Prince is seized with a cough—a copious expectoration follows. Truffaldino examines the contents of the vessel—and detects, beyond all doubt, a quantity of semiputrescent Alexandrines in a most offensive state. The main cause of the Prince's disorder is now evident; ointments, boxes, and phials, are forthwith thrown out of the windows, and Truffaldino laying hands on the indolent and unresisting Prince, drags him away, almost by force, to witness the scene of gaiety which the King has arranged as a specific for his cure.

The Prince is placed on a balcony to witness the various spectacles in the court below; masks of all sorts, some ludicrous, some melancholy, are seen moving about, performing the most extraordinary antics, under the direction of Truffaldino. Among others, the fairy Morgana has found admittance under the disguise of a hideous old woman, with a view to destroy the Prince on the spot by some new attack of melancholy. The gambols of Truffaldino's troop are in vain; the Prince weeps, and desires to be put to bed. At last a mimic scuffle takes place among the populace, round the two fountains in the court, one of which discharges oil, and the other wine; and in the course of this contest, Morgana, in the character of the old woman, is suddenly overturned in a position so ludicrous, that the Prince, to the delight of the court, bursts out into a fit of laughter. Morgana rises, and copying exactly the style of Chiari, discharges on the head of the Prince some bombastic stanzas, of which the import is, that the Prince is condemned to fall in love with three oranges, and his life to be spent in their acquisition.

The remainder of the piece, in almost every scene of which some of the weak points of Chiari or Goldoni were exposed, followed, in its general outline, the fairy tale from which Gozzi had taken the hint of the piece. It would be useless to analyze a series of prodigies, mingled with the most whimsical caricatures and allusions

to passing events; it is sufficient to observe, that the deep attention and delight with which the audience listened to the fairy wonders of the tale, satisfied Gozzi that he had not overrated their natural sensibility to a style of poetry, in which imagination, rather than prosaic pictures of actual manners, should be the leading feature.

Venice in the meantime was in an uproar. The partisans of Chiari and of Goldoni united in abusive attacks on the Count through the newspapers. Goldoni himself, unable to bear "the deep damnation of his taking off," began to think of taking himself off, on pretence of reforming the Italian opera at Paris—a project which the continued and increasing success of Gozzi's pieces, soon after induced him to carry into effect. The next of Gozzi's *Dramatic Fables* (*Fiabe Teatrali*), shewed that he did not require the art of satirical allusions, to excite a deep and general interest. It was called *Il Corvo*, (*The Raven*), the hint being taken from a tale in the well-known Neapolitan Collection, the *Pentamerone*. The *Loves of the Oranges* had been a mere outline, no part of it being written except the burlesque verses and parodies occasionally uttered by the representatives of the Abate or the Advocate; but on this occasion, the whole of the tragic scenes, and the greater part of the comic, were composed and written out with care. Fraternal love is the mainspring of the piece; one brother, to avert a fatal prediction from the other, submits to be suspected by him, imprisoned, and at last turned into a living statue. Out of this subject Gozzi has produced a piece of the most vivid interest, transporting the reader, with the magic of genius, into those imaginary regions of *Frattombrosa* where the scene is laid, and making the most improbable marvels springs of emotion, curiosity, and pity. He now shewed that the mind so acutely alive to the ludicrous, was not less master of the pathetic and impassioned; and that, while he could display, with all the comic talent of Ruzante, the capabilities of the masks, he could, with equal ease, eclipse the *Maffei*s and *Ruccellai*s in the more regular and serious drama.

But Gozzi was annoyed to hear

it constantly reiterated by the gentlemen of the press that the secret of his success lay in his fairy pagantry; in his speaking ravens, his men transformed into statues, his statues into men; and that, without the aid of the supernatural machinery, he would find himself unable to sustain the interest of a dramatic piece. This led him to select from the *Persian Tales* the story of the Princess of China, who imposes on her suitors the necessity of solving three riddles as the condition of obtaining her hand—the disagreeable alternative, in case of failure, being that the unsuccessful candidate was to atone for his presumption with his head. The Count, however, in his preface, is rather too anxious to magnify the difficulties of his task, by representing the fable as one affording in itself little materials for tragic interest. "Three riddles and two names," says he, "are but a slender basis for a theatrical work, which was to engage for three hours the serious attention of a cultivated audience." A squabble about a pound of flesh, and a lottery-drawing scene at Belmont, it might as well be said, are but slender materials for a tragedy. Gozzi should have remembered that life and love depend on the solution of those riddles, as they do on the bargain for the pound of flesh, or the choice of the caskets. The truth is, the story, as every one must recollect, is highly dramatic, stimulates curiosity in the highest degree, and by its graceful close satisfies every condition of a well-constructed plot. We have accordingly selected this as the fable most likely to interest our readers, and give an idea of Gozzi's dramatic talent. As such it appeared to Schiller, who has translated it for the German stage, occasionally shortening and improving the dialogue, which, from the rapidity of the Count's composition, and a certain diffuseness into which the fatal facility of the Italian iambics is apt to lead, is frequently marked by a great degree of carelessness and want of condensation.

The piece opens before the gate of Pekin, above which are seen grimly frowning the heads of the unfortunate suitors of *Turandot*, who have already unsuccessfully at-

tempted to solve the riddles. Calaf, the son of the king of Astracan, enters, and is recognised by Barak, the former prime minister of his father. He relates to Barak his misfortunes since the sudden invasion of Astracan had compelled him to fly with his father, Timur, and his mother, Elmaze; his temporary residence in a menial capacity at the court of Cheicobad, king of the Saracens, in order to procure a miserable subsistence for his parents; the attachment formed for him by Adelma, the daughter of Cheicobad; the defeat of Cheicobad, and supposed death of Adelma, by order of Altoum, Emperor of China, and father of Turan-

dot; and at last his own arrival at Pekin, after having procured an asylum for his parents at the court of the king of Barlas. He comes determined to win fortune and rank in the service of the Emperor, or to die. He has heard of the beauty and cruelty of Turandot, but at first disbelieves the tale. His doubts, however, are suddenly put an end to by the appearance of Ismael, the governor of the young Prince of Samarcand, who enters, weeping, to announce that his young master, like his predecessors, had this instant suffered the penalty of his imprudence.

SCENE II.

ISMAEL.—CALAF.—BARAK.

Ismael (stretches out his hand to Barak, weeping bitterly.)
'Tis done—the stroke of death hath fallen. Oh! why
Fell it not rather on this useless head!

Barak. Merciful Heaven!—But why permit the Prince
To tempt his doom in that unblest divan?

Ismael. Think'st thou my misery needs this new reproach?
Had I not warned, implored, and struggled with him
As duty dictated, as love inspired?
In vain—my friendly voice no more was heeded,
His evil destiny impelled him on.

Barak. O calm thyself!

Ismael. Calm! sayest thou? Never! never!
Barak, I've seen him die. I stood beside him,
I caught the glance of his last living look,
I heard his latest parting words, that pierced
Like pointed daggers deep into my heart.
"Weep not," said he, "death hath no terrors for me,
Since life denies me her I loved so well.
My father will forgive me that I left him
Without the comfort of a last embrace.
It could not be. He never would have granted
His sanction to my deadly pilgrimage.
But shew him this."

(He draws a small miniature by a ribbon from his breast.

"When he beholds its beauty,
His heart will pity and forgive his son."
With burning kisses and with sobs deep drawn,
He pressed the hateful picture to his lips,
As if he could not quit it even in death;
Then down he knelt,—and at a blow—the thought
Curdles the very lifeblood in my bones—
I saw the blood spout forth, the trunk fall down,
The dear head quiver in the headsman's hand;—
In horror and despair I rushed away.

(Dashes the picture with indignation on the ground.

Thou baleful image, curses rest upon thee!
Lie there, and be thou trodden into dust.
O could I trample on the original,
The tiger-hearted, as I do on thee!
Why did I ever bring thee to my king!

No!—Samarcand shall see my face no more.
 I'll hie me to the wilderness, and there,
 Beyond the reach of human ear or eye,
 Bewail my much-loved prince's early doom.

[Exit.

SCENE III.

CALAF and BARAK.

Barak (after a pause.)

Well, Prince, thou hast heard the tale.

Calaf:

I stand at once

Struck dumb with wonder, horror, and confusion.

How can this senseless image, the creation

Of human hands, work with such magic spell?

[Goes to lift up the miniature.

Barak (hurrying to prevent him.)

Great Gods! what wouldst thou do?

Calaf (smiling.) Nothing, but lift

A picture from the ground. I would but look

On this same murderous beauty.

[Stretches towards the miniature, and lifts it up.

Barak (holding him back.) Hold thy hand!

Better to gaze into Medusa's face,

Than look upon this deadly countenance.

Away! away with it! It shall not be.

Calaf: Art in thy senses? If thou feel'st so weak,

Not such am I. No woman's charms have e'er

Had power to touch mine eye, far less my heart.

Well then—if living beauty failed to move me,

What from a lifeless painting should I fear?

Barak, thy fears are folly, sadder things

Lie nearer Calaf's heart than thoughts of love.

[Is about to look at the miniature.

Barak: O yet, my prince, I warn thee, do it not.*Calaf (impatiently.)*

Hold off, I say, old man, thou troublest me.

[Draws him back, gazes at the miniature, and stands fixed in astonishment. After a pause,

What do I see?

Barak (wringing his hands in despair.)

Woe's me—O wretched chance!

Calaf (seizing him hastily by the hand.) Barak!*Barak:* Bear witness,

Ye gods, for me—I, I am not to blame.

Bear witness that I could not hinder this.

Calaf: O Barak! in these gentle dovelike eyes,

In this sweet form, these softly speaking features,

The savage heart thou speak'st of cannot dwell.

Barak: Unhappy prince, what say'st thou? fairer far

A thousand times than aught this picture shews,

Is Turandot herself; her beauty's bloom

Could never mortal colours counterfeit;

Even so, her pride and cruelty of heart,

No mortal tongue or language can proclaim.

O cast it from thee, this accursed picture,

Away with it—let not thine eye drink in

The deadly poison of its murderous look.

Calaf: Hold off! thou seek'st to startle me in vain.

Celestial grace—O warm and glowing lips!

Eyes bright as love's own goddess wears! What heaven

To call this paragon of charms my own!

[He stands for a moment lost in contemplation of the miniature, then turns suddenly to Barak, and grasps his hand.

Betray me not, O Barak! Now or never,
 This is the crisis that decides my fate.
 Why should I spare a life I loathe already?
 Earth's brightest prize let me at once possess,
 And empire with her, or this irksome life
 At once abandon. Loveliest work of nature,
 Pledge of my bliss, sweet object of my hope,
 Another sacrifice stands ready for thee,
 And presses with impatience to the altar.
 Deal not too harshly with him. Barak, tell me,
 Shalt I, before I die, in the Divan,
 Behold in truth the bright original?

[*The figure of the Executioner masked is seen appearing above the city-gate. He places a bloody head beside the others. Sound of muffled drums.*]

Barak. O horrible! look there, dear prince, and shudder!
 There stands the head of the unhappy youth.
 Look how it glares on us: and those same hands
 That placed it yonder only wait for thine.
 O yet, return—return—no human wit
 Can solve the riddles of this lioness;
 I see in fancy thy beloved head,
 Another warning to adventurous youths,
 In that sad circle blackening in the sun.
 Calaf (*after raising on his head with emotion.*)
 O hapless youth! What darksome power impels me,
 Mysterious, irresistible, into
 The fatal fellowship of them and thee!

[*He remains motionless a moment, then turns to Barak.*]

Why weep'st thou, Barak? Hast thou not already
 Wept for me as for one long dead? Come, come,
 Disclose my name to none. Perchance the gods,
 Weary of persecution, may reward
 My daring with success,—with happiness.
 If not, what has a desperate man to lose?
 If I survive to read those riddles, Barak,
 I will be grateful for thy love. Farewell.

[*Exit.*]

The second Act opens in the Divan. The adventurous Calaf has claimed the trial. The Emperor, moved by his noble aspect and deportment, endeavours to dissuade him from the risk, but in vain. The only favour Calaf requests is, that he may be allowed in the meantime to conceal his name, merely assuring the Emperor that he is a prince and a monarch's son, and the Emperor, trusting to his assurance, grants the request.

SCENE II.

[*A march. TRUFFALDIN (the Chief of the Eunuchs) advances, his scimitar on his shoulder, followed by Blacks, and by several Female Slaves beating drums. After them ADELMA and ZELIMA, the former in Tartar costume, both veiled. ZELIMA bears a tray with various sealed papers. TRUFFALDIN and the Eunuchs prostrate themselves before the EMPEROR as they pass, and then rise up; the Female Slaves kneel with their hands on their foreheads. At length appears TURANDOT, veiled, in rich Chinese costume, with a haughty and majestic air. The Counsellors and Doctors throw themselves down before her, with their faces to the earth. ALTOUN rises; the Princess makes an obeisance to him with her hand on her brow, and then seats herself upon her throne. ZELIMA and ADELMA take their places on each side of her, the latter nearest to the spectators. TRUFFALDIN takes the tray from ZELIMA, and distributes with some ceremony the billets among the Doctors, then retires with the same obeisances as before, and the march ceases.*]

Turandot (after a long pause.)

Where is this new adventurer, who thus,
Despite the sad experience of the past,
Would vainly strive to solve my deep enigmas,
And comes to swell the catalogue of death.

Altoun (pointing to CALAF, who stands as if struck with astonishment, in the centre of the Divan.)

There, daughter—there he stands, and worthy too
To be the husband of thy choice, without
This frightful test, which clouds the land with mourning,
And fills with sharpest pangs thy father's breast.

Turandot (after gazing at him for some time—aside to Zelima.)

O heaven, what feeling's this, my Zelima!

Zelima. What is the matter, Princess?

Turandot.

Never yet

Did mortal enter this Divan, whose presence
Could move my soul to pity, until now.

Zelima. Three simple riddles then, and pride farewell!

Turandot. Presumptuous girl, dost thou forget my honour?

Adelma (who has in the meantime been regarding the Prince with astonishment—aside.)

Is this a dream. Great god, what do I see?

'Tis he, the youth whom at my father's court

I knew but as a slave. He was a prince,

A monarch's son. My heart foreboded it,

Love's deep presentiments are ever sure.

Turandot. Still there is time, O Prince; abandon yet

This wild attempt—turn from this hall for ever.

Heaven knows those tongues belie me that accuse

My heart of harshness or of cruelty.

I am not cruel, I would only live

In freedom,—would not be another's slave;

That right, which even the meanest of mankind

Inherits from his mother's womb, would I,

The daughter of an Emperor, maintain.

I see, throughout the East, unhappy woman

Degraded, bent beneath a slavish yoke;

I will avenge my sex's injuries

On haughty man, whose sole advantage o'er us

Lies, like the brutes, in strength. Yes, nature's self

Hath armed me with the weapons of invention

And subtilty, and skill to guard my freedom.

Of man I'll hear no more. I hate him—hate

His pride and his presumption. Every treasure

He grasps with greedy hand; whate'er, forsooth,

His fancy longs for, he must straight possess.

O! why did Heaven endow me with these graces,

These gifts of mind, if noblest natures still

Are doomed on earth to be the mark at which

Each savage hunter aims, while meaner things

Lie tranquil in their insignificance!

Shall beauty be the prize of one? No, rather

Free as the universal Sun in heaven,

Which lightens all, which gladdens every eye,

But is the slave and property of none.

Calaf. Such lofty thought, such nobleness of soul,

Enshrined in such a godlike form! O, who

Shall censure the fond youth who gladly sets

His life upon a cast for such a prize?

The merchant for a little gain will venture

His ships and crews upon the stormy sea;

The hero hunts the shadow of renown

Across the gory field of death; and shall

Beauty alone be without peril won,
 Beauty, the best, the brightest good of all ?
 Princess, I charge thee not with cruelty,
 But blame not thou in turn the youth's presumption—
 O hate him not, that with enamoured soul
 He strives for that which is invaluable.
 Thyself hast fix'd the treasure's price ; the lists
 Are open to the worthiest. I am
 A prince,—I have a life to hazard for thee,
 No happy one, but 'tis my all,—and had I
 A thousand lives I'd sacrifice them all.

Zelima (aside to Turandot.)

O Princess, dost thou hear ? For heaven's sake,
 Three simple riddles—he deserves it of thee.

Adelina (aside.) What nobleness, what loving dignity !
 O that he might be mine,—that I had known him
 To be a prince, when at my father's court
 I dwelt of yore in freedom and in joy !
 How love flames up at once within my heart,
 Now that I know his lineage equals mine !

Courage, my heart ! I must possess him still. [To Turandot.]
 Princess, thou art confused—thou'rt silent. Think,
 Think of thy glory, honour is at stake.

Turandot (aside.)

And none till now had moved me to compassion—
 Hush, Turandot—thou must suppress thy feelings.
 Presumptuous youth, so be it then, prepare !

Altoun. Prince, is thy purpose fix'd ?

Calaf. Fix'd as the pole.

Or death, or Turandot.

Altoun. Then read aloud

The fatal edict ; hear it, Prince, and tremble.

[TARTAGLIA takes the Book of the Law out of his bosom, lays it on his breast, then on his forehead, and delivers it to PANTALON.]

Pantalón (receives the Book, prostrates himself, then rises, and reads aloud.)

The hand of Turandot to all is free,
 But first three riddles must the suitor read,
 Who solves them not must on the scaffold bleed,
 And his head planted o'er the gate shall be.
 Solves he the riddles, then the bride is won,
 So runs the law,—we swear it by the sun.

Altoun (raising his right hand, and laying it upon the Book.)

O, bloody law, sad source of grief to me,
 I swear by *So* that thou fulfilled shall be.

[TARTAGLIA puts the Book again in his bosom—a long pause.]

Turandot (rising, and in a declamatory tone.)

The tree within whose shadow

Men blossom and decay,

Coeval with creation,

Yet still in green array ;—

One side for ever turneth

Its branches to the sun,

But coal black is the other,

And seeks the light to shun.

New circles still surround it,

So often as it blows ;

The age of all around it,

It tells us as it grows ;

And names are lightly graven

Upon its verdant rind,

Which, when its bark grows shrivell'd,
 Man seeks in vain to find.
 Then tell me, Prince—this tree,
 What may its likeness be ?

[Sits down.

Calaf (after considering for a time, with his eyes raised, makes his obeisance to the Princess.)

Too happy, Princess, would thy slave be, if
 No riddles more obscure than this await him.
 The ancient tree that still renews its verdure,
 On which men blossom and decay, whose leaves
 On one side seek, on the other flee the sun,
 On whose green rind so many names are graven,
 Which only last so long as it is green,
 That tree is Time, with all its nights and days.

Pantolon (joyfully.) Tartaglia, he has hit it.

Tartaglia. To a hair !

Doctors (breaking open the sealed packet.)

Optime, optime, optime, Time, Time, Time,
 It is Time. [Music.

Altoun (joyfully.) 'The favour of the Gods go with thee, son,
 And help thee also through the other riddles.

Zelima. Oh Heaven assist him !

Adelma (aside.) Heaven assist him not.

Let it not be, that she, the cruel one,
 Should gain him, and the loving-hearted lose.

Turandot (in anger.) And shall he conquer, shall my pride be
 humbled ?

No, by the Gods !—'Thou self-contented fool, (*To Calaf*.)
 Joy not so early. Listen and interpret.

(Rises again, and declaims as before.)

Know'st thou the picture softly rounded
 That lights itself with inward gleam,
 Whose hues are every moment changing,
 Yet ever fair and perfect seem ;
 Within the narrowest panel painted,
 Set in the narrowest frame alone ;
 Yet all the glorious scenes around us
 Are only through that picture shewn ?

Or know'st thou that serene crystal,
 Whose brightness shames the diamond's blaze,
 That shines so clear, yet never scorches,
 That draws a world within its rays ;
 The blue of heaven, its bright reflection,
 Within its magic mirror, leaves,
 And yet the light that sparkles from it
 Seems lovelier oft than it receives ?

Calaf (bending low to the Princess, after a short consideration.)

Chide not, exalted beauty, that thy servant
 Thus dares again to hazard a solution.
 This tender picture, which, with smallest frame
 Encompassed, mirrors even immensity ;
 The crystal in which heaven and earth are painted
 Yet renders back things lovelier even than they ;
 It is the eye, the world's receptacle—
 Thine eye, when it looks lovingly on me.

Pantolon (springing up joyfully.)

Tartaglia, by my soul he hath hit the mark,
 Even i' the centre.

Tartaglia. As I live 'tis true.

Doctors (opening the packet.)

Optime, optime, optime,—the Eye, the Eye, it is the Eye.

[*Music.*

Altoun. What unexpected fortune ! Gracious gods,
Let him but reach the mark once more !

Zelima. O that it were the last !

Adelma. Woe's me, he conquers ! he is lost to me !

[*To Turandot.*

Princess, thy glory is departed. Canst thou
Submit to this ; shall all thy former triumphs
Be tarnished in a moment ?

Turandot (rising in the highest indignation.)

Sooner shall

Earth crumble into ruin. No. I tell thee,
Presumptuous youth, I do but hate thee more,
The more thou hop'st to conquer—to possess me.
Wait not my last enigma. Fly at once,
Leave this Divan for ever. Save thyself.

Catalaf. It is thy hate alone, adored Princess,
That could appal or agitate my heart ;
Let my unhappy head sink i' the dust,
If it unworthy be to touch thy bosom.

Altoun. O yield, beloved son, and tempt no farther
The gods, who twice have favoured thee. Now safe,
Nay crowned with honour, thou canst leave the field.
Two conquests nought avail thee, if the third,
The all-decisive, be not won. The nearer
The summit, still the heavier is the fall.
And thou—O, be content with this, my daughter ;
Desist, and try him with no more enigmas.
He hath done what never prince before him did—
Give him thy hand then, he is worthy of it,
And end the trial.

[*Zelima makes imploring, and Adelma menacing
gestures to Turandot.*

Turandot. End the trial, say'st thou ?

Give him my hand ? No, never. Three enigmas
The law hath said. The law shall take its course.

Catalaf. Let the law take its course. My life is placed
In the gods' hands. Death then or Turandot.

Turandot. Death be it then—Death. Dost thou hear me,
Prince ?

[*Rising, and proceeding to declaim as before.*

What is that weapon, prized by few,
Which in a monarch's hand we view,
Whose nature, like the murderous blade,
To trample and to wound seems made ;
Yet bloodless are the wounds it makes,
To all it gives, from none it takes ;
It makes the stubborn earth our own,
It gives to life its tranquil tone.
Though mightiest empires it hath grounded,
Though oldest cities it hath founded,
The flame of war it never lit,
And happy they who hold by it ?
Say, Prince, what may that weapon be,
Or else farewell to life and me ?

[*With these last words she tears off her veil.*

Look here, and if thou canst, preserve thy senses,
Die, or unfold the Riddle !

Catalaf (confused, and holding his hand before his eyes.)

O dazzling light of heaven, O blinding beauty !

Altoun. O God, he grows confused—his senses wander ;
Compose thyself, my son, collect thy thoughts.

Zelima. How my heart beats !

Adelma (aside.) Mine art thou yet, beloved,
I'll save thee yet. Love will find out the way.

Pantalon (to Calaf.) O, for the love of heaven, let not his
senses

Take leave of him ! Courage, look up, my Prince—
O woe is me, I fear me all is over !

Tartaglia (with mock gravity to himself.)
Would dignity permit, we'd fly in person
To fetch him vinegar.

*Turandot (looking with a steady countenance on the Prince,
who still stands immovable.)* Unfortunate !
Thou wouldst provoke thy ruin, take it then.

*Calaf (who has recovered his composure, turns with a calm
smile and obeisance to Turandot.)*

It was thy beauty only, heavenly Princess,
That with its blinding and o'erpowering beam
Burst on me so, and for a moment took
My senses prisoners. I am not vanquished.
That iron weapon prized of few, yet gracing
The hand of China's emperor itself,
On the first day of each returning year ;
That weapon, which, more harmless than the sword,
To industry the stubborn earth subjected ;—
Who, from the wildest wastes of Tartary,
Where only hunters roam, and shepherds pasture,
Could enter here, and view this blooming land,
The green and golden fields that wave around us,
Its many hundred many-peopled towns,
Blest in the calm protection of the law ;
Nor reverence that goodliest instrument,
That gave these blessings birth, the gentle PLOUGH.

Pantalon. O God be praised at last ! Let me embrace thee ;
I scarcely can contain myself for joy.

Tartaglia. God bless his majesty the Emperor ! All
Is over ; sorrow has an end at last.

Doctors (breaking open the packet.) The Plough, the Plough, it
is the Plough !

[*All the instruments join in a loud crash. Turandot
sinks upon her throne in a swoon.*]

Zelima (employed about Turandot.) Look up, my Princess. O
compose thyself.

The prize is his, the lovely Prince has conquered.

Adelma. (aside.) The prize is his, and he is lost to me.
Lost, said I ? No. Yet there is room for hope.

[*Altoun, overpowered with joy, descends from his throne, assisted
by Pantalon and Tartaglia. The Doctors rise from their seats,
and retire towards the background. All the doors are opened,
and the people are seen without. The music continues.*]

Altoun (to Turandot.) No more, thank heaven, shalt thou re-
main my torment,

Unnatural child. The fearful penalty
Of the law is paid. Misfortune hath an end.
Come to my heart, beloved prince. With joy
I hail thee as my son-in-law.

*Turandot (who has recovered her senses, rushes in desperation
from her throne, and throws herself between them.)*

Stay, stay.

Let him not dare to hope to be my husband !

The trial was too easy. He must solve

Three riddles here in the divan anew.

They took me by surprise, vouchsafed me not

Time to prepare as I had wished to do.

Altoun. No, cruel daughter—thou art caught, and hope not
By artful doubles to escape the toil.
The law's condition is fulfilled, and so
The assembled council shall pronounce their sentence.

Pantalou. Nay, by your leave, most stony-hearted Princess,
No need to coin new riddles, nor to cut
New heads off. There—there stands your man! In brief,
The law hath had its course. The banquet waits
To have its course. What says my learned colleague?

Tartaglia. The law has had its course. No more beheading.
Joy follows grief. Let marriage follow both.

Altoun. Let the procession towards the temple move;
The stranger tell his name, and on the spot
The nuptials be performed.

Turandot (*throwing herself in his way.*) Delay, O father,
A brief delay!

Altoun. Not for an hour. I am
Resolved. Ungrateful girl! Too long already,
To mine own grief and torment, have I yielded
A forced obedience to thy cruel will.
Thy sentence is pronounced, it stands recorded;
Writ in the blood of those ten sacrifices,
Whom thy remorseless pride hath doomed to death.
I have kept my word, do thou keep thine, or by
The sacred head of Fo, I swear——

Turandot (*throws herself at his feet.*) O father!
Allow me but a day.

Altoun. No, not an hour!
I'll hear no further; to the temple—on.

Turandot (*despairingly*). Then shall the temple be to me a grave!
I cannot, and I will not, be his bride.
I'd sooner die a thousand deaths than bend
In sad submission to this haughty man.
The very name, the very thought of being
His slave, seems in itself annihilation.

Calaf. Thou pitiless, inexorable being,
Rise up—what mortal could withstand thy tears?
(*To Altoun.*) Sire, be entreated. I myself implore
This favour. Grant her the delay she asks.
How could I e'er be happy while she hates me?
I love her far too tenderly to bear
Her grief, her agony. O thou insensible,
If the true love of a true heart avail not
To touch thy heart, thine let the triumph be;
Mine thou shalt never be against thy will.
But couldst thou look into this bleeding heart,
I know thou wouldst feel pity. Dost thou still
Thirst for my blood? So be it. Let the trial,
Sire, recommence. Welcome to me is death,
For now I am weary of existence.

Altoun. No, no, it is resolved. Forth to the temple;
Tempt me no more with prayers, imprudent youth.

Turandot. To the temple, then, but at the altar will
Thy daughter know the way to die.

Calaf. Die! heavens!

No! Ere it come to that—hear me, O Emperor,
This only favour let thy kindness yield.

Let me in turn, in this august divan,
Prescribe for her a riddle to interpret.
'Tis this: What is the name and race of him,
The Prince, who, to preserve a weary life,
Was doom'd a while to drudge a lowly slave,
And now, upon the pinnacle of hope,

Is yet more hapless than he was before ?

To-morrow, cruel one, in this divan

Declare this Prince's and his father's name.

If thou canst not, here let my sufferings end.

Let this dear hand be mine ; but if thou canst,

Then with my life I pay the penalty.

Turandot. I am contented, Prince. On this condition
I am yours.

Zelima. I begin again to tremble.

Adelma. And I to hope anew.

Altoun. But I am not

Contented. I permit it not. The law

Shall have its due fulfilment.

Calaf (falls at his feet.) Mighty Emperor !
If prayers may move thee—if thy daughter's life
And mine be dear to thee, oh, grant the prayer !
May Heaven forbid that I in aught oppose
Her pleasure : If she wills it, let me die.
To-morrow, *if she can*, in the divan
Let her resolve my riddle.

Turandot. Heavens ! he dares
To mock me, dares to set me at defiance !

Altoun. Unthinking youth, thou know'st not what thou ask'st ;
Know'st not her depth and subtilty of soul.

But be it so. Let this new trial be !

I free her of her pledge, if that to-morrow

In the divan she can declare those names.

But come what may, at least no more of murder.

Let her succeed or fail, thou shalt depart

In peace ; too much of blood has flowed already.

Follow me, thoughtless Prince—what hast thou done ?

[*The march recommences. ALTOUN goes out majestically by one door, with the PRINCE, PANTALON, TARTAGLIA, the DOCTORS, and the GUARD ; TURANDOT, ADELMA, ZELIMA, and the female slaves on the other.*]

The ingenuity of Turandot at once perceives that the enigma of Calaf relates to himself, but, ignorant of any clue to his birth, she almost despairs of detecting the secret ; but, by the incautious disclosures of Skirina, the wife of Barak and mother of Zelima, the Princess ascertains the residence of the unknown with Barak, and, instigated by Adelma, who, for purposes of her own, promotes in the meantime the views of the Princess, Barak is arrested at the very moment that he is in conversation with his former master Timur, who has just reached Pekin in search of his son. The conduct, the language of Timur, excite suspicion, and both the exiled monarch and the ex-minister are brought together into the presence of the Princess. The whole deportment of Turandot shews that Calaf has made an impression on her heart ; but wounded vanity contends with love, and, aided by the jealous and interested counsels of Adelma, determines her, if possi-

ble, to discover the secret, and, even at the cost of her own happiness, to humble the successful Œdipus, who had solved her riddles. She endeavours, by threats, to extort from Timur the secret of Calaf's name and birth ; in the violence of his emotion he betrays himself so far as to shew that Calaf is his son, but no menaces can extort from him any thing farther. Adelma, however, now steps forward, and undertakes, by some device or other, to ascertain ere the next morning the name and family of the unknown. Her secret purpose is to disclose her love, and either to persuade the Prince to fly with her immediately, or if she find him inexorable, by betraying to Turandot the important secret, to ensure his rejection by her ; as she all along indulges the hope, that if the Prince were once freed from his passion for Turandot, her own attachment would meet with a return. The Princess, inspired by her confidence, recovers her hopes, and di-

rects her to use every effort to get possession of the secret. She even resists the entreaties of her father, to whom, in the meantime, the information of Calaf's name and rank has been accidentally communicated, and who offers to impart to her the secret, so as to ensure her triumph in the divan, if she will only pledge herself to give her hand to Calaf at last. Pride still prevails over affection, she rejects her father's offer, and throws herself upon the invention and enterprise of Adelma.

With this view every scheme is put in requisition. For security's sake, Calaf has been by the Emperor's directions removed to the palace, and strict orders given that no one should be admitted to his apartments. He has laid himself weary and anxious on his couch, in hopes of being able, by rest, to compose himself for the agitating scene of the morrow. His rest, however, is soon broken, for the guards have been corrupted by the agency of Adelma. First Skirina endeavours to extract the secret from him by a feigned tale of his father's danger, and his anxiety to receive from him a note written with his own hand. This shallow device, however, Calaf immediately penetrates, and Skirina is soon dismissed. Her daughter Zelina, who succeeds her, fares no better. The poor tormented Prince has again thrown himself on his couch, when his slumbers are interrupted a third time by the entrance of a more formidable tempter, Adelma. She discloses her name, her rank, her passion, and urges every possible motive to induce Calaf to abandon his hopeless passion; but in vain. Calaf feels gratitude to her, but to love his heart is inaccessible. She even at last ac-

cuses Turandot of a plot to murder him next morning on his way to the divan. Even this cannot cure the passion of the unfortunate Prince; he continues to love, even while he shudders at the supposed barbarity of his beautiful idol. But, in the vehemence of his agonized feelings, the names of his father and himself—the hapless Timur, and yet more hapless Calaf—escape him. Adelma is now in possession of his secret. Finding every argument vain, she leaves him to communicate it to her mistress. And now, as Calaf fondly hopes that his interruptions are at an end, and that tired nature's sweet restorer is to be his for an hour or two, the officers of the seraglio enter, to say that daybreak is at hand, and that he must prepare for the divan. A rapid and almost breathless interest pervades this act, from which we should have most willingly quoted at such length, and if the catastrophe of the story—the scene in the divan—did not yet remain.

The fifth act opens in the divan. Calaf expresses his surprise that he has reached it without the threatened attempt being made upon his life; but a deep feeling of anxiety and despondency rests on his mind, which all his efforts, and the encouragement of the Emperor, cannot enable him to shake off. Some presentiment within seems to forewarn him that Turandot has discovered his secret. At this moment a melancholy march is heard, and the Princess, with her attendants, all in the deepest mourning, enter the hall. Turandot ascends her throne, amidst profound silence and deep anxiety among the audience, then turns to Calaf, and speaks.

These mourning garments, UNKNOWN PRINCE—the grief
That clouds the countenances of my train,
To thee may seem a welcome spectacle.
I see the altar all bedeck'd, the priest
Stand ready for the bridal. I can read
Scorn in each look, and I could weep for bitterness.
What art and deepest science could effect,
To win the conquest from thee,—to avert
This hour which shames my glory, I have tried
In vain,—and now I bend me to my fate.

Calaf. Could Turandot but read my heart, and see
How much her sorrow overcasts my joy,
Her wrath would be disarmed. Was it a crime
To strive for such a prize? Would it not be
A greater still to yield it-like a coward?

Altoun. She is unworthy of thy condescension,
O Prince. 'Tis now her turn to yield; and whether
 She yield with graceful dignity, or struggle
 With all her sex's waywardness—the nuptials
 Shall straight proceed: What, ho! Let joyful music
 Proclaim to all—

Turandot. Patience, not quite so fast.

[*Rising and turning to Calaf.*

My triumph is complete. I did but raise
 Thy heart unto the pinnacle of hope,
 That I might plunge it deeper in despair.

[*Slowly, and with an elevated voice.*

Hear, CALAF, TIMUR'S SON:—Quit this divan.
 Both names my deep invention hath discovered.
 Go seek another bride, and woe to thee
 And all that dare contend with Turandot.

Calaf. O miserable me!

Altoun. Gods! is it possible?

Pantalon. O holy Catharine!

Tartaglia. By the head of Fo,

My wits are at a stand.

Calaf. All lost—all hope for ever gone!—Ah! where,
 Where shall I turn for comfort? None can help me.

I am myself the suicide; I lose

My love because I loved her all too well.

Why did I not, of purpose, fail to solve

The enigmas? Then my head to-day had found

A quiet pillow on the lap of death,

This suffocating heart a breathing room.

Why, gracious Emperor, wouldst thou mitigate

For me the bloody ordinance of the law,

That with my head I might have paid the forfeit,

If she had solved the enigma. Then at last

She had been satisfied, and I at rest.

[*A murmur of disapprobation among the people in the background.*

Altoun. Calaf, my tottering age can bear no more;
 This unexpected thunderstroke has crushed me.

Turandot (aside to Zelima.) His silent anguish moves me, Zelima,
 No longer can I steel my heart against him.

Zelima (aside to Turandot.) O yield thee, then, at once. See
 there—the people
 Already grow impatient.

Adelma (in extreme agitation.) Life and death
 Depend upon this moment.

Calaf. But what needs
 The sword of the law to end a life already
 Intolerable?

[*He advances to the throne of Turandot.*

Yes, relentless Princess!

Here stands that Calaf whom thou knowest,—that Calaf

Whom as a nameless stranger thou didst hate.

And now, no longer nameless, hatest still.

Now, cruel Princess, thou shalt have thy will.

I will no longer with my presence darken

The sun to thee. Here—at thy feet—

[*Draws a dagger and is about to stab himself. At the same moment ADELMA makes a motion to prevent him, and TURANDOT rushes from her throne.*

Turandot (falling upon his arm with a look of terror and love.)

Oh! Calaf!

[*Both continue for some time immovable, and gazing on each other.*

Altoun. What do I see?

Calaf (after a pause.)

Thou! Thou wouldst prevent my death!
Is this thy pity? Wouldst thou have me live
A loveless, lifeless, comfortless existence?
Think'st thou thy charms even can control despair?
Here ends thy power. Kill me thou mayst—thou canst not
Compel me to live on. Off—let me die;
And if a spark of pity still survive,
Reserve it for my father—he is here
In Pekin—he hath need of comfort, since
The staff of his old age is gone, since fate
Bereaves him of his dear and only son.

[Again attempts to stab himself.]

Turandot (throwing herself into his arms.) Live, Calaf.

Thou shalt live, and live for me.
I am conquer'd. I disguise my love no longer.
Fly, Zelima, to those unfortunates;
Carry them news of comfort, freedom, joy.

Zelima. Ah, me! how gladly.

Adelma. It is time to die,
Since hope is at an end.

Calaf. Gods, do I dream?

Turandot. I will not shine in borrow'd glories, Prince,
To which I have no claim. Know, then—and let
The whole world know it—to no skill of mine,
To chance alone and thy surprise I owe
The secret of thy name and race. Thyself,
Last night, declared them to my slave Adelma.
Both names unwittingly escaped thy lips.
Through her I have obtained them. Thou art therefore
The victor. Thine alone the praise should be.
But not alone that justice asks it,—not
In forced obedience to the law.—No, Prince,
But mine own heart's unfetter'd impulses,
I give myself to thee. That heart was thine,
Even from the earliest moment that I saw thee.

Adelma. O martyrdom beyond compare!

Calaf (who has stood during all this time as if in a dream, now appears for the first time to come to himself, and clasps the Princess with ecstasy in his arms.) Thou—mine!

Let me not die with this excess of bliss.

Altoon. The blessing of the gods be with thee, daughter,
Since thou at last bringst comfort to my age.
Let all our former sufferings be forgotten.
This moment heals all wounds.

Pantalon. A marriage, then!

A marriage, ho! Make room, ye learned doctors.

Tartaglia. Room—room; let their faith forthwith
be plighted.

Adelma. Live, then, hard-hearted man; live happy with her,
Whom from my inmost soul I hate. *[To Turandot.]*

Yes, know

I never loved thee, that I hate thee, and,
Through hatred, only counterfeited love.
I did disclose those names but in the hope
To tear thy love from thee, and with the man
Whom I had known and loved, ere thou hadst seen him,
To fly to happier lands. This very night,
While in thy service I appeared so active,
I tried all arts, even calumny itself,
To make him fly with me. It would not be.
Those names which in his agony escaped him

I did betray, in hope that, banish'd from thee,
 He'd throw himself into Adelm's arms.
 Vain hope ! he loved too tenderly, and chose
 Rather to die for thee, than live for me.
 My efforts were in vain. One thing alone
 Remains within my power. I, like thyself,
 Am come of royal lineage, and must blush
 That I have groan'd in slavish bonds so long.
 Of father, mother, brothers, sisters, all
 That to my heart were dear, thou hast deprived me ;
 And now thou dost bereave me of my love.
 Take then the wretched remnant of our race,
 Myself, to join the rest. I'll live no longer.

*[She lifts the dagger, which TURANDOT had wrested from
 CALAF, from the ground.]*

Despair it was that drew this dagger ; now
 It finds at last the heart for which 'twas destined.
Calaf (*clasp ing her by the arm.*) Adelm, O be calm !

Adelm. Leave me, ungrateful one ;
 What, see thee happy in her arms ?—No, never !
Calaf. Thou shalt not die. 'Tis to thy fortunate

Deceit I owe it, that this noble heart,
 Foe to constraint, hath voluntarily yielded
 To make me happy. Gracious Emperor,
 If my warm prayers have any weight with thee,
 Bestow on her once more the gift of freedom ;
 Let the first pledge of happiness for us
 Be, to make others happy.

Turandot. I, too, father,
 Unite my prayers with his. I must appear
 Too hateful to her. Me she could not pardon,
 Nor would she think my pardon was sincere.
 Let her go free, and if a higher favour
 Be yet in store for her, let it be granted.
 Too many tears were made to flow before,
 And now must haste the more to scatter joy.

And now, we ask our readers, of
 whom we suppose one in every two
 hundred may perhaps have heard of
 Gozzi's name, whether the Venetian
 be not a man of imagination and tal-
 ent ; whether the drama from which
 we have quoted so liberally, and
 others not inferior to it, be not anima-
 ted by a dramatic interest, and a poe-
 tical spirit, more analogous to the free-
 dom and force of our own dramatists,
 than to the colder character of the
 continental stage ? Has he not con-
 trived to impart to the fantastic cha-
 racter of Oriental fable, the earnest-
 ness, the deep feeling, the reality of
 the poetry of the West,

“ And wonders wild of Arabesque com-
 bined

With Gothic imagery of darker shade ?”

For our own part, we cannot hesi-
 tate to say, that though we do not
 look upon his works as characteristic
 of the Italian mind, but rather as
 indicating a genius, inferior, no doubt,

in degree, but the same in kind with
 that of our own English dramatists
 of the days of Elizabeth, we have al-
 ways thought that in these almost
 forgotten dramas, instinct as they are
 with poetical fire, abounding in na-
 tural and forcible dialogue, adorned
 with the richest and most varied co-
 louring of imagination, passing so
 gracefully from the tragic to the
 comic, and, above all, carrying along
 with them the sympathy and interest
 of the readers, amidst all their wan-
 derings beyond the visible diurnal
 sphere, the Italians might have found
 perhaps a better model of dramatic
 art, than in the monotonous beauty
 of Metastasio's operas, with his all-
 pervading principle of pastoral love,
 with his machinery of suspended dag-
 gers and indispensable confidantes,
 who knew every thing before ; or in
 the sententious pomp and meagre
 abstractions of that man of one idea,
 and that too, that least susceptible
 of dramatic variety,—Victor Alfieri.

CHARACTERISTICS OF WOMEN.*

No. III.

CHARACTERS OF PASSION AND IMAGINATION.

SHAKSPEARE.

WHAT is Passion? The art and act of suffering. What is Imagination? The art and act of creating. The two together? Poetry, dealing with mortal pleasure and pain, and thereby subliming even while it saddens, beautifying even while it troubles life and death. Dwell they in more imperial power in man's or woman's heart? We who are every inch a man, say in woman's—you who are every inch a woman, say in man's. Brightly burn they both in both, when fair bosom meets bold, and saints or sinners feel

“That Love is heaven, and heaven is Love.”

Characters of Passion and Imagination! Where dwell they now-a-days in this world? In madhouses. The people without keepers, in this intellectual age, acknowledge not their dominion. They are all good and loyal subjects of Common Sense. He is “monarch of all he surveys.” Blood-heat is now reduced to the temperature of milk and water in a dairy at peep of dawn; and not a pulse in male or female wrist beats more than sixty to the minute. That strange sensation which is even yet sometimes felt, called fluttering at the heart, is so called by an elegant misnomer. 'Tis but flatulence or acridity in the stomach. Indurated is the white and eke the brown matter of the brain; and dulness dwells in the deception of a grand development. “They that look out at the windows are darkened.” Dim is the Palace of the Soul. *Pia mater* has lost all sense of religion. Sin herself has grown stupid, though she sprung from the head of Satan; and Virtue looks as if she were her twin-sister, she who of yore was a seraph, and drew her descent from heaven.

The world is in a bad way. Youth used to be clothed, as with a garment, with genius and innocence, and walked the earth in joy, unconscious of its own glory, as stars walk the

sky. But now nobody is young except the old. “There are young women in these days,” says the Lady to whose delightful book about Shakspeare we return, “but there is no such thing as youth—the bloom of existence is sacrificed to a fashionable education, and where we should find the rose-buds of the spring, we see only the full-blown, flaunting, precocious roses of the hot-bed.”

If we ever marry, it shall be an old woman—a woman who, whether fat and fair or not, shall at least be forty. Not a “full-blown, flaunting, precocious rose of the hot-bed,” but an ever-blooming, modest Christmas rose, that meets you at the door with a snowy shower of blossoms. Canker worse than the smut in wheat soon eats away the one, if frost not blights it till it wither; the heart of the other is sound as its leaves are smiling, even like the tree that flowers but in heaven, immortal amaranth.

Yet one sometimes picks up on the streets Sybilline leaves, scribbled with warnings for the youth of this enlightened age, against the dangers of romance. They may as well be bid go armed against the Griffin and the Arimaspin. The days of chivalry are not gone, for when hay is at eightpence a stone, every Cockney keeps his 'oss; but the age of romance is gone, we understand, even among milliners, who have betaken themselves to useful and entertaining knowledge. “Where are they,” Mrs Jameson asks, “these disciples of poetry and romance—these victims of disinterested devotion and believing truth—all conscience and tenderness—whom it is so necessary to guard against too much confidence in others, and too little in themselves—where are they?” And the celebrated echo, Paddy Blake, answers, “Nowhere!”

Romance of old had, what Coleridge so finely calls her “Cloudland gorgeous land” hovering at sun-

* *Characteristics of Women, Moral, Poetical, and Historical; with fifty vignette etchings.* By Mrs Jameson. In two volumes. London: Saunders and Otley.

rise or sunset—nay, all day long—over Clod-land till the grass grew greener in the emerald light, or the violet more “deeply, darkly, beautifully blue” in the cerulean smile that tinged earth with heaven.

Dissolved is all that sweet or solemn pageantry—and the lovely feminine adorers of poetry and romance, are only to be found now “wandering in the Elysian fields, with the romantic young gentlemen, who are too generous, too zealous in defence of innocence, too enthusiastic in the admiration of virtue, too violent in the hatred of vice, too sincere in friendship, too faithful in love, too active and disinterested in the cause of truth!”

The favourite philosophy of the day is—utility—alias expediency—alias selfishness—alias what-you-may. And all the evils of that heartless creed are encouraged and increased by the *forcing* system of Education—a system which, our fair friend (if she will permit us to call her so) indignantly says, “inundates us with hard, clever, sophisticated girls, trained by knowing mothers and all-accomplished governesses, with whom vanity and expediency take place of conscience and affection, (in other words, of romance,) ‘frutto senile in sul giovenil fiore;’ with feelings and passions suppressed or contracted, not governed by higher faculties and purer principles; with whom opinion—the same false honour which sends men out to fight duels—stands instead of strength and the light of virtue within their own souls. Hence the strange anomalies of artificial society—girls of sixteen, who are models of manner, miracles of prudence, marvels of learning, who sneer at sentiment, and laugh at the Juliets and Imogens; and matrons of forty, who, when the passions should be tame and wait upon the judgment, amaze the world, and put us to confusion with their doings.”

Laugh at the Juliets and Imogens! They will laugh next at Mary Magdalene.

Yet think not that, after all, we disbelieve in the existence of many maids and matrons, as fair and good even as the ladies Shakspeare saw in his dramatic dreams. “Millions of spiritual creatures walk,” not “unseen” in shade and sunshine, or sit

like Ophelias “sewing in their closets.” Most of them are readers of *Maga*; and we never write such an article as this without the happiness of knowing, that in many a secret place the pages will be illumined by “Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,”

as Romeo calls the eyes of his Juliet.

Come, then,—we exclaim in the beautiful language of the work before us—“O Love! thou Teacher—O Grief! thou tamer—O Time! thou healer of human hearts! bring hither all your deep and serious revelations. And ye, too, rich fancies of unbruised, unbowed youth—ye visions of long-perished hopes—shadows of unborn joys—gay colourings of the dawn of existence—whatever memory hath treasured up of bright and beautiful in nature or in art—all soft and delicate images—all lovely forms—divinest voices, and entrancing melodies—gleams of sunnier skies and fairer climes—Italian moonlights, and airs that ‘breathe of the sweet south’—now, if it be possible, revive to my imagination—live once more to my heart. Come, thronging around me, all inspirations that wait on passion, on power, on beauty; give me to tread, not bold, and yet unblamed, within the inmost sanctuary of Shakspeare’s genius, in Juliet’s Moonlight Bower, and Miranda’s Enchanted Isle.”

We see Juliet but for a very short time before her first meeting with Romeo at the masquerade, and she speaks but a very few words; of Romeo we see and hear much, and we have begun to regard him with kindness and admiration. HE IS IN LOVE!

He knows not yet of Juliet’s existence, or if he does, he has either never beheld the fair child, or her beauty has glided by, over the surface of his eyes, without having sunk into his heart. Does not that often happen? Affection gazes on its object in the hour of fate, and thenceforth breathes and burns but for it alone in a changed world. As yet Juliet has no lover but the County Paris. And he, though a fond lover, and a proper man, is nothing to her unawakened bosom. He looks joyfully forward to the masquerade, for sake of Juliet, Romeo for sake of Rosaline.

Capulet wishes Paris to wed Ju-

liet; but reminds him that "she is yet a stranger to the world," and "hath not seen the change of fourteen years."

"Let two more summers wither in their pride,

Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

Paris. Younger than she are happy mothers made."

Meanwhile Romeo has been conversing with Benvolio about his own love for Rosaline, and we already see in him, though his speech be "high fantastical," the noble, gallant, brave, and witty.

The Maskers are not yet assembled; and we get a glimpse of her whom her father calls "the hopeful lady of my earth." The fair child, called by her nurse, answers to the name of "Lamb! Lady-bird!" and, like a child, asks,

"How now, who calls?"

Nurse. Your mother.

Juliet. Madam, I am here.

What is your will?"

Then ensues that famous harangue of the old nurse, of which the coarseness would be insufferably disgusting, were it not so curiously characteristic; and did it not serve to shew, by contrast, the purity of the creature, of whose infancy the not unaffectionate hag keeps so tediously prosing away about a most senseless and nurselflike anecdote.

"*Wilt thou not, Jule?*" It stinted, and said—*Ay.*

Juliet. And stint thou, too, I pray thee, nurse, say I."

We imagine Juliet, since her mother suffers it, suffering it too; and yet neither heeding nor hearing the meaning of the no doubt often repeated narrative—or if she do hear and understand, "to the pure all things are pure;" and she stops the mouth of the beldame with perfect good-humour, letting us feel at once that no harm had been done to the delicacy and innocence of her nature by all that had ever fallen from the coarse lips of a vulgar domestic. And to her lady-mother's question how simple the reply!

"*La. Cap.* Tell me, daughter Juliet, How stands your disposition to be married?"

Jul. It is an honour that I dream not of."

Lady Capulet then draws a flattering picture of Paris, and Juliet artlessly says,—

"I'll look to like, if looking liking move;
But no more deep will I endart mine eye,
Than your consent gives strength to make
it fly."

Mrs Jameson alludes, in a few well chosen words, to the unobtrusive simplicity of Juliet's first appearance, the quiet manner in which she steals upon us, as the serene graceful girl, her feelings as yet unawaken'd, and her energies all unknown to herself, and unsuspected by others—and to the delightful charm of her silence and filial deference to her mother. Alas! in a few hours, rather than that Romeo were banished, the same creature almost impiously wishes that both her parents were dead!

But the scene shifts—and Juliet doubtless lovelily arrayed, and not attended too closely now by nurse and mother, is shining starlike at her first masquerade. She has not yet *come out*—but her beauty glorifies the halls of her father's house, and Romeo is struck through the heart by an eye-shot wound.

Love at first sight! And the more natural—think you—on the part of Juliet or of Romeo? Why, Romeo was in love with Rosaline. But Rosaline was cold as moonlight on snow—Juliet is warm as sunlight on roses.

"She whom I love now,
Doth grace for grace, and love for love
allow;
The other did not so."

Most natural, therefore, was it for Romeo to forget the Dian who would "not be hit with Cupid's arrow," and bury his whole being for ever in the bosom of that "snowy dove." And though in his first fit of impassioned wonder, he calls her "beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear," and soon afterwards fears "to profane with my unworthiest hand this holy shrine," yet while "kissing her," he feels that her lips are not "too rich for use," and that they have sent a stream of unextinguishable fire into his life.

As for Juliet, an hour gone, when asked "how stands your disposition to be married," she answered with perfect truth, "it is an honour that I dream not of;" but now she sees her husband in Romeo, and so changed is her whole being in a moment, that

"If he be married,

My grave is like to be my wedding-bed!"
And intenser is her love in its "prodigious birth," "that she must love

a loathed enemy." Like two beautiful birds are they on St Valentine's day, that come fluttering from opposite sides into the heart of a grove, and from that first mutual touch of their shivering plumage, are mated for ever after in calm or storm, gloom or sunshine. A mysterious sympathy of nature links them together—an irresistible attraction—an instinct holier in its innocence than Reason's self—and such in the hearts of Juliet and her Romeo is—Love.

Then how elegant and graceful the demeanour of the Pair! Romeo is privileged by the law and custom of such a festival, to make love after a somewhat warmer and bolder fashion than perchance he would have ventured on anywhere else than at a masquerade. He plays the Pilgrim—the Palmer—and she the Saint. Fancy hallows the passion which it emboldens, till it looks like—what it is—religion. Our fair critic says beautifully, "They are all love surrounded with all hate: all harmony surrounded with all discord; all pure nature in the midst of polished and artificial life. Juliet, like Portia, is the foster-child of opulence and splendour; she dwells in a fair city—she has been nurtured in a palace—she clasps her robe with jewels—she braids her hair with rainbow-tinted pearls;—but in herself she has no more connexion with the trappings around her, than the lovely exotic, transplanted from some Eden-like climate, has with the carved and gilded conservatory which has reared and sheltered its luxuriant beauty."

"The use of the Chorus here," says Dr Johnson, "is not easily discovered; it conduces nothing to the progress of the play, but relates what is already known, or what the next scene will shew, and relates it without adding the improvement of any moral sentiment." All very true—and yet we like the Chorus. It comes in well, with a sort of sweet solemnity, at the close of the night's festivities, like a preternatural voice heard in the hush.

Sudden as is the change in Juliet from child to woman—for under the power of passion the change is no less—it is not startling; we remember that she was marriageable, though she had never dreamt of that honour; her mother had told her to

"Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,

And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;

Examine every married lineament,
And see how one another lends content;
And what obscured in this fair volume lies,

Find written in the margin of his eyes;"

and Juliet has "fallen to such perusal" of the face of Romeo; an apt scholar, at a few glances she has got the whole volume by heart!

The Second Act is so full of the Passion of Love, that the very night-air seems sultry—yet as pure as it is voluptuous! We knew that there could be no rest that night for Romeo and Juliet.

"*Benvolio.* Romeo! my Cousin Romeo!
Mercutio. He is wise,

And, on my life, hath stolen away to bed."

But Mercutio is much mistaken, with all his wit, when he says:—

"I conjure thee, by Rosaline's bright eyes,
By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip,
By her fine foot, straight leg," &c.

And Romeo has the best of the joke when from Capulet's garden he beholds his "snowy dove" at a window—

"But soft, what light through yonder window breaks!"

It is THE EAST, AND JULIET THE SUN."

He is a poet—and speaks like Apollo. So is Juliet. How truly and finely does our lady critic say, "that every circumstance, and every personage, and every shade of character in each, tends to the development of the sentiment which is the subject of the drama. The poetry, the richest that can possibly be conceived, is interfused through all the characters; the most splendid imagery is lavished upon all with the careless prodigality of genius; and all is lighted up into such a sunny brilliance of effect, as though Shakespeare had really transported himself into Italy, and had drunk to intoxication of her genial atmosphere." The picture in "Twelfth Night" of the wan girl dying of love, "who pined in thought, and with a green and yellow melancholy," never occurs to us, she adds, "when thinking on the enamoured and impassioned Juliet, in whose bosom love keeps a fiery vigil, kindling tenderness into enthusiasm, enthusiasm

into passion, passion into heroism. No! The whole sentiment of the play is of a far different order. It is flushed with the genial spirit of the South; it tastes of youth, and of the essence of youth; of life, and of the very sap of life. In the delineation of that sentiment which forms the groundwork of the drama, nothing in fact can equal the power of the picture, but its inexpressible sweetness, and its perfect grace; the passion which has taken possession of Juliet's whole soul, has the force, the rapidity, the resistless violence of the torrent; but she is herself, 'as moving delicate,' as fair, as soft, as pliable as the willow that bends over it, whose light leaves tremble even with the motion of the current which hurries beneath them."

No lady surely did ever in this world, before or since, so blessedly make, unasked by words, and but by eyes, a promise, or rather proposal of marriage.

"*Jul.* Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed!

If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy promise marriage, send me word to-morrow,

By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite;

And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee, my Lord, throughout the world."

And where in all human language are there two lines so brimful of tenderness, affection, and passion, as Romeo's farewell—

"Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace on thy breast!

Would I were sleep and peace! so sweet to rest!"

The truth is, that Romeo was not only as passionate, but as pure as Juliet. So she says—and it was true—in one line of her soliloquy, when expecting him in the bridal chamber. There is not one word breathed from his burning lips, that is not as reverential as enamoured; a delicious glow warms and colours all his speech; and Juliet innocently speaks of blushes at her own words—not at his—

"Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
For that which thou hast heard me speak to night."

And they speak, but of themselves only—"they see only themselves in the universe—all things else are as idle matter. Not a word they utter, though every word is poetry—not a sentiment or description, though dressed in the most luxuriant imagery, but has a direct relation to themselves, or to the situation in which they are placed, and the feelings that engross them." In the second scene, in Capulet's house, when Juliet is waiting for the Nurse, who had gone to Romeo to fix the marriage hour, what purity, innocence, and artlessness in her impatience! How beautifully does her passion express itself in poetry!

"Oh! she is lame! love's heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glide than the sun-beams,

Driving back shadows over lowering hills;
Therefore do nimble-pinioned doves draw love,

And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.

Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
Of this day's journey." &c.

Friar Lawrence himself, as he sees her entering his cell, forgets the philosophy he had been preaching to Romeo—his advice to "love moderately."

"There comes the lady; O, so light a foot

Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint;
A lover may bestride the gossamers
That idle in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall—so light is vanity."

Vanity! nay—not vanity, good Father Lawrence—nor yet vexation of spirit. Love deserves a better name—and so thou thinkest in thy heart—though old, not dead to holiest humanities—as thou sayest compassionately—

"Come, come with me, and we will make short work,

For, by your leave, you shall not stay alone,
Till holy church incorporate in one."

Juliet is now a bride—longing for the approach of her bridegroom; and Shakspeare does not fear to let us hear her breathing forth her virgin longings in a soliloquy. Let a wife speak of that soliloquy—an English wife—who knows and feels what is modesty, and what is virtue. And let maidens read what matrons pronounce blameless—let them read it as it was spoken—alone—in company only with their own pure thoughts,

and watched over by their guardian angel. They will not find it, we fear, in the Family Shakspeare—but in any good edition. Then let them read this comentary.

“The famous soliloquy, ‘Gallop apace, ye fiery-footed steeds,’ teems with luxuriant imagery. The fond adjuration, ‘Come night! Come Romeo! *Come thou day in night!*’ expresses that fulness of enthusiastic admiration for her lover, which possesses her whole soul; but expresses it as only Juliet could or would have expressed it,—in a bold and beautiful metaphor. Let it be remembered, that in this speech, Juliet is not supposed to be addressing an audience, nor even a confidante. She is thinking aloud; it is the young heart ‘triumphing to itself in words.’ I confess I have been shocked at the utter want of taste and refinement in those who, with coarse derision, or in a spirit of prudery, yet more gross and perverse, have dared to comment on this beautiful ‘Hymn to the Night,’ breathed out by Juliet, in the silence and solitude of her chamber. It is at the very moment too that her whole heart and fancy are abandoned to blissful anticipation, that the Nurse enters with the news of Romeo’s banishment; and the immediate transition from rapture to despair has a most powerful effect.”

Hitherto all has been Passion. But Romeo and Juliet have now been in bliss; and Shakspeare, the High Priest of Nature, has drawn a veil over her holiest mysteries. How sacred, as he paints it, is their wedded love! Sadness and Sorrow are now seen waiting on Joy; and may we not venture to quote the Parting Hour?

“Enter ROMEO and JULIET.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:

It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;

Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate-tree:

Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,

No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks

Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:

Night’s candles are burnt out, and jocund day

Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops;

I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul. Yon light is not daylight, I know it, I:

It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,

And light thee on thy way to Mantua:
Therefore stay yet, thou need’st not to be gone.

Rom. Let me be ta’en, let me be put to death;

I am content, so thou wilt have it so.

I’ll say, yon grey is not the morning’s eye,
’Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia’s brow;
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat

The vaulty heaven so high above our heads:

I have more care to stay, than will to go;—

Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.—

How is’t, my soul? let’s talk, it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is, hie hence, be gone, away;

It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords, and displeasing sharps.

Some say, the lark makes sweet division;
This doth not so, for she divideth us:

Some say, the lark and loathed toad change eyes;

O, now I would they had changed voices too!

Since arm from arm that voice doth us allay,

Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day.

O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.

Rom. More light and light?—more dark and dark our woes.

Enter NURSE.

Nurse. Madam!

Jul. Nurse?

Nurse. Your lady mother’s coming to your chamber.

The day is broke; be wary, look about.

[Exit NURSE.

Jul. Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

Rom. Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I’ll descend.

[ROMEO descends.

Jul. Art thou gone so! my love! my lord! my friend!

I must hear from thee every day i’ the hour,

For in a minute there are many days.

O! by this count I shall be much in years,

Ere I again behold my Romeo.

Rom. Farewell! I will omit no opportunity

That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

Jul. O, think’st thou, we shall ever meet again?

Rom. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve

For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Jul. O God! I have an ill-divining soul:

Methinks, I see thee, now thou art below,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:
Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.

Rom. And trust me, love, in my eye so do you:

Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu! adieu! [*Exit* ROMEO.]

Jul. O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle:

If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him

That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune;

For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,

But send him back."

How well now do we know the character of Juliet! and no one has helped us to see into it so well as the Lady whose work we have been studying—not criticising—for that were idle. In the dialogue between Juliet and her parents, she observes, and in the scenes with the nurse, we seem to have before us the whole of her previous education and habits; we see her, on the one hand, kept in severe subjection by her austere parents; and on the other, fondled and spoiled by a foolish old nurse—a situation perfectly accordant with the manners of the times. The Lady Capulet comes sweeping by, with her train of velvet, her black hood, fan, and rosary, the very beau-ideal of a proud Italian matron of the fifteenth century, whose offer to poison Romeo, in revenge for the death of Tybalt, stamps her with one very characteristic trait of the age and country. Yet she loves her daughter; and there is a touch of remorseful tenderness in her lamentation over her, which adds to our impression of the timid softness of Juliet. Capulet is the jovial, testy, old man, the self-willed, violent, tyrannical father, to whom his daughter is but a property, the appanage of his house, and the object of his pride. And the nurse! She, says this critic, acute here as at other times delicate,—in the prosaic homeliness of the outline, and the magical illusion of the colouring, reminds us of some of the marvellous Dutch paintings, from which, with all their coarseness, we start back as from a reality. Her low humour, her shallow garrulity, mixed with the dotage and petulance of age, her subserviency, her secre-

cy, and her total want of elevated principle, or even common honesty, are brought before us like a living and palpable truth.

"Among these harsh and inferior spirits is Juliet placed; her haughty parents, and her plebeian nurse, not only throw into beautiful relief her own native softness and elegance, but are at once the cause and the excuse of her subsequent conduct. She trembles before her stern mother and her violent father; but like a petted child, alternately cajoles and commands her nurse. It is her old foster-mother who is the confidante of her love. It is the woman who cherished her infancy, who aids and abets her in her clandestine marriage. Do we not perceive how immediately our impression of Juliet's character would have been lowered, if Shakspeare had placed her in connexion with any common-place dramatic waiting-woman?—even with Portia's adroit Nerissa, or Desdemona's Emilia? By giving her the Nurse for her confidante, the sweetness and dignity of Juliet's character are preserved inviolate to the fancy, even in the midst of all the romance and willfulness of passion.

"The natural result of these extremes of subjection and independence, is exhibited in the character of Juliet, as it gradually opens upon us. We behold it in the mixture of self-will and timidity, of strength and weakness, of confidence and reserve, which are developed as the action of the play proceeds. We see it in the fond eagerness of the indulged girl, for whose impatience the 'nimblest of the lightning-winged loves' had been too slow a messenger; in her petulance with her nurse; in those bursts of vehement feeling, which prepare us for the climax of passion at the catastrophe; in her invectives against Romeo, when she hears of the death of Tybalt; in her indignation when the Nurse echoes those reproaches, and the rising of her temper against unwonted contradiction:

Nurse. Shame come to Romeo!
Juliet. Blister'd be thy tongue
For such a wish—he was not born to shame!"

"Then comes that revulsion of strong feeling, that burst of magnificent exultation in the virtue and honour of her lover:

Up on his brow Shame is asham'd to sit,
For 'tis a throne where Honour may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the universal earth."

"And this, by one of those quick transitions of feeling which belong to the character, is immediately succeeded by a gush of tenderness and self-reproach—

*Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,
When I, thy three hours' wife, have mingled it*"

"With the same admirable truth of nature, Juliet is represented as at first bewildered by the fearful destiny that closes round her; reverse is new and terrible to one nursed in the lap of luxury, and whose energies are yet untried.

'Alack, alack, that heaven should practise stratagems
Upon so soft a subject as myself!'

"While a stay remains to her amid the evils that encompass her, she clings to it. She appeals to her father—to her mother—

'Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to speak one word!'

Ah, sweet my mother, east me not away!
Delay this marriage for a month,—a week!"

"And, rejected by both, she throws herself upon her nurse in all the helplessness of anguish, of confiding affection, of habitual dependence—

'O God! O nurse! how shall this be prevented?
Some comfort, nurse!'

"The old woman, true to her vocation, and fearful lest her share in these events should be discovered, counsels her to forget Romeo and marry Paris, and the moment which unveils to Juliet the weakness and the baseness of her confidante, is the moment which reveals her to herself. She does not break into upbraidings; it is no moment for anger; it is incredulous amazement succeeded by the extremity of scorn and abhorrence which take possession of her mind. She assumes at once and asserts all her own superiority, and rises to majesty in the strength of her despair.

'Juliet. Speakest thou from thy heart?
Nurse. Aye, and from my soul too;—or else
Beswore them both!
Juliet. AMEN!'

"This final severing of all the old familiar ties of her childhood—

'Go, counsellor!
'Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain!
and the calm, concentrated force of her resolve,

'If I do else fail,—myself have power to die'

have a sublime pathos. It appears to me also an admirable touch of nature, considering the master passion which, at this moment, rules in Juliet's soul, that she is as much shocked by the Nurse's dispraise of her lover, as by her wicked, time-serving advice.

"This scene is the crisis in the character; and henceforth we see Juliet assume a new aspect. The fond, impatient, timid girl, puts on the wife and the woman; she has learned heroism from suffering, and subtlety from oppression. It is idle to criticise her dissembling submission to her father and mother; a higher duty has taken place of that which she

owed to them; a more sacred tie has severed all others. Her parents are pictured as they are, that no feeling for them may interfere in the slightest degree with our sympathy for the lovers. In the mind of Juliet there is no struggle between her filial and her conjugal duties, and there ought to be none. The Friar, her spiritual director, dismisses her with these instructions:

'Go home,—be merry,—give consent
To marry Paris!'

and she obeys him. Death and suffering in every horrid form she is ready to brave, without fear or doubt, 'to live an unstained wife;' and the artifice to which she has recourse, which she is even instructed to use, in no respect impairs the beauty of the character: we regard it with pain and pity, but excuse it, as the natural and inevitable consequence of the situation in which she is placed. Nor should we forget, that the dissimulation, as well as the courage of Juliet, though they spring from passion, are justified by principle.—

'My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;
How shall my faith return again to earth,
Unless that husband send it me from heaven!'

In her successive appeals to her father, her mother, her nurse, and the Friar, she seeks those remedies which would first suggest themselves to a gentle and virtuous nature, and grasps her dagger only as the last resource against dishonour and violated faith.—

'God join'd my heart with Romeo's,—thou our hands,
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,
Shall be the label to another deed,
Or my true heart, with treacherous revolt,
Turn to another,—this shall slay them both!'

"Thus, in the very tempest and whirlwind of passion and terror, preserving, to a certain degree, that moral and feminine dignity which harmonizes with our best feelings, and commands our unreprieved sympathy."

We could add nothing to this noble passage, nor could we to what is said of the catastrophe.

"Soft you now!"

"THE FAIR OPHELIA!"

In her all intellectual energy, saith our fair critic well, and all moral energy too, are in a manner latent, if existing; in her love is an unconscious impulse, and imagination lends the external charm and hue, not the internal power; in her the feminine character appears resolved into its very elementary principles—modesty, grace, and tenderness. Shakspeare has shewn us that these elemental feminine qualities, when expanded under genial influences, suf-

fice to constitute a perfect and happy human creature, Miranda; when thrown alone amid harsh and adverse destinies, and amid the trammels and corruptions of society, without energy to resist, or will to act, or strength to endure, the end must needs be desolation, as with Ophelia. Nothing can be more beautiful in its truth than the following eloquent strain.

"Ophelia—poor Ophelia! O far too soft, too good, too fair, to be cast among the briars of this working-day world, and fall and bleed upon the thorns of life! What shall be said of her? For eloquence is mute before her! Like a strain of sad sweet music which comes floating by us on the wings of night and silence, and which we rather feel than hear—like the exhalation of the violet dying even upon the sense it charms—like the snow-flake dissolved in air before it has caught a grain of earth—like the light surf severed from the billow, which a breath disperses—such is the character of Ophelia, so exquisitely delicate, it seems as if a touch would prostrate it; so sanctified in our thoughts by the last and worst of human woes, that we scarcely dare to consider it too deeply. The love of Ophelia, which she never once confesses, is like a secret which we have stolen from her, and which ought to lie upon our hearts as upon her own. Her sorrow asks not words but tears; and her madness has precisely the same effect that would be produced by the spectacle of real insanity, if brought before us; we feel inclined to turn away and veil our eyes in reverential pity, and too painful sympathy."

Ophelia, like Coraelia, is not often or long before our bodily eye; but she has her abiding-place in our pitiful heart. From the first, happy as she is herself in her perfect innocence, we encircle her with an air of sadness; and are haunted with forebodings of a dismal fate. Something sorrowful hangs over her simplicity; and we fear for the Bird of Calm amid gloom darkening into tempest. When she is brought to the Court, "she seems," says Mrs Jameson, with exquisite feeling of her character and condition, "like a seraph that had wandered out of bounds, and yet breathed on earth the air of paradise." When she is divided from her perfect mind, insupportable almost is the sight of her innocence singing in insanity; there is a woful beauty in her death; and pathos that "lies too deep for tears," about her burial.

Can such a simple creature indeed love and be beloved by Hamlet? Her brother, Laertes, warns her not to believe in the permanency of the Prince's passion, calling it

"a toy in blood,
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
The perfume and supplience of a minute;
No more."

And she merely answers,

"No more but so?"

Not that she yields up her faith; but her gentle nature knows no stronger denial; and in her humility she is not unwilling to admit that it may be even so—"sweet, but not lasting." How beautifully are we told of her extreme youth in these lines!

"The canker galls the infants of the spring,
Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd;
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent."

Yet even the gentle Ophelia speaks to her admonishing brother with the sweet freedom of a sister.

"But, good my brother,
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Shew me the steep and thorny way to
heaven;

Whilst, like a gruff and reckless libertine,
Himself the pinnose path of dalliance
treads,

And reckes not his own read."

To her father how full of reverence is the child!

"Polonius. What is't, Ophelia, he hath
said to you?"

Ophelia. So please you, something
touching the lord Hamlet."

And then, without any disguise, she tells her father all.

"He hath, my lord, of late, made many
tenders

Of his affection to me.

Polonius. Do you believe his tenders,
as you call them?

Ophelia. I do not know, my lord, what
I should think.

My lord, he hath importun'd me with love,
In honourable fashion.

And hath given countenance to his speech,
my lord,

With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

I shall obey, my lord."

These are all the words she utters during the time we first see her, and yet, taken in connexion with what

her brother and her father say to her, how they reveal her sweet, soft, gentle, innocent and pious nature!

"It is the helplessness of Ophelia, arising merely from her innocence, and pictured without any indication of weakness, which melts us with such profound pity. Ophelia is so young, that neither her mind nor her person have attained maturity; she is not aware of the nature of her own feelings; they are prematurely developed in their full force before she has strength to bear them, and love and grief together rend and shatter the frail texture of her existence, like the burning fluid poured into a crystal vase. She says very little, and what she does say seems rather intended to hide than to reveal the emotions of her heart; yet in those few words we are made as perfectly acquainted with her character, and with what is passing in her mind, as if she had thrown forth her soul with all the glowing eloquence of Juliet. Passion with Juliet seems innate, a part of her being, 'as dwells the gathered lightning in the cloud;' and we never fancy her but with the dark splendid eyes and Titian-like complexion of the south. While in Ophelia we recognize as distinctly the pensive, fair-haired, blue-eyed daughter of the north, whose heart seems to vibrate to the passion she has inspired, more conscious of being loved than of loving; and yet, alas! loving in the silent depths of her young heart, far more than she is loved."

It is finely remarked by Mrs Jameson, that neither to her brother nor to her father does Ophelia say a word of her love for Hamlet; she but acknowledges the confession of Hamlet's love for her; the whole scene is managed with inexpressible delicacy; it is one of those instances common in Shakspeare, in which we are allowed to perceive what is passing in the mind of a person without any consciousness on their part; only Ophelia herself is unaware, that while she is admitting the extent of Hamlet's courtship, she is also betraying how deep is the impression it has made, how entire the love with which it is returned!

Next time we see Ophelia, it is when she has been alarmed by the distracted appearance of Hamlet.

Ophelia. O, my lord! my lord! I have been so affrighted!

Polonius. With what, in the name of heaven?

Ophelia. My lord! as I was sewing in my closet,

Lord Hamlet with his doublet all unbraced,
No hat upon his head, his stockings foul'd,

Ungarter'd and down-gyved to his ankles,
Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,

And with a look so piteous in purport,
As if he had been loosed out of hell,
To speak of horrors, he comes before me.

Polonius. Mad for thy love?

Ophelia. My lord, I do not know;
But truly I do fear it.

Polonius.

I am sorry;

What? Have you given him any hard words of late?

Ophelia. No, my good lord! but as you did command,

I did repel his letters, and denied
Him access to me."

Ophelia would not, of her own accord, have attributed Hamlet's apparent madness to love of her, had her father not asked the question; but questioned, she speaks the truth, hesitatingly and humbly—as if it were presumption even to fear that one so high could be "sore-distraught" for sake of one so lowly! "Hard words" indeed! Hard words from Ophelia to Hamlet! O, Polonius, "shrewd, wary, subtle, pompous, garrulous old courtier" as thou wast, little didst thou know, dear as she was unto thee, of thy daughter's heart!

Of all Shakspeare's Female Characters, not one, says Mrs Jameson, ingeniously, could have loved Hamlet but Ophelia.

"Let us for a moment imagine any one of Shakspeare's most beautiful and striking female characters in immediate connexion with Hamlet; the gentle Desdemona would never have despatched her household cares in haste, to listen to his philosophical speculations, his dark conflicts with his own spirit. Such a woman as Portia would have studied him; Juliet would have pitied him; Rosalind would have turned him over with a smile to the melancholy Jacques; Beatrice would have laughed at him outright; Isabel would have reasoned with him; Miranda could but have wondered at him; but Ophelia loves him. Ophelia, the young, fair, inexperienced girl, facile to every impression, fond in her simplicity, and credulous in her innocence, loves Hamlet; not for what he is in himself, but for that which appears to her—the gentle, accomplished prince, upon whom she has been accustomed to see all eyes fixed in hope and admiration, 'the expectancy and rose of the fair state,' the star of the court in

which she moves, the first who has ever whispered soft vows in her ear; and what can be more natural?"

We once said—long ago*—that "there is nothing in Ophelia which could make her the object of an engrossing passion to so majestic a spirit as Hamlet." The lady, to whose work we are indebted for almost all that may give pleasure in these our

Articles on Shakspeare, gently takes us to task for that opinion, and we relinquish it for her sake. "I do think," she says, "that the love of Hamlet for Ophelia is deep, is real, and is precisely the kind of love which such a man as Hamlet would feel for such a woman as Ophelia. Our blessed religion, which has revealed deeper mysteries in the human soul than ever

* "It has often struck me that the behaviour of Hamlet to Ophelia has appeared more incomprehensible than it really is, from an erroneous opinion generally entertained, that his love for her was profound. Though it is impossible to reconcile all parts of his conduct towards her with each other, on almost any theory, yet some great difficulties are got over, by supposing that Shakspeare merely intended to describe a youthful, an accidental, and transient affection on the part of Hamlet. There was nothing in Ophelia that could make her the engrossing object of Passion to so majestic a spirit. It would appear, that what captivated him in her, was, that being a creature of pure, innocent, virgin nature, but still of mere nature only,—she yet exhibited, in great beauty, the spiritual tendencies of nature. There is in her frame the ecstacy of animal life,—of breathing, light-seeing life betraying itself, even in her disordered mind, in snatches of old songs (not in her own words), of which the associations belong to a kind of innocent voluptuousness. There is, I think, in all we ever see of her, a fancy and character of her affections suitable to this; that is, to the purity and beauty of almost material nature. To a mind like Hamlet's, which is almost perfectly spiritual, but of a spirit loving nature and life, there must have been something touching, and delightful, and captivating in Ophelia, as almost an ideal image of nature and of life. The acts and indications of his love seem to be merely suitable to such a feeling. I see no one mark of that love which goes even into the blood, and possesses all the regions of the soul. Now, the moment that his soul has sickened even unto the death,—that love must cease, and there can remain only tenderness, sorrow, and pity. We should also remember, that the sickness of his soul arose in a great measure from the momentary sight he has had into the depths of the invisible world of female hollowness and iniquity. That other profounder love, which in my opinion he had not, would not have been so affected. It would either have resisted and purged off the baser fire victoriously, or it would have driven him raving mad. But he seems to me to part with his love without much pain. It certainly has almost ceased.

"His whole conduct (at least previous to Ophelia's madness and death), is consistent with such feelings. He felt that it became him to crush in Ophelia's heart all hopes of his love. Events had occurred, almost to obliterate that love from his soul. He sought her, therefore, in his assumed madness, to shew her the fatal truth, and that in a way not to humble her spirit by the consciousness of being forsaken, and no more beloved; but to prove that nature herself had set an insuperable bar between them, and that when reason was gone, there must be no thought of love. Accordingly, his first wild interview, as described by her, is of that character,—and afterwards, in that scene when he tells her to go to a nunnery, and in which his language is the assumed language of a mind struggling between pretended indifference and real tenderness, Ophelia feels nothing towards him but pity and grief, a deep melancholy over the prostration of his elevated spirit.

'O what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!'

"Here the genius of Kemble seemed to desert him, and he threw an air of fierceness and anger over the mien and gestures of Hamlet, which must have been far indeed from the imagination of Shakspeare. It was reserved for Kean to restore nature from her profanation. In his gesticulations there is nothing insulting towards such an object. There is a kind of wild bitterness, playing towards her in the words merely,—that she might know all was lost,—but, in the manner of delivering those speeches, he follows the manifest intention of the divine Bard, and gives to them that mournful earnestness with which a high intellectual mind, conscious of its superiority, and severed by pain from that world of life to which Ophelia belonged, would, in a situation of extreme distress, speak authoritative counsel to an inferior soul. And when, afraid lest the gentle creature whom he deeply pities,—and whom, at that moment, it may well be said, he loves,—might in her heart upbraid him for his cruel-

were dreamt of by Philosophy, till she went hand in hand with Faith, has taught us to pay that worship to the symbols of purity and innocence

which, in darker times, was paid to the manifestations of power; and therefore do I think, that the mighty intellect, the capacious, soaring, pe-

ty, in spite even of the excuse of his apparent madness,—Kean returns to Ophelia, and kisses her hand; we then indeed feel as if a burst of light broke in upon the darkness,—and truth, and nature, and Shakspeare, were at once revealed.

“To you who are so familiar with this divine drama, I need not quote passages, nor use many arguments to prove my position, that Shakspeare never could have intended to represent Hamlet’s love to Ophelia as very profound. If he did, how can we ever account for Hamlet’s first exclamation, when in the churchyard he learns that he is standing by her grave, and beholds her coffin?”

“What, the fair Ophelia?”

“Was this all that Hamlet would have uttered, when struck into sudden conviction by the ghastliest terrors of death, that all he loved in human life had perished? We can with difficulty reconcile such a tame ejaculation, even with extreme tenderness and sorrow. But had it been in the soul of Shakspeare, to shew Hamlet in the agony of hopeless despair,—and in hopeless despair he must at that moment have been, had Ophelia been all in all to him,—is there in all his writings so utter a failure in the attempt to give vent to overwhelming passion? When, afterwards, Hamlet leaps into the grave, do we see in that any power of love? I am sorry to confess, that the whole of that scene is to me merely painful. It is anger with Laertes, not love for Ophelia, that makes Hamlet leap into the grave. Laertes’ conduct, he afterwards tells us, ‘put him into a towering passion,’—a state of mind which is not very easy to reconcile with almost any kind of sorrow for the dead Ophelia. Perhaps, in this, Shakspeare may have departed from nature. But had he been attempting to describe the behaviour of an impassioned lover, at the grave of his beloved, I should be compelled to feel, that he had not merely departed from nature, but that he had offered her the most profane violation and insult.

“Hamlet is afterwards made acquainted with the sad history of Ophelia,—he knows, that to the death of Polonius, and his own imagined madness, is to be attributed her miserable catastrophe. Yet, after the burial scene, he seems utterly to have forgotten that Ophelia ever existed; nor is there, as far as I recollect, a single allusion to her throughout the rest of the drama. The only way of accounting for this seems to be, that Shakspeare had himself forgotten her,—that with her last rites she vanished from the world of his memory. But this of itself shews, that it was not his intention to represent Ophelia as the dearest of all earthly things or thoughts to Hamlet, or surely there would have been some melancholy, some miserable hauntings of her image. But even as it is, it seems not a little unaccountable, that Hamlet should have been so slightly affected by her death.

“Of the character of Ophelia, and the situation she holds in the action of the play, I need say little. Every thing about her is young, beautiful, artless, innocent, and touching. She comes before us in striking contrast to the Queen, who, fallen as she is, feels the influence of her simple and happy virgin purity. Amid the frivolity, flattery, fawning, and artifice of a corrupted court, she moves in all the unpolluted loveliness of nature. She is like an artless, glad-some, and spotless shepherdess, with the gracefulness of society hanging like a transparent veil over her natural beauty. But we feel from the first, that her lot is to be mournful. The world in which she lives is not worthy of her. And soon as we connect her destiny with Hamlet, we know that darkness is to overshadow her, and that sadness and sorrow will step in between her and the ghost-haunted avenger of his father’s murder. Soon as our pity is excited for her, it continues gradually to deepen; and when she appears in her madness, we are not more prepared to weep over all its most pathetic movements, than we afterwards are to hear of her death. Perhaps the description of that catastrophe by the Queen is poetical rather than dramatic; but its exquisite beauty prevails, and Ophelia, dying and dead, is still the same Ophelia that first won our love. Perhaps the very forgetfulness of her, throughout the remainder of the play, leaves the soul at full liberty to dream of the departed. She has passed away from the earth like a beautiful air—a delightful dream. There would have been no place for her in the agitation and tempest of the final catastrophe. We are satisfied that she is in her grave. And in place of beholding her involved in the shocking troubles of the closing scene, we remember that her heart lies at rest, and the remembrance is like the returning voice of melancholy music.”—*No. XI., for February 1818.*

netrating genius of Hamlet may be represented, without detracting from its grandeur, as reposing upon the tender virgin innocence of Ophelia, with all that deep delight with which a superior nature contemplates the goodness which is at once perfect in itself, and of itself unconscious. That Hamlet regards Ophelia with this kind of tenderness—that he loves her with a love as intense as can belong to a nature in which there is (I think) much more of contemplation and sensibility than action and passion—is the feeling and conviction with which I have always read the play of Hamlet.” It shall henceforth be the feeling with which we too read it; and we shall believe Hamlet when he writes, “*To the celestial and my soul’s idol, the most beautifird Ophelia.*” Nor shall we say with Polonius, “that’s an ill phrase, a vile phrase—*beautifird* is a vile phrase.” He loved her when he wrote “*in her excellent white bosom, these—*

“*Doubt thou, the stars are fire;
Doubt, that the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar;
But never doubt I love.*

“*O, dear Ophelia! I am ill at these numbers; I have not art to reckon my groans; but that I love thee best, O most best, believe it. Adieu! Thine evermore, most dear Lady, whilst this machine is to him, HAMLET.*” And we believe him when, with the wildest vehemence, he exclaims, on coming out of her grave, into which he had leapt—

“I loved Ophelia—forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum!”

Alas! what then must have been the misery of Ophelia, on being used as follows by him who loved her better than forty thousand brothers!

“Soft you, now!
The fair Ophelia:—Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remember’d.

Oph. Good my lord,
How does your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thank you; well.

Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longed long to re-deliver;
I pray you, now receive them.

Ham. No, not I;

I never gave you aught.

Oph. My honour’d lord, you know
right well, you did;
And, with them, words of so sweet breath
compos’d,

As made the things more rich: their
perfume lost,

Take these again; for to the noble mind,
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove
unkind.

There, my lord.

Ham. Ha, ha! are you honest?

Oph. My lord?

Ham. Are you fair?

Oph. What means your lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest, and fair,
you should admit no discourse to your
beauty.

Oph. Could beauty, my lord, have
better commerce than with honesty?

Ham. Ay, truly; for the power of
beauty will sooner transform honesty
from what it is to a bawd, than the force
of honesty can translate beauty into his
likeness; this was some time a paradox,
but now the time gives it proof. I did
love you once.

Oph. Indeed, my lord, you made me
believe so.

Ham. You should not have believed
me: for virtue cannot so inoculate our
old stock, but we shall relish of it: I
loved you not.

Oph. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery: Why
would’st thou be a breeder of sinners? I
am myself indifferent honest; but yet I
could accuse me of such things, that it
were better, my mother had not borne
me: I am very proud, revengeful, ambi-
tious; with more offences at my beck,
than I have thoughts to put them in,
imagination to give them shape, or time
to act them in: What should such fel-
lows as I do crawling between earth and
heaven! We are arrant knaves, all; be-
lieve none of us: Go thy ways to a nun-
nery. Where’s your father?

Oph. At home, my lord.

Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him;
that he may play the fool nowhere but
in’s own house. Farewell.

Oph. O, help him, you sweet heavens!

Ham. If thou dost marry, I’ll give
thee this plague for thy dowry: Be thou
as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou
shalt not escape calumny: Get thee to a
nunnery; farewell. Or, if thou wilt
needs marry, marry a fool; for wise men
know well enough, what monsters you
make of them. To a nunnery, go; and
quickly too. Farewell.

Oph. Heavenly powers, restore him!

Ham. I have heard of your paintings too, well enough ; God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another ; you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nick-name God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance : Go to, I'll no more of 't ; it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages : those that are married already, all but one, shall live ; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go.

[*Exit HAMLET.*]

Oph. O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown !
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye,
tongue, sword :
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion, and the mould of
form,
The observ'd of all observers : quite, quite
down !
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign
reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and
harsh ;
That unmatch'd form and feature of
blown youth,
Blasted with ecstasy : O, woe is me !
To have seen what I have seen, see what
I see !"

Shakspeare and Mrs Jameson were right. Ophelia herself knew that Hamlet loved her ;—and Hamlet knew that Ophelia knew that he loved her, *and therefore he used her thus* ; for no behaviour of his, he was well assured, could ever make his "soul's idol" "doubt he loved." That doubt would have broken her heart. But Hamlet wished not to break Ophelia's heart, whatever else he may have wished ; and what he wished is "hard to be scanned." Ophelia by all this seeming harsh usage, (Oh, most harsh !) feels not herself ill-used ; no word of upbraiding escapes her lips ; all she feels is—pity ! She is "of ladies most deject and wretched ;" but not because no more she "sucks the honey of his music vows ;" but to see "Oh ! what a noble mind is here o'er-thrown !" And never was wreck of mind so sublimely painted in words as by her, the simple of heart ! when at last she exclaims, "O, woe is me !" The woe is—"to have seen what I have seen ! see what I see !" O sinless being ! uplifted by thy self-forgetting innocence to a loftier height of humanity even than

that from which in the meekness of thy lamenting sorrow thou behold'st "that noble and most sovereign reason" fall like a star from its sphere ! But hear another speak, who always speaks well :—

"We do not see him as a lover, nor as Ophelia first beheld him ; for the days when he importuned her with love were before the opening of the drama—before his father's spirit revisited the earth ; but we behold him at once in a sea of troubles, of perplexities, of agonies, of terrors. A loathing of the crime he is called on to revenge, which revenge is again abhorrent to his nature, have set him at strife with himself ; the supernatural visitation has perturbed his soul to its inmost depths ; all things else, all interests, all hopes, all affections, appear as futile, when the majestic shadow comes lamenting from its place of torment 'to shake him with thoughts beyond the reaches of his soul.' His love for Ophelia is then ranked by himself among those trivial, fond records which he has deeply sworn to erase from his heart and brain. He has no thought to link his terrible destiny with hers ; he cannot marry her ; he cannot reveal to her, young, gentle, innocent as she is, the terrific influences which have changed the whole current of his life and purposes. In his distraction, he overacts the painful part to which he had tasked himself ; he is like that judge of the Areopagus, who, being occupied with graver matters, flung from him the little bird which had sought refuge in his bosom, and that with such angry violence, that unwittingly he killed it.

"In the scene with Hamlet, in which he madly outrages her and upbraids himself, Ophelia says very little ; there are two short sentences in which she replies to his wild, abrupt discourse—

'*Ham.* I did love you once.

Oph. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

Ham. You should, not have believed me : for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock, but we shall relish of it. I loved you not.

Oph. I was the more deceived."

"Those who ever heard Mrs Siddons read the play of Hamlet, cannot forget the world of meaning, of love, of sorrow, of despair, conveyed in these two simple phrases. Here, and in the soliloquy afterwards, where she says—

'And I of ladies most deject and wretched,
'That sucked the honey of his music vows ;'

are the only allusions to herself and her own feelings in the course of the play ; and these, uttered almost without consciousness on her own part, contain the revelation of a life of love, and disclose the secret burden of a heart bursting with its own unuttered grief. She believes Ham-

let crazed: she is repulsed, she is forsaken, she is outraged, where she had bestowed her young heart, with all its hopes and wishes; her father is slain by the hand of her lover, as it is supposed, in a paroxysm of insanity; she is entangled inextricably in a web of horrors which she cannot even comprehend, and the result seems inevitable."

Ophelia would have forgiven Hamlet every thing, but it seems she had nothing to forgive. Therefore at the Play we can imagine her again happy, since Hamlet seems to his sweet senses restored.

"*Hamlet.* Lady! Shall I lie in your lap?
(*Lying down at OPHELIA'S feet.*)

Ophelia. No, my lord.

Hamlet. I mean my head upon your lap.

Ophelia. Aye, my lord."

We must not find fault with Hamlet's wit throughout this scene, for though Ophelia could not choose but wonder, yet she was not critical on what she did not more than half-understand; and though her Hamlet might seem to her to speak strangely, he was not the Hamlet who frightened her when "sewing in her closet," the Hamlet for whom she cried, "O woe is me!" in the room in the castle. Half-glad and half-sad was she now to be able to say, "You are merry, my lord."

After that night we see Ophelia in her right wits never again. It was well for Hamlet that the slayer of her father saw her not in the state to which that slaughter, and other causes connected with him, had reduced her; for surely he had then been more dismally deranged by such image, than even by his father's ghost. *That*, revisiting the glimpses of the moon, made night hideous; *this* would indeed have darkened the sunlight, or rather made the cerulean vault of Heaven lurid as the dun cope of Hell. Would he then, to use the palliating language of Mrs Jameson, "*have ranked his love for Ophelia among those trivial fond records which he has deeply sworn to erase from his heart and brain?*" Alas! methinks to drive one's young true love mad by wild words and rash deeds, though not so wicked, was more lamentable than to pour the juice of cursed hellebore from a phial into the ear of an old sleeping king! But we are relapsing into

our heresy of 1818; and have sworn by the book to be orthodox.

We have looked on Ophelia as God made her, let us see her as she was made by Hamlet—

"Divided from herself and her fair judgment."

She had seemed formerly in the court, "in her loveliness and purity, like a seraph that had wandered out of bounds, and yet breathed on earth the air of paradise." Behold her now!

"*Queen.* — I will not speak with her.

Hor. She is importunate; indeed, distract;

Her mood will needs be pitied.

Queen. What would she have?

Hor. She speaks much of her father; says, she hears,

There's tricks i'the world; and hems, and beats her heart;

Spurns enviously at straws; speaks things in doubt,

That carry but half sense: her speech is nothing,

Yet the unshaped use of it doth move The hearers to collection; they aim at it,

And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts;

Which, as her winks, and nods, and gestures, yield them,

Indeed would make one think, there might be thought,

Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

Queen. 'Twere good she were spoken with; for she may strew

Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds:

Let her come in. [*Exit HORATIO.*

To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is, Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss:

So full of artless jealousy is guilt, It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

Re-enter HORATIO with OPHELIA.

Oph. Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?

Queen. How now, Ophelia?

Oph. How should I your true love know

From another one?

By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandal shoon. [*Singing.*

Queen. Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?

Oph. Say you? nay, pray you, mark.

He is dead and gone, lady, [*Sings.*

He is dead and gone;

At his head a grass-green turf,

At his heels a stone.

O, ho!

Queen. Nay, but Ophelia,—

Oph. Pray you mark.

White his shroud as the mountain snow.
[*Sings.*

Enter KING.

Queen. Alas, look here, my lord.

Oph. Larded all with sweet flowers;
Which bewept to the grave did go,
With true-love showers.

King. How do you, pretty lady?

Oph. Well, God 'ield you! They say,
the owl was a baker's daughter. Lord,
we know what we are, but know not
what we may be. God be at your table!

King. Conceit upon her father.

Oph. Pray, let us have no words of
this; but when they ask you, what it
means, say you this:

Good morrow, 'tis St Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine:

Then up he rose, and don'd his clothes,
And dupp'd the chamber door;
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.

King. Pretty Ophelia!

Oph. Indeed, without an oath, I'll
make an end o't:

By Gis, and by Saint Charity,
Alack, and fye for shame!
Young men will do't, if they come to't;
By cock, they are to blame.

Quoth she, Before you tumbled me,
You promised me to wed:

He answers.

So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,
An thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long hath she been thus?

Oph. I hope all will be well. We
must be patient: but I cannot choose but
weep, to think they should lay him i'the
cold ground: My brother shall know of
it, and so I thank you for your good coun-
sel. Come, my coach! Good night,
ladies; good night, sweet ladies, good
night, good night. [Exit.]

"*Lac.* How now! what noise is that?

*Enter Ophelia, fantastically dressed with
straws and flowers.*

O heat, dry up my brains! tears seven
times salt,

Burn out the sense and virtue of mine
eye!—

By heaven, thy madness shall be paid
with weight,

Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of
May!

Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!

O heavens! is't possible, a young maid's
wits

Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
Nature is fine in love: and, where 'tis
fine,

It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves.

Ophelia.

They bore him barefac'd on the bier;

Hey no nonny, nonny hey nonny;

And in his grave rain'd many a tear;

Fare you well, my dove!

Lac. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst
persuade revenge,

It could not move thus.

Oph. You must sing, *Down-a-down,*
as you call him *a-down-a*. O, how the
wheel becomes it! It is the false steward,
that stole his master's daughter.

Lac. 'Tis nothing's more than mat-
ter.

Oph. There's rosemary, that's for re-
membrance; pray you, love, remember;
and there is pansies, that's for thoughts.

Lac. A document in madness; thoughts
and remembrance fitted.

Oph. There's fennel for you, and co-
mhaines:—there's rue for you; and
here's some for me:—we may call it, herb
of grace o' Sundays:—you may wear your
rue with a difference. There's a daisy;
—I would give you some violets; but
they withered all, when my father died:
—They say, he made a good end. —

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy, —
[*Sings.*

Lac. Thought and affliction, passion,
hell itself.

She turns to favour, and to prettiness.

Sings.

Oph. And will he not come again?

And will he not come again?

No, no, he is dead,

Go to thy death-bed,

He never will come again.

His beard was as white as snow,

All flaxen was his poll:

He is gone, he is gone,

And we cast away moan;

God 'a mercy on his soul!

And of all Christian souls! I pray God.
God be wi' you! [Exit Ophelia.]

Lac. Do you see this, O God?

No hint had been given of what
had happened to Ophelia. Perhaps
there were none to take notice of the
change that came gradually upon her
—perhaps in one hour or less, she
became insane. Her father had been
killed by Hamlet; and Hamlet was
moralizing far off on the "imminent
death of twenty thousand men."

"Her brother had in secret come from France," but "kept himself in clouds," and knew nothing of his sister till he cried "How now! what noise is that?" The weak and wicked queen, though she may have looked "with a kind of melancholy complacency on the lovely being she had destined for the bride of her son," was but heedless of her weal or woe, and at the beginning of this sad scene says "I will not speak with her;" and then—"twere good she were spoken with; for she may sow dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds." That "cut-purse of the empire," who fears the babbling of her insanity, had not heart even to *like* Ophelia, when "sewing in her closet." Neglected had she been by one and all—all but Horatio, that noble soul of unpretending worth, and he knew not what ailed her till she was past all cure. He it is who feelingly, and poetically, and truly describes the maniac; he it is who brings her in; he it is who follows her away—dumb as the while! And who with right souls but must have been speechless amidst these gentle ravings? The adulterous and incestuous only it is that speak. "How now, Ophelia?" "Nay! but Ophelia," so minceth the queen. "How do you, pretty lady?" "Pretty Ophelia!" So stammereth the king. Faugh! the noisome and loathsome hypocrites! So that her poor lips were but mute, both would have fain seen them sealed up with the blue mould of the grave! But Laertes—she with all his faults and sins has a noble heart—his words are pathetic or passionate—

"Thought and affliction, passion, hell it is.
—all.

She turn'd to favour, and to prettiness."

"Do you see this, O God?"

Horatio says, "her speech is nothing." It is nearly nothing. But the snatches of old songs, they are something—as they come flowing in music from their once hushed resting-places far within her memory, which they had entered in her days of careless childhood, and they have a meaning now that gives them doleful utterance. It is Hamlet who is the Maniac's Valentine. "You are merry, my lord," is all she said to him as he lay with his head on her

lap at the play. She would have died, rather than sing to Hamlet that night the songs she sings now—yet she had not sung them now, had she not been crazed with love! "Where is the beauteous Majesty of Denmark?" She must mean Hamlet.

"He is dead and gone, lady,

He is dead and gone;

At his head a grass-green turf,

At his heels a stone."

Means she her father? Perhaps—but most likely not. Hamlet? It is probable. Mayhap but the dead man of the song. Enough that it is of death, and burial. Or to that verse, as haply to others too, she may attach no meaning at all. A sad key once struck, the melancholy dirge may flow on of itself, Memory and Consciousness accompanying not one another in her insanity! "They say, the owl was a baker's daughter. Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table." The King says, "conceit upon her father." Adulterous beast! it was no conceit on her father. The words refer to an old story often related to children to deter them from illiberal behaviour to poor people. Our Saviour went into a baker's shop, and asked for bread to eat—the baker's daughter cried, "heugh! heugh! heugh!" which owl-like noise made our Saviour, for her wickedness, transform her into that bird. Ophelia had learnt the story in the nursery, and she who was always charitable thinks of it now—God only knows why—and Shakspeare, who had heard such dim humanities from the living lips of the deranged—as many have done who are no Shakspeares—gave them utterance from the lips of the sweetest phantom that ever wailed her woes in hearing of a poet's brain. "The mildewed ear who blasted his wholesome brother," shews his vulgar stupidity by asking considerably, "How long hath she been thus?" But Ophelia's soul is deaf to all outward sounds—all but her own sweet voice! And now she does indeed think for a moment, and but a moment, of her father, and nobody else. "I cannot choose but weep to think they should lay him i' the cold ground. My brother shall know of it." She has forgot that Hamlet killed him—for had she thought of

that, she would not have told Laertes. The darker clouds vanish—and Ophelia, who, when in her senses, cared nought about coaches, is pleased, when out of them, with this world's poor vanities! and gaily bids good night to a bevy of court ladies!

Horatio was a wise keeper of the insane. He did not seek to restrain her in her harmless fancies. So Ophelia re-appears, fantastically dressed with straws and flowers.

“O rose of May!

Dear maid! kind sister! sweet Ophelia!”

She is somewhat more composed—perhaps by that act of wild adornment. She is conscious of presences; and it may be that there is something fitting in her floral gifts—her floral emblems. “There’s rue for you, [the Queen,] and here’s some for me. We may call it herb of grace o’ Sundays,” contains a world of woe! “You, madam,” says Ophelia to the Queen, “may call your rue by its Sunday name, ‘herb of grace,’ and so wear it with a *difference*, to distinguish it from mine, which can never be any thing but merely rue—that is—sorrow.” Well said, STEEVENS. “I would give you some violets, but they wither’d all when my father died.” She is sorry for the violets. They are not worth giving away—but they are worth keeping—and she will keep them, though she soon forgets for what they withered, for now “Bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.” Hamlet once more—but for a moment; and she who was so strong in filial piety, again chants about her father, and sees the common conclusion of monumental inscriptions—“And of all Christian souls, I pray God!—God be wi’ you!”

“Of her subsequent madness what can be said? What an astonishing—what an affecting picture of a mind utterly, hopelessly wrecked!—past hope—past cure! There is the frenzy of excited passion—there is the madness caused by intense and continued thought—there is the delirium of fevered nerves; but Ophelia’s madness is distinct from these: it is not the suspension, but the utter destruction of the reasoning powers: it is the total imbecility which, as medical people well know, too frequently follows some terrible shock to the spirits. Constance is frantic; Lear is mad;

Ophelia is *insane*. Her sweet mind lies in fragments before us—a pitiful spectacle! Her wild, rambling fancies; her aimless, broken speeches; her quick transitions from gaiety to sadness—each equally purposeless and causeless; her snatches of old ballads, such as perhaps her nurse sang her to sleep with in her infancy—are all so true to the life, that we forget to wonder, and can only weep. It belonged to Shakspeare alone so to temper such a picture that we can endure to dwell upon it—

‘Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself,
She turns to favour and to prettiness.’

“That in her madness she should exchange her bashful silence for empty babbling, her sweet maidenly demeanour for the impatient restlessness that spurns at straws, and say and sing precisely what she never would or could have uttered had she been in possession of her reason, is so far from being an impropriety, that it is an additional stroke of nature.”

Who but Shakspeare could have found a fitting death for Ophelia? She knew not what death to herself did mean; dim and strange were her thoughts of death even to them who had disappeared. She knew not that fire would burn, that water would drown. For she was what “we grave-livers do in Scotland” call “an Innocent.” The Queen was affected, after a fashion, by the picturesque mode of her death, and takes more pleasure in describing it than any one would who really had a heart. Gertrude was a gossip—and she is gross even in her grief.

“Queen. Your sister’s drown’d Laertes.
Laer. Drown’d! O, where?”

Queen. There is a willow grows as-
cunt the brook,

That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy
stream;

Therewith fantastic garlands did she
make

Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and
long purples,

That liberal shepherds give a grosser
name,

But our cold maids do dead men’s fingers
call them:

There on the pendant boughs her coron-
net weeds

Clambering to hang, an envious sliver
broke;

When down her weedy trophies, and her-
self,

Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes
spread wide;

And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her
up :
Which time, she chanted snatches of old
tunes ;
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and endu'd
Unto that element : but long it could not
be,
Till that her garments, heavy with their
drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melo-
dious lay
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas then, she is drown'd?

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou,
poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my tears : But
yet

It is our trick ; nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will : when these
are gone,

'The woman will be out.'

And lo ! her funeral !

"Enter PRIESTS, &c. in Procession ; the
Corpse of OPHELIA, LAERTES and
Mourners following, KING, QUEEN,
then trains, &c.

Ham. The queen, the courtiers : Who
is this they follow?

And with such maimed rites ! This
doth betoken,

The corse they follow, did with despe-
rate hand

Fordo its own life. 'Twas of some es-
tate :

Couch we a while, and mark.

[Retiring with HORATIO.

Laer. What ceremony else?

Ham. That is Laertes,

A very noble youth : Mark.

Laer. What ceremony else?

I Priest. Her obsequies have been as
far enlarg'd

As we have warranty : Her death was
doubtful ;

And, but that great command o'ersways
the order,

She should in ground unsanctified have
lodg'd

Till the last trumpet ; for charitable
prayers,

Shards, flints, and pebbles, should be
thrown on her :

Yet here she is allowed her virgin crants,
Her maiden strewments, and the bringing
home

Of bell and burial.

Laer. Must there no more be done ?

I Priest. No more be done !

We should profane the service of the
dead,

To sing a requiem, and such to rest her
As to peace-parted souls.

Laer.

Lay her i' the earth ;—
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh,
May violets spring !—I tell thee, churlish
priest,

A minist'ring angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling.

Ham.

What, the fair Ophelia !

Queen. Sweet to the sweet : Fare-
well !

[Scattering Flowers.

I hop'd thou should'st have been my
Hamlet's wife ;

I thought, thy bride-bed to have deck'd,
sweet maid,

And not have strew'd thy grave.

Laer.

O, treble woe
Falls ten times treble on that cursed head,
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious
sense

Depriv'd thee of !—Hold off the earth a
while,

Till I have caught her once more in mine
arms ; [Leaps into the grave.

Now pile your dust upon the quick and
dead ;

Till of this flat a mountain you have
made

To o'er-top old Pelion, or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus.

Ham. (Advancing.) What is he, whose
grief

Bears such an emphasis ? whose phrase
of sorrow

Conjures the wand'ring stars, and makes
them stand

Like wonder-wounded hearers ? this is I,
Hamlet the Dane."

And so vanishes for ever from our
eyes, she whom Samuel Johnson
tenderly calls "Ophelia, the young,
the beautiful, the harmless, and the
pious."

Away ! Away ! with us, far, far
from the courts of Sin and Suffering,
to that Enchanted Isle, where MIRAN-
DA is walking on flowers or shells, and
ARIEL winnows the pure air around
her head with wings lovely as the
rainbow. The Bermuda Isles, in
which Shakspeare has placed the
scene of the Tempest, were described
by Sir George Somers, who was
wrecked there, as "a land of devils,"
"a most prodigious and enchanted
place," subject to continual tempests
and supernatural visitings ; and such
was the idea entertained of the "still-
vexed Bermoothes" in Shakspeare's
age. But later travellers, says Mrs
Jameson, describe them "as perfect
regions of enchantment in a far dif-
ferent sense ; as so many fairy Edeus,
clustered like a knot of gems upon
the bosom of the Atlantic, decked

out in all the lavish luxuriance of nature, with shades of myrtle and cedar, fringed round with groves of coral; in short, each island a living paradise, rich with perpetual blossoms, in which Ariel might have slumbered, and ever-verdant bowers, in which Ferdinand and Miranda might have strayed. So that Shakspeare, in blending the wild relations of the shipwrecked mariners with his own inspired fancies, has produced nothing, however lovely in nature, and sublime in magical power, which does not harmonize with the beautiful and wondrous reality."

There has been shipwreck—the hurly-burly's done—and in the calm before their Cell, lo! Prospero, the Mighty Magician, and his daughter, THE WONDERFUL.

"O! I have suffered
With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel,
Who had no doubt some noble creatures
in her,
Dashed all to pieces! Oh, the cry did knock
Against my very heart! Poor souls! they
perished!
Had I been any God of Power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or
e'er
It should the good ship so have swallow'd,
and
The freighting souls within her!"

Already we love Miranda. "Contrasted with the impression of her refined and dignified beauty, and its effect on all beholders, is Miranda's own soft simplicity, her virgin innocence, her total ignorance of the conventional forms and language of society. It is most natural, that in a being thus constituted, the first tears should spring from compassion, suffering with those that she saw suffer." With what intent interest do we listen, all the while gazing on her miraculous beauty, to her father's narrative, then first told to her, of their "strange eventful history!" The Isle is felt to be indeed enchanted, ere we have a glimpse of Ariel, who, to answer his master's pleasure, is ready

"to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds."

Each touching sentence of the tale brings out some delightful trait of nature in Miranda; and in the solitary place, as "up grew that living

flower beneath his eye," we feel how happy Prospero must have been in watching the unfolding of her woman's heart. Ignorant of how she came there, and often wondering, no doubt, at her own wondrous life, yet had she never once asked her father to explain the mystery.

"*Prospero.* My dear one! thee, my daughter! who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am; nor that I am more
better
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,
And thy no greater father."

Miranda. More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts."

But as more—as all is told her—how her thoughts—her feelings rise accordant to all those of her beloved father! How beautifully she speaks of her dreamlike remembrances of some other vanished life, when elsewhere she was a child! How pity and grief and indignation alternate in her simple heart, as her father unfolds the story of his wrongs, his perils, his escape, and his banishment!

"*Prospero.* There they hoist us,
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us; to sigh
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back
again,

Did us but loving wrong!

Miranda. Alack! what trouble
Was I then to you!

Prospero. O, a cherubim
Thou wast, that did preserve me! Thou
didst smile,

Infused with a fortitude from heaven!

Miranda. How came we ashore?

Prospero. By Providence divine.
Some food we had, and some fresh water,
that

A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity (who being appointed
Master of this design) did give us; with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and neces-
saries,

Which since have steaded much; so of
his gentleness,

Knowing I loved my books, he furnish'd
me,

From my own library, with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.

Miranda. Would I might
But ever see that Man!

Prospero. Here in this island we ar-
rived, and here

I have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee
more prof't

Than other princes can, that have more time

For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

Miranda. Heaven thank thee for't."

Yes! she has had a noble education. And she is grateful to Heaven for her father's love. She is now—as we gather from the narrative—in her fifteenth year—one year older than Juliet, "alike, but oh! how different" from that other "snowy dove!" Never had she seen a man but her father. But she had read of her far-off kind, and when the ship went to pieces, she said, "who had no doubt some noble creatures in her." Much had she pored, no doubt, over her father's books, and the *Lady of the Enchanted Isle* had bright ideas of her own, sweet imaginings of all that breathed and moved in the great cities of the remote world beyond her own waves. *Phantoms* all! yet dear as she looked on the silent letters to her human heart. But let one of her own sex draw her character. Had Shakspeare, she says, never created a *Miranda*, we should never have been made to feel how completely the purely natural and the purely ideal can blend into each other.

"The character of *Miranda* resolves itself into the very elements of womanhood. She is beautiful, modest, and tender, and she is these only; they comprise her whole being, external and internal. She is so perfectly unsophisticated, so delicately refined, that she is all but ethereal. Let us imagine any other woman placed beside *Miranda*—even one of Shakspeare's own lovebest and sweetest creations—there is not one of them that could sustain the comparison for a moment, not one that would not appear somewhat coarse or artificial when brought into immediate contact with this pure child of nature, this 'Eye of an enchanted Paradise.'

"What, then, has Shakspeare done? 'O wondrous skill and sweet wit of the man!'—he has removed *Miranda* far from all comparison with her own sex; he has placed her between the demi-demon of earth and the delicate spirit of air. The next step is into the ideal and supernatural, and the only being who approaches *Miranda*, with whom she can be contrasted, is *Ariel*. Beside the subtle essence of this ethereal sprite, this creature of elemental light and air, that 'ran

upon the winds, rode the curl'd clouds, and, in the colours of the rainbow, lived'—*Miranda* herself appears a palpable reality, a woman, 'breathing thoughtful breath,' a woman, walking the earth in her mortal loveliness, with a heart as frail-strung, as passion-touched, as ever fluttered in a female bosom.

"I have said that *Miranda* possesses merely the elementary attributes of womanhood, but each of these stand in her with a distinct and peculiar grace. She resembles nothing upon earth; but do we therefore compare her, in our own minds, with any of those fabled beings with which the fancy of ancient poets peopled the forest depths, the fountain, or the ocean?—*Oread* or *dryad* fleet, sea-maid, or naiad of the stream? We cannot think of them together. *Miranda* is a consistent, natural, human being. Our impression of her nymph-like beauty, her peerless grace and purity of soul, has a distinct and individual character. Not only she is exquisitely lovely, being what she is, but we are made to feel that she *could* not possibly be otherwise than as she is portrayed. She has never beheld one of her own sex; she has never caught from society one imitated or artificial grace. The impulses which have come to her, in her enchanted solitude, are of heaven and nature, not of the world and its vanities. She has sprung up into beauty beneath the eye of her father, the princely magician; her companions have been the rocks and woods, the many-shaped, many-tinted clouds, and the silent stars; her playmates the ocean billows, that stooped their teamy crests, and ran rippling to kiss her feet. *Ariel* and his attendant sprites hovered over her head, ministered dutious to her every wish, and presented before her pageants of beauty and grandeur. The very air, made vocal by her father's art, floated in music around her. If we can pre-suppose such a situation with all its circumstances, do we not behold in the character of *Miranda* not only the credible, but the natural, the necessary results of such a situation? She retains her woman's heart, for that is unalterable and inalienable, as a part of her being; but her deportment, her looks, her language, her thoughts—all these, from the supernatural and poetical circumstances around her, assume a cast of the pure ideal; and to us, who are in the secret of her human and pitying nature, nothing can be more charming and consistent than the effect which she produces upon others, who never having beheld any thing resembling her, approach her as 'a wonder,' as something celestial."

Where is there in poetry any thing equal to the first scene between Ferdinand and Miranda? Lured on by the invisible Ariel, playing and singing the wildest of songs, the noble Neapolitan approaches Prospero and his daughter.

Mira. What is't? a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,

It carries a brave form:—But 'tis a spirit.

Pro. No, wench; it eats and sleeps, and hath such senses

As we have, such: This gallant, which thou seest,

Was in the wreck; and but he's something stain'd

With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou might'st call him

A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows, And strays about to find them.

Mira. I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural I ever saw so noble.

Pro. It goes on, [*Aside.*
As my soul prompts it:—Spirit, fine spirit! I'll free thee

Within two days for this.

Fer. Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend!—Vouchsafe, my prayer

May know, if you remain upon this island; And that you will some good instruction give,

How I may bear me here: My prime request,

Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder!

If you be maid, or no?

Mira. No wonder, sir;
But, certainly a maid.

Fer. My language! heavens!—
I am the best of them that speak this speech,

Were I but where 'tis spoken.

Pro. How! the best?
What wert thou, if the king of Naples heard thee?

Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders

To hear them speak of Naples; He does hear me;

And, that he does, I weep: myself am Naples;

Who with mine eyes, ne'er since at ebb, beheld

The king my father wreck'd.

Mira. Alack, for mercy!

Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the duke of Milan,

And his brave son, being twain.

Pro. The duke of Milan,
And his more braver daughter, could control thee,

If now 'twere fit to do't:—At the first sight [*Aside.*

They have chang'd eyes:—Delicate Ariel, I'll set thee free for this!—A word, good sir;

I fear, you have done yourself some wrong: a word.

Mira. Why speaks my father so un- gently? This

Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first That e'er I sigh'd for: pity move my father

To be inclin'd my way!

Fer. O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you

The queen of Naples.

Pro. Soft, sir: one word more.—
They are both in either's powers: but this swift business

I must uneasy make, lest too light winning [*Aside.*

Make the prize light.—One word more; I charge thee,

That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp

The name thou ow'st not; and hast put thyself

Upon this island, as a spy, to win it From me, the lord on't.

Fer. No, as I am a man.

Mira. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:

If the ill spirit have so fair an house, Good things will strive to dwell with't.

Pro. Follow me.—[*To Ferd.*
Speak not you for him; he's a traitor.—

Come,

I'll manacle thy neck and feet together: Sea-waters shalt thou drink, thy food shall be The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots, and husks

Wherein the acorn cradled; Follow.

Fer. No;
I will resist such entertainment, till Mine enemy has more power. [*He draws.*

Mira. O dear father,
Make not too rash a trial of him, for He's gentle, and not fearful.

Pro. What, I say,
My foot my tutor!—Put thy sword up, traitor;

Who mak'st a show, but dar'st not strike, thy conscience

Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward;

For I can here disarm thee with this stick, And make thy weapon drop.

Mira. Beseech you father!

Pro. Hence; hang not on my garments.

Mira. Sir, have pity;

I'll be his surety.

Pro. Silence; one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What!

An advocate for an impostor? hush!
Thou think'st there are no more such
shapes as he,
Having seen but him and Caliban: Fool-
ish wench!

To the most of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels.

Mira. My affections
Are then most humble; I have no am-
bition

To see a goodlier man.

Pro. Come on; obey: [*To Ferd.*
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.

Fer. So they are;
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound
up.

My father's loss, the weakness which I
feel,
The wreck of all my friends, or this man's
threats,

To whom I am subdued, are but light to
me,

Might I but through my prison once a-day
Behold this maid; all corners else o' the
earth

Let liberty make use of; space enough
I have I in such a prison.

Pro. It works:—Come on.—
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel!—Fol-
low me.— [*To FERD. and MIR.*
Hark, what thou else shalt do me.

[*To ARIEL.*

Mira. Be of comfort;
My father's of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech; this is un-
wonted,

Which now came from him.

Pro. Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds; but then exactly do
All points of my command.

Ari. To the syllable.

Pro. Come, follow; speak not for him."

Juliet is thrilled to the heart's core
by the first kiss of Romeo. Her Life
is in a moment Passion. She must
possess him or she dies. "If he be
married, my grave shall be my wed-
ding-bed!" Sleep flies her till she
rest in Romeo's bosom. Yet is she
pure. His blood, too, is turned to
liquid fire. And from transient bliss
they are hurried on by fatalities at-
tending their passion to death. It
burns to the last—the full flame is
extinguished all at once in the tomb.
Miranda as suddenly loves; but with
her 'tis all imagination—save the
sweet impulse of innocent nature,
passion there is none. Surprise,
wonder, admiration, delight—in them
she finds a new being, and it all ga-
thers upon Ferdinand. Pity and fear,

too, have their share in her bosom,
for her father's anger seems kindled
against him who she thought might
be "a spirit." No tumult is in her
veins—though her heart be beating
—and when Ferdinand says,

"My prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you
Wonder!

If you be maid or no?"

Her simplicity calmly answers,

"No wonder, sir;
But certainly a maid!"

She says, indeed, "this is the
first man that e'er I sighed for!"
But how gentle must have been that
sigh! Its sweetness but made her
pray—"pity move my father to be
inclined my way!" and at the close
of the scene, when she bids Ferdi-
nand be comforted, for that "my
father's of a better nature, sir, than
he appears by speech," her looks, no
doubt, like her language, are those
but of pitiful and sorrowful affec-
tion—all that yet she knows of Love.

"Enter FERDINAND, bearing a Log.

Fer. There be some sports are painful;
and their labour
Delight in them sets off: some kinds of
baseness

Are nobly undergone; and most poor
matters

Point to rich ends. This my mean task
Would be as heavy to me, as odious; but
The mistress, which I serve, quickens
what's dead,

And makes my labours pleasures: O, she
is

Ten times more gentle than her father's
crabbed

And he's composed of harshness. I must
remove

Some thousands of these logs, and pile
them up,

Upon a sore injunction: My sweet mis-
tress

Weeps when she sees me work: and says,
such baseness

Had ne'er like executor. I forget:

But these sweet thoughts do even refresh
my labours;

Most busy-less, when I do it.

Enter MIRANDA; and PROSPERO at a
Distance.

Mira. Alas, now! pray you,
Work not so hard: I would, the light-
ning had

Burnt up those logs, that you are enjoind
to pile!

Pray, set it down, and rest you: when
this burns,

'Twill weep for having wearied you : My father

Is hard at study ; pray now, rest yourself ;

He's safe for these three hours.

Fer. O most dear mistress,
The sun will set, before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

Mira. If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while : Pray, give me that :

I'll carry it to the pile.

Fer. No, precious creature ;
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,

Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.

Mira. It would become me
As well as it does you : and I should do it
With much more ease ; for my good will is to it,

And yours against.

Pro. Poor worm ! thou art infected ;
This visitation shews it.

Mira. You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble mistress ; 'tis fresh morning with me,

When you are by at night. I do beseech you,
(Chiefly, that I might set it in my prayers,)

What is your name ?

Mira. Miranda : — O my father,
I have broke your hest to say so !

Fer. Admir'd Miranda !
Indeed, the top of admiration ; worth
What's dearest to the world ! Full many a lady

I have ey'd with best regard ; and many a time

The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage

Brought my too diligent ear : for several virtues

Have I lik'd several women ; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,

And put it to the foil : But you, O you,
So perfect, and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best.

Mira. I do not know
One of my sex ; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own ; nor have I seen

More that I may call men, than you, good friend,

And my dear father : how features are abroad,

I am skillless of ; but, by my modesty,
(The jewel in my dower,) I would not wish

Any companion in the world but you ;
Nor can imagination form a shape,

Besides yourself, to like of : But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts

I therein do forget.

Fer. I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda ; I do think, a king ;
(I would, not so !) and would no more endure

This wooden slavery, than to suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth. — Hear my soul speak ; —

The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service ; there resides,
To make me slave to it ; and for your sake,

Am I this patient log-man.

Mira. Do you love me ?

Fer. O heaven, O earth, bear witness
to this sound,

And crown what I profess with kind event,

If I speak true ; if hollowly, invert
What best is bodied me, to mischief ! I,
Beyond all limit of what else i'the world,
Do love, prize, honour you.

Mira. I am a fool,

To weep at what I'm glad of.

Pro. Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections ! Heavens
rain grace

On that which breeds between them !

Fer. Wherefore weep you ?

Mira. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer

What I desire to give ; and much less take,

What I shall die to want : But this is trifling ;

And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning !

And prompt me, plain and holy innocence !

I am your wife, if you will marry me ;
If not, I'll die your maid : to be your fellow

You may deny me ; but I'll be your servant,

Whether you will or no.

Fer. My mistress, dearest,
And I thus humble ever.

Mira. My husband then ?

Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom : here's my hand.

Mira. And mine, with my heart in't :
And now farewell,

Till half-an-hour hence.

Fer. A thousand ! thousand !

[*Exeunt FER. and MIRA.*]

Pro. So glad of this as they, I cannot be,

Who are surpris'd with all ; but my rejoicing

At nothing can be more. I'll to my book ;

For yet, ere supper time, must I perform
Much business appertaining. [*Exit.*"]

What celestial servitude is that of Ferdinand! The log-bearer is a god. For "my sweet mistress weeps when she sees me work." No wonder she weeps to see so "brave a form" slaving like Caliban. The young Prince had never carried logs till now—neither assuredly had Miranda—but she offers to do so now—and even thinks it fitter that she should than "the first man she ever sighed for"—she, the daughter of the Great Magician, who in his own country had, she knows, been the greatest of the great, and who is now obeyed by the elements, and the creatures of the elements. 'Tis almost a pity Ferdinand allowed her not one trial, she had looked so more than beautiful under the burden. Aye—Miranda now knows love. Prospero says so—"Poor worm! thou art infected!" She too—like Juliet—proposes marriage. But she knows not so well as that other warmer Italian what marriage means; and if he will not marry her—she believes it possible he will not—then is she content "to die his maid." And in saying so she said the holy truth. Had Juliet said so to Romeo she had surely lied. But heaven preserve us, are we indeed so foolish as to idly dream of bringing out beauties! Of rubbing with our coarse clumsy hands, to brighten their lustre, gems in their own native splendour eyeing the sun in heaven that wonders at their unreflected light? No—we are but admiring them—and so is the lady whose commentaries are written in the same spirit, and who finely says of this matchless scene,—“In Ferdinand, who is a noble creature, we have all the chivalrous magnanimity with which man, in a high state of civilisation, disguises his real superiority, and does humble homage to the being of whose destiny he disposes; while Miranda, the mere child of nature, is struck with wonder at her own emotions. Only conscious of her own weakness as a woman, and ignorant of those usages of society which teach us to dissemble the real passion, and assume (sometimes abuse) our unreal and transient power, she is equally ready to place her life, her love, her service, beneath his feet. Her bashfulness," it is else-

where said by the same fine observer, "is less a quality than an instinct, it is like the self-unfolding of a flower, spontaneous and unconscious."

"Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, and MIRANDA.

Pro. If I have too austere punish'd you,

Your compensation makes amends; for I
Have given you here a thread of mine
own life,

Or that for which I live; whom once
again

I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love; and thou
Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore
Heaven,

I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me, that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all
praise,

And make it halt behind her.

Fer. I do believe it,

Against an oracle.

Pro. Then, as my gift, and thine own
acquisition,

Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter:
But

If thou dost break her virgin knot before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minister'd,
No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let
fall

To make this contract grow; but barren
hate,

Sour-ey'd disdain, and discord, shall be-
strew

The union of your bed with weeds so
loathly,

That you shall hate it both: therefore,
take heed,

As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

Fer. As I hope

For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
With such love as 'tis now; the murki-
est den,

The most opportune place, the strongest
suggestion

Our worse genius can, shall never melt
Mine honour into lust; to take away

The edge of that day's celebration,
When I shall think, or Phœbus' steeds
are founder'd,

Or night kept chain'd below.

Pro. Fairly spoke:

Sit then, and talk with her, she is thine
own.—

What, Ariel; my industrious servant
Ariel!

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. What would my potent master?
here I am.

Pro. Thou and thy meaner fellows
your last service

Did worthily perform; and I must use
you

In such another trick: go, bring the rabble,

O'er whom I give thee power, here, to
this place:

Incite them to quick motion; for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine art; it is my promise,

And they expect it from me.

Ari. Presently?

Pro. Aye, with a twink.

Ari. Before you can say, *Come*, and *go*,
And breathe twice; and cry, *so, so*;

Each one, tripping on his toe,

Will be here with mop and mow:

Do you love me, master? no.

Pro. Dearly, my delicate Ariel: Do
not approach,

Till thou dost hear me call.

Ari. Well I conceive.

[*Exit.*

Pro. Look, thou be true: do not give
dalliance

Too much the rein; the strongest oaths
are straw

To the fire i' the blood: be more abstemious,

Or else, good night, your vow!

Fer. I warrant you, sir;

The white cold virgin snow upon my
heart

Abates the ardour of my liver."

Prospero possesses, from first to last, not only our respect, but our affection. Through the magician we always see the man—and in the man the father. He loves his daughter better than all his books, yet his library to him is life. His wand is waved but for her delight; all his harshness to Ferdinand is but seeming; to that noble slave it is the source of divinest happiness; and, looking forwards to their marriage, he will then resign his dominion over all the spirits, and let the disenchanted and forsaken Isle settle down into common daylight on common sea. Mrs Jameson thus speaks of Prospero—

"As Miranda, being what she is, could only have had a Ferdinand for her lover, and an Ariel for her attendant, so she could have had with propriety no other father than the majestic and gifted being, who fondly claims her as 'a thread of his own life—nay, that for which he lives.' Prospero, with his magical powers, his superhuman wisdom, his moral worth—and grandeur, and his kingly dignity, is one of the most sublime visions that ever swept with ample robes, pale brow, and

sceptred hand, before the eye of fancy. He controls the invisible world, and works through the agency of spirits; not by any evil and forbidden compact, but solely by superior might of intellect—by potent spells gathered from the lore of ages, and abjured when he mingles again as a man with his fellow-men. He is as distinct a being from the necromancers and astrologers celebrated in Shakspeare's age, as can well be imagined; and all the wizards of poetry and fiction, even Faust and St Leon, sink into common places before the princely, the philosophic, the benevolent Prospero."

O Miranda! how much happier wert thou in a father than Juliet or Ophelia! Think of Capulet or Polonius along with Prospero. Yet they too loved their father—and one of them went mad—so some said—for his sake. Good girls always love their father, even though he be fool and knave—for piety is sweet to female hearts—and though sin or folly may make them sad as they look at the author of their being, yet sire is still a gracious name, and round the brows of parent to pure filial eyes seems ever to be wreathed a heavenly halo.

In this scene there is perfect blessedness. Was there ever so tenderly paternal line as

"I have given you here a thread of mine own life!"

Let no father fear to praise his daughter to her face—if she deserve it. If she be beautiful and good, let him tell her and heaven that her beauty and her goodness do make him blest. Both will breathe more sweetly, burn more brightly, at his smiles and his words—even as did Miranda's now in the lime-grove-weather-fenced cell in the Enchanted Isle. But hath Prospero no fears for her virgin innocence, as she and her lover roam at their own sweet will among the solitary places silent but for the sea-murmur on the yellow sands, and the music of the invisible Ariel, in cloud or sunshine? Not fears—but the shadows of fears—for Miranda, though divine, is human, and the bright-eyed Prince is a "child of strength and state," and of passion. But the expression of such shadowy fears serves only to heighten the image of the perfect purity of Miranda. The shipwrecked sailor is too noble a creature for the sin of

ingratitude; but without thinking of what he owes to his benefactor, "the thread of mine own life" is holy to his heart—holy that "white, cold virgin snow." Freely father and lover speak—giving and receiving solemn advice; but Miranda is mute—she sits listening in her simplicity—the sweet subject of their discourse—and as she hears her Ferdinand speak hope "for quiet days, fair issue, and long life," unmoved in her innocence as an angel. The while Prospero has been giving his orders to Ariel, the lovers have met in an embrace—before their father's eyes. "Be more abstemious." But it was not in nature for Ferdinand to be so; and as for Miranda, "as well might a rose in the wilderness turn away her fragrant blushes from the sun that loves the leaves he beautifies.

The Aerial Masque got up by Prospero "a contract of true love to celebrate, and some donation freely to estate on the blessed lovers," is in beautiful keeping with all the rest of the Enchanted Island life. Iris,

"Many-coloured messenger,
That ne'er must disobey the wife of Jupiter,"

in richest language calls Ceres to leave all her other domains, and to come and sport "here on this grass-plot, on this very place." Ceres comes, and asks if Venus and her son attend Juno, for that she has forsworn "her and her blind boy's scandal'd company," ever since they did plot the means "that dusky Dis her daughter got;" but the Heavenly Bow tells Ceres not to be afraid of her society, for that she

"Met her deity

Cutting the clouds towards Paphos; and
her son

Dove-drawn with her; here thought they
to have done

Some wanton charm upon this man and
maid,

Whose vows are, that no bed-rite shall be
paid

Till Hymen's torch be lighted."

How delicately the Phantoms, the Apparitions of Goddesses, commend Ferdinand and Miranda for their modest and chaste affection; Prospero thus again counselling them, through visionary lips, "to be abstemious." Juno joins Ceres, and they sing an antenuptial song, which may serve as a model for all such songs

as long as there is marrying and giving in marriage.

"SONG.

Juno. *Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance, and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessing on you.*

Cer. *Earth's increase, and foison plenty;
Barns and garners never empty;
Vines, with clust'ring bunches
growing;
Plants, with goodly burden bowing;
Spring come to you, at the furthest,
In the very end of harvest;
Scarcity and want shall shun you;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.*

Per. This is a most majestic vision, and Harmonious charmingly: May I be bold To think these spirits?

Pro. Spirits, which by mine art I have from their confines call'd to enact My present fancies.

Per. Let me live here ever;
So rare a wonder'd father, and a wife,
Make this place Paradise.

[Juno and Ceres whisper, and send Iris on employment.

Pro. Sweet now, silence:
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously;
There's something else to do: hush and
be mute,

Or else our spell is marr'd.

Iris. You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the wand'ring brooks,
With your sedg'd crowns, and ever harmless looks,
Leave your crisp channels; Juno does command:
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate

A contract of true love; be not too late.

[Enter certain Nymphs.

You sun-burn'd sicklemen, of August weary,

Come hither from the furrow, and be merry;

Make holiday: your rye-straw hats put on,

And these fresh nymphs encounter every one

In country footing.

[Then enter certain Reapers, properly habited; they join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof Prospero starts suddenly, and speaks; after which, to a sharp, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish."

Prospero is disturbed, magnificently moralizes, and Ferdinand and Miranda, wishing him peace, walk away in their happiness wherever love may lead, into other enchantments.

In dreams we never—wonder. Happen what may—all seems in the course of nature. Without wings we fly, nor think we that motion strange though most delightful; down we sink without diving-bell, to the roots of coral rocks, and, unsurprised, bid good day to the Queen of the Mermaids; realities seem to people what we know not then to be the realms of imagination. Shakspeare is *Somnus*—and the *Tempest* is a dream. We wonder not to see the brave vessel by *Prospero* “dashed all to pieces,” by *Prospero* rebuilt, launched, masted, rigged anew,

“—in all her trim freshly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant ship.”

Most exquisitely beautiful is *Ariel*, gay creature of the element; but “seeing is believing,” and we are prepared to hear him play and sing, visible himself or invisible; with him “whatever is, is right.” *Caliban* himself is unquestioned where all is enchantment, and we say not a word on being told that a demon was his sire, and a witch his dam. *Iris*—*Ceres*—*Juno*—*Naiads*—spirits in the shape of hounds—reapers brought from far-off climes—and nymphs not native to the Isle—they come and go; nor startled are we—such over our whole being is the power of genius—by the magical masque, more than by natural pageant of sunset-clouds! Who gave *Prospero* his magic book and staff? We ask not—nor care to know. One Being alone commands our wonder through our love. The human Princess of the Isle of Glamour; and she will be the world’s wonder, till the world’s self hath passed away with all its dreams.

Heavens! what has become of all the rest of the shipwrecked? We have forgotten them all as entirely as *Ferdinand* and *Miranda* have done—but the scenes we have stolen are not all “*The Tempest*.” We daresay you have all of you heard it said and seen it written, that the beauty and purity of *Miranda* are miraculously heightened by contrast with the hideousness of *Caliban*. Ho! is, indeed, the most hideous of all monsters (one excepted) ever miscreated or

misbegotten;—and even *Miss*—herself would look less revolting if set near the hairy hide of flesh so fishified. But we had forgotten the hag-born; and *Miranda*

“Was yet a spirit still and bright,
With something of an angel light,”
without the aid of any contrast. She needed no foil—any more than a star, “when only one is shining in the sky.”

Why, really some of the drunken sailors are little better than *Caliban*. *Trinculo* has more wit, for he was educated at *Wapping College*, but *Stephano* is about on a par, as to intellect, with the son of *Sycorax*. As a moral being, the “poor monster,” if we take into account his birth and parentage, is not worse than either of the tars—and all three are alike ripe and ready for rape and murder. While they are plotting the death of *Prospero* and violation of *Miranda*, *Sebastian* and *Antonio* were conspirators against the life of the King of Naples. But the punishment of the guilty has been preparing by the magician; and, therefore, the breaking up of the beautiful pageant in honour of the contract. Amazement and fear fall on noble and knave; all is cleared up; all is reconciled; and all eyes, at the close, are fixed on *MIRANDA*.

“*Miranda*. O WONDER
HOW MANY GOODLY CREATURES ARE
THESE HERE!
HOW BEAUTIFULS MANKIND IS! O BRAVE
NEW WORLD!
THAT HAS SUCH PEOPLE IN’T!

Pro. ‘TIS NEW TO THEE.”

The whole wide world is henceforth, in her imagination—*Paradise*. Oh! did it not once seem so to one and all of us,—when our bliss bade the sun burn bright on a day of clouds; when we could change at will gloom into glory; when at the sight of a few daisies, the earth seemed all overspread with flowers, and flowers that knew no withering; when the inarticulate voice of streams murmured to ours their own unwearied joy in the wilderness; when we did say in our hearts the very words of the magician’s child; when thou hadst thine own *Ferdinand*, and we our own *Miranda*!

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much parts of machinery as are spindles. Thousands are but cogs. The more delicate parts of machinery soonest wear out; and these are boys and girls. You can have no conception of the waste of infants. The weak wretches are soon worn out and flung away. True that they are not expensive. They are to be purchased from their parents at a low price. The truth is, they are too cheap. Their very bodies are worth more than they bring; and then there is one error in the calculation, which, great as it seems to us, has been seldom noticed,—seldom has buyer or seller thought of inserting their souls.

This brings us at once into the Factories. It was the introduction of Sir Richard Arkwright's invention,—Mr Sadler remarks, in his noble Speech on moving the second reading of the Factories' Regulation Bill,—that revolutionized the entire system of our national industry. Previously to that period, the incipient manufactures of the country were carried on in the villages, and around the domestic hearth. That invention transferred them principally to the great towns, and almost confined them to what are now called Factories. Thus children became the principal operatives; and they no longer performed their tasks, as before, under the parental eye, and had them affectionately and considerably apportioned, according to their health and capacities; but one universal rule of labour was prescribed to all ages, to both sexes, and every state and constitution. But a regulation, therefore, it might have been expected, would have been adapted to the different degrees of physical strength in the young, the delicate, and especially the

female sex. But instead of that, it was doubled in many cases, beyond what the most athletic and robust men in the prime and vigour of life can with impunity sustain. Our ancestors would not have supposed it possible, exclaims this benevolent, enlightened, and eloquent Statesman—posterity will not believe it true, that a generation of Englishmen could exist that would labour lisping infancy, of a few summers old, regardless alike of its smiles or tears, and unmoved by its unresisting weakness, eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, sixteen, hours a-day, and through the weary night also, till, in the dewy morn of existence, the bud of youth faded and fell ere it was unfolded. "Oh! cursed lust of gold!" Oh! the guilt which England was contracting in the kindling eye of Heaven, when nothing but exultations were heard about the perfection of her machinery, the want of her manufactures, and the rapid increase of her wealth and prosperity!

Yes—"true it is and of verity," that few of our political economists have suffered their eyes to see such things; and in that voluntary blindness have their hearts been hardened. But the wonder and the pity and the shame is, that the people of England have suffered themselves to be hood-winked by such false "friends of humanity." They have among them wiser instructors. Still they pin their faith to the dicta that drivel in dust from the cold hard lips of an oracle of dry bones, such as Peter Macculloch, when they may hear, if they will but choose to listen, responses from the inner shrine of the sacred genius of William Wordsworth!

“ ‘ I have lived to mark

A new and unforeseen Creation rise
From out the labours of a peaceful Land,
Wielding her potent Enginery to frame
And to produce, with appetite as keen
As that of War, which rests not night or day.
Industrious to destroy! With fruitless pains
Might one like me now visit many a tract
Which, in his youth, he trod, and trod again,
A lone Pedestrian with a scanty freight,
Wished for, or welcome, whereso'er he came,
Among the Tenantry of Thorpe and Vill;
Or straggling Burgh, of ancient charter proud,
And dignified by battlements and towers

Of some stern Castle, mouldering on the brow
 Of a green hill or bank of rugged stream.
 The foot-path faintly marked, the horse-track wild,
 And formidable length of plashy lane,
 (Prized avenues ere others had been shaped,
 Or easier links connecting place with place,)
 Have vanished,—swallowed up by stately roads,
 Easy and bold, that penetrate the gloom
 Of England's farthest Glens. The Earth has lent
 Her waters, Air her breezes; and the Sail
 Of traffic glides with ceaseless interchange,
 Glistening along the low and woody dale,
 Or on the naked mountain's lofty side.
 Meanwhile, at social Industry's command,
 How quick, how vast an increase! From the germ
 Of some poor Hamlet, rapidly produced
 Here a huge Town, continuous and compact,
 Hiding the face of earth for leagues—and there,
 Where not a Habitation stood before,
 The Abodes of men irregularly massed
 Like trees in forests—spread through spacious tracts,
 O'er which the smoke of unremitting fires
 Hangs permanent, and plentiful as wreaths
 Of vapour glittering in the morning sun.
 And, wheresoe'er the Traveller turns his steps,
 He sees the barren wilderness erased,
 Or disappearing; triumph that proclaims
 How much the mild Directress of the plough
 Owes to alliance with these new-born Arts!
 —Hence is the wide Sea peopled,—and the Shores
 Of Britain are resorted to by Ships
 Freightened from every climate of the world
 With the world's choicest produce. Hence that sum
 Of keels that rest within her crowded ports,
 Or ride at anchor in her sounds and bays;
 That animating spectacle of Sails
 Which through her inland regions, to and fro
 Pass with the respirations of the tide,
 Perpetual, multitudinous! Finally,
 Hence a dread arm of floating Power, a voice
 Of Thunder, daunting those who would approach
 With hostile purposes the blessed Isle,
 Truth's consecrated residence, the seat
 Impregnable, of Liberty and Peace.

“And yet, O happy Pastor of a Flock!
 Faithfully watched, and by that loving care
 And Heaven's good providence preserved from taint!
 With You I grieve, when on the darker side
 Of this great change I look; and there behold,
 Through strong temptation of those gainful Arts,
 Such outrage done to Nature, as compels
 The indignant Power to justify herself;
 Yea to avenge her violated rights
 For England's bane.—When soothing darkness spreads
 O'er hill and vale, the Wanderer thus expressed
 His recollections, 'and the punctual stars,
 While all things else are gathering to their homes,
 Advance, and in the firmament of heaven
 Glitter—but undisturbing, undisturbed,
 As if their silent company were charged
 With peaceful admonitions for the heart

Of all-beholding Man, earth's thoughtful Lord;
 Then, in full many a region, once like this
 The assured domain of calm simplicity
 And pensive quiet, an unnatural light,
 Prepared for never-resting Labour's eyes,
 Breaks from a many-windowed Fabric huge;
 And at the appointed hour a Bell is heard—
 Of harsher import than the Curfew-knoll
 That spake the Norman Conqueror's stern behest,
 A local summons to unceasing toil!
 Disgorge are now the Ministers of day;
 And, as they issue from the illumined pile,
 A fresh Band meets them, at the crowded door,—
 And in the courts—and where the rumbling Stream,
 That turns the multitude of dizzy wheels,
 Glares, like a troubled Spirit, in its bed
 Among the rocks below. Men, Maidens, Youths,
 Mother and little children, Boys and Girls,
 Enter, and each the wonted task resumes
 Within this Temple—where is offered up
 To Gain—the Master Idol of the Realm,
 Perpetual sacrifice, Even thus of old
 Our Ancestors, within the still domain
 Of vast Cathedral or Conventual Church,
 Their vigils kept; where tapers day and night
 On the dim altar burned continually,
 In token that the House was evermore
 Watching to God. Religious men were they;
 Nor would their Reason, tutored to aspire
 Above this transitory world, allow
 That there should pass a moment of the year,
 When in their land the Almighty's Service ceased.

“ ‘Triumph who will in these profaner rites
 Which We, a generation self-extolled,
 As zealously perform! I cannot share
 His proud complacency; yet I exult,
 Casting reserve away, exult to see
 An Intellectual mastery exercised
 O'er the b'ind Elements; a purpose given,
 A perseverance fed; almost a soul
 Imparted—to brute Matter. I rejoice,
 Measuring the force of those gigantic powers,
 Which by the thinking Mind have been compelled
 To serve the Will of feeble-bodied Man.
 For with the sense of admiration blends
 The animating hope that time may come
 When strengthened, yet not dazzled, by the might
 Of this dominion over Nature gained,
 Men of all lands shall exercise the same
 In due proportion to their Country's need;
 Learning, though late, that all true glory rests,
 All praise, all safety, and all happiness,
 Upon the Moral law. Egyptian Thebes;
 Tyre by the margin of the sounding waves;
 Palmyra, central in the Desert, fell;
 And the Arts died by which they had been raised.
 —Call Archimedes from his buried Tomb
 Upon the plain of vanquished Syracuse,
 And feelingly the Sage shall make report
 How insecure, how baseless in itself,

Is that Philosophy, whose sway is framed
 For mere material instruments:—how weak
 Those Arts, and high Inventions, if unpropped
 By Virtue.—He with sighs of pensive grief,
 Amid his calm abstractions, would admit
 That not the slender privilege is theirs
 To save themselves from blank forgetfulness.’ ”

There you have Poetry, and Moral Philosophy, and Christianity, and Political Economy, all in one—Truth—the pure bright ore of Truth. You know where to go for the dross of falsehood.

What, then, is the object of that Bill, which Mr Sadler, alas, in vain! implored the House to sanction with its authority? The liberation of children and other young persons employed in the mills and factories of the United Kingdom, from that over-exertion and long confinement which common sense, as well as experience, has shewn to be utterly inconsistent with the improvement of their minds, the preservation of their morals, and the maintenance of their health—in a word, to rescue them from a state of suffering and degradation. And, would you believe it? many persons who believe the existence of the evils he has brought to light, *oppose him on principle!* The wiseacres are reluctant to legislate on such matters—they hold all such interference to be an evil. They have learned a few words of French, and each parrot from his perch, as he keeps swinging himself to and fro in his glittering cage, ejaculates, “*Laissez nous faire!*”

Mr Sadler condescends to argue with these weaklings of the flock. He challenges them to shew a case which has stronger claims for the interposition of the law, whether we regard the nature of the evil to be abated, as it affects the individuals, society at large, and posterity; or the utter helplessness of those on whose behalf we are called on to interfere; or the fact, which experience has left no longer in doubt, that if the law does not, there is no other power that can, or will, adequately protect them. But the same, and other persons, likewise ground their opposition on the pretence that the very principle of the Bill is an improper interference between the employer and the employed, and an attempt to regulate by law the market

of labour. Words—words—words—the mere mocking repetition of a doctrine of which they have not caught a glimpse, and yet blindfolded would apply! Men are free agents—quo’ they. Mr Sadler seeks to make them slaves. Free-agents! dragging at their heels the clank of inextricable chains. Of whom do they speak? Of the full-grown? Then must they maintain, that in this country the demand for labour never fully equals the supply. Were that the case, the employer and the employed might meet on equal terms in the market for labour. But as it is, must Mr Sadler, who is no Political Economist forsooth, (the cross-bred curs that dog the heels of Ricardo snappishly bark against him,) remind them that the unequal division of property, or rather its monopoly by the few, leaves the many nothing but what they can obtain by their daily labour; that that very labour cannot become available for the purposes of daily subsistence, without the consent of the capitalists; that the materials, the elements on which labour can be bestowed, are in their possession? Will they not but “withdraw the fringed curtains of their eyes, and tell us who comes yonder?” Crowds of people over-worked,—followed by crowds who have no work at all. To use Mr Sadler’s more forcible expressions,—one part of the community reduced to the condition of slaves by over-exertion, and another part to that of paupers by involuntary idleness. Truly does he say, that wealth, still more than knowledge, is power; and power liable to abuse wherever vested, is least of all free from tyrannical exercise, when it owes its existence to a sordid source. Hence have all laws, human or divine, attempted to protect the labourer from the injustice and cruelty which are too often practised upon him. Yes! What else are Provisions for the Poor! They too, indeed, come under the ban of all who

swear by non-interference. They must hold the Truck-system to be best. Why should not wages be paid in soap and tallow? But of all interference between master and man, the most odious, because the most imperative—the most tyrannical—must be the institution of the Sabbath. The following sentences of Mr Sadler's Speech deserve to be written in letters of gold.

"The Sabbath is a constantly-recurring example of interference between the employer and the employed, solely and avowedly in favour of the latter: and I cannot help regretting, that almost every other red-letter day has been long ago blotted out from the dark calendar of labouring poverty, whose holydays are now too 'few and far between' to cheer the spirits or recruit the health of our industrious population. It was promised, indeed, and might have been expected, that the great inventions of recent times would have restored a few of these;—would have somewhat abridged human labour in its duration, and abated its intensity: and it is only by effecting this that machinery can justify its very definition, as consisting of inventions to shorten human labour. I look forward to the period when machinery will fully vindicate its pretensions, and surpass, in its beneficial effects, all that its most sanguine advocates have anticipated: when those inventions, whether so complicate and minute as almost to supplant the human hand, or so stupendous as to tame the very elements, and yoke them to the triumphal car of human industry, shall outstrip our boldest expectations, not so much, indeed, by still further augmenting the superfluities of the rich, as by increasing the comforts, and diminishing the labour of the poor; thereby restoring to the mass of our fellow-beings those physical enjoyments, that degree of leisure, those means of moral and mental improvement, which alone can advance them to that state of happiness and dignity, to which, I trust, it is their destiny to attain. Hitherto, however, I repeat, the effect has been far different. The condition of the operative manufacturers has been rendered more and more dependent and precarious: their labour, when employed, is in many cases so in-

creased, as to be utterly irreconcilable with the preservation of health or even life; infancy itself is forced into the market of labour, where it becomes the unresisting victim of cruelty and oppression; while, as might be expected from such an unnatural state of things, the remuneration for this increasing and excessive toil is regularly diminishing, till at length multitudes among us are reduced, in their physical condition at least, below the level of the slave or the brute."

But what think ye of free agents in the shape of children from four to nine years of age, and, if you please, upwards? What is the real condition of these sons and daughters—these boys and girls—these infants of liberty? Out of sight out of mind,—for the present if you choose—with bastards and orphans. The commonplace objection, that the parents are free agents, and that, therefore, the children ought to be regarded as such, will hardly apply to orphans,—and too often bastards are orphans at the best,—for too often better would it have been for them had their father been hanged before their birth, and had their mother died in childbirth. The Factories are too full by far of such free agents; and Mr Sadler can see no harm in legislating for their protection from those showers of cuffs and kicks to which now "their naked frailties suffer from exposure." But let us look at the legitimates. He separates the parents, who, in their free agency, send their children to infantile slavery, into two classes; those who by extreme indigence are driven to do so with great reluctance and bitter regret; those, who dead to all the instincts of nature, instead of providing for their offspring, make their offspring provide for them, and not only for their necessities, but for their intemperance and profligacy. The first class, say we, are not to be pitied only, but to be protected; they must not be blamed; their "poverty but not their will consents;" and many, perhaps most of them, do what they can to cheer their children's lot, but they have little in their power. They see them often so utterly wearied and worn out at night, that they have to beat them to keep them from falling asleep before

they have had their scanty supper. The most affectionate heart ceases at last to send up to the eyes useless tears, the well-spring itself is dried up, and where all is arid, love weakens and dies. The other class, Mr Sadler strongly says, count upon their children as upon their cattle, and they make the certainty of having offspring the indispensable condition of marriage, that they may breed what he calls a generation of slaves—what men, in their own conceit wiser than he, call a race of free agents. Such is the disgusting state of degradation to which the system leads. It shews us fathers “without the *storge* of the beast or the feelings of the man;” and all this wickedness and woe must be suffered to wax wider and wider, rather than revoke the principle of non-interference!

Not so thought the late—not so, we venture to affirm, thinks the present—Sir Robert Peel. The former has recorded his deliberate judgment upon this subject in a document which he delivered to the Committee on the Bill he introduced in 1816. “Such indiscriminate and unlimited employment of the poor, consisting of a great proportion of the inhabitants of the trading districts, will be attended with effects to the rising generation so serious and alarming, that I cannot contemplate them without dismay. And thus that great effort of British ingenuity, whereby the machinery of our manufacturers has been brought to such perfection, instead of being a blessing, will be converted into its bitterest curse.” Early in this century, he obtained the first act for the protection of the poor children employed in cotton factories; and sixteen years afterwards, he carried another measure of a similar but more comprehensive nature. Sir John Hobhouse, the session before last, obtained another act, having the same benevolent object in view. But, alas! on every occasion selfish opposition has virtually succeeded in defeating the original intention of those who have successively proposed such measures. It has succeeded in lengthening the term of infantile labour, in connecting every art to one particular branch of the business, in introducing provisions which have rendered them liable to constant evasions, and

it is well known that the whole of these are evaded and rendered little better than a dead letter. But Mr Sadler was not discouraged by all those failures. He has not been discouraged by his own defeat. The report of the Committee, of which he was chairman, is before the public. Lord Morpeth, it would seem, has felt himself compelled to give up *his* Bill, an Eleven or Twelve Hours’ Bill, introduced in opposition to Lord Ashley’s Ten Hour Bill, in an unparliamentary and even ungentelemanly manner, (which we should not have expected from him,) and we shall not suffer ourselves to fear that Mr Sadler’s triumph will yet be complete in that of his Noble Successor, in the cause of humanity, liberty, and justice.

Mr Sadler is too good and too wise a man to deal in violent and indiscriminate abuse of the men who uphold and act upon the present factory system. In contending for the necessity of his measure, he does not implicate the conduct of the mill-owners generally; many of whom he is well convinced are among the most humane and considerate of employers. Their interests, as well as the welfare of the children, greatly demand legislative protection, and he respectfully inscribes his speech to John Wood, Esq., junior, of Bradford, and those mill-owners, who, like him, earnestly wish for the regulation of the present factory-system. The great invention of Sir Richard Arkwright, originally used for the spinning of cotton, has at length been applied, with the necessary adaptations, to a similar process in all our manufactures; and he holds that it would be the grossest injustice, as well as insult, to argue that those engaged in the cotton-trade (where Parliament has several times seen it necessary to regulate the labour of children) were one whit less humane and considerate than those engaged in spinning any other material. The same law should apply to all. It is against the system he fights—not against the men who have got involved in it by the operation of causes hard to resist, and which he thoroughly understands. The evil has been progressive; competition, not with foreign markets, but between capitalists at home, has car-

ried it to a height which it cannot perhaps exceed, for it has reached the limit set by Nature's self, and flesh and blood would "thaw, and resolve itself into a dew," under any severer misery.

The evidence in the Report will be called *ex parte*. The same learned persons, who have been quoting French, are now quoting Latin; and having attracted little attention by the senseless cry of "*Laissez nous faire*," they are entitled to be heard, and they will be heard, when, claiming the privilege of a fair hearing, they rationally say, "*audi alteram partem*." Meanwhile, we deal with the evidence before us—and it is such as we cannot by any power of fancy imagine to be rebutted. If it be, we shall rejoice over the delapidated falsehood as it falls into rubbish.

No desire have we—any more than Mr Sadler—to make out a case against the mill-owners. So far from it, we freely and fully admit that there are many evils necessarily inherent in the labour in factories. They will endure for ever. No legislative enactments—no regulations, however wise and humane—will entirely remove them—while the beings working there breathe by lungs, and their blood circulates from their hearts. The atmosphere must be hot, and dusty, and polluted; and therefore does humanity demand for them who must inhale it, a few more gulps of fresh air. Sickiness and sorrow enough, and too much, will there be under a Ten Hours' Bill—but many will then escape death, who now wither away out of a languid life, old-looking dwarfs though yet in their teens. The engine will, under any bill, clutch up boy or girl, and dash out their brains against the ceiling, or crush them into pancakes by pressure against the walls, or seem to be devouring them, as, in horrid entanglement, mutilated body and deformed limbs choke the steam-fed giant, till, for a few moments he coughs—rather than clanks—over his bloody meal, and threatens even all at once to stop, when away he goes again, free from all impediment, as if fresh-oiled with that libation, and in scorn of his keeper, who, in consternation, has been shivering amidst the shrieks like the ghost of a paralytic. But we shall not have

to shudder so often at the thought of "some sleeping killed;" nor be then justified in exclaiming, "All murdered!"

It is impossible, Mr Sadler tells us, to furnish any uniform account of the hours of labour endured by children in the Factories, and he is careful not to represent extreme cases as general ones. Yet is it the bounden duty of Parliament to provide against such extreme cases, just as it provides against atrocious crimes. The following were the hours of labour imposed upon the children employed in a Factory at Leeds the summer before last. On Monday morning, work commenced at six o'clock; at nine, half an hour for breakfast; from half-past nine till twelve, work. Dinner, one hour; from five till eight, work; rest for half an hour. From half-past eight till twelve (midnight), work; an hour's rest. From one in the morning till five, work; half an hour's rest. From half-past five till nine, work; breakfast. From half-past nine till twelve, work; dinner; from one till half-past four, work. Rest half an hour; and work again from five till nine on Tuesday evening, when the labour terminated, "*and the party of adult and infant slaves*" are dismissed for the night, after having toiled thirty-nine hours, with brief intervals (amounting only to six hours in the whole) for refreshment, but none for sleep. On Wednesday and Thursday, *day-work only*. From Friday morning till Saturday night, the same labour repeated, but closed at five—to show that even such masters can be merciful. This is one of the extreme cases—but they are not of very rare occurrence; ordinarily the working hours vary from twelve to fourteen; they are often extended to sixteen; but in some mills (are we right in saying so?) they seldom exceed twelve for children.

The length of labour varies according to the humanity of the employer, and the demand for his goods at particular seasons. Thus sometimes the operatives, mostly children, are worked nearly to death; at other times, they are thrown partially or totally out of work, and left to beggary or the parish. Averaged throughout the year, their work may

not seem excessive. But is it just, asks Mr Sadler, that the owners should be allowed to throw out of employment all these children at a few days' notice, and to work them at an unlimited number of hours the moment it suits their purpose? Just or unjust, it is—say we—a lamentable condition for the children—and we do think with Mr Sadler, that, if the effect of his bill were in some measure to equalize the labour, and thereby prevent those distressing fluctuations, distressing in both extremes, it would so far accomplish a most beneficial object.

Man is said to be distinguished from the other living kinds, by being a laughing animal. While Mr Sadler was dwelling with disgust and indignation on the shocking cruelty of forcing girls approaching to puberty to work far beyond their strength, and was describing the miserable effects of such slavery on their persons and constitutions, a biped, whose feathers were all in his nest, vainly attempted to prove that he was not a dunghill fowl, by—laughing. His laugh, however, was so much like a chuckle, or a cluck, that it failed even to establish his sex. His risibility was excited by hearing that the danger and difficulty of childbearing were thereby increased; and that young wives, who had all childhood and girlhood long been forced to stand at their work for perhaps fourteen hours a-day, ran a great risk of perishing miserably in parturition. He made that statement on the authority of Dr Llewellyn Jones before the Lords' Committee of 1818, who said that during the short period of his practice at Holywell, (where there were extensive cotton factories,) he met with more difficult and dangerous cases than a gentleman of great practice in Birmingham, Mr Freer, had met with in the whole course of his life. This sounded so excessively funny to our two-legged legislator, that "he could not retain his laughter for affection," just as certain gifted individuals are said in Shakspeare to lose the power of a slightly different kind of retention, "when the bagpipe plays i' their nose." Indeed, Mr Sadler's speech, from beginning to end, must have been to him a source of infinite amusement. We advise him as a friend to be cau-

tious how he reads the report, (600 folio pages,) for such are the horrors and the miseries it relates, that, before he gets half through, he will die of laughing, in giggle-convulsions. What can be conceived more ludicrous, in parts, or as a whole, than the following picture painted by us from the life?

A Factory child—say, a *smally* girl, "Simon's sickly daughter"—must be at her work—say at four o'clock of a snowy winter-morning—else she will be cursed—fined—or strapped. Her father's house is a long mile from the mill—and has no clock. To ensure punctuality, the smally sickly wretch ("nature," says Mr Sadler, *laughably*, "is not very wakeful on a short night's rest, after a long day's labour,") has been roused much too early, by one of her parents shaking the sleeper, "more in sorrow than in anger;" and with the sleet in her face, away she sets off to the town just as the cock, after his first few faint crows, has again put his head under his wing, on his perch between his favourite partlets. 'Tis no uncommon case; "whoever," says Mr Sadler, "has lived in a manufacturing town, must have heard, if he happened to be awake many hours before light on a winter's morning, the putter of little pattens on the pavement, lasting perhaps for half an hour together, though the time appointed for assembling was the same." She works for some hours before breakfast, after what some folks would have called no supper—and then what a breakfast—covered with dust! Nor is she allowed to eat it, such as it is, sitting; but must swallow a mouthful now and then as best she may, standing and working at the beck of that engine. Her work, it is true, may not be of a very hard or heavy kind. Nay, it is even light. But her eye must be quick, and her hand nimble, and her mind on the alert—for if she have "a bad-side," smack comes the strap across her shoulders. It is not so much the degree of the wretch's labour that wears her out, as its duration. Wearisome uniformity, continued position, constant and close confinement—these are cruel to body and mind, and these are her portion. A cockney in a counting-house "wielding his delicate pen," as he "pens a stanza

while he should engross," is wearier at nightfall in his embroidered vest, than the naked coalheaver who has hoisted from the hold of a Newcastle a ton of black diamonds to each of his twelve pots of porter. At mid-day "to dinner with what appetite she may," and some hours after, a cup of thin sugarless tea, for nothing else will stay on her stomach. There is a demand—and work must go on till midnight. She gets drowsy, and lies down on the floor to snatch some sleep. The overlooker spies her white face upon her thin arm for a pillow—blue eyelids shut—pale lips apart; and, to cure that lazy trick, dashes over her head, and neck, and breast, and body, a bucketful of water. Well may our legislator laugh at the recital, for all the imps there laugh louder than he at the reality, and it cannot be denied, that the practical joke is of the first water. And now the whole gang of small sweaty sickly slaves is at work in spite of the stupor of sleepiness,—and how think ye do they contrive to keep themselves awake? By all manner of indecencies of look, speech, and action, possible in purgatory. Fathers have sworn to it, and wished they had been childless. Weak, sickly, rickety, chicken-breasted, crooked, decrepit, spine-distorted Sally, scarcely nine years old, to that leering deformed dwarf Daniel, answers obscenity to obscenity, at which the street-walking prostitute would shudder, and fear the downfall of the day of judgment!

Yet it is maintained by some that the factories are *healthy*. Let us speak first of the health of the body—afterwards of the soul.

We hold in the highest honour the medical profession. But it contains some queer practitioners. We have before us "A Summary View of, and Extracts from, the Evidence" of certain medical gentlemen, who attended as witnesses against the Bill, in 1818. Let us hear Drs Richard Holmes, Henry Hardle, Edward Garbutt, Surgeons Thomas Wilson, William James Wilson, James Ainsworth, Thomas Turner, and Samuel Barton.

Dr Holmes is thus addressed:—"Suppose I were to ask you, whether you thought it injurious to a child to be kept standing three-and-twenty hours out of the four-and-twenty,

should you not think that it must necessarily be injurious to the health, without any fact to rest upon, as a simple proposition put to a gentleman in the medical profession?" This seems to be any thing but a poser. But the Doctor, putting his gold-headed cane to his under lip, and shaking his head like a Mandarin, replieth in slow and measured speech, "Before I answered that question, I should wish to have an examination to see how the case stood. If there were such an extravagant thing to take place, and it should appear that the person was not injured by having stood three-and-twenty hours, I should then say it was not inconsistent with the health of the person so employed." There is a block-head for you of a (CL. 150) M.D. power indeed! If the Doctor be yet alive, we beg to ask him, "Do you think it injurious for a child to fall out of a window in the third story?" We are prepared for his answer. "Before I answer that question, I should like to have an examination how the case stood." Well—he has an examination; and, strange to say, not a bone in the child's body has been broken, and so little the worse was the little lively fellow of the accident, that he went to school trundling his hoop, that very afternoon. The Doctor, palming the fee, with his wisest face delivers his opinion that Tumble-down-Dick is none the worse—we deliver ours *gratis*, that he was much the better. But that is not the question. The question is, "Is it likely to be injurious to a child to fall out of a window three stories high on pavement?" We assert that it is highly so—the Doctor must have an examination to see how each particular case stands or rather falls—and no doubt should he find a boy's brains scattered about, he will pronounce them bad symptoms. The Doctor was next asked in the Lords' Committee, "Is it your opinion, as a medical man, that recreation and exercise in the open air are necessary for growing children?" He answered, "I cannot certainly give an opinion upon that." Poo—poo—Doctor—you might certainly have given an opinion. Could a mouse flourish all summer below an inverted toddy-tumbler? There is no saying; but surely he would be happier,

and probably fatter, were he living in a meal-garnel. Dr Hardie was equally cautious.

"At what age do you think it would be perfectly safe to the constitution of an infant, working in the temperature of 80°, to work eighty hours per week?—*I have no fact* to guide me in replying.

"How many hours in the day do you think children, from six to twelve years of age, may be employed in a temperature of 80° at an employment which requires them to stand much the greater part of their time, consistently with safety to their constitution?—I cannot answer that question. *I have no fact* to direct me to any conclusion.

"Supposing that one set of children are employed continually to do night-work, and another set employed to do day-work, as a medical man, do you think there could be any material difference in the effect on their health respectively?—*I have no fact* to go upon, and therefore cannot give an opinion."

Never was a man so destitute of facts as Dr Henry Hardie. Heaven bless him! Had he never heard before his examination, of the effect of different degrees of temperature on the human body? Of the Torrid Zone? Of the Antarctic Circle? and so forth. If, since ignorance be bliss, 'tis folly to be wise, he must have lived on the earth in the third heaven. On that principle, if on no other, assuredly he is no fool.

"Something has been said about dust and fine; are you of opinion that the fine and waste of cotton can be inhaled into the lungs so as to be injurious?—No, I am not."

Thomas Wilson, surgeon and apothecary, delivers the same opinion about lungs.

"Should you think it a dangerous thing to a young person to be from day to day inhaling the finer particles of the filaments of cotton?—No.

"You think it would not be injurious at all, to be receiving day after day, those particles of cotton?—No.

"Do you think it would produce no effect at all upon the lungs of a young person?—I think not—very little.

"Be so good as to state how the constitution would be safe, under

such circumstances, from receiving those things into the lungs?—**EXPECTORATION IS OCCASIONED, WHICH BRINGS IT BACK AGAIN.**

"Is not a constant state of expectoration injurious to health?—No.

"Would not a constant state of expectoration be injurious to the health of a very young person?—**NOT A SLIGHT EXPECTORATION.**"

Who said it was *slight*?

"Is it not, in your judgment, as a medical man, necessary that young persons should have a little recreation or amusement during the day?—I do not see it is necessary."

Now, gentle reader, which of those two, the doctor or the surgeon, do you think the more audacious block-head? Call Edward Garbutt. (Enter Dr Garbutt.)

"Do you think that children from six to twelve years of age, being employed from thirteen to sixteen hours in a cotton factory, in an erect position, and in a temperature of about 80°, is consistent with safety to the constitution?—Not having examined children under these circumstances, I am totally unable to give an answer to the question."

Suppose we put the question thus—"Do you think that children from four to six, being employed from eighteen to twenty hours in a cotton factory, in an erect position, constantly expectorating the filaments of cotton, and in a temperature of 120°, is likely to make them rosy and robust?" The doctor's answer would be the same—"I am totally unable to give an answer to the question."

These three blockheads would appear to be exceeded by a fourth—James Ainsworth, surgeon.

"Can a child of six years of age to twelve be employed for thirteen to fifteen hours daily, in a temperature of 80°, and in an erect position, consistently with safety to its constitution?—I never saw an instance of the kind as a fact brought before me, and therefore cannot say.

"I am supposing such to be the fact, and ask you your opinion upon it?—*Then I must meet that with a supposition which I wish to avoid.* [What can that be?] *I have no fear.* My experience does not enable me to answer that question.

"You are incapable of answering the question, not having before you the fact of a child so situated?—I HAVE NO FACTS, and must, therefore, beg leave to decline giving an opinion."

You are equally incapable, whether the question be thirteen, fourteen, or fifteen hours?—There must be a limit, but with that limit I am unacquainted.

"You sensibly say, and properly so, there must be a limit. If a person about to institute a cotton manufactory, were to ask your opinion, for humanity's sake, how many hours he might employ children from six years to twelve, in a temperature of 80°, and in an erect position, and this day after day, in as much as there is a limit, what limit would you recommend?—*I do not think that any man I am acquainted with would put such a question to me; it is one that I could not think it proper to reply to any man.*

"Is it that you feel incapable of even recommending any limit under those circumstances?—IN COMMON CONVERSATION I SHOULD TELL HIM, THAT HE ASKED ME A VERY STRANGE QUESTION, AND SO SHOULD TURN MY BACK UPON HIM IMMEDIATELY."

"Supposing that I had the honour of your private acquaintance, and were to put that question, what would be your answer?—I SHOULD LEAVE YOU."

Call Thomas Wilson, surgeon and apothecary, (enter Thomas.) "*Do you think it would benefit a child's health of eight years old to be kept twelve hours upon its legs?*"—REALLY I AM NOT PREPARED TO ANSWER THAT QUESTION.

"What do you think of it?—I really cannot tell you."

"Is your medical skill so limited, that you can form no opinion whether or not it would be injurious?—I conceive that would be quite a matter of opinion!!"

"I ask your opinion.—As I HAVE NO FACTS to go by, I do not feel prepared to answer the question."

"You cannot form an opinion whether a child of eight years' old being kept standing fourteen hours, without intermission, would be injurious to his health or not?—I HAVE NO FACT to guide me."

"What is your opinion?—I should think you would wish me to have some ground: I HAVE NO GROUND for that opinion, and therefore do not wish to form it."

"But from your knowledge of a child's structure?—I HAVE NO KNOWLEDGE TO GUIDE ME."

"Do you think it would be too much for the physical strength of a child to be kept fourteen hours a-day upon its legs?—I am not prepared to answer to THE FACT."

"I ask not to the facts, but to your opinion. I ask of a medical gentleman, a man who professes medical science, and would wish to be thought so, what is his opinion?—You would not wish me, or any other man, to advance an opinion WITHOUT ANY FACTS to found that opinion on?"

"If you tell me, as a medical gentleman, that you can form no opinion at all, that you are not competent to form an opinion at all upon the subject, I am satisfied.—I am not competent, from not being in possession of THE FACTS."

"Should you not expect that the persons employed in beating cotton, from which a great quantity of deleterious dust and dirt results, would be affected by it?—I HAVE NO REASON TO THINK SO."

"And, with reference to a young person, you have never formed any opinion of the effect on his health, of being kept twelve hours, without intermission, in a room of the temperature of 74°?—I HAVE NO FACTS TO GO BY."

This fifth blockhead appears to bear off the cap and bells from all competitors. He stands like "Teneriffe or Atlas unremoved." And all who follow seem but small insignificant ninnies in comparison.

A Lords' Committee is one place, and a Court of Justice is another. Had those doctors, surgeons, and apothecaries, been called to give evidence in a court of justice, and spoken with such obstinate insolence and ignorance, Judge, Jury, and Counsel, would all have more than suspected their honesty, and they would not have left the witness' box with flying colours. It is a libel, we understand, to call almost any medical man, from physician to the king,

down to horse hedge-doctor, a quack. Therefore we do not call any of these Galens, Esculapiuses, or Hippocrateses, quacks. But we call them once more—dead or alive—audacious blockheads.

Mr Sadler alludes to such evidence as we have now quoted; and hints that much of the same sort will be forthcoming soon; nay, that certificates and declarations will be obtained from divines and doctors as to the morality and health which the present system promotes and secures. It was said before the Committee of 1818, that the children who were worked without any regulation, were not only equally, but more healthy and better instructed than those not so occupied; that night-labour was in no way prejudicial, but actually preferred; that the artificial heat of the rooms was really advantageous and quite pleasant; and that nothing could equal the reluctance of the children to have it abated; that so far from being fatigued with, for example, twelve hours' labour, the children performed even the last hour's work with greater interest and spirit than any of the rest!

Medical men, however, of a very different stamp were examined before the Committee of 1818—Winstanley, Ashton, Graham, Ward, Bellot, Dean, Dudley, Boutflower, Simmons, Jarrold, and Jones—all highly respectable, some of them of the highest eminence. They spoke out like honest and skilful men, and gave their opinions which were wanted; and they stated facts, too, and melancholy ones—"which made them shudder." Dr Winstanley says, that in general the children in Cotton Factories are sickly and small in stature, and unhealthy in their general appearance, with sallow complexion, shewing a great debility of constitution, and a want of muscular strength; that, on examination of about a hundred of them in a Sunday school, he found forty-seven had received considerable, three very considerable, and others greater or less injuries; and that when the Factory children were separated from the rest, the difference in the appearance as to health and size was striking at first sight. Dr Ashton gave in a report, shewing that, in six Factories he visited with

other medical men, the aggregate number was 824, of whom 163 were healthy, 240 delicate, 43 much stunted, 100 with enlarged ankles or knees, and 37 distorted in the inferior extremities, and 238 unhealthy; and he took alternately a dirty and a clean Factory, in order to satisfy himself—three reported to be the cleanest, and three the dirtiest, in the town of Stockport. He visited Church-gate Sunday school, containing 1113 children. Of that number there were 291 girls and 275 boys employed in Factories; and their countenances betrayed such sickliness, wanness, and ill-health, that he could at once distinguish, without giving the masters the trouble to separate them from the rest employed differently, who were blooming and ruddy. All those authorities agreed that employment in Cotton Factories brings on disease and shortens life. Dr Simmons says, that the children look so much worse than others, that, in the general population of Manchester, he could almost unerringly point them out on the streets. They are all in possession of facts; but, independently of facts, they all deliver opinions founded on their knowledge of the nature of things, without hesitation and without doubt, as to the pernicious and deadly effects of those occupations, in which the above audacious blockheads persisted in declaring their incapacity to form any judgment. Dr Perceval, "a name equally dear to philosophy and philanthropy," who saw the rise, progress, and effects of the system, and closely connected though he was with many who were making rapid fortunes by it, expressed himself upon the subject, says Mr Sadler, as a professional man and a patriot, in terms of the strongest indignation. He says, even of the large Factories, which some suppose need little regulation, that they "are generally injurious to the constitution of those employed in them, even when no particular diseases prevail, from the close confinement which is enjoined, from the debilitating effects of hot or impure air, and from the want of the active exercises which nature points out as essential to childhood and youth. The untimely labour of the night, and the protracted labour of the day, not only tend to diminish

future expectation as to the general run of life and industry, by impairing the strength, and destroying the vital stamina of the rising generation; but it too often gives encouragement to idleness, extravagance, and profligacy, in the parents, who, contrary to the order of nature, subsist by the oppression of their offspring." He afterwards asserts the necessity of establishing "a general system of laws for the wise, humane, and equal government of all such works."

The evidence of the distinguished Medical Men examined before the Committee last summer, is all to the same effect. Mr Samuel Smith, surgeon in Leeds, says, that the digestive organs of the children are soon materially impaired in their powers—extreme debility and lassitude follow—so that although the body is not reduced to a state of actual disease, and though there may not be any decided organic change in any particular viscera of the body, yet still it is very different from a state of health. They are "out of condition," and when the body is reduced to that state, there is a continual tendency to disease. He has no hesitation in saying, that if a number of Factory children should be attacked by the cholera, the mortality would be greater and more sudden than among the same number of children in other employments. There is never a year passes—but he sees several instances where children "are in the act of being worn to death by thus working at Factories." Nor does he hesitate to confess his belief, after much scientific detail, as laid before the Committee—that if the same causes continue to operate a few generations more, the manufacturers of Yorkshire, instead of being what they were fifty years ago, as fine a race of people as were to be found throughout the country, will be a very diminutive and degenerated race. Mr Thackrah, surgeon, Leeds, says, in reference to the more dusty occupations, that the lungs are sooner or later seriously altered in their capacities, and the power of respiration diminished; that after middle age, inflammatory affections or change of structure are found in the lungs and air tube, and a number of malacities of other parts are connected with or result from those changes of the pulmonary organs.

He found men who had attained the age of from forty to fifty (in dusty occupations) almost universally diseased. With respect to the children in mills, if you ask them, "Are you pretty well?" They say, "Yes." They have not any particular ailment, but if you examine them they have not that degree of health, that muscular power, and that buoyancy of spirits to be found in children not confined and congregated in mills. The insufficiency of the period of sleep he thinks a very great cruelty of the system. And the same time of labour in mills he thinks more injurious than it would be in private houses, or the house manufacture. In the present state of things he thinks that physical education, or the improvement of health, is most urgently required; and that is impossible without some regulation that could give air and exercise.

The evidence of Sir Anthony Carlisle shews a master mind. At every blow he knocks the right nail on the head. From forty years' observation and practice, he is satisfied that vigorous health, and the ordinary duration of life, cannot be generally maintained under the circumstances of twelve hours' labour, day by day. He speaks not of children, but of adults. But during the growth and formation of the young creature, its liability to deviate from the natural standard is much greater than in the adult. Unless the young creature be duly exercised and not overlaboured, duly fed and properly treated with regard to the needful regulations of life, all will go wrong. All domesticated creatures that are kept in close confinement, and worked at too early an age, or too severely, become deteriorated in form and vigour, and are more or less injured, so as to unfit them for the performance of their ordinary and habitual labours. And are the young of the human race an exception from the general law of life? We must not, he says, be deluded by outward shew. Children brought up from early life in warm rooms may enjoy an apparent degree of health until almost the age of maturity, but they never obtain vigorous health. They are unfit to carry on a succeeding generation of healthy human beings; nor is there anything more hereditary than family ten-

dencies, particularly such as are engendered by such habits as are hurtful to the first formation of physical structures.

When asked if he does not think that the general custom of society which abridges the duration of labour during half the year, six winter months, (in factories how small the difference!) is dictated by the nature and condition of human beings—he answers, that it arises from the Law of Animal Life. In the winter season the whole animal creation requires greater rest than in the summer season. The whole creation, man, animals, birds, fishes, insects, rise, if they be day-creatures, with the rising sun, and go to rest with the setting sun, winter and summer. Even the nocturnal creatures do not wander all night; they only go out at twilight, and early in the morning. During the stillness of midnight, the whole creation is at rest. Dr Blundell, on the same subject, says simply and finely, “day-labour, I think, is more consistent with health than night-labour. Many animals are by nature nocturnal; man is not; to them the star-light is, I presume, agreeable; but man finds it a pleasant thing to behold the light of the sun.”

All these are truths which it might seem any one might know; but enunciated by men of science, they strike the sides of a bad system like cannon-balls. Do you think that a child under nine years of age ought to be doomed to habitual long labour in a Factory? You or I say no—and employers laugh at us; Sir Anthony Carlisle says no—and they frown and bite their lips. But he says more than—no; he says, “My own opinion is, as a matter of feeling, that to do so is to condemn and treat the child as a criminal; it is a punishment which inflicts upon it the ruin of its bodily and moral health, and renders it an inefficient member of the community, both as to itself and its progeny. It is to my mind an offence against nature, which, alas! is visited upon the innocent creature instead of its oppressor, by the loss of its health, or the premature destruction of its race.” A sixty-two pound shot—from a carronade—at point-blank distance—whiz—through the Factories. Children demand legislative protection, in his

opinion, for their own sakes, and for the sake of future generations of English labourers; because every succeeding generation will be progressively deteriorated, if we do not stop these sins against nature and humanity. Nature has been very wise in punishing all the offences we commit against her in our own person. If young persons between nine and eighteen are worked longer than twelve hours, including two for meals, their employers, he adds, must consider them machines or mere animals, not moral beings. Sir Anthony does himself great honour by the spirit in which he speaks of the poor. On Sabbath let the children, he says, go to church—let the church be well ventilated, and there from a good scholar and divine, let them derive instruction, moral and religious. He cannot, as matters now are, approve of Sunday schools. It is only changing the week-day labour of the body, for the Sunday labour of the mind. Let the little worn-out creatures have some little time for repose, for domestic enjoyment and instruction, and for the exercise of the domestic and kindred affections. For

“Gravely says the mild physician,”

“I am of opinion that the instinctive and natural affections of the industrious classes of society are more pure, more sincere, and more active, than among the educated classes; I have witnessed sacrifices on the part of people in the lowest condition of life, which I never saw among people educated artificially from the commencement of life. The yearnings of those people after their progeny, and their filial affections, disparage the heartless manners and cold morals which too often prevail in fashionable life.” And is it not, in great measure, for sake of people in fashionable life, with their “heartless manners and cold morals,” that the Factory-System, by its unnatural labours, dulls and deadens those affections in the hearts of the poor, which this man of experience and wisdom so truly and beautifully describes?

Dr Blundell, on being asked what he thinks of some of the extreme cases of long-continued labour, without intermission for sleep, which

have sometimes occurred for months together at factories, involving children and young persons, replies, that to convince him that it could be endured without great injury, would require evidence unbiassed and cumulative, and of several consentient witnesses; and that, after all, he would wish for the evidence of his own sight and touch. Sir William Bliggard, we perceive, on being asked a somewhat similar question, answers, "Horribly so." From such labour, and from labour not nearly approaching it in continuance, such as is common in factories, Dr Blundell would expect dyspeptic symptoms, and all its consequences; nervous diseases; stunted growth; languors; lassitude; general debility; and a recourse to unusual stimulants to rid the mind of its distressing feelings. "I look," says he, "upon the factory towns as nurseries of feeble bodies and fretful minds."

The evidence of Dr Farre is at once a medical and a moral lecture; nor is it possible to peruse it without loving and venerating the man. To the usual questions about air and exercise, with due intervals for rest and meals, he says all that need or can be said in one line—"they are so essential that without them medical treatment is unavailing;" and then he says solemnly—"Man can do no more than he is allowed or permitted to do by nature, and in attempting to transgress the bounds Providence has pointed out to him, he abridges his life in the exact proportion in which he transgresses the laws of nature and the Divine command." There is to us something sublime in its simplicity, in the following answer to the question, if twelve-hours-a-day labour be as much as the human constitution can sustain without injury? "It depends upon the kind and degree of exertion; for the human being is the creature of a day, and it is possible for the most athletic man, under the highest conflicts of body or mind, and especially of both, to exhaust in one hour the whole of his nervous energy provided for that day, so as to be reduced, even in that short space of time, to a state of extreme torpor, confounded with apoplexy, resembling, and sometimes terminating in death. The injury is in pro-

portion to the exhaustion of the sensorial power. Let me take the life of a day to make myself clearly understood. It consists of alternate action and repose; and repose is not sufficient without sleep. The alternation of the day and the night is a beautiful provision in the order of Providence for the healing of man, so that the night repairs the waste of the day, and he is thereby fitted for the labour of the ensuing day. If he attempt to live two days in one, or to give only one night and two days' labour, he abridges his life in the same, or rather in a greater proportion—for as his days are, so will be his years."

Dr Farre was in his youth engaged in medical practice in the West Indies—in the island of Barbadoes. He informs us, that there the labour of children and very young persons consisted in exercising them in gathering in the green crops for the stock—not in digging or carrying manure. Such long continued labour as that by which the children in our factories are enslaved, would not have been credited in Barbadoes. The employment of the Negro children was used only as a training for health and future occupation. Perhaps the selfishness of the owners saved them from sacrifice. Be it so. Here the selfishness of the employers sends them to sacrifice. Dr Farre boldly speaks the truth—"In English factories every thing which is valuable in manhood, is sacrificed to an inferior advantage in childhood. You purchase your advantage at the price of infanticide; the profit thus gained is death to the child." Political Economy, he urges, ought not to be suffered to trench on Vital Economy. The voice of the profession would maintain that truth, and never assent to life being balanced against health. That the life is more than the meat, is a divine maxim, which we are bound to obey. The vigour of the animal life depends upon the perfection of the blood, and the balance preserved between the pulmonary and aortic circulation; but in the aortic circulation, there is also a balance between the arterial and the venous systems, and the heart is the regulating organ of the whole. If the arterial circulation be too much exhausted, an accumulation takes

place on the venous side—the blood is deteriorated, and organic diseases are produced, which abridge life. But there is another, and a higher effect, for man is to be considered as something vastly better than an animal; and the effect of diminishing the power of the heart and arteries, by over-labour in a confined atmosphere, is to deteriorate the blood, and thus to excite, in the *animal* part of the mind, gloomy and discontented trains of thought, which disturb and destroy human happiness, and lead to habits of over-stimulation. The reflecting or spiritual mind gradually becomes debased; and unless education interpose to meet the difficulties of the case, the being is necessarily ruined, both for the present and for future life. Ventilation, exercise, and diminished exertion in the Factories, are therefore the most obvious means of doing so, joined to the change of ideas resulting from an education adapted to the spiritual nature of man. Dr Farne therefore views remission of the hours of labour imposed upon children and young persons in Factories, not only as a benefit, but as a duty; and emphatically adds, that, speaking not only as a physician, a Christian, and a parent, but also from the common sympathies of a man, the State is bound to afford it.

The sentiments and opinions of Mr Surgeon Green, of St Thomas's Hospital, are equally excellent. They do honour to his head and heart. He denounces the system which demands uniform, long-continued, unintermitted, and therefore wearisome, though perhaps "light" work, from children (or adults), without air or exercise—and with meals hurried and often scanty. He draws a frightful picture of the maladies that must be engendered by such a kind of life—and fears, that this country will have much to answer for in permitting the growth of that system of employing children in Factories. They should not be suffered to become "victims of avarice." We do not believe that there is a medical man of any character in Britain, who would hesitate one moment to declare his belief, that the average labour, the year through, for a full-grown, strong, and healthy man, ought not to exceed twelve hours,

meals included. From nine to twelve, Mr Green thinks six hours in the twenty-four enough; and that from twelve upwards, the hours should be gradually increased to the maximum. All the eminent medical men, whose evidence is given in the report, are of one opinion respecting infant labour. Eight hours' work, eight hours' sleep, and eight hours' recreation, is the allotment of the twenty-four, which seems most agreeable to nature to some of them, for adults. But to the great majority of employers of all kinds of labour, such a humane division of the day must seem very preposterous; for as man was born to trouble, as the sparks fly upwards, so, according to their creed, was he born to labour, as the sweat drops downwards. Are not the poor the "working classes?" Then let them work—work—work. If they are to rest hours and hours on week-days, pray, what is the use of the Sabbath? Work is the Chief End and whole Duty of Man.

Nobody dreams, that in Britain labour can now be apportioned to men, women, and children, according to the laws of nature. We are in a most unnatural state. But we ought, nevertheless, to remember that there are laws of nature; and sometimes in extremity even to consult them, that nature may not, seeing we have flung off our allegiance, abdicate the throne, and leave us to grope our groaning way through the empire of Chaos and old Night.

It is a general rule without exception, that all writers are blockheads who sign themselves Vindex. The Vindex of the Halifax and Huddersfield Express, is the First Blockhead of his year. There has been much said, says he, "about the length of the hours of labour. I will, for the information of the public, lay before you an account of the customs of our manufacturing neighbours of both continents. In the States of New York, Ohio, Jersey, Pennsylvania, and generally through the United States of America, the hours of labour in mills are from sunrise to sunset. The bell rings at three o'clock A. M., the mill begins to run at four, and continues till eleven A. M.; they rest two hours during the heat of the day, (which they *do not* in Halifax or Huddersfield,) and run from one P. M.,

to seven p.m. or thirteen hours per day. In the winter half-year, they commence at half-past five a.m., and run till twelve o'clock; dinner one hour, and run from one p.m. to half-past seven p.m. *i.e.* thirteen hours and a-half per day." Very well—they run too long, and probably too fast—and what does all this running prove as to the right time and ratio of running? But Vindex thinks he has gained a great victory over something, and thus brays the Ass of the Express. "This is the routine in the land of liberty and equality, the chosen land of freedom and independence, where personal and public liberty are enjoyed in a perhaps greater extent than in any other nation of the world." Is he sarcastic on Jonathan? No! he is as serious as a chamberpot—as Mr Twiss. In "the chosen land of freedom and independence," men work from sunrise to sunset, thirteen hours all summer, and half an hour longer all winter—and therefore it is right. Does he not see, that by his own statement they are steam-driven slaves?

In Germany, the Netherlands, and France, again, he says "they run from five a.m. till eight p.m., with one hour interval—fourteen hours per day. They receive their wages every fortnight, on Saturday afternoon, when they stop at five p.m.; but on the alternate Saturdays they work up the three hours, and actually run till ten o'clock at night. This, let it be noted, is seventeen hours' labour for that day."

Yes! let it be noted. We hope—we suspect—that it is not true. If it be, who set them running seventeen hours every alternate Saturday? and who desires not that they should stop? They beat the "routine in the land of liberty and equality" all to sticks.

"A manufacturer," who last year published a letter to Sir John Cam Hobhouse, is a queer Friend of the Poor. "Necessity demands it of them," he says, "and necessity seldom gives any other reasons for its orders." "The labouring classes," he continues, "know this truth instinctively. They are seriously impressed with it from childhood; they know it in manhood by experience; and they think it not a hardship to labour, but a hardship

and an imputation on their characters to be idle. It is a reproach among the respectable of the lower classes to live without visible occupation, which is at once an imputation upon their honesty, and a slur upon their character. When, however, I come to reduce these aspirations and benevolent wishes to practice, and when I come to consider the practical consequences of such a measure, even in its most modified application, upon those whom it proposes to benefit, I find such philanthropy as this quite unfit for daily wear—a mere closet system of philosophy—a dreamy abstraction—and as mistaken and galling a kindness as it would be to clothe the working classes in purple velvet, or brocade, and regale them with the elegancies of high life, amidst the calls of want, and the cries of poverty." Does a "man live without visible employment" who is seen working in a factory ten hours a-day? Would it be "a serious imputation on his character" to be seen constantly so occupied? An "imputation on his honesty?" A Bill to secure ten hours' labour, "a dreamy abstraction!" "A mistaken and galling kindness," to equalize the labour in factories with all labour out of them! Check shirt, canvass trowsers, and no stockings—for such will continue to be their dress—likened "to purple velvet and brocade!" The man's name must be Vindex.

What a set of lazy, idle, disreputable, dishonest fellows are masons, bricklayers, and carpenters! The wonder is, how any house is ever seen rising from the foundation. The average of actual agricultural work is not, through the year, nine hours. In harvest time, it is, no doubt, long and severe; and sorely wearied often are men, women, and children. "A manufacturer" is facetious on the clod-hoppers. All argument, he says, founded on "country air, a temperature of 60 degrees, south aspect, dry feet, brawny limbs, and rosy cheeks, is, to say the least of it, 'a most lame and impotent conclusion.'" Agricultural labourers, such as drainers and ditchers, stand on very weak ground when priding themselves on "their dry feet;" but on very strong, when pointing to their brawny limbs. "The

human frame and constitution will become," he says, "acclimated" to any thing; and, no doubt, they will; but though there may "be health in the factory, as well as the field," it has been proved that there is not so much. It is cruel to tell little boys and girls that they will be "acclimated" to any thing; and then shut them up for fourteen or fifteen hours a-day in a sort of oven. Such treatment is more philosophical than Christian. Lest "justice should degenerate into cruelty," it has been enacted, that no convict condemned to hard labour shall work above ten hours a-day. And we have heard of benevolent individuals busying themselves about the hulks, though there the actual labour is in summer considerably less than ten, and in winter than eight hours; and healthy hulking fellows they are in consequence; nor, in our opinion, would it be amiss to add to their labour the hours that, under Mr Sadler's Bill—or my Lord Ashley's—will be taken from that of honest men, women, and children in the factories.

We have read a Pamphlet by Dr James Phillip Kaye, on the Moral and Physical Condition of the Working Classes employed in the Cotton Manufacture in Manchester. It is rather too formally written, and rather too dogmatic. The writer, moreover, is a Political Economist, and all for Free Trade. He is of opinion, "that those political speculators (Mr Sadler among the number) who propose a serious reduction of the hours of labour, unpreceded by the relief of commercial burdens, and unaccompanied by the introduction of a general system of education, appear to be deluded by a theoretical chimera." We have perhaps written enough already to shew, that it would be more correct to say, that they are "alarmed by a practical chimera"—namely, the Factory System. A general system of education would appear, at present, to be your only true delusive "theoretical chimera." Is it not too absurd to propose to delay the correction or removal of a positive and particular evil before your eyes, till a blessing shall be realized, now floating at a distance before your imagination? A general system of education indeed! Let us first have some education on a small scale—

here and there—and especially among the Factories. It would be well were all capitalists like Dr Kaye's friend, Mr Thomas Ashton of Hyde, of whose establishment we perceive Mr Green (surgeon) also speaks in terms of the highest praise, in his evidence before the Committee. But we respect Dr Kaye's character, and we admire his talents,—and shall enrich our Article with an extract from his Pamphlet. He thinks that the evils affecting the working-classes in Manchester, so far from being the necessary results of the manufactory system, furnish evidence of a disease which impairs its energies, if it does not threaten its vitality. The increase of the manufacturing establishments, and the consequent colonization of the district, have been exceedingly more rapid than the growth of its civic establishments. And he then dwells forcibly on the immigration of Irish as one chief source of the demoralization, and consequent physical depression of the people. It is one; and nobody has shewn that so well as Mr Sadler. But when Dr Kaye says, "that, *some years ago*, the internal arrangements of mills (*now so much improved*), as regarded temperature, ventilation, cleanliness, and the proper separation of the sexes, *were* such as to be extremely objectionable"—we stop. That is indeed blinking the Bill. Setting aside, however, for the present, the differences of opinion as to the causes of the condition of the manufacturing population of Manchester, we thank Dr Kaye for the following powerful picture:—

"Political economy, though its object be to ascertain the means of increasing the wealth of nations, cannot accomplish its design, without at the same time regarding their happiness, and, as its largest ingredient, the cultivation of religion and morality. With unfeigned regret, we are therefore constrained to add, that the standard of morality is exceedingly debased, and that religious observances are neglected amongst the operative population of Manchester. The bonds of domestic sympathy are too generally relaxed; and as a consequence, the filial and paternal duties are uncultivated. The artisan has not time to cherish these feel-

ings, by the familiar and grateful arts which are their constant food, and without which nourishment they perish. An apathy benumbs his spirit. Too frequently the father, enjoying perfect health, and with ample opportunities of employment, is supported in idleness on the earnings of his oppressed children; and on the other hand, when age and decrepitude cripple the energies of the parents, their adult children abandon them to the scanty maintenance derived from parochial relief.

"That religious observances are exceedingly neglected, we have had constant opportunities of ascertaining, in the performance of our duty as Physician to the Ardwick and Ancoats Dispensary, which frequently conducted us to the houses of the poor on Sunday. With rare exceptions, the adults of the vast population of 84,147, contained in Districts Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, spend Sunday either in supine sloth, in sensuality, or in listless inactivity. A certain portion only of the labouring classes enjoy even healthful recreation on that day, and a very small number frequent the places of worship.

"Having enumerated so many causes of physical depression, perhaps the most direct proof of the extent to which the effect coexists in natural alliance with poverty, may be derived from the records of the medical charities of the town. During the year preceding July, 1831—21,196 patients were treated at the Royal Infirmary—472 at the House of Recovery—3163 at the Ardwick and Ancoats Dispensary, of which (subtracting one-sixth as belonging to the township of Ardwick) 2636 were inhabitants of Manchester—perhaps 2000 at the Workhouse Dispensary, and 1500 at the Children's, making a total of 28,804, without including the Lock Hospital and the Eye Institution. 'If to this sum,' says Mr Robertson, engaged in making a similar calculation, 'we were further to add the incomparably greater amount of all ranks visited or advised as private patients by the whole body (not a small one) of professional men; those prescribed for by chemists and druggists, scarcely of inferior pretension; and by herb doctors and quacks; those who swallow patent medicines; and, lastly,

the subjects of that ever flourishing branch—domestic medicine; we should be compelled to admit that not fewer, perhaps, than three-fourths of the inhabitants of Manchester annually are, or fancy they are, under the necessity of submitting to medical treatment.'

Ingenious deductions, by Mr Robertson, from facts contained in the records of the Lying-in-Hospital of Manchester, prove, in a different manner, the extreme dependence of the poor on the charitable institutions of the town. The average annual number of births, (deducted from a comparison of the last four years,) attended by the officers of the Lying-in Charity, is four thousand three hundred; and the number of births to the population may be assumed as one in twenty-eight inhabitants. This annual average of births, therefore, represents a population of 124,400, and assuming that of Manchester and the environs to be 230,000, more than one-half of its inhabitants are, therefore, either so destitute or so degraded, as to require the assistance of public charity in bringing their offspring into the world.

"The children thus adopted by the public, are often neglected by their parents. The early age at which girls are admitted into the factories, prevents their acquiring much knowledge of domestic economy; and, even supposing them to have had accidental opportunities of making this acquisition, the extent to which women are employed in the mills, does not, even after marriage, permit the general application of its principles. The infant is the victim of the system; it has not lived long, ere it is abandoned to the care of a hireling or neighbour, whilst its mother pursues her accustomed toil. Sometimes a little girl has the charge of the child, or even of two or three collected from neighbouring houses. Thus abandoned to one whose sympathies are not interested in its welfare, or whose time is too often also occupied in household drudgery, the child is ill-fed, dirty, ill-clothed, exposed to cold and neglect; and, in consequence, more than one-half of the offspring of the poor (as may be proved by the bills of mortality of the town) die before they have com-

pleted their fifth year. The strongest survive; but the same causes which destroy the weakest, impair the vigour of the more robust; and hence the children of our manufacturing population are proverbially pale and sallow, though not generally emaciated, nor the subjects of disease. We cannot subscribe to those exaggerated and unscientific accounts of the physical ailments to which they are liable, which have been lately revived with an eagerness and haste equally unfriendly to taste and truth; but we are convinced, that the operation of these causes, continuing unchecked through successive generations, would tend to depre- the health of the people; and that consequent physical ills would accumulate in an unhappy progression.

"We have avoided alluding to evidence which is founded on general opinion, or depends merely on matters of perception; and have chiefly availed ourselves of such as admitted of a statistical classification. We may, however, be permitted to add, that our own experience, confirmed by that of those members of our profession, on whose judgment we can rely with the greatest confidence, induces us to conclude, that diseases assume a lower and more chronic type in Manchester, than in smaller towns and in agricultural districts; and a residence in the Hospitals of Edinburgh, and practice in the Dispensaries amongst the most debased part of its inhabitants, enables us to affirm with confidence, that the diseases occurring here admit of less active antiplostatic or depletory treatment, than those incident to the degraded population of the old town of that city."

We have read Mr Robertson's excellent tract, "Remarks on the Health of English Manufacturers," and he does indeed demolish Mr Senior's assumption, founded, as Mr Sadler remarks, on a series of gross mistakes, that a great improvement has taken place in the health of our manufacturing population. The persons presumptuously calling themselves, *par excellence*, the Political Economists, are, with the exception of Thomson and Torrens, grossly, shamefully ignorant of statistics. Like the worthies we were dealing with a few pages back, they HAVE NO FACTS; but,

unlike the worthies, they theorize without them, and out of two or three puny observations, proceed, by way of induction, to establish general laws. Such general laws last longer than might be expected, perhaps a few months, and afterwards are never more heard of on this side of the grave. The indefatigable Political Economists forthwith set about making a fresh batch of general laws, which they shovel out of their oven, in a strange state, at once doughy and crusty, hard to the gums, and sour to the palate, and by that small portion of the public, infatuatedly addicted to attempts at fare which, if not impracticable, would prove fatal, "with sputtering noise rejected." A history of their general laws of population, would afford a rich treat to the lovers of the inconsistent, the contradictory, and the irreconcilable; and the most illustrious suicides in that line are Senior and Maculloch. Ultra-mulish and super-assinine in obstinacy as is the Stot—a pig being in comparison easy of persuasion,—yet even he has been known, under the influence of the "rung on his hurdies," grimly to change his position, and of a sudden to turn his tail towards the south, that had long been affronted by his snout. The English Poor's Laws did he for a dozen years angrily accuse of being the accursed cause of all the horrors of an excessive population; and for four years has he been as earnestly asserting, that they have been the chief cause of keeping population down—two assertions equally wide of the truth. He and Senior are at present delighted, but not astonished, at the health and longevity of the inhabitants of Manchester; and great must be their scorn of their admirer Dr Kaye. Mr Robertson has proved, that "the nature of the present employment of the people of Manchester renders existence itself, in thousands of instances, one long disease." We have seen in the extract from Dr Kaye's pamphlet, from proofs given by Mr Robertson, that during 1830, the patients admitted at the four great dispensaries amounted to 22,626, independently of those assisted at other charitable institutions, such as the Infirmary, amounting at least to 10,000 more. To this he adds many other calculations, which

bring him to this conclusion, that "not fewer, perhaps, than three-fourths of the inhabitants of Manchester annually are, or fancy they are, under the necessity of submitting to medical treatment." To the evils of the Factory System his observant eyes are wide open, and especially to the "astounding inebriety." The present manufacturing system, he shews, "has not produced a healthy population, but one, on the contrary, where there always exists considerable, and sometimes general poverty, and an extraordinary amount of petty crime; that in several respects, they are in a less healthy, and a worse condition than at any period within the two last centuries."

Dr Kaye, referring to the frequent allusions that have been made to the supposed rate of mortality in Manchester, as a standard by which the health of the manufacturing population may be ascertained, well observes, that from the mortality of towns their comparative health cannot be invariably deduced. For there is a state of physical depression which does not terminate in total organic changes, which, however, converts existence into a prolonged disease, and is not only compatible with life, but is proverbially protracted to an advanced senility. But even were this untrue, he tells us that there exists no method of correctly ascertaining the average proportion of deaths in Manchester. The imperfection of the registers is such as to baffle the ingenuity of the most zealous inquirer.

This is perfectly conclusive *against* Senior and Maculloch—and *for* Mr Sadler. The question of health is disposed of—and so we humbly think is that of longevity—by Mr Kaye's own pamphlet. But "the ingenuity of the most zealous inquirer" is not to be baffled even by the "imperfection of the registers" in Manchester. Mr Sadler, the best statistician in Britain, has studied the registers such as they are, and disposed of the assumed longevity in unanswerable style. He takes the whole parish of Manchester (thereby doing great injustice to his own argument, as that parish contains nearly thirty townships and chapelries, some of which are principally agricultural), and he

finds that in the collegiate churches there, and those of Charlton, now part of the town, in the two churches of Salford, and in the eleven chapelries, including the Roman Catholic and other dissenting burial-grounds, there were interred, between the years 1821 and 1830 inclusive, 59,377 individuals. The mean population during that time was 228,951, giving a proportion of 1 in 37·9-10ths, as the annual mortality of the extended district included in the entire parish of Manchester. In Salford the number of deaths during the same term was 996, the mean population having been 32,421, or 1 death in every 32½. Yet it has been stated over and over again, that the mortality had kept diminishing for half a century; that in 1811 it had fallen so low as one in 74, and that in 1821, the proportion was still smaller! In a petition from the mill-overseers of Keighly against Mr Sadler's Bill, they content themselves with stating the proportion as 1 in 58; and by way of heightening it by contrast, with gross ignorance and assurance, they state that of Middlesex as 1 in 26, having gone back, we presume, to the Sweating Sickness. Mr Sadler could not get at all the burials; several burial-grounds, and among them St Peter's, are left out in his calculation; so that we may fairly state the proportion of deaths as 1 in 35—a sad mortality for all England, if health and longevity are to be found in brightest bloom and most patriarchal bearing in Manchester.

It is to be remembered, too, that this mortality is found in a population increasing immensely by immigration. The annual immigrants are probably in the active period of life; therefore, the community will exhibit a corresponding diminution in the proportion of deaths, without that circumstance at all proving any real increase in the general health and longevity of the place. Farther, it is admitted on all hands, that the longevity of the wealthier classes has all this while been greatly improved; therefore a vast excess of this mortality rests upon the poor. In Paris, where the mortality may be stated as 1 in 42, Dr Villermé found that in the first arrondissement, where the wealthier inhabitants principally reside, it was but 1 in 52; while, in the twelfth, principally inhabited by

the poor, it was 1 in 24. Apply that to Manchester, and of the poor (alas ! how numerous !) take the poorest, and what a dismal despotism of death !

But Mr Sadler goes into the very heart of his melancholy subject, and compares the proportion of those buried under and above the age of forty in Manchester (that part of it in which the registered burials are given together with the ages of the interred) with the corresponding interments of the immensely larger cities of London and Paris. What are the results ? To every 100,000 interments under forty, there would be above that age, in London 63,666 ; in Paris 65,109 ; in Manchester only 47,291,—*in other words, 16,375 fewer would have survived that period in Manchester than in London, and 17,818 fewer than in Paris.* The operative spinners complain that few of themselves survive forty ! It is quite true. Calculating the mean duration of life from mortality registers, it is in London about 32 years, in Paris 34, in Manchester 24 $\frac{1}{2}$ years only ! In other towns where the same system prevails, it is still less ; in Stockport, it is 22 years only, that town not having increased so rapidly as Manchester from immigration.

We have already touched incidentally on the Cruelties perpetrated in the Factories. What is a billy-roller ? A billy-roller is a heavy rod, from two to three yards long, and of two inches diameter, with an iron pivot at each end. Its primary and proper function is to run on the top of the cording over the feeding cloth. Its secondary and improper function is to rap little children "on the head, making their heads crack, so that you may hear the blow at the distance of six or eight yards, in spite of the din and rolling of the machinery." Mr Whitehead, clothier at Scholes, near Holmfirth, a most respectable and trust-worthy man, tells the Committee, that often when a child, so fatigued as not to know whether it is at work or not, falls into some error, the billy-spinner takes the billy-roller and says, "Damn thee, little devil, close it," and then smites it over head, face, or shoulders. It is very difficult, he adds, to go into a mill in the latter part of the day—particularly winter,

when the children are weary and sleepy—and not to hear some of them crying for being thus beaten. A young girl has had the end of a billy-roller jammed through her cheek ; and a woman in Holmfirth was beaten to death. We have been taking another glance over the cruelties, as described by scores of witnesses, not a few of whom had been sufferers, but any detailed account of them would be sickening—so we refrain. Suffice it to say, that unless the witnesses be all liars of the first magnitude, the billy-roller is in active employment in many factories—that black-strap is at frequent work in them all—that cuffs from open and blows from clenched hands are plentiful as blackberries—that samples are shewn of every species of shaking—and that there is no dearth of that perhaps most brutal of all beastly punishment, kicking.

To be billy-rollered or strapped, after perhaps having been bucketed for falling asleep, is bad to endure ; still it seems to be insensate matter that gives the pain—wood or leather. A blow from the fist is hateful ; yet the hand being in common use, the degradation is not in such cases utter. The boy wipes his bloody nose, and he forgives the fist of the overlooker. But a foot—a large, stinking, splay-foot—flung suddenly out "*with a bang*," ere a boy has time by crouching to elude or supplicate, savage as it is, is yet more insulting, and sends to the core of the heart the shame of slavery, that can be extinguished but by undying hatred and deadly revenge. We wonder there are no murders. But what if the kicked be—a girl ! We do not mean a little girl, eight or ten years' old, for that is not the precise kind of brutality we are thinking of in a kicking to such a one as she ; the worst of a kick in her case is, that it may kill her on the spot, or make her a cripple for life. We mean a girl who, approaching to puberty, and in those heated regions they too soon reach it, has something of the pride of sex, perhaps of beauty ; and in presence of her sweetheart, she herself being chaste and not immodest, and many such there are even in Factories, feels her whole being degraded beneath that of a brute-beast, in her person suddenly assailed by

such shameful outrage from the hoof of a fiend grinning the while like a satyr. Mr Sadler—exhibiting some black, heavy, leathern thongs, one of them fixed in a sort of handle, the smack of which, when struck upon the table, resounded through the House—exclaimed, “Sir, I should wish to propose an additional clause in this bill, enacting, that the overseer who dares to lay the lash on the almost naked body of the child, shall be sentenced to the tread-mill for a month; and it would be right if the master, who knowingly tolerates the infliction of this cruelty on abused infancy, this insult on parental feeling, this disgrace on the national character, should bear him company, though he roll to the house of correction in his chariot.” A month in the tread-mill! Why, many a dishonest fellow gets that and more for but picking a bumpkin’s fob of his watch, or the pocket of his great-coat of a purse at the door of the theatre. The man who kicks a girl must not be suffered to pollute the steps of a tread-mill, or to violate the feelings of vagrants. He must be flogged privately and publicly, his raw back denied plaster, his head shaved, and his carcass clothed in some ingeniously ignominious dress, of a substance suited to be spit upon, and a board adjusted to his posteriors, that his life may not be sacrificed by the continual kicking legalized by the legislative wisdom of the State, nor yet the feet of its inflictors soiled by contact with the “shameful parts of his constitution.”

If there be truth in the account we have thus far given of the Factory System, what must be the Morality—we mean the immorality of the boys and girls! Mr Drake, a worthy manufacturer, says, “As far as I have observed with regard to morals in the Mills, there is every thing about them that is disgusting to every one conscious of correct morality. Their language is very indecent; and both sexes take great liberties with each other in the Mills, without being at all ashamed of their conduct.” Another witness says, “They are immoral in all their conduct. Going to the Factories is like going to a school, but it is to learn every thing that is bad.” Mr Benjamin Bradshaw, a witness of great intelligence,

and a pious man, a preacher among the Methodists, says, “They are, generally speaking, ignorant and wicked, proverbially so; to hear them in the Factory, and see their conduct, would move any body with commiseration that had any thing like a feeling of concern for the morals of his fellow-creatures; they are, in general, bad to an extreme.”—But here the details are far more painful than of the cases of cruelty, and some of them truly horrible. Many Factories are the worst of brothels. Yet has MacCulloch many times publicly avowed his belief, that females so employed are more virtuous than those who lead a rural life! He, and others like him, shutting their leaden eyes on all other facts familiarly known to all the rest of the world, or stupidly staring at them with dogged determination to misrepresent all they see, have founded their misbelief on the comparative number of illegitimate children. The simplest persons examined before the Committee know too well the cause of that effect. True it is, that “that effect defective comes by cause.”—“I have yet to learn,” says one witness of a different stamp, “that the promiscuous intercourse of the sexes is favourable to an increase of population.”—Fathers wept before the Committee, thinking of their own daughters. The contagion of vice in the heated and huddled Factory is dreadful, and the disease is rank among very childhood. There is no need to argue about the matter; to educe and deduce—like a blockhead to prove it so—or so; or like a dunce to proceed from premises to conclusions, which, like a dray-horse, he draws. There is the vice—the guilt—the sin—acting before our very eyes. And it must be shuddered at in its enormity, that in *our horror* we may be driven on to discover and to apply a cure. Better in excitement to exaggerate, than in indifference to extenuate moral evil. Our error in judgment in the one case vehemently instigates us on the right path to the attainment of a noble end. In the other, it holds us back from taking even a few steps, and in spite of all the misgivings that will touch our hearts, reconciles us to what our awakened conscience would condemn, were we to contemplate

it without a passion of pity and grief.

Some years ago, certain printed papers were put into private circulation by persons in a decent rank of life, and belonging to the self-dubbed Political Economists, in London, for which offence their authors should have been set in the pillory, though that punishment has fallen into desuetude, and is not now, even in such cases, authorized by law. They suggested, or rather described and recommended various unnatural means to prevent conception. Miscreants! And it appears from the evidence of more than one witness, that tracts as atrocious as the papers we have alluded to, have been circulated among the Factories—and, we fear, their hellish suggestions acted upon by great numbers. The Reverend G. S. Bull says, “that he cannot conceal from the Committee that he has frequently heard from the parents of young persons and others engaged in Factories, hints and remarks from which he gathered that means of that description were resorted to;” and being farther interrogated, he adds,—“My disgust prevented me from pursuing the subject any farther.”

Yet think not that even the Factory System has utterly eradicated all virtue from the female character. Many masters there are who do all they can for their children. It may seem, but it is not, invidious to mention by name one out of many—Mr John Wood, junior of Bradford, of whom the Rev. G. S. Bull of Bierly thus spoke a few days ago at a great Factory Bill meeting held at Nottingham. “I have the honour of living in the same parish with that distinguished and benevolent individual; I have the honour of superintending a day-school established by him, and I inform this assemblage, that he has lately taken on 60 additional hands, in order that 60 children might be left at liberty to attend that school. It is impossible to describe the delight felt by him in putting that school on its legs, and he said to me, ‘Sir, THAT IS THE BEST ROOM IS MY WORKS.’ The affection that subsists between the employer and the children in the whole of Mr Wood’s establishment, is more beautiful than I can express.” And

who is the Rev. G. S. Bull? The man who, next to Mr Sadler—not forgetting his admirable lay brother, Richard Oastler—has most strenuously exerted himself—soul and body—in this holy cause. He had, at the time he was examined, Sunday-schools under his superintendence containing 516 scholars, one third of them being engaged in Factories. He has been led to conclude, from an observation of the different classes, that there is much more demoralization arising from the Factory System, than from any other system of employment for the children of the poor. But he says with great earnestness, in another part of his most instructive evidence, “I should do injustice to many young persons who are brought up in the Factory System, if I did not say, that their industry, neatness, and disposition to improve themselves, are beyond the powers of my commendation. I know several such. I have several such females employed, under my superintendence, as Sunday-school teachers, for whom I do, and ought to entertain the greatest respect; but I would say, that these are exceptions to the generality of young persons brought up in Factories.”—The generality of them, he says, are as unfit as they possibly can be to fill the important station of a cottager’s wife. Many cannot even mend a hole in their garments, or darn a stocking; and he knew of one little girl whose father was so anxious that she should acquire the use of the needle, that “when he was confined at home himself by a lameness, he sat over her, after her return from work, with a little light rod in his hand, and insisted on her mending her stockings, though she was falling asleep continually, and when she nodded over it, he gave her a very gentle tap upon the head with the rod.”—“The Factory-dolls,” as a working-man calls them, can in no case make or mend their own clothes, nor in any way supply the wants of a family when they become mothers.

In a letter in defence of the Cotton Factories, addressed to Lord Althorp, by Mr Holland Hoole, we find this passage, “The week which follows Whitsunday is a universal holyday in Manchester, and is celebrated by processions of Sunday-

school children, assembled to the number of 25 to 30,000. Your Lordship might there see 'the miserable victims of the Cotton Factory System,' well clad, and often even elegantly dressed, in full health and beauty, a sight to gladden a monarch—not to be paralleled, perhaps, in the whole of the civilized world; and your Lordship would, I firmly believe, draw this conclusion, that the hands employed in Cotton Factories, so far from being degraded below their neighbours of the same rank in society, far exceed them in comfort, in order, and even in health."

This is very amiable. Mr Holland Hoole is a good-hearted, nor do we doubt, an enlightened man, and the spectacle he speaks of is, we know, very beautiful. We have seen it. Many of the girls at Factories are of an interesting appearance—not a few lovely; many of the boys good-looking—not a few handsome; and the whole together, in their best array, make a pleasant show. They are English. But there is much woe smiling there, and many woe-begone faces, that "vainly struggle at a smile;" hundreds white as plaster of Paris; and scores of an indescribable colour,—of which the ground looks yellow glimmered over by blue,—less like death than consumption. They are, in general, neatly clad; and strange if, on such an occasion, it were otherwise in Lancashire; too "elegantly dressed," many of the girls are, we fear; yet we must not be harshly critical on such a holyday.

One of the witnesses,—Thomas Daniel, an acute man,—says before the Committee, "as to the appearance of health of the children, (who walk in Whitsunday-week procession,) they are the most delicate and the most feeble-looking; and as to their dresses, it may be thought very fine with them, and it certainly is attended with some expense, but it is of no value; and the dresses are principally of white calico or cambric frocks, that make them look fine, and they take great pride in them, I have no doubt." Thomas is no great admirer of Whitsun-week holydays. And far better, think we, were they distributed. In most places, there are but two holydays in the whole year. As for Lord Althorp, he is

perhaps a better judge of fat cattle at a Show in Smithfield, than of lean Factory boys and girls in a Whitsunday festival in Manchester. He might, therefore, draw from such a sight such a conclusion as Mr Holland Hoole firmly believes he would; but such conclusion would be illogical. The "comfort" and "order" apparent in that well-garbed and well-marshalled assemblage, transitory as a slow-floating beautiful summer-cloud, seem almost to belong to a visionary world, before the eyes of him who has seen the discomfort and disorder of the real world, in which the creatures of that pageantry are glad to get kicked and strapped, so that from his throne descends not the Billy-roller.

Contrast the picture painted by Mr Holland Hoole, with one of a similar kind by Ebenezer Elliot,—"*Preston Mills*," a Jubilee in celebration of the Reform Bill. We take it from this year's *Amulet*, an Annual always full of good things. Ebenezer Elliot is next—not behind Crabbe—the greatest Poet of the Poor. And he calls poetry (did not we ourselves use the same words before him, in the *Noctes*?) "impassioned truth."

"The day was fair, the cannon roar'

Cold blew the bracing north,

And Preston's mills by thousands pour'd

Their little captives forth.

"All in their best they paraded the street,

All glad that they were free;

And sang a song with voices sweet—

They sang of liberty!

"But from their lips the rose had fled,

Like 'death-in-life' they smiled;

And still as each pass'd by, I said,

Alas! is that a child?

"Flags waved, and men—'ghastly crew—

March'd with them side by side;

While hand in hand, and two by two,

They moved—a living tide.

"Thousands and thousands—oh, so white!

With eyes so glazed and dull!

Alas! it was indeed a sight

Too sadly beautiful!

"And, oh, the pang their voices gave,
Refuses to depart!

'This is a wailing for the grave!'

I whisper'd to my heart.

"It was as if, where roses blush'd,
A sudden, blasting gale,
O'er fields of bloom had rudely rush'd,
And turn'd the roses pale.

"It was as if, in glen and grove,
The wild birds sadly sung;
And every linnæ mourn'd its love,
And every thrush its young.

"It was as it, in dungeon gloom,
Where chain'd Despair reclined,
A sound came from the living tomb,
And hymn'd the passing wind.

"And while they sang, and though the
smiled,
My soul groan'd heavily—
Oh! who would wish to have a child!
A mother who would be!"

The contagion of vice spreads from the Factories. They are, many of them, nurseries of prostitution. In bad times—and how long is it since they have been good?—in bad times, which are, like demons' visits, many and short between—shame is sent into the streets, to shame, sin, and death. So says the evidence—and is it possible to disbelieve it? That evil is in the Factory-system; and, alas! in many a system besides. Is it, therefore, to be denied, overlooked, let alone, given up as hopeless? God forbid we should calumniate the poor creatures—we but believe in sorrow what their parents have told us;—and we do not, like Mr Mill, call on "legislation," or the "powerful agency of popular sanction," to "direct an intense degree of disapprobation" on such sufferers and sinners: but we call on both to do what they can for their protection from such woe and such wickedness.

We call not even "for an intense degree of disapprobation" on the overlookers and others, who, it has been proved, are too frequently guilty of very great barbarities. Their temper, their patience, must be often severely tried. Nay, sometimes they are cruel from a sense of duty. The strap rouses the soundest sleeper—the most callous feel the billy-roller. Slaves will grow up into tyrants. With more sleep and more rest, there would be far less punishment—there would then be no call for cruelty;—the supply, we presume, would be regulated by the

demand. We call not even "for an intense degree of disapprobation" on the supporters of the system out of which such evils inevitably arise. But we denounce the system itself, as it now works; and we call down blessings on the heads of all men who are striving to reform it. Some of "the modes in which legislation can weaken the tendency of such evils to increase" have been shewn; and though the regulations it may enact will leave many evils to be bewailed, some—much—nay, great diminution of them may before very long be effected;—enough to justify still better and brighter hopes of the distant future.

Such is the Factory System which Mr Sadler has so nobly striven—with some noble coadjutors—to deprive of its sting. But how will that be done by his Bill? The sting will still be in the monster; but much of the venom will be taken from it, and what is left will not be mortal. For first of all, it prohibits the labour of infants under the age of nine years. How much may, in time, be learned at home or at school, before the expiration of that period, now worse than lost! How many little domestic arts and appliances, in which children of the same tender years are so skilful, "among the rural villages and farms!" And better far even than these, how much of filial affection sweetening the sense of duty, a sense, alas! in those districts within many miserable families utterly unknown! Children may then learn to say their prayers, and their parents will be happy to hear them doing so—to see their little arms and hands in the attitude of prayer, unscarred and undiscoloured by cruel wounds. Now, prayer must seem to too many wretched parents a mockery—or worse than a mockery from such livid lips; and how can the poor creatures get through a prayer under a load of weariness,—struggling, or sinking without a struggle, into the short respite of sleep!

Then to all between nine and eighteen years, actual work, exclusive of meals and refreshment, is to be limited to—ten hours. Ten hours! limited to ten hours! "Is there not, Sir," indignantly exclaims the eloquent *Children's Friend*—"something inexpressibly cruel, most disgusting—

ly selfish, in thus attempting to ascertain the utmost limits to which infant labour and fatigue may be carried, without their certainly occasioning misery and destruction!—the full extent of profitable torture that may be safely inflicted, and in appealing to learned and experienced doctors to fix the precise point, beyond which it would be murder to proceed!" To the humane mind, somewhat inconsiderate in its merciful disposition, it at first seems as if Mr Sadler's own Bill were barbarous. It cuts off but one hour—or two—(aye, in many cases, three and four, and five,) from the weary working-day, and still leaves children slaves. But poor people, young and old, must work, and they are willing to work. Even in one hour may then be developed many blessings. In one hour are now crowded countless curses. Put on or take off twenty pounds, when a strong man's back bears 200, and he slackens his pace in pain, or increases it with pleasure, beneath the loaded, or the lightened burden.

But the mercy is to be shewn not to their mere bodies, but to their minds. Yes! they have minds—and what is more, hearts, and immortal souls. Many who harangue and scribble about the education of the people, forget that,—or perhaps they do not believe it. We, who have been called lovers of intellectual darkness among the lower ranks, have wished to see the torch of knowledge lighted at the sun of Revelation, that it may burn, a shining and a saving light, over all the land, undimmed by mists, and steady in storms.

But what minds—to say nothing of hearts and souls—can there be in those factories? Many of extraordinary—of surpassing worth. They have sent witnesses to the Committee who are an honour to England. They have sent delegates over great part of the north, whom to despise would prove the proudest aristocrat to be despicable, man to man. "What lessons had they known?" There is the mystery. But in that clamorous and doleful region they found silence and light, in which the powers and faculties of their minds grew up to no unstatelike strength; as one sometimes sees trees green and flourish-

ing, though their leaves be somewhat dimmed with dust, and their knotted boles begrimed with the smoke—with the soot of cities.

And what are their hearts? We have seen them, and groaned to see, withered and rotten, or when crushed, full of ashes. But all are not such. Nature's holiest affections have, in thousands of cases, there survived both the mildew and the blight. The profligate boy, who may have cursed his own father to his face, and broken his mother's heart, grown up to be a man, has outgrown the vices that once seemed festering in his own heart, and to blacken its very blood. He has become a good husband to the wife, whom when almost a child he had basely seduced; and rather than see his boy such a boy as he was, his girl such a girl as once was the mother that bore him, would he see them both buried in one grave, and pray that their parents too might be dust to dust.

How much unassisted human nature may thus do by means of its own affections, for its own purification, we know not; but let in upon the forsaken soul even some small stray light of religion, like a few broken sun-rays through a chink in the window of a room lying in deserted darkness, and in both there shall be the same vital change. Perhaps a few plants in flower-pots had been left by the tenants on going away, to die on the floor in their worthlessness; and they were almost dead. But they lift up their leaves at that faint touch of light, and look towards the day. Thus will they live lingeringly on, and wondrously survive in that less than twilight. Let in more sun, and with it too the blessed breath of heaven, and they will recover some tinge of beauty. Fling open the shutters, and shew them all the sky, and in a few weeks green as emerald is the foliage, and bright are the blossoms as rubies. Even so is it with the flowering plants—the thoughts and feelings in that soul—the soul of an operative in a factory or cotton-mill; and if you think the illustration out of place as too poetical, you can feel nothing for the glory that is seen by the inner eye, sometimes stealing over the degradation of our fallen nature.

As the Factory System now works, all who do get any education, get it under dismal difficulties and disadvantages; the most any get can be but little; and thousands on thousands get none. The very young, wearied and worn out as they must be, do not need to be sent to bed; but if the power of cruelty could forward them on their last legs, to school, we defy it to keep the leaden lids from closing over the dim eyes in sleep. By the time they might, by possibility, go to school, what inclination will they have to learn? A school-room filled at sunset with children, who have been employed as they have been since sunrise, would be a shocking spectacle, and we devoutly trust there are few such places of punishment in a Christian land. But under Mr Sadler's Bill, school education, which had been going on with many before nine years of age, might be continued, in some measure, after that period, and all might have some instruction. A wish for it, perhaps a desire, might spring up among the children themselves; and those parents who have now not only an excuse for their indifference, but in nature and reason a right of scorn, when you talk to them about reading and writing, would be ashamed of their own ignorance, and look better after their children in things. They would be proud and happy to see them getting a month's schooling now and then, and small, after all has been done, must be the scholarship that can ever be acquired, except what nature teaches, in those Factories.

Under the present system,—sorry are we to say it, but it is true,—little good is done by Sunday-schools. Under Mr Sadler's bill, great good might be done by them—good incalculable; for they would entirely change their character. Now, they are the only means of education. The Rev. G. S. Bull says, that "Children cannot obtain any thing like a knowledge of letters suitable for a cottage education, except on Sunday." That excellent man has been a Sunday-school teacher ever since he was sixteen years of age, and has scarcely ever spent a Sunday without attending them personally. In seven Sunday-schools in his own neighbourhood, there are 1135 scholars. But he confesses that their effects

have not been great, in counteracting the immoral and irreligious tendencies that exist in human nature, throughout the manufacturing districts. Their failure, he says, is mainly attributable to the "lassitude of the scholars." The poor creatures cannot command their attention. Besides, the time during which they are instructed is quite insufficient to produce the desired effect;—two hours before divine service, in summer, one hour in winter, and another hour before divine service in the afternoon. But from the time of instruction have to be deducted the intervals of marking attendance, giving out books and taking them in, and preparing to attend divine service, which is a very considerable diminution of time. During nearly the whole time, they are occupied with the mere machinery of reading,—the A, B, C part of it; and as to impressing religious precepts, or explaining religious doctrines, it is next to impossible. Then there is great difficulty in finding proper teachers. They belong to that class who have to make long and laborious exertions during the preceding week, to earn their own maintenance. And they, asks the Chairman of the Committee, "nevertheless, seeing the total destitution in which the children would be otherwise left, devote their only day of leisure or of domestic enjoyment, to the noble purpose of giving some little instruction or information to those poor deserted children?" And the Rev. G. S. Bull replies, "I would say that I, as a clergyman, am almost entirely indebted to the labouring classes for the assistance by which 516 children are, in some degree, religiously educated under my care; and I would also add, that it is the lamentation of many of my teachers—their own spontaneous lamentation—that the circumstances of their youth, I was going to say infancy, the continuous labour to which they have been accustomed, and the little leisure they have had for improvement, render them far less efficient than they would wish." At a meeting of 48 Sunday-school teachers, of various denominations (a teacher being voted to the chair, who was himself part-owner of a Factory,) they came to a unanimous resolution, that the Factory System, as at present conduct-

ed, decidedly interfered with their plans of religious instruction, and that the amelioration which had been proposed, was absolutely necessary, that they might have any chance of producing those effects which they desired to see, as the result of their labours. We can add nothing to the simple statement of these simple men. Under Mr Sadler's Bill, evening schools would arise, children would then learn to read, and then Sunday schools would be schools of religion.

But while children continue to be employed in the Factories, say twelve hours and a half a-day, exclusive of meals and recreation, it must be a painful thing to all minds, as it has often been to the mind of the good clergyman from whom we have been quoting, "to consider the manner in which we confine the children on the Sabbath-day, after the very close confinement of the week. They may think that our system on the Sabbath-day is a sort of justification of the system in the week-day; for we, while they are stowed up in the mills during six days of the week, confine them in our crowded Sunday-school-rooms on the Sabbath-day." One and all of the medical witnesses—Blundell, Carlisle, Brodie, Roget, Blizard, Elliotson, Tuthill, Green, Key, Guthrie, Bell, Travers,—speak in the strongest terms of the certain and great injury to the health of children who have been working all the week twelve hours a-day and more, in heated Factories, from being shut up again in crowded schools on the Sabbath. Under the present system, the most conscientious and pious men can hardly bring themselves to believe Sunday schools should be encouraged; under another, no conscientious and pious man could for a moment doubt that they would be a precious blessing to the poor.

Is it possible that such simple and clear truths as these, which require not to be evolved, but merely held up to the light, that all men of common intelligence and humanity may see them as plain as Scripture, can be dim or doubtful, or disbelieved? Aye—they are invisible to "A manufacturer,"—who foolishly and insolently says of Mr Sadler—among other thrice repeated calumnies—"that if the worthy gentleman understands the subject at all, he must know very well that his only chance

of benefiting the working-classes, and of sustaining his popularity, is in the failure of his own Bill." This very ungentlemanly person says, "But to the point at issue—let me inquire how the health and morals of the population are to be secured," (nobody ever said so), "by lessening the duration of labour only half an hour per day," (he is speaking of Sir Cam Hobhouse's Bill,) "or even a whole hour per day, as some restrictionists would curtail them? How is health to be improved, how are evil communications and acquaintance to be counteracted by half an hour's respite from the sources of contagion, whilst the children are still exposed to them all the rest of the day? Is it not self-evident, that if either the physical or moral atmosphere be infected, nothing but strict quarantine can prevent infection? If exposure to the source of infection for a single hour be sufficient to produce disease, how can the effects of ten, eleven, or eleven and a half hours' association with the causes be counteracted by half an hour's earlier removal, or by any thing but total absence from exposure?"

We have shewn him how—but there are none so blind as those who will not see—and he will continue to hug himself on the close of that most absurd paragraph, in which he affirms, that limitation of hours of labour "will avail no more than to fix limits to the rolling tide of ocean, or the boundless powers of thought!"

How fine!

We have no room now—to enter at any length into the politico-economical view of the question. It would appear that some Mill-owners have declared they cannot abridge "the long and slavish hours of infant labour," because of the Corn Laws. Suppose they were just to try. We do not see any very great difficulty they would have to encounter in getting on tolerably well with the abridgment and the Corn Laws. Were not many of them once very poor—who are now very rich men—in spite of the Corn Laws? During their progress to opulence (the wealth of some of them to the imagination of a poor man like us seems enormous) were wages always progressive too, and the operative well-off? But has it never occurred to them, that "many of them owe

every farthing they possess to these little labourers?" They may complain, then, of the Corn Laws; but not employ them as an argument against their showing gratitude to their benefactors. Grant they suffer some loss. Is the sight of smiles spread over five hundred human faces no recompense to a rich or well-to-do man for the loss of a shilling or two in the pound? To men of commonplace—common-run humanity—we think it might; and among the Mill-owners there are many men whose characters are up to that mark,—many far above it, who will not oppose—but we trust support, Mr Sadler's Bill, and afterwards with a safe conscience, if such be their way of thinking, they may try to crack the heads of the Corn Laws with their billy-rollers.

"When the demand is given, prices and values vary inversely as the supply." So it has been shortly and truly said by a sage. If under a Ten-Hour Bill the supply be less, the value will be just so much greater; and to the capitalist there may be no loss at all. When he talks of not being able to afford abridgment of labour, he would appear to be labouring under a confusion of ideas. But, perhaps, so are we; therefore we shall leave the axiom to take care of itself within inverted commas.

But they are afraid that the loss will fall upon the poor. This is taking up new ground—a change of position. They surely can consent—if they choose—to an abridgment of the wages of the poor—in spite of the Corn Laws. But do wages fall with under-production, as well as with over-production? Then we pity the poor wages.

But is not the demand that governs the employment of many of our Mills and Factories governed by foreign competition? No—it is not. The most formidable competition, as Mr Sadler clearly shews in his speech, is between rival British spinners—a competition in cruelty and oppression—of which these innocent little labourers, whose cause he champions, are the victims.

But grant that the operatives under a Ten-Hour Bill will get less wages, because they will then produce less. How much less will they produce? As a man works better when he is not tired than when he is, he

will, it is admitted on and by all hands, do as much, *minus one twelfth-part*, in ten hours as in twelve; and is a twelfth-part of his weekly wages a price that he would grudge to pay for some domestic happiness every evening, some rest and something better than rest every Sabbath?

But as he will suffer less under ten hours' work than under twelve or more, so he will cost himself less in keeping himself alive. Doctor's fees, one item of his expenses, will dwindle down to next to nothing. The children will have time to go home to meals. That is no small saving. And Joseph Sadler, the Rev. Mr Bull, and other witnesses, point out many savings besides—which taken together might more than counterbalance the loss of a twelfth-part of wages.

But what it, in ten hours, operatives in factories were to do as much as they now do? Then would they be "healthy, wealthy, and wise;" and they would owe it all to Mr Sadler.

But what if all these paragraphs beginning with "but" be but a series of blunders? It is not surely a blunder to assert that the wealth of a nation can never be increased by the sacrifice of the strength and lives of the people employed in one great branch of its manufactures. Pauperism is not a source of national wealth. In factories you see few operatives above forty years old. Have they gone to their graves, or the workhouse?

Many to the workhouse—more to the grave.

In the Appendix to the Report, there is a Comparative Table of the duration of life. We have the number of persons buried, and at what age buried, during fifteen years, (1815 to 1830,) in certain counties and places; namely, in Rutland, Essex, London, Chester, Norwich, and Carlisle; the several parishes of Bolton-le-Moors, Bury, Preston, Wigan, Bradford, (in Yorkshire,) Stockport and Macclesfield; the Town of Leeds, and the Townships of Holbeck and Beeston, in the Parish of Leeds; shewing the number buried under five years of age, from 5 to 10, from 10 to 15, from 15 to 20, from 20 to 30, and so for each decenary period to the end of life: with decimal results annexed, for the purpose of comparison. It is a most instructive nest of Tables, and here are results.

In every 10,000 of the Persons buried, there died—

	Under 20 Years old.	Under 40 Years old.	Lived to 40 and upwards.
In the Healthy County,	3756	5031	4969
In the Marshy County,	4279	5805	4102
In the Metropolis,	4580	6111	3886
In the City of Chester,	4538	6066	3937
In the City of Norwich,	4962	6049	3951
In the City of Carlisle, (former state)	5319	6325	3671
In the City of Carlisle, (present state)	5668	6927	3671
In the Town of Bradford, (Worsted Spinning)	5896	7061	2939
In the Town of Macclesfield { Silk Spinning and } { Throwing }	5889	7300	2700
In the Town of Wigan, (Cotton Spinning, &c.)	5911	7117	2883
In the Town of Preston, (ditto)	6083	7162	2538
In the Town of Bury, (ditto)	6017	7319	2681
In the Town of Stockport, (ditto)	6005	7307	2633
In the Town of Bolton, (ditto)	6113	7159	2511
In the Town of Leeds, { Woollen, Flax, and } { Silk Spinning, &c. }	6213	7111	2559
Holbeck (Flax Spinning)	6133	7337	2663

So that about as many have died *before their twentieth year*, where the Factory system exclusively prevails, as *before their fortieth year* elsewhere.

But are the operatives themselves afraid of a fall in their wages under a Ten-Hour Bill? No. Men, women, and children, are unanimous for release from slavery. Many believe there will be no fall, many that there will; but though as a class they are degraded, they are yet human; they feel, though you treat them as such, that they are neither machines nor brutes.

Seeing and feeling the subject in all its bearings, Mr Sadler, towards the close of his speech, broke forth into the following fine strain of eloquence:—"The industrious classes are looking with intense interest to the proceedings of this night, and are demanding protection for themselves and their children. Thousands of maternal bosoms are beating with the deepest anxiety for the future fate of their long oppressed and degraded offspring. Nay, the children themselves are made aware of the importance of your present decision, and look towards this House for succour. I wish I could bring a group of these little ones to that bar,—I am sure their silent appearance would plead more forcibly in their behalf than the loudest eloquence. I shall not soon forget their affecting presence on a recent occasion, when many thousands of the people of the north were assembled in their cause

—when in the intervals of those loud and general acclamations which rent the air, while their great and unrivalled champion, Richard Oastler, (whose name is now lisped by thousands of these infants, and will be transmitted to posterity, with undiminished gratitude and affection;)—when this friend of the Factory children was pleading their cause as he alone can plead it, the repeated cheers of a number of shrill voices were heard, which sounded like echoes to our own; and on looking around, we saw several groups of little children, amidst the crowd, who raised their voices in the fervour of hope and exultation, while they heard their sufferings commiserated, and, as they believed, about to be redressed. Sir, I still hope, as I did then, that their righteous cause will prevail. But I have seen enough to mingle apprehension with my hopes. I perceive the rich and the powerful once more leaguering against them, and wielding that wealth which these children, or such as they, have created, against their cause. I have long seen the mighty efforts that are made to keep them in bondage, and have been deeply affected at their continued success; so that I can hardly refrain from exclaiming with one of old, 'I returned, and considered all the oppressions that are done under the sun, and beheld the tears of such as were oppressed, and on the side of the oppressors there was power, but they had no comforter!'

TOM CRINGLE'S LOG.

CHAP. XX.

BRINGING UP LEE-WAY.

Sleep, gentle sleep—
 Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
 Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains,
 In cradle of the rude imperious surge,
 And in the visitation of the winds—
 Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
 Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
 With deafening clamours in the slippery shrouds,
 That with the hurly, death itself awakes—
 Canst thou, oh partial sleep, give thy repose
 To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude?

King Henry IV.

AFTER dinner we carried on very much as usual, although the events of the previous day had their natural effect; there was little mirth, and no loud laughter. Once more we all turned in, the calm still continuing, and next morning after breakfast, friend Aaron took to the Log again.

"Let me see,—'Heligoland light—northward by west'—so many leagues. All leather and primed to me, 'Tom'—wind battling—weather hazy—Lady Passengers on deck for the first time." What! the plump little partridges formerly mentioned, Tom?" I nodded.

"Arrived in the Downs—ordered by signal from the guard-ship to proceed to Port-mouth. Arrived at Spithead—ordered to fit to receive a general officer, and six pieces of field artillery, and a Spanish Ecclesiastic, the Canon of —."

"Plenty of great guns, Tom, at any rate—a regular park of artillery. Pray, what was the calibre of the Spanish Priest?—was he a long gun, or a short gun, a brass cannon, or a carronade?"

"He was a very pleasant, stout little man," said I.

"Oh—a bomb I suppose."

"Received General *** and his wife, and Aid-de-camp, and two poodle-dogs, one white man-servant, one black ditto, and the Canon of —, and the six nine-pound field-pieces, and sailed for the Cove of Cork."

"It was blowing hard as we stood in for the Old Head of Kinsale—pilot boat breasting the foaming surge like a sea gull—'Cárról Cove' in her tiny mainsail—pilot jumped

into the main channel—bottle of rum swung by the lead line into the boat—all very clever.

"Ran in, and anchored under Spike Island. A line-of-battle ship, and three frigates, and a number of merchantmen at anchor—men of war—lovely craft—bands playing—a good deal of the pomp and circumstance of war. In the evening, Mr Tree-mail, the second lieutenant, sent for me.

"'Mr Cringle,' said he, 'you have an uncle in Cork, I believe?'

"I said I had.

"I am going there on duty to-night; I daresay, if you asked the Captain to let you accompany me, he would do so.' This was too good an offer not to be taken advantage of. I plucked up courage, made my bow, asked leave, and got it; and the evening found my friend, the lieutenant, and myself, after a ride of three hours, during which I, for one, had my bottom sheathing grievously rubbed, and a considerable botheration at crossing the Ferry at Passage, safe in our Inn at Cork. I soon found out that the object of my superior officer was to gain information amongst the crimp shops, where ten men who had run from one of the West Indians, waiting at Cove for convoy, were stowed away, but I was not let farther into the secret; so I set out to pay my visit, and after-passing a pleasant evening with my friends, Mr and Mrs Job Cringle, the Lieutenant dropped in upon us about nine o'clock. He was heartily welcomed, and under the plea of our being obliged to return to the ship early next morning,

we soon took leave, and returned to the Inn. As I was turning into the public room, the door was open. I could see it full of blowsy-faced moustersons, glimmering and jabbering, through the mist of hot brandy, grog, and gin twist; with poodle Benjamins, and great-coats, and cloaks of all sorts and sizes, steaming on their pegs, with barcelonnas and comforters, and damp travelling caps of seal skin, and blue cloth, and tartan, arranged above the same. Nevertheless, such a society in my juvenile estimation, during my short *escapade* from the middy's berth, had its charms, and I was rolling in with a tolerable swagger, when Mr Treenail pinched my arm.

"Mr Cringle, come here, into my room."

"From the way in which he spoke, I imagined, in my innocence, that his room was at my elbow; but no such thing—we had to ascend a long, and not overclean staircase, to the fourth floor, before we were shown into a miserable little double-bedded room. So soon as we had entered, the Lieutenant shut the door.

"'Tom,' said he, 'I have taken a fancy to you, and therefore I applied for leave to bring you with me; but I must expose you to some danger, and, I will allow, not altogether in a very creditable way either. You must enact the spy for a short space.' I did not like the notion certainly, but I had little time for consideration.

"'Here,' he continued—'here is a bundle.' He threw it on the floor. 'You must rig in the clothes it contains, and make your way into the celebrated crimp shop in the neighbourhood, and pick up all the information you can regarding the haunts of the pressable men at Cove, especially with regard to the ten seamen, who have run from the West Indiaman we left below. You know the Admiral has forbidden pressing in Cork, so you must contrive to frighten the blue jackets down to Cove, by representing yourself as an apprentice of one of the merchant vessels, who had run from his indentures, and that you had narrowly escaped from a press-gang this very night here.'

"I made no scruples, but forth-

with arrayed myself in the slops contained in the bundle; in a second-hand pair of shag trowsers."—"Tom," said Aaron, "that was very abominable"—"Red flannel shirt, coarse blue cloth jacket, and no waistcoat.

"'Now,' said Mr Treenail, 'stick a quid of tobacco into your cheek, and take the cockade out of your hat; or stop, leave it, and ship this stripped woollen night-cap so, and come along with me.'

"We left the house, and walked half a mile down what *we* call a *Key*, but an Irishman a *Key*, and with some shew of reason surely, when we both spell it *Quay*."—"Bah!" quoth Bing—"trash."

"Presently we arrived before a kind of low grog-shop—a bright lamp was daring in the breeze at the door, one of the panes of the glass of it being broken.

"Before I entered, Mr Treenail took me to one side, 'Tom, Tom Cringle, you must go into this crimp shop, pass yourself off for an apprentice of the Guava, bound for Trinidad, and pick up all the knowledge you can regarding the whereabouts of the men, for we are, as you know, cruelly ill manned, and must replenish as we best may.' I entered the house, after having agreed to rejoin my superior officer, so soon as I considered I had obtained my object. I rapped at the inner door, in which there was a small unglazed aperture cut, about four inches square; and I now, for the first time, perceived that a strong glare of light was cast into the lobby, where I stood, by a large argand, with a brilliant reflector, that like a magazine lantern had been morticed into the bulkhead, at a height of about two feet above the door in which the spy-hole was cut. My first signal was not attended to; I rapped again, and looking round I noticed Mr Treenail flitting backwards and forwards across the doorway, in the rain, with his pale face and his sharp nose, with the sparkling drop at the end on't, glancing in the light of the lamp. I heard a step within, and a very pretty face now appeared at the wicket.

"'Who are you saking here, an please ye?'

"'No one in particular, my dear,

but if you don't let me in, I shall be lodged in jail before five minutes be over.'

"I can't help that, young man," said she; 'but where are ye from, darling?'

"Hush!—I am run from the Guava, now lying at the Cove.'

"Oh," said my beauty, 'come in;' and she opened the door, but still kept it on the chain in such a way, that although by bobbing, I crept and slid in beneath it, yet a common-sized man could not possibly have squeezed himself through. The instant I entered, the door was once more banged to, and the next moment I was ushered into the kitchen, a room about fourteen feet square, with a well-sanded floor, a huge dresser on one side, and over against it a respectable shew of pewter dishes in racks against the wall. There was a long stripe of a deal table in the middle of the room—but no table-cloth—at the bottom of which sat a large, bloated, brandy, or rather whisky-faced savage, dressed in a shabby great-coat of the bodden grey worn by the Irish peasantry, dirty swandown vest, and greasy corduroy breeches, worsted stockings, and well-patched shoes; he was smoking a long pipe. Around the table sat about a dozen seamen, from whose wet jackets and trowsers the heat of the blazing fire, that roared up the chimney, sent up a smoky steam that cast a halo round the lamp, which stunk abominably of coarse whale oil, and depending from the roof, hung down within two feet of the table. They were, generally speaking, hard weatherbeaten-looking men, and the greater proportion half, or more than half drunk. When I entered, I walked up to the landlord.

"Yo ho, my young un, whence and whither bound, my hearty?"

"The first don't signify much to you," said I, 'seeing I have where-withal in the locker to pay my shot; and as to the second, of that hereafter; so, old boy, let's have some grog, and then say if you can ship me with one of them collicies that are lying alongside the quay?'

"My eye, what a lot of brass that small chap has!" grumbled mine host. 'Why, my lad, we shall see to-morrow morning; but you gammons so

bad about the rhino, that we must prove you a bit; so, Kate, my dear'—to the pretty girl who had let me in—'score a pint of rum against—Why, what is your name?'

"What's that to you?" rejoined I, 'let's have the drink, and don't doubt but the shiaers shall be forthcoming.'

"Hurrah!" shouted the party, most of them now very tipsy. So the rum was produced forthwith, and as I lighted a pipe and filled a glass of swizzle, I struck in, 'Messmates, I hope, you have all shipped?'

"No, we han't," said some of them.

"Nor shall we be in any hurry, boy," said others.

"Do as you please, but I shall, as soon as I can, I know; and I recommend all of you making yourselves scarce to-night, and keeping a bright look-out."

"Why, boy, why?"

"Simply because I have just escaped a press-gang, by bracing sharp up at the corner of the street, and shoving into this dark alley here."

"This called forth another volley of oaths and unseemly exclamations, and all was haste and confusion, and packing up of bundles, and settling of reckonings."

"Where," said one of the seamen, 'where do you go to, my lad?'

"Why, if I can't get shipped to-night, I shall trundle down to Cove immediately, so as to cross at Passage before daylight, and take my chance of shipping with some of the outward-bound that are to sail, if the wind holds, the day after to-morrow. There is to be no pressing when blue Peter flies at the fore—and that was hoisted this afternoon, I know, and the foretopsail will be loose to-morrow."

"D—n my wig, but the small chap is right," roared one.

"I've a bloody great mind to go

after several unavailing attempts to weigh from the bench, where he had brought himself to anchor.

"Hurrah!" yelled a third, as he hugged me, and nearly suffocated me with his maudling caresses, 'I trundles wid you too, my darling, by the piper.'

"Have with you, boy—have with you," shouted half-a-dozen other voices, while each stuck his oaken

twig through the handkerchief that held his bundle, and shouldered it, clapping his straw or tarpaulin hat, with a slap on the crown, on one side of his head, and staggering and swaying about under the influence of the poteen, and slapping his thigh, as he bent double, laughing like to split himself, till the water ran over his cheeks from his drunken half-shut eyes, and while jets of tobacco juice were squirting in all directions.

"I paid the reckoning, urging the party to proceed all the while, and indicating Pat Doolan's at the Cove as a good rendezvous; and promising to overtake them before they reached Passage, I parted company at the corner of the street, and rejoined the lieutenant.

"Next morning we spent in looking about the town. Cork is a fine town—contains seventy thousand inhabitants, *more or less*—"Safe in that, Tom," quoth Aaron—"and three hundred thousand pigs, driven by herdsmen, with coarse grey great-coats. They are not so handsome as those in England, where the legs are short, and tails curly; here the legs are long, the flanks sharp and thin, and tails long and straight."

"Which party do you here speak of, Tom—the pigs or grey-coated drivers?"

"*Allons !*"

"All classes speak with a deuced brogue, and worship graven images, arrived at Cove to a late dinner."

"Compensious enough this," said our critic. "Could they find no graven image to bow down before, except those who had arrived at Cove to a late dinner?"

"Nonsense," said Wagtail, "do get on, Aaron." He continued—

"It was about half-past ten o'clock, and I was preparing to turn in, when the master at arms called down to me,—

"Mr Cringle, you are wanted in the gun-room."

"I put on my jacket again, and immediately proceeded thither, and on my way I noticed a group of seamen, standing on the starboard gangway, dressed in pea jackets, under which, by the light of a lantern, carried by one of them, I could see they were all armed with pistol and cutlass. They appeared in great

glee, and as they made way for me, I could hear one fellow whisper, 'There goes the little beagle.' When I entered the gun-room, the first lieutenant, master, and purser, were sitting smoking and enjoying themselves over a glass of cold grog—the gunner taking the watch on deck—the doctor was piping any thing but mellifluously on the double flageolet, while the Spanish Priest, and Aide-de-Camp to the General, were playing at chess, and wrangling in bad French. I could hear Mr Treenail rumbling and stumbling in his State-room, as he accoutred himself in a jacket similar to those of the armed boat's crew whom I had passed, and presently he stepped into the gun-room, armed also with cutlass and pistol.

"Mr Cringle, get ready to go in the boat with me, and bring your arms with you."

"I now knew whereabouts he was, and that my Cork friends were the quarry at which we aimed. I did as I was ordered, and we immediately pulled on shore, where, leaving two strong fellows in charge of the boat, with instructions to fire their pistols and shove off a couple of boat-lengths, should any suspicious circumstance, indicating an attack, take place, we separated, like a pulk of Cossacks coming to the charge, but without the *houah*, with orders to meet before Pat Doolan's door, as speedily as our legs could carry us. We had landed about a cable's-length to the right of the high precipitous bank—up which we stole in straggling parties—on which that abominable congregation of the most filthy huts ever pig grunted in, is situated, called the Holy Ground. Pat Doolan's domicile was in a little dirty lane, about the middle of the village. Presently ten strapping fellows, including the lieutenant, were before the door, each man with his stretcher in his hand. It was a very tempestuous, although moonlight night, occasionally clear, with the moonbeams at one moment sparkling brightly in the small ripples on the filthy puddles before the door, and on the gem-like water-drops that hung from the eaves of the thatched roof, and lighting up the dark statue-like figures of the men, and casting their long shadows strongly against

the mud wall of the house; at another, a black cloud, as it flew across her disk, cast every thing into deep shade, while the only noise we heard was the hoarse dashing of the distant surf, rising and falling on the fitful gusts of the breeze. We tried the door. It was fast.

"Surround the house, men," said the lieutenant, in a whisper. He rapped loudly. "Pat Doolan, my man, open your door, will ye?" No answer. "If you don't, we shall make free to break it open, Patrick, dear."

"All this while the light of a fire, or of candles, streamed through the joints of the door. The threat at length appeared to have the desired effect. A poor decrepid old man undid the bolt and let us in. '*Oho a ree! Oho a ree!*' What make you all this boder for—come you to help us to wake poor ould Kate there, and bring you the whisky wid you?"

"Old man, where is Pat Doolan?" said the lieutenant.

"Gone to borrow whisky, to wake ould Kate, there;—the howling will begin whenever Mother Doncannon and Mistress Conolly come over from Middleton, and I look for dem every minute."

"There was no vestige of any living thing in the miserable hovel, except the old fellow. On two low trestles, in the middle of the floor, lay a coffin with the lid on, on the top of which was stretched the dead body of an old emaciated woman in her grave-clothes, the quality of which was much finer than one could have expected to have seen in the midst of the surrounding squalidaess. The face of the corpse was uncovered, the hands were crossed on the breast, and there was a plate of salt on the stomach.

"An iron cresset, charged with coarse rancid oil, hung from the roof, the dull smoky red light flickering on the dead corpse, as the breeze streamed in through the door and numberless chinks in the walls, making the cold, rigid, sharp features appear to move, and glimmer, and gibber as it were, from the changing shades. Close to the head, there was a small door opening into an apartment of some kind, but the coffin was placed so near it, that one could not pass between the body and the door.

"My good man," said Treenail, to the solitary mourner, "I must beg leave to remove the body a bit, and have the goodness to open that door."

"Door, yere honour! It's no door o' mine—and it's not opening that same, that old Phil Carrol shall busy himself wid."

"Transom," said Mr Treenail, quick and sharp, "remove the body." It was done.

"Cruel heavy the old dame is, sir, for all her wasted appearance," said one of the men.

"The lieutenant now ranged the press-gang against the wall fronting the door, and stepping into the middle of the room, drew his pistol and cocked it. 'Messmates,' he sung out, as if addressing the sculkers in the other room, 'I know you are here—the house is surrounded—and unless you open that door now, by the powers, but I'll fire slap into you.' There was a bustle, and a rumbling tumbling noise within. 'My lads, we are now sure of our game,' sung out Treenail, with great animation. 'Sling that clumsy bench there.' He pointed to an oaken form about eight feet long, and nearly three inches thick. To produce a two-inch rope, and junk it into three lengths, and rig the battering ram, was the work of an instant. 'One, two, three,'—and bang the door flew open, and there were our men stowed away, each sitting on the top of his bag, as snug as could be, although looking very much like condemned thieves. We bound eight of them, and thrusting a stretcher across their backs, under their arms, and lashing the fins to the same by good stout lanyards, we were proceeding to stow our prisoners off to the boat, when, with the innate devilry that I have inherited, I know not how, but the original sin of which has more than once nearly cost me my life, I said, without addressing my superior officer, or any one else, directly,—'I should like now to scale my pistol through that coffin. If I miss, I can't hurt the old woman; and an eyelet hole in the coffin itself, will only be an act of civility to the worms.'"

"I am ashamed of that part of the record, Mr Bang. Pray draw your pen through it."

"Pen!" said he—"why, I have none at hand, Tom, and if I had, I would not expunge it. I would leave

it in your power to satisfy your conscience, if you can do so, by drawing your pen through it yourself—a bad sentiment, and cruel under the circumstances, Cringle—but, come along.”

“I looked towards my superior officer, who answered me with a knowing shake of the head. I advanced, while all was silent as death—the sharp click of the pistol lock now struck acutely on my own ear. I presented, when—crash—the lid of the coffin, old woman and all, was dashed off in an instant, the corpse flying up in the air, and then falling heavily on the floor, rolling over and over, while a tall handsome fellow, in his striped flannel shirt and blue trousers, and the sweat pouring down over his face in streams, sat up in the shell.

“‘All right,’ said Mr Treenail,—‘help him out of his berth.’

“He was pinioned like the rest, and forthwith we walked them all off to the beach. By this time there was an unusual bustle in the Holy Ground, and we could hear many an anathema, curses, not loud but deep, ejaculated from many a half-opened door as we passed along. We reached the boat, and time it was we did so, for a number of stout fellows, who had followed us in a gradually increasing crowd, until they amounted to forty at the fewest, now nearly surrounded us, and kept closing in. As the last of us jumped into the boat, they made a rush, so that if we had not shoved off with the speed of light, I think it very likely that we should have been overpowered. However, we reached the ship in safety, and the day following we weighed, and stood out to sea with our convoy.

“A line-of-battle ship led—and two frigates and three sloops of our class were stationed on the outskirts of the fleet, whipping them in as it were. Nothing particular happened for three weeks. We made Madeira in fourteen days, looked in, but did not anchor.”

“Ahem, ahem,” said Aaron—‘superb island—magnificent mountains—white town,—and all very fine I make no doubt,’ as he read on.

On this evening, (we had by this time progressed into the trades, and were within three hundred miles of Barbadoes,) the sun had set bright and clear, after a most beautiful day,

and we were bounding along right before it, rolling like the very devil; but there was no moon, and although the stars sparkled brilliantly, yet it was dark, and as we were the sternmost of the men-of-war, we had the task of whipping the sluggards. It was my watch on deck. A gun from the Commodore, who shewed a number of lights. What is that, Mr Kennedy?’ said the Captain to the old gunner.—‘The Commodore has made the night signal for the sternmost ships to make more sail and close, sir.’ We repeated the signal—and stood on hauling the dullest of the merchantmen of our neighbourhood to make more sail, and firing a musket-shot now and then over the more distant of the fleet. By and by we saw a large West-Indian man suddenly haul her wind, and stand across our bows.

“‘Forward the gun,’ sung out Mr Splinter, ‘stand by to fire a shot at that fellow from the main gun if he does not bear up. What can he be after?—Sergeant Armstrong,’ to a marine, who was standing close by him, in the waist; ‘get a musket, and fire over him.’ This was done, and the ship immediately bore up on her course again; we now ranged alongside of him on his lee-board quarter.

“‘Ho, the ship, ho!’—‘Hillo!’ was the reply. ‘Make more sail, sir, and run into the body of the fleet, or I shall fire into you; why don’t you, sir, keep in the wake of the Commodore?’ No answer.

“‘What meant you by hauling your wind just now, sir?’

“‘Yesh, Yesh,’ at length responded a voice from the merchantman.

“‘Something wrong here,’ said Mr Splinter. ‘Back your maintopsail, sir, and hoist a light at the peak; I shall send a boat on board of you. Boatswain’s mate, pipe away the crew of the jolly boat.’ We also backed our maintopsail, and were in the act of lowering down the boat, when the officer rattled out. ‘Keep all fast, with the boat; I can’t comprehend that captain’s manœuvres for the soul of me. He has not hove-to! Once more we were within pistol-shot of him. ‘Why don’t you heave-to, sir?’ All silent.

“‘Presently we could perceive a confusion and noise of struggling on board, and angry voices, as if

people were trying to force their way up the hatchways from below; and a heavy thumping on the deck, and a creaking of the blocks, and rattling of the cordage, while the mainyard was first braced one way, and then another, as if two parties were striving for the mastery. At length a voice hailed distinctly. 'We are captured by a ——' A sudden sharp cry, and a splash overboard told of some fearful deed.

"We are taken by a privateer, or pirate," sung out another voice. This was followed by a heavy crunching blow, as when the spike of a butcher's axe is driven through a bullock's forehead deep into his brain.

"By this the captain was on deck, all hands had been called, the word had been passed to clear away two of the foremost carronades on the starboard side, and to load them with grape.

"On board there—got—low, all you of the English crew, as I shall fire with grape.

"The hint was now taken. The ship at length came to the wind—we rounded to, under her lee—and an armed boat, with Mr Treemill, and myself, and six or seven men, with cutlasses, were sent on board.

"We jumped on deck, and at the gangway, Mr Treemill stumbled, and fell over the dead body of a man, no doubt the one who had hailed last, with his scull clenched to the eyes, and a broken cutlass blade sticking in the gash. We were immediately accosted by the mate, who was lashed down to a ringbolt close by the bits, with his hands tied at the wrists by sharp cords, so tightly, that the blood was spouting from beneath his nails.

"We have been surprised by a privateer-schooner, sir; the lieutenant of her, and twelve men, are now in the cabin."

"Where are the rest of the crew?"

"All secured in the fore-castle, except the second mate and boatswain, the men who hailed you just now; the last was knocked on the head, and the former was stabbed and thrown overboard."

"We immediately released the men, eighteen in number, and armed them with boarding pikes. 'What vessel is that astern of us?' said Treemill to the mate. Before he

could answer, a shot from the brig fired at the privateer, showed she was broad awake. Next moment Captain Dead-eye hailed. 'Hav' you mastered the prize crew, Mr Treemill?'—'Aye, aye, sir.'—'Then keep your course, and keep two lights hoisted at your mizen peak during the night, and blue Peter at the main-topsail yardarm; when the day breaks, I shall haul my wind after the suspicious sail in your wake.'

"Another shot, and another, from the brig. By this the lieutenant had descended to the cabin followed by his people, while the merchant crew once more took charge of the ship, crowding sail into the body of the fleet.

"I followed him close, pistol and cutlass in hand, and I shall never forget the scene that presented itself when I entered. The cabin was that of a vessel of five hundred tons, elegantly fitted up; the panels were filled with crimson cloth, and gold mouldings, with superb damask hangings before the stern windows and the side berths, and brilliantly lighted up by two large swinging lamps hung on the deck above, which were reflected from, and multiplied in, several plate glass mirrors and panels. In the recess, which in cold weather had been occupied by the stove, now stood a splendid cabinet piano, the silk corresponding with the crimson cloth of the panels; it was open, a pelerine bonnet with a green veil, a parasol, and two long white gloves, as if recently pulled off, lay on it, with the very mould of the hands in them.

"The rudder case was particularly beautiful; it was a richly carved and gilded palm-tree, the stem painted white, and interlaced with golden fretwork, like the lozenges of a pineapple, while the leaves spread up and abroad on the roof.

"The table was laid for supper, with cold meat, and wine, and a profusion of silver things, all sparkling brightly; but it was in great disorder, wine spilt, and glasses broken, and dishes with meat upset, and knives and forks, and spoons, scattered all about. She was evidently one of those London West Indianmen, on board of which I knew there was much splendour and great comfort. But, alas! the hand of law-

less violence had been there. The captain lay across the table, with his head hanging over the side of it next to us, and unable to help himself, with his hands tied behind his back, and a gag in his mouth; his face purple from the blood running to his head, and the white of his eyes turned up, while his loud stertorous breathing but too clearly indicated the rupture of a vessel on the brain.

"He was a stout portly man, and although we released him on the instant, and had him bled, and threw water on his face, and did all we could for him, he never spoke afterwards, and died in half an hour.

"Four gentlemanly-looking men were sitting at table, lashed to their chairs, pale and trembling, while six of the most ruffian-looking scoundrels I ever beheld, stood on the opposite side of the table in a row fronting us, with the light from the lamps shining full on them. Three of them were small, but very square mulattoes; one was a South American Indian, with the square high-boned visage, and long, lank, black glossy hair of his cast. These four had no clothing besides their trowsers, and stood with their arms folded, in all the calmness of desperate men, caught in the very fact of some horrible atrocity, which they knew shut out all hope of mercy. The two others were white Frenchmen, tall, bushy-whiskered, sallow desperadoes, but still, wonderful to relate, with, if I may so speak, the manners of gentlemen. One of them squinted, and had a hair-lip, which gave him a horrible expression. They were dressed in white trowsers and shirts, yellow silk sashes round their waists, and a sort of blue uniform jackets, blue Gascon caps, with the peaks, from each of which depended a large bullion tassel, hanging down on one side of their heads. The whole party had apparently made up their minds that resistance was vain, for their pistols and cutlasses, some of them bloody, had all been laid on the table, with the butts and handles towards us, contrasting horribly with the glittering equipage of steel, and crystal, and silver things, on the snow-white damask table-cloth. They were immediately seized and ironed, to which they submitted in silence. We next released the passengers, and were

overpowered with thanks, one dancing, one crying, one laughing, and another praying. But, merciful Heaven! what an object met our eyes! Drawing aside the curtain that concealed a sofa, fitted into a recess, there lay, more dead than alive, a tall and most beautiful girl: her head resting on her left arm, her clothes dishevelled and torn, blood on her bosom, and foam on her mouth, with her long dark hair loose and dishevelled, and covering the upper part of her deadly pale face, through which her wild sparkling black eyes, protruding from their sockets, glanced and glared with the fire of a maniac's, while her blue lips kept gibbering an incoherent prayer one moment, and the next imploring mercy, as if she had still even in the hands of those who knew not the name; and anon, a low hysterical laugh made our very blood freeze in our bosoms, which soon ended in a long dismal yell, as she rolled off the couch upon the hard deck, and lay in a dead faint.

"Alas the day! maniac she was from that hour. She was the only daughter of the murdered master of the ship, and never awoke in her unclouded reason, to the fearful consciousness of her own dishonour and her parent's death."

"Tom," said Bang, "that is a melancholy affair, I can't read any more of it. What followed? Tell us."

"Why the Torch captured the schooner, sir, and we left the privateer's men at Barbadoes to meet their reward, and several of the merchant sailors were turned over to the guardship, to prove the facts in the first instance, and to serve his Majesty as impressed men in the second."

"Ah," said Aaron again, "melancholy indeed, and but scrimp measure of justice to the poor ship's crew. But let us get on."

"Anchored at Carlisle Bay, Barbadoes.—Town seemed built of cards—black faces—showy dresses of the negroes—dined at Mr C——'s—capital dinner—little breeze mill at the end of the room, that pumped a solution of saltpetre and water into a trough of tin, perforated with small holes, below which, and exposed to the breeze, were ranged the wine and liqueurs, all in cotton bags; the water then flowed into a well, where

the pump was stepped, and thus was again pumped up and kept circulating."

"Deuced good contrivance that same, ah," said Gelid.

"Landed the artillery, the soldiers, officers, and the Spanish Cannon."

"Oh, discharged the whole battery, eh?" said Aaron.

"Next morning, weighed at day-dawn, and soon lost sight of the bright blue waters of Carlisle Bay, and the smiling fields and tall cocoa-nut trees of the beautiful island. In a week after we arrived off the east end of Jamaica, and that same evening, in obedience to the orders of the admiral on the Windward Island station, we hove to in Bull Bay, in order to land despatches, and secure our title of the crews of the merchant-vessels bound for Kingston, and the ports to leeward, as they passed us. We had fallen in with a pilot canoe off Morant Bay with four negroes on board, who requested us to hoist in their boat, and take them all on board, as the pilot schooner, to which they belonged, had that morning bore up for Kingston, and left instructions to them to follow her in the first vessel appearing afterwards. We did so, and now, as it was getting dark, the captain came up to Mr Treenail.

"Why, Mr Treenail, I think we had better leave to for the night, and in this case I shall want you to go in the cutter to Port Royal to deliver the despatches on board the flag-ship."

"I don't think the admiral will be at Port Royal, sir," responded the lieutenant; 'and, if I might suggest, those black chaps have offered to take me ashore here on the *Palisadoes*, a narrow spit of land, not above one hundred yards across, that divides the harbour from the ocean, and to haul the canoe across, and take me to the agent's house in Kingston, who will doubtless frank me up to the *Pen*, where the Admiral resides, and I shall thus deliver the letters, and be back again by day-dawn.'

"Not a bad plan," said old Dead-eye; 'put it in execution, and I will go below and get the despatches immediately.'

"The canoe was once more hoisted out; the three black fellows, the pi-

lot of the ship continuing on board, jumped into her alongside.

"Had you not better take a couple of hands with you, Mr Treenail?" said the skipper.

"Why, no, sir; I don't think I shall want them, but if you will spare me Mr Cringle I will be obliged, in case I want any help."

"We shoved off, and as the glowing sun dipped under Portland Point, as the tongue of land that runs out about four miles to the southward, on the western side of Port Royal harbour, is called, we arrived within a hundred yards of the *Palisadoes*. The surf, at the particular spot we steered for, did not break on the shore in a rolling curling wave, as it usually does, but smoothed away under the lee of a small sandy promontory that ran out into the sea, about half a cable's length to windward, and then slid up the smooth white sand, without breaking, in a deep clear green swell, for the space of twenty yards, gradually shoaling until it frothed away in a shallow white fringe, that buzzed as it receded back into the deep green sea, until it was again propelled forward by the succeeding billow.

"I say, friend Bungo, how shall we manage? You don't mean to swamp us in a shove through that surf, do you?" said Mr Treenail.

"No fear, massa, if you and toder leetle man-of-war Buccra, only keep dem seat when we rise on de crest of de swell dere."

"We sat quiet enough. Treenail was coolness itself, and I aped him as well as I could. The loud murmur—I may as well call it roar of the sea—was trying enough as we approached, buoyed on the last long undulation.

"Now sit still, massa, bote."

"We sank down into the trough, and presently were hove forwards with a smooth sliding motion up on the beach—until, grit, grit, we stranded on the cream-coloured sand, high and dry.

"Now jump, massa, jump."

"We leapt with all our strength, and thereby toppled down on our noses; the sea receded, and before the next billow approached, we had run the canoe twenty yards beyond high water mark.

"It was the work of a very few minutes to haul the canoe across the

sand-bank, and to launch it once more in the placid waters of the harbour of Kingston. We pulled across towards the town, until we landed at the bottom of Hanover Street, the lights from the cabin windows of the merchantmen glimmering as we passed, and the town only discernible from a solitary sparkle here and there. But the contrast when we landed was very striking. We had come through the darkness of the night in comparative quietness, and in two hours, from the time we had left the old *Torch*, we were transferred from her orderly deck to the bustle of a crowded town.

"One of our crew undertook to be the guide to the agent's house. We arrived before it. It was a large mansion, and we could see lights glimmering in the ground floor, but it was gaily lit up aloft. The house itself stood back from the street, from which it was separated by an iron railing.

"We knocked at the outer gate, but no one answered. At length our black guides found out a bell-pull, and presently the clang of a bell resounded throughout the mansion. Still no one answered. I pushed against the door, and found it was open, and Mr Treenail and myself immediately ascended a flight of six marble steps, and stood in the lower piazza, with the hall, or lower vestibule, before us. We entered. A very well-dressed brown woman, who was sitting at her work at a small table, along with two young girls of the same complexion, instantly rose to receive us.

"*'Beg pardon,'* said Mr Treenail, *'pray, is this Mr ——'s house ?'*

Yes, sir, it is.'

"Will you have the goodness to say if he be at home ?'

"Oh yes, sir, he is dere upon dinner wid company,' said the lady.

"Well,' continued the lieutenant, 'say to him that an officer of his Majesty's sloop, *Torch*, is below, with despatches for the Admiral.'

"Surely, sir—surely,' the dark lady continued—'follow me, sir, and dat small gentleman, [Thomas Cringle, Esquire, no less,] him will better follow me too.'

"We left the room, and turning to the right, landed in the lower piazza of the house, fronting the north. A

large clumsy stair occupied the easternmost end, with a massive mahogany balustrade, but the whole affair below was very ill lit up. The brown lady preceded us, and planting herself at the bottom of the staircase, began to shout to some one—'Toby, Toby—buccra gentleman arrive, Toby.' But no Toby responded to the call.

"My dear madam,' said Treenail, 'I have little time for ceremony. Pray usher us up into Mr ——'s presence.'

"Den follow me, gentlemen, please.'

"Porthwith we all ascended the dark staircase, until we reached the first landing-place, when we heard a noise as of two negroes wrangling above us on the dark staircase.

"You rascal,' sang out one, 'take dat, larn you, for teal my wittal'—then a sharp crack, as if he had smote the culprit across the pate; whereupon, like a shot, a black fellow, in a handsome livery, trundled down, pursued by another servant with a large silver ladle in his hand, with which he was belabouring the fugitive over his flint-hard skull, right against our hostess, with the drumstick of a turkey in his hand, or rather in his mouth. 'Top, you tief—top, you tief—for me piece dat,' shouted the pursuer. 'You dam rascal,' quoth the dame—but she had no time to utter another word before the fugitive pitched, with all his weight, right against her; and at the very moment another servant came trundling down with a large tray full of all kinds of meats—and I especially remember that two large crystal stands of jellies composed part of his load—so there we were regularly capsized, and caught all of a heap in the dark landing-place, half way up the stair, and down the other flight tumbled our guide, with Mr Treenail and myself, and the two blackies, on the top of her, rolling in our descent over, or rather into another large mahogany tray, which I had just been carried out, with a tureen of turtle-soup in it, and a dish of roast-beef, and platefuls of land crabs, and the Lord knows what all besides. The crash reached the ear of the landlord, who was seated at the head of his table, in the upper piazza, a long gallery about fifty feet long by four-

teen wide, and he immediately rose and ordered his butler to take a light. When he came down to ascertain the cause of the uproar, I shall never forget the scene. There was, first of all, mine host, a remarkably neat personage, standing on the polished mahogany stair, three steps above his servant, who was a very well-dressed respectable elderly negro, with a candle in each hand; and beneath him, on the landing-place, lay two trays of viands, broken tureens of soup, fragments of dishes, and fractured glasses, and a chaos of eatables and drinkables, and table-gear scattered all about, amidst which lay scrambling my lieutenant and myself, the old brown house-keeper, and the two negro servants, all more or less covered with gravy and wine dregs. However, after a good laugh, we all gathered ourselves up, and at length we were ushered on the scene. Mine host, after stifling his laughter the best way he could, again sat down at the head of his table, sparkling with crystal and waxlights, while a superb lamp hung overhead. The company was composed chiefly of naval and military men, but there was also a sprinkling of civilians, or *navvies*, to use a West India expression. Most of them rose as we entered, and after they had taken a glass of wine, and had their laugh at our mishap, our landlord retired to one side with Mr Treenail, while I, poor little middy as I was, remained standing at the end of the room, close to the head of the stairs. The gentleman who sat at the foot of the table had his back towards me, and was not at first aware of my presence. But the guest at his right hand, a happy-looking, red-faced, well-dressed man, soon drew his attention towards me. The party to whom I was thus indebted seemed a very jovial-looking personage, and appeared to be well known to all hands, and indeed the life of the party, for, like Falstaff, he was not only witty in himself, but the cause of wit in others."

When he had read thus far, Mr Bang looked at me with a sly twinkle of his eye, and a shake of his head. "Ah, you villain! But let me proceed."

"The gentleman to whom he had pointed me out immediately rose,

made his bow, ordered a chair, and made room for me beside himself, where the moment it was known that we were direct from home, such a volley of questions was fired off at me, that I did not know which to answer first. At length, after Treenail had taken a glass or two of wine, the agent started him off to the Admiral's Pen in his own gig, and I was desired to stay where I was until he returned.

"Why, I say, Tom," again quoth Aaron, "I never knew before that you were in Jamaica, at the period you here write of."

"Why, my dear sir, I scarcely can say that I was there, my visit was so hurried."

"Hurried!" rejoined he, "hurried—by no means, were you not in the island for four or five hours? Ah, long enough to have authorized your writing an anti-slavery pamphlet of one hundred and fifty pages."

I smiled.

"Oh, you may laugh, my boy, but it is true—oh what a subject for an anti-slavery lecture—listen and be instructed,"—here our friend shook himself as a buxier does to ascertain that all is right before he throws up his guard, and for the first five minutes he only jerked his right shoulder this way and his left shoulder t'other way, while his fins walloped down against his sides like empty sleeve—at length as he warned—he stretched forth his arms like Saint Paul in the Cartoon—and although he now and then could not help sticking his tongue in his cheek, still the exhibition was so true and so exquisitely comical, that I never shall forget it.—"The whole white inhabitants of Kingston are luxurious monsters, living in more than Eastern splendour; and their universal practice, during their magnificent repasts, is to entertain themselves, by compelling their black servants to belabour each other across the pate with silver ladles, and to stick drumsticks of turkeys down each other's throats. Merciful heaven!—only picture the miserable slaves, each with the spaul of a turkey sticking in his gob; dwell upon that, my dearly beloved hearers, dwell upon that—and then let those who have the atrocious hardihood to do so, speak of the kindness of the planters' hearts. Kindliness! kindness, to

cram the leg of a turkey down a man's throat, while his yoke-fellow in bondage is fracturing his tender woolly skull—for all negroes, as is well known, have craniums, much thinner, and more fragile than an egg-shell—with so tremendous a weapon as a silver ladle? Aye, a silver ladle!!! Some people make light of a silver ladle as an instrument of punishment—it is spoken of as a very slight affair, and that the blows inflicted by it are mere child's play. If any of you, my beloved hearers, labour under this delusion, and will allow me, for your edification, to hammer you about the chops with one of the aforesaid silver soup-ladles of those yellow tyrants, for one little half hour, I pledge myself the delusion shall be dispelled once and for ever. Well then, after this fearful scene has continued for, I dare not say how long—the black butler—ay, the black butler, a slave himself—oh, my friends, even the black butlers are slaves—the very men who minister the wine in health which maketh their hearts glad, and the castor oil in sickness, which maketh them any thing but of a cheerful countenance—this very black butler is desired, on peril of having a drumstick stuck into his own gizzard also, and his skull fractured by the aforesaid *iron* ladles—red hot, it may be—aye, and who shall say they are not full of *molten lead*? yes, molten lead—does not our reverend brother Lachrimæ Roarem say that the ladles *might* have been full of molten lead, and what evidence have we on the other side, that they *were not full* of molten lead? Why, none at all, none—nothing but the oaths of all the naval and military officers who have ever served in these pestilent settlements; and of all the planters and merchants in the West Indies, the interested planters—those planters who suborn all the navy and army to a man—those planters whose molasses is but another name for human blood. (Here a large puff and blow, and a swabification of the white handkerchief, while the congregation blow a flourish of trumpets.) My friends—(another puff)—my friends—we all know, my friends, that bullocks' blood is largely used in the sugar refineries in England, but alas! there is no bullocks' blood used in the refineries in

the West Indies. This I will prove to you on the oath of six dissenting clergymen. No. What then is the inference? Oh, is it not palpable? Do you not every day, as jurors, hang men on circumstantial evidence? Are not many of yourselves hanged and transported every year, on the simple fact being proved, of your being found stooping down in pity over some poor fellow with a broken head, with your hands in his breeches' pockets in order to help him up? And can *you* fail to draw the proper inference in the present case? Oh, no! no! my friends, *it is the blood of the Negroes* that is used in these refining pandemoniums—of the poor Negroes, who are worth one hundred pounds apiece to their masters, and on whose health and capacity for work these same planters absolutely and entirely depend."

Here our friend gathered all his energies, and began to roar like a perfect bull of Bashan, and to swing his arms about like the sails of a wind-mill, and to stamp and jump, and lollop about with his body as he went on.

"Well, this butler, this poor black butler—this poor black slave butler—this poor black Christian slave butler—for he may have been a Christian, and most likely was a Christian, and indeed must have been a Christian—is enforced, after all the cruelties already related, on pain of being choked with the leg of a turkey himself, and having molten lead poured down his own throat, to do what?—who would not weep?—to—to—to chuck each of his fellow-servants, poor miserable creatures! each with a bone in his throat, and molten lead in his belly, and a fractured skull—to chuck them, neck and croup, one after another, down a dark staircase, a pitch-dark staircase, amidst a chaos of plates and dishes, and the hardest and most expensive china, and the finest cut crystal—that the wounds inflicted may be the keener—and silver spoons, and knives and forks. Yea, my Christian brethren, carving-knives and pitchforks right down on the top of their brown mistresses, who are thereby invariably bruised like the clown in the pantomime—at least as I am told he is, for I never go to such profane places—oh, no!—bruised as flat as pancakes, and generally mur-

dered outright on the spot. Last of all the landlord gets up, and kicks the miserable butler himself down after his mates, into the very heart of the living mass; and this not once and away, but every day in the week, Sundays not excepted. Oh, my dear, dear hearers, can you—can you, with your fleshly hearts thumping and bumping against your small ribs, forget the black butler, and the mulatto concubines, and the pitchforks, and the iron ladles full of molten lead? My feelings overpower me, I must conclude. Go in peace, and ponder these things in your hearts, and pay your sixpences at the doors.—*Eccant omnes*, piping their eyes, and blowing their noses.”

Our shouts of laughter interrupted our friend, who never moved a muscle. Presently he proceeded.

“The whole party seemed very happy, my boon ally was fun itself, and I was much entertained with the mess he made when any of the foreigners at table addressed him in French or Spanish. I was particularly struck with a small, thin, dark Spaniard, who told very feelingly how the very night before, on returning home from a party to his own lodgings, on passing through the piazza, he stumbled against something heavy that lay in his grass-hammock, which usually hung there. He called for a light, when, to his horror, he found the body of his old and faithful valet lying in it, *dead* and cold, with a knife sticking under his fifth rib—no doubt intended for his master. The speaker was Bolivar. About midnight, Mr Tree-nail returned, we shook hands with Mr —, and once more shoved off; and guided by the lights shewn on board the Torch, we were safe home again by three in the morning, when we immediately made sail, and nothing particular happened until we arrived within a day's sail of Nassau. It seemed, that about a week before, a large American brig, bound from Havanna to Boston, had been captured in this very channel by one of our men-of-war schooners, and carried into Nassau. Out of this same port of Nassau, New Providence, for their own security the Authorities had fitted a small schooner, carrying six guns, and twenty-four men. She was commanded by

a very gallant fellow—there is no disputing that—for in a fine clear night, when all the officers were below rummaging in their kits for the killing things they should array themselves in on the morrow, so as to smite the Fair of New Providence to the heart at a blow—*Whiss*—a shot flew over our mast-head.

“‘A small schooner lying to right a-head, sir,’ sung out the boatswain from the forecabin.

“Before we could beat to quarters, another sung between our masts. We kept steadily on our course, and as we approached our pigmy antagonist, he bore up. Presently we were alongside of him.

“‘Heave to,’ hailed the strange sail; ‘heave to, or I’ll sink you.’

“The captain took the trumpet—‘Schooner, ahoy’—no answer—‘Damn your blood, sir, if you don’t let every thing go by the run this instant, I’ll fire a broadside. Strike, sir, to his Britannic Majesty’s sloop Torch.’

“The poor fellow commanding the schooner had by this time found out his mistake, and immediately came on board, where, instead of being landed for his gallantry, I am sorry to say he was roundly rated for his want of discernment in mistaking his Majesty’s cruiser for a Yankee merchantman. Next forenoon we arrived at Nassau.”

“Oh, confound it,” said Aaron, “I positively shall not read any thing about Nassau, as we are so shortly to see it. So let me see”—ah—“Sailed for Bermuda, having taken on board ten American skippers as prisoners of war.

“For the first three days after we cleared the Passages, we had fine weather. Wind at east south-east; but after that it came on to blow from the north-west, and so continued without intermission during the whole of the passage to Bermuda. On the fourth morning after we left Nassau, we descried a sail in the south-east quarter, and immediately made sail in chase. We overhauled her about noon; she hove to, after being fired at repeatedly; and, on boarding her, we found she was a Swede from Charleston, bound to Havre-de-Grace. All the letters we could find on board were very uncere-moniously broken open, and nothing

having transpired that could identify the cargo as enemy's property, we were bundling over the side, when a nautical-looking subject, who had attracted my attention from the first, put in his oar.

"Lieutenant," said he, "will you allow me to put this barrel of New York apples into the boat as a present to Captain Deadeye, from Captain *** of the United States navy?"

"Mr Treenail bowed, and said he would; and we shoved off and got on board again, and here there was the devil to pay, from the perplexity old Deadeye was thrown into, as to whether, here in the heat of the American war, he was bound to take this American captain prisoner or not. I was no party to the councils of my superiors of course, but the foreign ship was finally allowed to continue her course.

"The next day I had the forenoon watch; the weather had lulled unexpectedly, nor was there much sea, and the deck was all alive, to take advantage of the fine *blink*, when the man at the mast-head sung out—'Breakers right a-head, sir.'

"Breakers!" said Mr Splinter, in great astonishment. 'Breakers!—why the man must be mad—I say, Jenkins'—

"Breakers close under the bows,' sung out the boatswain from forward.

"The devil,' quoth Splinter, and he ran along the gangway, and ascended the fore-castle, while I kept close to his heels. We looked out a-head, and there we certainly did see a splashing, and boiling, and white foaming of the ocean, that unquestionably looked very like breakers. Gradually, this splashing and foaming appearance took a circular whisking shape, as if the clear green sea, for a space of a hundred yards in diameter, had been stirred about by a gigantic invisible *spurtle*, until every thing hissed again; and the curious part of it was, that the agitation of the water seemed to keep a-head of us, as if the breeze which impelled us had also floated it on-wards. At length the whirling circle of white foam, ascended higher and higher, and then gradually contracted itself into a spinning black tube, which wavered about, for all the while, in a *tic loch-leech*, held

by the tail between the finger and thumb, while it was poking its vast snout about in the clouds in search of a spot to fasten on.

"Is the boat gun on the fore-castle loaded?" said Captain Deadeye.

"It is, sir."

"Then luff a bit—that will do—fire."

"The gun was discharged, and down rushed the black wavering pillar in a watery *avalanche*, and in a minute after the dark heaving billows rolled over the spot whereout it arose, as if no such thing had ever been."

"And what was this said troubling of the waters, Tom?" said Aaron.

"Why, my dear sir, it was neither more nor less than a waterspout, which again is neither more nor less than a whirlwind at sea, which gradually whisks the water round and round, and up and up, as you see straws so raised, until it reaches a certain height, when it invariably breaks."

"Do you mean to say, Tom, that a waterspout is not created by some next to supernatural exertion of the power of the Deity, in order to suck up water into the clouds, that they, like the wine-skins in Spain, may be filled with rain?"

"My dear sir, rain is not salt, as it must have been if the clouds had been leathern bags, and the water of the sea carried up in waterspouts; rain is the vapours which arise from the earth and sea, which being condensed, dis—"

"Oh, never mind," said Bang, "wait till you are made a lecturer in the Mechanics' Institution."

He continued,— "The morning after the weather was clear and beautiful, although the wind blew half a gale. Nothing particular happened until about seven o'clock in the evening. I happened to have been invited to dine with the gunroom officers this day, and every thing was going on smooth and comfortable, when Mr Splinter spoke, 'I say, master, don't you smell gunpowder?'

"Yes I do," said the little master, 'or something deuced like it.'

"To explain the particular comfort of our position, it may be right to mention that the magazine of a brig sloop is right under the gunroom. Three of the American skippers had

been quartered on the gunroom mess, and they were all at table. Snuff, snuff, smelled one, and another sniffled,—‘Gunpowder, I guess, and in a state of ignition.’

“Will you not send for the gunner, sir?” said the third.

“Splinter did not like it, I saw, and this quailed me.

“The captain’s bell rang. ‘What smell of brimstone is that, steward?’

“‘I really can’t tell,’ said the man, trembling from head to foot; ‘Mr Splinter has sent for the gunner, sir.’

“‘The devil!’ said Deadeye, as he hurried on deck. We all followed. A search was made.

“‘Some matches have caught in the magazine,’ said one.

“‘We shall be up and away like sky-rockets,’ said another.

“Several of the American masters ran out on the jib-boom, coveting the temporary security of being so far removed from the seat of the expected explosion, and all was alarm and confusion, until it was ascertained that two of the boys, little sky-larking vagabonds, had stolen some pistol cartridges, and had been making lightning, as it is called, by holding a lighted candle between the fingers, and putting some loose powder into the palm of the hand, and then clucking it up into the flame. They got a sound flogging, on a very unpoptical part of their corpses, and once more the ship subsided into her usual orderly discipline. The northwester still continued, with a clear blue sky, without a cloud overhead by day, and bright cold moon by night. It blew so hard for the three succeeding days, that we could not carry more than close-reefed topsails to it, and a reefed foresail. Indeed, towards six bells in the forenoon watch, it came thundering down with such violence, and the sea increased so much, that we had to hand the fore-topsails.

“This was by no means an easy job. ‘Ease her a bit,’ said the first lieutenant,—‘there—shake the wind out of her sails for a moment, until the men get the canvass’——whirl, a poor fellow pitched off the lee fore-yardarm into the sea. ‘Up with the helm—heave him the bight of a rope.’ We kept away, but all was confusion, until an American midshipman, one of the prisoners on board, hove the

bight of a rope at him. The man got it under his arms, and after hauling him along for a hundred yards at the least—and one may judge of the velocity with which he was dragged through the water, by the fact that it took the united strain of ten powerful men to get him in—and when we did get him on board, pale and blue, we found that the running of the rope had crushed in his broad chest below his arms, as if it had been a girl’s waist, cutting into the very muscles of his chest and of his back, half an inch deep. He had to be bled before he could breathe, and it was an hour before the circulation could be restored, by the joint exertions of the surgeon and gunroom steward, chafing him with hot spirits and camphor, after he had been stripped and stowed away between the blankets in his hammock.

“The same afternoon we fell in with a small prize to the squadron in the *Cheapeake*, a dismasted schooner, manned by a prize crew of a midshipman and six men. She had a signal of distress, an American ensign, with the union down, hoisted on the jury-mast, across which there was rigged a solitary lug-sail. It was blowing so hard that we had some difficulty in boarding her, when we found she was a Baltimore pilot-boat-built schooner, of about 70 tons burden, laden with flour, and bound for Bermuda. But three days before, in a sudden squall, they had carried away both masts, short by the board, and the only spar which they had been able to rig, was a spare top-mast which they had jammed into one of the pumps—fortunately she was as tight as a bottle—and stayed it the best way they could. The captain offered to take the little fellow who had charge of her, and his crew and cargo, on board, and then scuttle her; but no—all he wanted was a cask of water and some biscuit, and having had a glass of grog, he trundled over the side again, and returned to his desolate command. However, he afterwards brought his prize safe into Bermuda.

“The weather still continued very rough, but we saw nothing until the second evening after this. The forenoon had been even more boisterous than any of the preceding, and we were all fagged enough with ‘make

sail,' and 'shorten sail,' and 'all hands,' the whole day through; and as the night fell, I found myself, for the fourth time, in the maintop. The men had just lain in from the maintopsail yard, when we heard the watch, called on deck,—'Starboard watch, ahoy,'—which was a cheery sound to us of the larboard, who were thus released from duty on deck and allowed to go below.

"The men were scrambling down the weather shrouds, and I was preparing to follow them, when I jammed my left foot in the grating of the top, and capsized on my nose. I had been up nearly the whole of the previous night, and on deck the whole of the day, and actively employed too, as during the greatest part of it it blew a gale. I stooped down in some pain, to see what had bolted me to the grating, but I had no sooner extricated my foot, than, over-worked and over-fatigued as I was, I fell over in the soundest sleep that ever I have enjoyed before or since, the back of my neck resting on a coil of rope, so that my head hung down within it.

"The rain all this time was beating on me, and I was drenched to the skin. I must have slept for two hours or so, when I was awakened by a rough thump on the side from the stumbling foot of the captain of the top, the word having been passed to shake a reef out of the top-sails, the wind having rather suddenly gone down. It was done; and now broad awake, I determined not to be caught napping again, so I descended, and swung myself in on deck out of the main rigging, just as Mr Treenail was mustering the crew at eight bells. When I landed on the quarter-deck, there he stood abaft the binnacle, with the light shining on his face; his glazed hat glancing, and the rain-drops sparkling at the brim of it. He had noticed me the moment I descended.

"Heyday, Master Cringle, you are surely out of your watch. Why what are you doing here, eh?"

"I stepped up to him, and told him the truth, that being over-fatigued, I had fallen asleep in the top.

"Well, well, boy," said he, 'never mind, go below, and turn in; if you don't take your rest, you never will be a sailor.'

"But what do you see aloft?"

glancing his eye upwards, and all the crew on deck as I passed them looked anxiously up amongst the rigging, as if wondering what I saw there, for I had become so chilled in my snooze, that my neck, from resting in the cold on the coil of rope, had become stiffened and rigid to an inconceivable degree; and although, when I first came on deck, I had by a strong exertion brought my *caput* to its proper bearings, yet the moment I was dismissed by my superior officer, I for my own comfort allowed myself to conform to the contraction of the muscle, whereby I once more staved along the deck, *glowering* up into the heavens, as if I had seen some wonderful sight there. 'What do you see aloft?' repeated Mr Treenail, while the crew, greatly puzzled, continued to follow my eye, as they thought, and to stare up into the rigging.

"Why, sir, I have thereby got a stiff neck—that's all, sir."

"Go and turn in at once, my good boy—make haste, now—tell our steward to give you a glass of hot grog, and mind your hand that you don't get sick."

"I did as I was desired, swallowed the grog, and turned in; but I could not have been in bed above an hour, when the drum beat to quarters, and I had once more to bundle out on the cold wet deck, where I found all excitement—indeed, I am not sure if I should not write confusion. At the time I speak of we had been beaten by the Americans in several actions of single ships, and our discipline had improved in proportion as we came to learn by sad experience that the enemy was not to be undervalued. I found that there was a ship in sight, right ahead of us—apparently carrying all sail. A group of officers were on the fore-castle with night-glasses, the whole crew being stationed in dark clusters round the guns at quarters. Several of the American skippers were forward amongst us, and they were of opinion that the chase was a man-of-war, although our own people seemed to doubt this. One of the skippers insisted that she was the *Hornet*, from the unusual shortness of her lower masts, and the immense squareness of her yards. But the puzzle was, if it

were the *Hornet*, why she did not shorten sail. Still this might be accounted for, by her either wishing to make out what we were before she engaged us, or she might be clearing for action. At this moment a whole cloud of studding sails were blown from the yards as if the booms had been carrots; and to prove that the chase was keeping a bright look-out, she immediately kept away, and finally bore up dead before the wind, under the impression, no doubt, that she would draw ahead of us, from her gear being entire, before we could rig out our light sails again.

"And so she did for a time, but at length we got within gun-shot. The American masters were now ordered below, the hatches were clapped on, and the word passed to see all clear. Our shot was by this time flying over and over her, and it was evident she was not a man-of-war. We peppered away—she could not even be a privateer; we were close under her lee-quarter, and yet she had never fired a shot; and her large swaggering Yankee ensign was now run up to the peak, only to be hauled down the next moment. Hurrah! a large cotton ship, from Charleston to Bordeaux, prize to H. M. S. *Torch*.

"She was taken possession of, and proved to be the —, of four hundred tons burden, fully loaded with cotton.

"By the time we had got the crew on board, and the second lieutenant, with a prize crew of fifteen men, had taken charge, the weather began to lower again, but nevertheless we took the prize in tow, and continued on our voyage for the next three days, without any thing particular happening. It was the middle watch, and I was sound asleep, when I was startled by a violent jerking of my hammock, and a cry 'that the brig was amongst the breakers.' I ran on deck in my shirt, where I found all hands, and a scene of confusion such as I never had witnessed before. The gale had increased, yet the prize had not been cast off, and the consequence was, that by some mismanagement or carelessness, the awag of the large ship had suddenly hove the head sails of the brig a-back. We accordingly fetched stern way, and ran foul of the prize, and there we were, in a heavy sea, with our

stern grinding against the cotton ship's high quarter.

"The main boom, by the first rasp that took place after I came on deck, was broken short off, and nearly twelve feet of it hove right in over the taffril; the vessels then closed, and the next rub ground off the ship's mizen channel as clean as if it had been sawed away. Officers shouting, men swearing, rigging cracking, the vessels crashing and thumping together, I thought we were gone, when the first lieutenant seized his trumpet—'Silence, men, hold your tongues, you cowards, and mind the word of command!'

"The effect was magical.—'Brace round the foreyard; round with it—set the jib—that's it—fore-topmast stay-sail—haul—never mind, if the gale takes it out of the bolt rope—a thundering flap, and away it flew in truth down to leeward, like a puff of white smoke.—'Never mind, men, the jib stands. Belay all that—down with the helm, now—don't you see she has sternway yet? Zounds! we shall be smashed to atoms if you don't mind your hands, you lubbers—main-topsail sheets let fly—there she pays off, and has head-way once more, that's it—right your helm now—never mind his spanker-boom, the forestay will stand it—there—up with the helm, sir—we have cleared him—hurrah!—And a near thing it was too, but we soon had every thing snug; and although the gale continued without any intermission for ten days, at length we ran in and anchored with our prize in Five Fathom Hole, off the entrance to St George's Harbour.

"It was lucky for us that we got to anchor at the time we did, for that same afternoon, one of the most tremendous gales of wind from the westward came on that I ever saw. Fortunately it was steady and did not veer about, and having good ground-tackle down, we rode it out well enough. The effect was very uncommon; the wind was howling over our mast-heads, and amongst the cedar bushes on the cliffs above, while on deck it was nearly calm, and there was very little swell, being a weather shore; but half a mile at sea all was white foam, and yond this the tumbling waves!

on duty, had to put up with but Lenten fare at the taverns. At length, having refitted, we sailed, in company with the *Rayo* frigate, with a convoy of three transports, freighted with a regiment for New Orleans, and several merchantmen, bound for the West Indies.

"The still vexed Bermoothes"—I arrived at them in a gale of wind, and I sailed from them in a gale of wind. What the climate may be in the summer I don't know; but during the time I was there, it was one storm after another.

"We sailed in the evening with the moon at full, and the wind a west-north-west. So soon as we got from under the lee of the land, the breeze struck us, and it came on to blow like thunder, so that we were all soon reduced to our storm stay-sails; and there we were, transports, merchantmen, and men-of-war, rising on the mountainous billows one moment, and the next losing sight of every thing but the water and sky in the deep trough of the sea, while the seething foam was blown over us in showers from the curling masses of the roaring waves. But overhead, all this while, it was as clear as a lovely winter moon could make it, and the stars shone brightly in the deep blue sky; there was not even a thin fleecy shroud of cloud, racking across the moon's disk. Oh, the glories of a northwester!"

"The devil seize such glory!" said Bang. "Glory, indeed! with a fleet of transports, and a regiment of soldiers on board! Glory! why, I dare say five hundred rank and file, at the fewest, were all cascading at one and the same moment,—a thousand poor fellows turned outside in, like so many pairs of old stockings. Any glory in that? But to proceed."

"Next morning the gale still continued, and when the day broke, there was the frigate standing across our bows, rolling and pitching, as she tore her way through the boiling sea, under a close-reefed maintopsail and reefed foresail, with topgallant yards and royal masts, and every thing that could be struck with safety in war time, down on deck. There she lay with her clear black bends, and bright white streak, and long tier of cannon on the main-deck, and the carronades on the quarter-deck

and fore-castle grinning through the ports in the black bulwarks, while the white hammocks, carefully covered by the hammock-cloths, crowned the defences of the gallant frigate fore and aft, as she dived through the green surge, one minute rolling and rising on the curling white crest of a mountainous sea, amidst a hissing snow-storm of white spray, with her bright copper glancing from stem to stern, and her white canvass swelling aloft, and twenty feet of her keel forward occasionally hove into the air and clean out of the water, as if she had been a sea-bird rushing to take wing, and the next, sinking entirely out of sight, hull, masts, and rigging, behind an intervening sea, that rose in hoarse thunder between us, threatening to overwhelm both us and her. As for the transports, the largest of the three had lost her fore-topmast, and had bore up under her foresail; another was also scudding under a close-reefed fore-topmast; but the third or head-quarter ship, was still lying to windward, under her storm stay-sails. As for the merchant-vessels, they were nowhere to be seen, having been compelled to bear up in the night, and to run before it under bare poles.

"At length, as the sun rose, we all got before the wind, and it soon moderated so far, that we could carry reefed topsails and foresail; and away we all bowled, with a clear, deep, cold, blue sky, and a bright sun, overhead, and a stormy leaden-coloured ocean, with whitish green-crested billows, below. The sea continued to go down, and the wind to slacken, until the afternoon, when the Commodore made the signal to send a boat's crew, the instant it could be done with safety, on board the dismasted ship, to assist in repairing damages, and in getting up a jury-fore-topmast.

The damaged ship was at this time on our weather-quarter; we accordingly took in the fore-topmast, and presently she was alongside. We hailed her, that we intended to send a boat on board, and desired her to heave to, as we did, and presently she rounded to under our lee. One of the quarter-boats was manned, with three of the carpenter's crew, and six good men over and

above her complement, and lowered, carefully watching the rolls, with all hands in. The moment she touched the water, the tackles were cleverly unhooked, and we shoved off. With great difficulty, and not without wet jackets, we got on board, and the boat returned to the Torch. The evening when we landed in the lobster-box, as Jack loves to designate a transport, was too far advanced for us to do any thing towards refitting that night, and the confusion, and uproar, and numberless abominations of the crowded craft, was like some to a greater degree than I was willing to allow, after having been accustomed to the strict and orderly discipline of a man-of-war. The following forenoon the Torch was ordered by signal to chase in the south-east quarter, and hauling out from the fleet, she was soon out of sight.

"'There goes my house and home,' said I, and a feeling of desolateness came over me, that I would have been ashamed at the time to have acknowledged. We stood on, and worked hard all day in repairing the damage sustained during the gale.

"At length dinner was announced, and I was invited, as the officer in charge of the seamen, to go down. The party in the cabin consisted of an old *guineed* major with a brown wig, and a voice melodious as the sharpening of a saw. I fancied sometimes that the vibration created by it set the very glasses in the steward's pantry a-ringing; three captains and six subalterns, every man of whom, as the devil would have it, played on the flute, and drew bad sketches, and kept journals. Most of them were very white and blue in the gills when we sat down, and others of a dingy sort of whitey-brown, while they ogled the vizards in a most suspicious manner. Evidently most of them had but small confidence in their *monnyplies*, and one or two, as the ship gave a heavier roll than usual, looked wistfully towards the door, and half rose from their chairs, as if in act to bolt. However, hot brandy grog being the order of the day, we all, landsmen and sailors, got on astonishingly, and numberless long yarns were spun of what 'what's his name of this, and

so and so of t'other, did or did not do.'

"About half past five in the evening, the captain of the transport, or rather the agent, an old lieutenant in the navy, and our host, rang his bell for the steward.

"'Whereabouts are we in the fleet, steward?' said the ancient.

"'The sternmost ship of all, sir,' said the man.

"'Where is the commodore?'

"'About three miles a-head, sir.'

"'And the Torch, has she rejoined us?'

"'No, sir; she has been out of sight these two hours; when last seen she was in chase of something in the south-east, and carrying all the sail she could stagger under.'

"'Very well, very well.'

"A song from Master Waistbelt, one of the young officers. Before he had concluded the mate came down again. By this time it was near midnight.

"'Shall we shake a reef out of the main and mizen topsails, sir, and set the mainsail and spanker. The wind has lulled, sir, and there is a strange sail in the north-west that seems to be dodging us—but she may be one of the merchantmen after all, sir.'

"'Never mind, Mr Leechline,' said our gallant captain.

"'Mr Bandalier—a song if you please.'

"Now the young soldiers on board happened to be men of the world, and Bandalier, who did not sing, turned off the request with a good-humoured laugh, alleging his inability with much suavity; but the old rough Turk of a tar-bucket chose to fire at this, and sang out—'Oh, if you don't choose to sing when you are asked, and to sport your damned fine airs'—

"'Mr Crowfoot'—

"'Captain,' said the agent, piqued at having his title by courtesy, withheld.

"'By no means,' said Major Saw-rasp, who had spoken—'I believe I am speaking to Lieutenant Crowfoot, agent for transport No. —, wherein it so happens I am commanding officer—so'—

"Old Crowfoot saw he was in the wrong box, and therefore hove about, and backed out in good time

—making the *amende* as smoothly as his gruff nature admitted, and trying to look pleased.

“Presently the same infernal bothersome steward came down again—‘The strange sail is creeping up on our quarter, sir?’

“‘Aye,’ said Crowfoot, ‘how does she lay?’”

“‘There again now,’ said Aaron, with an irritable *gum*,—“‘why, Tom, your style is most pestilent—you *lay* here and you *lay* there—are you sure that you are not a hen, Tom?’”

“‘Not to my knowledge, my dear sir.’”

“‘But why not *lay*?’ chimed in Wattle.

“‘Simply because *lie* is the word, you Hottentot Venus—*lie*’—quoth Aaron. “‘But to proceed.

“‘She is *blowed* by the wind on the starboard tack, sir,’ continued the steward.

“‘We now all went on deck, and found that our suspicious friend had shortened sail, as if he had made us out, and was afraid to approach, or was lying by until night-fall.

“‘Sawrasp had, before this, with the tact and ease of a soldier and a gentleman, soldered his feud with Crowfoot, and, with the rest of the lobsters, was full of fight. The sun at length set, and the night closed in (“very prosaic all that,” quoth Bang) when the old major again addressed Crowfoot.

“‘My dear fellow, can’t you wait a bit, and let us have a rattle at that chap?’ And old Crowfoot, who never bore a grudge long, seemed much inclined to fall in with the soldier’s views; and in fine, although the weather was now moderate, he did not make sail. Presently the commodore fired a gun, and shewed lights. It was the signal to close. ‘Oh, time enough,’ said old Crowfoot—‘what is the old man afraid of?’ Another gun—and a fresh constellation on board the frigate. It was ‘an enemy in the northwest quarter.’

“‘‘Hah, hah,’ sung out the agent—‘is it so? Major, what say you to a brush—let her close, eh?—should like to pepper her—would’nt you—three hundred men, eh?’

“‘By this time we were all on deck—the schooner came howling along under mainsail and jib, now rising,

and presently disappearing behind the stormy heavings of the roaring sea, the rising moon shining brightly on her canvass pinions, as if she had been an albatross skimming along the surface of the foaming water, while her broad white streak glanced like a silver ribbon along her clear black side. She was a very large craft of her class, long and low in the water, and evidently very fast. It was now evident, from our having been unable as yet to get up our foretopmast, that she took us for a disabled merchantman, which might be cut off from the convoy.

“‘As she approached, we could perceive by the bright moonlight, that she had six guns of a side, and two long ones on pivots, the one forward on the forecastle, and the other choke up to the mainmast.

“‘Her deck was crowded with dark figures, pike and cutlass in hand; we were by this time so near that we could see pistols in their belts, and a trumpet in the hand of a man who stood in the fore-rigging, with his feet on the hammock netting, and his back against the shrouds. We had cleared away our six eighteen-pound carronades, which composed our starboard broadside, and loaded them, each with a round shot, and a bag of two hundred musket-balls, while three hundred soldiers in their foraging jackets, and with their loaded muskets in their hands, were lying on the deck, concealed by the quarters, while the blue jackets were sprawling in groups round the carronades.

“‘I was lying down beside the gallant old Major, who had a bugler close to him, while Crowfoot was standing on the gun nearest us; but getting tired of this recumbent position, I crept aft, until I could see through a spare port.

“‘‘Why don’t the rascals fire?’ quoth Sawrasp.

“‘‘Oh, that would alarm the Commodore. They intend to walk quietly on board of us; but they will find themselves mistaken a little,’ whispered Crowfoot.

“‘‘Mind, men, no firing till the bugle sounds,’ said the Major.

“‘The word was passed along.

“‘The schooner was by this time ploughing along within half pistol-shot, with the white water dashing

away from her bows, and buzzing past her sides—her crew as thick as peas on her deck. Once or twice she hauled her wind a little, and then again kept away for us, as if irresolute what to do. At length, without hailing, and all silent as the grave, she put her helm a-starboard, and ranged alongside.

" ' Now, my boys, give it him,' shouted Crowfoot—' Fire!'

" ' Ready, men,' shouted the Major,—' Present—fire!'

"The bugles sounded, the cannon roared, the musketry rattled, and the men cheered, and all was hurra, and fire, and fury. The breeze was strong enough to carry all the smoke forward, and I saw the deck of the schooner, where the moment before all was still and motionless, and filled with dark figures, till there scarcely appeared standing room, at once converted into a shambles. The blasting fiery tempest had laid low the whole mass, like a maize plat before a hurricane; and such a cry arose, as if

' Men fought on earth,
And fiends in upper air.'

Scarcely a man was on his legs, the whole crew seemed to have been levelled with the deck, many dead, no doubt, and most wounded, while we could see numbers endeavouring to creep towards the hatches, while the black blood, in horrible streaks, gushed and gurgled through her scuppers down her sides, and across the bright white streak, that glanced in the moonlight." Bang stopped short.

"A pleasant life yours, Tom—very."

"Do you know, my dear sir," rejoined I, "I never recall that early and dismal scene to my recollection,—the awful havoc created on the schooner's deck by our fire, the struggling, and crawling, and wriggling of the dark mass of wounded men, as they endeavoured, fruitlessly, to shelter themselves from our guns, even behind the dead bodies of their slain shipmates—without conjuring up a very fearful and harrowing image."

"And what may your ugly image be, my dear boy?" said Aaron.

"Were you ever at Biggleswade, my dear sir?"

"To be sure I have," said Mr Bang.

"Then did you ever see an eel-pot, with the water drawn off, when the snake-like fish were twining, and twisting, and crawling, like Brobdignag maggots, in living knots, a horrible and disgusting mass of living abomination, amidst the filthy slime at the bottom?"

"Ach—have done, Tom—hang your similies. Can't you cut your coat by me, man? Only observe the delicacy of mine."

"The corby craw for instance," said I, laughing.

"Ever at Biggleswade?" struck in Paul Gelid.

"Ever at Biggleswade! Lord love you, Cringle, we have all been at Biggleswade. Don't you know?" (how he conceived I should have known, I am sure I never could tell,) "don't you know that Wagtail and I once made a voyage to England, aye, in the hurricane months, too—ah—for the express purpose of eating eels there,—and Lord, Tom, my dear fellow,"—(here he sunk his voice into a most dolorous key) "let me tell you that we were caught in a hurricane in the Gulf, and very nearly lost, when, instead of eating eels, sharks would have eaten us—ah—and at length driven into Havannah—ah. And when we did get home"—(here I thought my excellent friend would have cried outright)—"Lord, sir! we found that the *fall* was not the season to eat eels in after all—ah—that is, in perfection. But we found out from Whittle, whom we met in town, that he had learned from the guard of the North mail, that one of the last season's pots was still on hand at Biggleswade; so down we trundled in the mail that very evening."

"And don't you remember the awful cold I caught that night, being obliged to go outside?" quoth Waggy.

"Ah, and so you did, my dear fellow," continued his ally.

"But gracious—on alighting, we found that the agent of a confounded gormaudizing Lord Mayor had that very evening boned the entire contents of the only remaining pot, for a cursed livery dinner—ah. Eels, indeed! we got none but those of the new catch, full of mud, and tasting of mud and red worms. Wagtail was really very ill in consequence—ah."

Pepperpot had all this while listened with mute attention, as if the

narrative had been most moving, and I question not he thought so; but Bang—oh, the rogue!—looked also very grave and sympathizing, but there was a laughing devil in his eye, that shewed he was inwardly enjoying the beautiful *rise* of his friend. At length he read on—

“Some one on board of the privateer now hailed, ‘We have surrendered; cease firing, sir.’ But devil a bit—we continued blazing away—a lantern was run up to his main gaff, and then lowered again.

“‘We have struck, sir,’ shouted another voice, ‘don’t murder us—don’t fire, sir, for God’s sake.’

“But fire we still did; no sailor has the least compunction at even *running down* a privateer. Mercy to privateersmen is unknown. ‘Give them the stem,’ is the word, the curs being regarded by Jack at the best as highwaymen; so, when he found we still peppered away, and sailing two feet for our one, the schooner at length, in their desperation, hauled her wind, and speedily got beyond range of our cannonades, having all this time never fired a shot. Shortly after this we ran under the *Rago*’s stern—she was lying to.

“‘Mr. Crowfoot, what have you been after? I have a great mind to report you, sir.’

“‘We could not help it, sir,’ sung out Crowfoot, in answer to the captain of the frigate: ‘we have been nearly taken, sir, by a privateer, sir—an immense vessel, sir, that sails like a witch, sir.’

“‘Keep close in my wake then, sir,’ rejoined the captain, in a gruff tone, and immediately the *Rago* bore up.

“Next morning we were all carrying as much sail as we could crowd. By this time we had gotten our jury foretopmast up, and the *Rago*, having kept astern in the night, was now under topsails, and topgallant sails, with the wet canvass at the head of the sails, shewing that the reefs had been freshly shaken out—rolling wedgelike on the swell, and rapidly passing us, to resume her station ahead. As she passed us, she made the signal to make more sail, her object being to get through the Cai-cos passage, into which we were now entering, before nightfall. It was eleven o’clock in the forenoon. A

fine clear breezy day, fresh and pleasant, sometimes cloudy overhead, but always breaking away again, with a bit of a sneezer, and a small shower. As the sun rose there were indications of squalls in the north-eastern quarter, and about noon one of them was whitening to windward. So ‘hands by the topgallant clew-lines’ was the word, and we were all standing by to shorten sail, when the Commodore came to the wind as sharp and suddenly as if he had anchored; but on a second look, I saw his sheets were let fly, halyards let go, and apparently all was confusion on board of her. I ran to the side, and looked over. The long heaving dark blue swell, had changed into a light green hissing ripple.

“‘Zounds, Captain Crowfoot, shoal water—why, it breaks—we shall be ashore.’

“‘Down with the helm—brace round the yards,’ shouted Crowfoot; ‘that’s it—steady—hull, my man;’ and the danger was so imminent that even the studding sail halyards were not let go, and the consequence was, that the booms snapped off like carrots, as we came to the wind.

“‘Lord help us, we shall never weather that foaming reef there—set the spinker—haul out—haul down the foretopmast stay-sail—so, mind your lun, my man!’

“The frigate now began to fire right and left, and the hissing of the shot overhead was a fearful augury of what was to take place; so sudden was the accident that they had not had time to draw the round shot. The other transports were equally fortunate with ourselves, in weathering the shoal, and presently we were all close hauled to windward of the reef, until we weathered the easternmost prong, when we bore up. But, poor *Rago*! she had struck on a coral reef, where the Admiralty charts laid down fifteen fathoms water; and although there was some talk at the time, of an error in judgment, in not having the lead going in the chains, still I do believe there was no fault lying at the door of her gallant captain. By the time we had weathered the reef, the frigate had swung off from the pinnacle of rock on which she had been in a manner impaled, and was making all the sail she could, with a fothered sail under her

bows, and chain-pumps clanging, and whole cataracts of water gushing from them, clear white jets spouting from all the scuppers, fore and aft. She made the signal to close. It was answered. The next, alas ! was the British ensign, seized, union down in the main rigging, the signal of the uttermost distress. Still we all bowled along together, but her yards were not squared, nor her sails set with her customary precision, and her lurches became more and more sickening, until at length she rolled so heavily, that she dipped both yardarms alternately in the water, and reeled to and fro like a drunken man.

"What is that splash ?"

"It was the larboard bow eighteen-pound gun hove overboard, and watching the roll, the whole broadside, one after another, were cast into the sea. The clang of the chain-pumps increased, the water rushed in at one side of the main-deck, and out at the other, in absolute cascades from the ports. At this moment the whole fleet of boats were alongside, keeping way with the ship, in the light breeze. Her maintop-sail was hove aback, while the captain's voice resounded through the ship.

"Now, men—all hands—bags, and hammocks—starboard, watch the starboard side—larboard, watch the larboard side—no rushing now—she will swim this hour to come."

"The bags, and hammocks, and officers' kits, were handed into the boats; the men were told off over the side, as quietly by watches as if at muster, the officers last. At length the first lieutenant came over the side. By this time she was settling down perceptibly in the water; the old captain stood upon the gangway, holding by the iron stanchion, and, taking off his hat, stood uncovered for a moment, and with the tears standing in his eyes. He then replaced it, descended, and took his place in the ship's launch—the last man to leave the ship; and there was little time to spare, for we had scarcely shoved off a few yards, to clear the spars of the wreck, when she sented forward, heavily, and sickly, on the long swell.—She never rose to the opposite heave of the sea, but gradually sank by the head. The hull disappeared slowly and digni-

fiedly, the ensign fluttered and vanished beneath the dark ocean—I could have fancied reluctantly, as if it had been drawn down through a trap-door. The topsails next disappeared, the foretop-sail sinking fastest; and last of all, the white pennant at the maintopgallant mast head, after flickering and struggling in the wind, flew up as if imbued with life, like a stream of white fire, in the setting sun, and was then drawn down into the abyss, and the last vestige of the *Rago* vanished for ever. The crew, as if moved by one common impulse, gave three cheers.

"The Captain now stood up in his boat—'Men, the *Rago* is no more, but it is my duty to tell you, that although you are now to be distributed amongst the transports, you are still amenable to martial law; I am aware, men, this hint may not be necessary, still it is right you should know it.'

"Our ship, immediately after the frigate's crew had been bestowed, and the boats got in, hoisted the Commodore's light, and the following morning we fell in with the *Torch*, off the east end of Jamaica, which, after seeing the transports safe into Kingston, and taking out me and my people, bore up through the Gulf, and resumed her cruising ground on the edge of the Gulf stream, between 25 and 30 north latitude."

"And what follows this," said Massa Aaron, "for the roll is done?"

"Oh," said I, "we then stood away to the northward, and finally resumed our cruising ground off Bermuda; there is the next log," said I, chucking another paper book to him. "Ah," said Bang,—"Scene off Bermuda," "Cruise of the *Torch*," and so forth. All very fine and moving no doubt, but we shall take them by and by. But, Thomas, it must have been a very *lamentable* affair that said vanishing of the *Rago*."

"It was," I answered.

"Plenty of weeping and blowing of noses amongst her sentimental crew," said he.

I smiled. "Why, Mr Bang, sailors are very incomprehensible beings. After she went down, indeed, for the first five minutes, it was all a lachrymose puff and blow."

"Tom," said Aaron, "none of your

would-be half smartness, half buffoonery; tell me what took place."

"Why, my dear sir, you are awfully dictatorial; but I will tell you, when the old *Rayo* clipped out of sight, there was not a dry eye in the whole fleet. 'There she goes, the dear old beauty,' said one of her crew. 'There goes the blessed old black b—tch,' quoth another. 'Ah, many a merry night have we had in the clever little craft,' quoth a third; and there was really a tolerable shedding of tears, and squirting of tobacco juice. But the blue ripple had scarcely blown over the glass-like surface of the sea where she had sunk, when the buoyancy of young hearts, with the prospect of a good furlough amongst the lobster boxes for a time, seemed to be uppermost amongst the men. The officers, I saw and knew, felt very differently.

"My eye!" sung out an old quartermaster in our boat, perched well forward with his back against the ring in the stem, and his arms crossed, after having been busily employed rummaging in his bag, 'my eye, what a pity—oh, what a pity!'—

"Come, there is some feeling, *genuine*, at all events, though—"

"Why," said Bill C—ster, the captain of the foretop "what's can't be helped, old Fizzig—old *Rayo* has gone down, and'—"

"Old *Rayo* be c—d, Master

Bill,' said the man; 'but may I be flogged, if I ha'nt forgotten half a pound of negrohead baccy in Dick Catgut's bag.'

"'Launch ahoy!' hailed a half-drunken voice from one of the boats astern of us. 'Hillo,' responded the coxswain. The poor skipper even pricked up his ears. 'Have you got Dick Catgut's fiddle among ye?' This said Dick Catgut was the corporal of marines, and the prime instigator of all the fun amongst the men. 'No, no,' said several voices, 'no fiddle here.' The hail passed round among the other boats, 'No fiddle.' 'I would rather lose three days' grog than have his fiddle mislaid,' quoth the man who pulled the bow oar.

"Why don't you ask Dick himself?" said our coxswain. Alas! poor Dick was nowhere to be found; he had been mislaid as well as his fiddle. He had broken into the spirit room, as it turned out, and having got drunk, did not come to time when the frigate sunk.

"I was here interrupted by a hail from the look-out man at the mast-head,—'Land right-a-head.'

"Thank God," quoth Bang.

"What does it look like?" said I.

"It makes in low hummocks, sir. Now I see houses on the highest one."

"Hurrah, Nassau, New Providence, ho!"

THE REVOLUTION OF GREECE.*

PART I.

It is falsely charged upon itself by this age, in its character of *censor morum*, that effeminacy in a practical sense lies either amongst its full-blown faults, or amongst its lurking tendencies. A rich, a polished, a refined age, may by mere necessity of inference be presumed to be a luxurious one; and the usual principle, by which moves the whole trivial philosophy which speculates upon the character of a particular age or a particular nation, is first of all to adopt some one central idea of its characteristics, and then without further effort to pursue its integration; that is, having assumed (or, suppose even, having demonstrated) the existence of some great influential quality in excess sufficient to overthrow the apparent equilibrium demanded by the common standards of a just national character, the speculator then proceeds, as in a matter of acknowledged right, to push this predominant quality into all its consequences and all its closest affinities. To give one illustration of such a case, now perhaps beginning to be forgotten: Somewhere about the year 1755, the once celebrated Dr Brown, after other little attempts in literature and paradox, took up the conceit that England was ruined at her heart's core by excess of luxury and sensual self-indulgence. He had persuaded himself that the ancient activities and energies of the country were sapped by long habits of indolence, and by a morbid plethora of enjoyment in every class. Courage, and the old fiery spirit of the people, had gone to wreck with the physical qualities which had sustained them. Even the faults of the public mind had given way under its new complexion of character; ambition and civil dissension were extinct. It was questionable whether a good hearty assault and battery, or a respectable knock-down blow, had been dealt by any man in London for one or two generations. The Doctor carried his reveries so far, that he even satisfied himself

and one or two friends (probably by looking into the Parks at hours propitious to his hypothesis) that horses were seldom or ever used for riding; that, in fact, this accomplishment was too boisterous or too perilous for the gentle propensities of modern Britons; and that, by the best accounts, few men of rank or fashion were now seen on horseback. This pleasant collection of dreams did Doctor Brown solemnly propound to the English public, in two octavo volumes, under the title of "An Estimate of the Manners and Principles of the Times;" and the report of many who lived in those days assures us, that for a brief period the book had a prodigious run. In some respects the Doctor's conceits might seem too startling and extravagant; but to balance *that*, every nation has some pleasure in being heartily abused by one of its own number; and the English nation has always had a special delight in being alarmed, and in being clearly convinced, that it is and ought to be on the brink of ruin. With such advantages in the worthy Doctor's favour, he might have kept the field until some newer extravaganza had made his own obsolete—had not one ugly turn in political affairs given so smashing a refutation to his practical conclusions, and called forth so sudden a rebound of public feeling in the very opposite direction, that a bomb-shell descending right through the whole impression of his book, could not more summarily have laid a Chancery "injunction" upon its further sale. This arose under the brilliant administration of the first Mr Pitt; England was suddenly victorious in three quarters of the globe; land and sea echoed to the voice of her triumphs; and the poor Doctor Brown, in the midst of all this hubbub, cut his own throat with his own razor. Whether this dismal catastrophe were exactly due to his mortification as a baffled visionary, whose favourite conceit had suddenly exploded like a rocket into smoke and

stench, is more than we know. But, at all events, the sole memorial of his hypothesis, which now reminds the English reader that it ever existed, is one solitary notice of good-humoured satire pointed at it by Cowper.* And the possibility of such exceeding folly in a man otherwise of good sense and judgment, not depraved by any brain-fever or enthusiastic infatuation, is to be found in the vicious process of reasoning applied to such estimates: the Doctor, having taken up one novel idea of the national character, proceeded afterwards by no tentative inquiries, or comparison with actual facts and phenomena of daily experience, but resolutely developed out of his one idea, all that it appeared analytically to involve; and postulated audaciously as a solemn fact whatsoever could be exhibited in any possible connexion with his one central principle, whether in the way of consequence or of affinity.

Pretty much upon this unhappy Brunonian mode of deducing our national character, it is a very plausible speculation, which has been and will again be chanted, that we, being a luxurious nation, must by force of good logical dependency be liable to many derivative taints and infirmities which ought of necessity to besiege the blood of nations in that predicament. All enterprise and spirit of adventure, all heroism and courting of danger for its own attractions, ought naturally to languish in a generation enervated by early habits of personal indulgence. Doubtless they *ought*: *à priori*, it seems strictly demonstrable that such consequences should follow. Upon the purest forms of inference in *Barbara* or *Celarent*, it can be shewn satisfactorily, that from all our tainted classes, *à fortiori* then from our most tainted classes—our men of fashion and of opulent fortunes, no description of animal can possibly arise but poltroons and *fainéants*. In fact, pretty generally, under the known circumstances of our modern English education and of our social habits, we ought in obedience to all the *præcognita* of our position to

shew ourselves rank cowards—yet, in spite of so much excellent logic, the facts are otherwise. No age has shewn in its young patricians a more heroic disdain of sedentary ease, none in a martial support of liberty or national independence has so gaily volunteered upon services the most desperate, or shrunk less from martyrdom on the field of battle, whenever there was hope to invite their disinterested exertions, or grandeur enough in the cause to sustain them. Which of us forgets the gallant Mellish, the frank and the generous, who reconciled himself so gaily to the loss of a splendid fortune, and from the very bosom of luxury suddenly precipitated himself upon the hardships of Peninsular warfare? Which of us forgets the adventurous Lee of Lime, whom a princely estate could not detain in early youth from courting perils in Nubia and Abyssinia, nor (immediately upon his return) from almost wooing death as a volunteer aide-de-camp to the Duke of Wellington at Waterloo? So again of Colonel Evans, who, after losing a fine estate long held out to his hopes, five times over put himself at the head of *forlorn hopes*. Such cases are memorable, and were conspicuous at the time, from the lustre of wealth and high connexions which surrounded the parties; but many thousand others, in which the sacrifices of personal ease were less noticeable from their narrower scale of splendour, had equal merit for the cheerfulness with which those sacrifices were made.

Here, again, in the person of the author before us, we have another instance of noble and disinterested heroism, which, from the magnitude of the sacrifices that it involved, must place him in the same class as the Mellishes and the Lees. This gallant Scotsman, who was born in 1788, or 1789, lost his father in early life. Inheriting from him a good estate in Aberdeenshire, and one more considerable in Jamaica, he found himself, at the close of a long minority, in the possession of a commanding fortune. Under the vigilant care of a sagacious mother, Mr Gordon received the very

amplest advantages of a finished education, studying first at the University of Aberdeen, and afterwards for two years at Oxford; whilst he had previously enjoyed as a boy the benefits of a private tutor from Oxford. Whatever might be the immediate result from this careful tuition, Mr Gordon has since completed his own education in the most comprehensive manner, and has carried his accomplishments as a linguist, to a point of rare excellence. Sweden and Portugal excepted, we understand that he has personally visited every country in Europe. He has travelled also in Asiatic Turkey, in Persia, and in Barbary. From this personal residence in foreign countries, we understand that Mr Gordon has obtained an absolute mastery over certain modern languages, especially the French, the Italian, the modern Greek, and the Turkish.* Not content, however, with this extensive education, in a literary sense, Mr Gordon thought proper to prepare himself for the part which he meditated in public life, by a second, or military education, in two separate services;—first, in the British, where he served in the Greys, and in the 43d regiment; and subsequently, during the campaign of 1813, as a captain on the Russian staff.

Thus brilliantly accomplished for conferring lustre and benefit upon any cause which he might adopt amongst the many revolutionary movements then continually emerging in Southern Europe, he finally carried the whole weight of his great talents, prudence, and energy, together with the unlimited command of his purse, to the service of Greece in her heroic struggle with the Sultan. At what point his services and his countenance were appreciated by the ruling persons in Greece, will be best collected from the accompanying letter, translated from the original, in modern Greek, addressed to him by the Provisional Government of Greece, in 1822. It will be seen that this official document notices with great sorrow Mr Gordon's absence from Greece, and with some

surprise, as a fact at that time unexplained and mysterious; but the simple explanation of this mystery was, that Mr Gordon had been brought to the very brink of the grave by a contagious fever, at Tripolizza, and that his native air was found essential to his restoration. Subsequently, however, he returned, and rendered the most powerful services to Greece, until the war was brought to a close, as much almost by Turkish exhaustion, as by the armed interference of the three great conquerors of Navarino.

“The Government of Greece to the SIGNOR GORDON, a man worthy of all admiration, and a friend of the Grecians, Health and prosperity.

“It was not possible, most excellent sir, nor was it a thing endurable to the descendants of the Grecians, that they should be deprived any longer of those imprescriptible rights which belong to the inheritance of their birth—rights which a barbarian of a foreign soil, an antichristian tyrant, issuing from the depths of Asia, seized upon with a robber's hand, and lawlessly trampling under foot, administered up to this time the affairs of Greece, after his own lust and will. Needs it was that we, sooner or later, shattering this iron and heavy sceptre, should recover, at the price of life itself, (if that were found necessary) our patrimonial heritage, that thus our people might again be gathered to the family of free and self-legislating states. Moving, then, under such impulses, the people of Greece advanced with one heart, and perfect unanimity of council, against an oppressive despotism, putting their hands to an enterprise beset with difficulties, and hard indeed to be achieved, yet, in our present circumstances, if any one thing in this life, most indispensable. This, then, is the second year which we are passing since we have begun to move in this glorious contest, once again struggling, to all appearance, upon unequal terms, but grasping our enterprise with the right hand

* Mr Gordon is privately known to be the translator of the work written by a Turkish writer, “*Tchebi Effendi*,” published in the Appendix to Wilkinson's *Wallachia*; and frequently referred to by the *Quarterly Review*, in its notices of Oriental affairs.

and the left, and with all our might stretching forward to the objects before us.

"It was the hope of Greece that, in these seasons of emergency, she would not fail of help and earnest resort of friends from the Christian nations throughout Europe. For it was agreeable neither to humanity nor to piety, that the rights of nations, liable to no grudges of malice or scruples of jealousy, should be surreptitiously and wickedly filched away, or mocked with outrage and insult; but that they should be settled firmly on those foundations which Nature herself has furnished in abundance to the condition of man in society. However, so it was, that Greece, cherishing these most reasonable expectations, met with most unmerited disappointments.

"But you, noble and generous Englishman, no sooner heard the trumpet of popular rights echoing melodiously from the summits of Taygetus, of Ida, of Pindus, and of Olympus, than, turning with listening ears to the sound, and immediately renouncing the delights of country, of family ties, and (what is above all) of domestic luxury and ease, and the happiness of your own fire-side, you hurried to our assistance. But suddenly, and in contradiction to the universal hope of Greece, by leaving us, you have thrown us all into great perplexity and amazement, and that at a crisis when some were applying their minds to military pursuits, some to the establishment of a civil administration, others to other objects, but all alike were hurrying and exerting themselves wherever circumstances seemed to invite them.

"Meantime, the Government of Greece having heard many idle rumours and unauthorized tales disseminated, but such as seemed neither in correspondence with their opinion of your own native nobility from rank and family, nor with what was due to the newly-instituted administration, have slyly and turned a deaf ear to them all, coming to this resolution—that, in absenting yourself from Greece, you are doubtless obeying some strong necessity; for that it is not possible nor credible of a man such as you displayed yourself to be whilst living amongst

us, that he should mean to insult the wretched—least of all, to insult the unhappy and much-suffering people of Greece. Under these circumstances, both the Deliberative and the Executive Bodies of the Grecian Government assembling separately, have come to a resolution, without one dissentient voice, to invite you back to Greece, in order that you may again take a share in the Grecian contest—a contest in itself glorious, and not alien from your character and pursuits. For the liberty of any one nation cannot be a matter altogether indifferent to the rest, but naturally it is a common and diffusive interest; and nothing can be more reasonable than that the Englishman and the Grecian, in such a cause, should make themselves yoke-fellows, and should participate as brothers in so holy a struggle. Therefore, the Grecian Government hastens, by this present distinguished expression of its regard, to invite you to the soil of Greece, a soil united by such tender memorials with yourself; confident that you, preferring glorious poverty and the hard living of Greece, to the luxury and indolence of an obscure seclusion, will hasten your return to Greece, agreeably to your native character, restoring to us our valued English connexion. Farewell!

"The Vice-President of the Executive.

"ATHANASIOS KANAKARES.

"The Chief Secretary, Minister of Foreign Relations,
"NENEZZ."

Since then, having in 1817 connected himself in marriage with a beautiful young lady of Armenian Greek extraction, and having purchased land and built a house in Argos, Mr Gordon may be considered in some sense as a Grecian citizen. Services in the field having now for some years been no longer called for, he has exchanged his patriotic sword for a patriotic pen—judging rightly, that in no way so effectually can Greece be served at this time with Western Europe, as by recording faithfully the course of her revolution, tracing the difficulties which lay, or which arose in her path—the heroism with which she surmounted them, and the multiplied errors by

which she raised up others to herself. Mr Gordon, of forty authors who have partially treated this theme, is the first who can be considered either impartial or comprehensive; and upon his authority, not seldom using his words, we shall now present to our readers the first continuous abstract of this most interesting and romantic war:—

GREECE, in the largest extent of that term, having once belonged to the Byzantine empire, is included, by the misconception of hasty readers, in the great wreck of 1453. They take it for granted, that concurrently with Constantinople, and the districts adjacent, these provinces passed at that disastrous era into the hands of the Turkish conqueror; but this is an error. Parts of Greece, previously to that era, had been dismembered from the Eastern Empire;—other parts did not, until long *after* it, share a common fate with the metropolis. Venice had a deep interest in the Morea; *in* that, and *for* that, she fought with various success for generations; and it was not until the year 1717, nearly three centuries from the establishment of the Crescent in Europe, that “the banner of St Mark, driven finally from the Morea and the Archipelago,” was henceforth exiled (as respected Greece) to the Ionian Islands.

In these contests, though Greece was the prize at issue, the children of Greece had no natural interest, whether the cross prevailed or the crescent: the same for all substantial results was the fate which awaited themselves. The Moslem might be the more intolerant by his maxims, and he might be harsher in his professions; but a slave is not the less a slave, though his master should happen to hold the same creed with himself; and towards a member of the Greek Church, one who looked westwards to Rome for his religion, was likely to be little less of a bigot than one who looked to Mecca. So that we are not surprised to find a Venetian rule of policy recommending, for the daily allowance of these Grecian slaves, “a little bread, and a liberal application of the cudgel!” Whichever yoke were established, was sure to be hated; and therefore, it was fortunate for the honour of the Christian

name, that from the year 1717, the fears and the enmity of the Greeks were to be henceforward pointed exclusively towards *Mahometan* tyrants.

To be hated, however, sufficiently for resistance, a yoke must have been long and continuously felt. Fifty years might be necessary to season the Greeks with a knowledge of Turkish oppression; and less than two generations could hardly be supposed to have manured the whole territory with an adequate sense of the wrongs they were enduring, and the withering effects of such wrongs on the sources of public prosperity. Hatred, besides, without hope, is no root out of which an effectual resistance can be expected to grow; and fifty years almost had elapsed before a great power had arisen in Europe, having in any capital circumstance a joint interest with Greece, or specially authorized by visible right and power, to interfere as her protector. The semi-Asiatic power of Russia, from the era of the Czar Peter the Great, had arisen above the horizon with the sudden sweep and splendour of a meteor. The arch described by her ascent was as vast in compass as it was rapid; and in all history, no political growth, not that of our own Indian Empire, had travelled by accelerations of speed so terrifically marked. Not that even Russia could have really grown in strength according to the *apparent* scale of her progress. The strength was doubtless there, or much of it, before Peter and Catherine; but it was latent: There had been no such sudden growth as people fancied; but there had been a sudden evolution. Infinite resources had been silently accumulating from century to century; but before the Czar Peter, no mind had come across them of power sufficient to reveal their situation, or to organize them for practical effects. In some nations, the manifestations of power are coincident with its growth: in others, from vitious institutions, a vast crystallization goes on for ages blindly and in silence, which the lamp of some meteoric mind is required to light up into brilliant display. Thus it had been in Russia; and hence to the abused judgment of all Christendom, she had seemed to leap like Pallas from the brain of Jupiter—

gorgeously endowed, and in panoply of civil array, for all purposes of national grandeur, at the *fiat* of one coarse barbarian. As the metropolitan home of the Greek Church, she could not disown a maternal interest in the humblest of the Grecian tribes, holding the same faith with herself, and celebrating their worship by the same rites. This interest she could, at length, venture to express in a tone of sufficient emphasis; and Greece became aware that she could, about the very time when Turkish oppression had begun to unite its victims in aspirations for redemption, and had turned their eyes abroad in search of some great standard under whose shadow they could flock for momentary protection, or for future hope. What cabals were reared upon this condition of things by Russia, and what premature dreams of independence were encouraged throughout Greece in the reign of Catherine II., may be seen amply developed in the once celebrated work of Mr William Eton.

Another great circumstance of hope for Greece coinciding with the dawn of her own earliest impetus in this direction, and travelling *pari passu* almost with the growth of her mightiest friend, was the advancing decay of her oppressor. The wane of the Turkish crescent had seemed to be in some secret connexion of fatal sympathy with the growth of the Russian cross. Perhaps, the reader will thank us for rehearsing the main steps by which the Ottoman power had flowed and ebbed.* The foundations of this empire were laid in the 13th century, by Ortogrul, the chief of a Turkoman tribe, residing in tents not far from Dorylaeum in Phrygia, (a name so memorable in the early crusades), about the time when Jenghiz had overthrown the Seljukian dynasty. His son Osman first assumed the title of Sultan; and in 1300, having reduced the city of Prusa in Bithynia, he made it the capital of his dominions. The Sultans who succeeded him for some generations, all men of vigour, and availing themselves not less of the decrepitude which had by that time begun to palsy the Byzantine scap-

tre, than of the martial and religious fanaticism which distinguished their own followers, crossed the Hellespont—conquering Thrace and the countries up to the Danube. In 1453, the most eminent of these Sultans, Mahomet II., by storming Constantinople, put an end to the Roman Empire; and before his death he placed the Ottoman power in Europe pretty nearly on that basis to which it had again fallen back by 1821. The long interval of time between these two dates involved a memorable flux and reflux of power, and an oscillation between two extremes of panic-striking grandeur, in the ascending scale (inasmuch, that the Turkish Sultan was supposed to be charged in the Apocalypse with the dissolution of the Christian thrones), and in the descending scale of paralytic dotage tempting its own instant ruin. In speculating on the causes of the extraordinary terror which the Turks once inspired, it is amusing, and illustrative of the revolutions wrought by time, to find it imputed, in the first place, to superior discipline; for, if their discipline was imperfect, they had, however, a *standing* army of Janissaries, whilst the whole of Christian Europe was accustomed to fight merely summer campaigns with hasty and untrained levies; a second cause lay in their superior finances, for the Porte had a regular revenue, when the other Powers of Europe relied upon the bounty of their vassals and clergy; and thirdly, which is the most surprising feature of the whole statement, the Turks were so far ahead of others in the race of improvement, that to them belongs the credit of having first adopted the extensive use of gunpowder, and of having first brought battering trains against fortified places: to his artillery, and his musketry it was, that Selim the Feroocious (grandson of that Sultan who took Constantinople) was indebted for his victories in Syria and Egypt. Under Solymán the Magnificent, (the well-known contemporary of the Emperor Charles V., the crescent is supposed to have attained its utmost altitude; and already for fifty years the causes had been in silent progress, which were

* In this we avail ourselves partly of a rapid sketch by Mr Gordon,

to throw the preponderance into the Christian scale. In the reign of his son, Selim the Second, this crisis was already passed; and the battle of Lepanto, in 1571, which crippled the Turkish navy in a degree never wholly recovered, gave the first overt signal to Europe of a turn in the course of their prosperity. Still, as this blow did not equally affect the principal arm of their military service, and as the strength of the German Empire was too much distracted by Christian rivalry, the *prestige* of the Turkish name continued almost unbroken until their bloody overthrow in 1664, at St Gothard, by the Imperial General Montecuculi. In 1673, they received another memorable defeat from Sobieski, on which occasion they lost 25,000 men. In what degree, however, the Turkish Sampson had been shorn of his original strength, was not yet made known to Europe by any adequate expression, before the great catastrophe of 1683. In that year, at the instigation of the haughty Vizier, Kara Mustafa, the Turks had undertaken the siege of Vienna; and great was the alarm of the Christian world. But on the 12th of September, their army of 150,000 men was totally dispersed by 70,000 Poles and Germans, under John Sobieski—"He conquering through God, and God by him." * Then followed the treaty of Carlovitz, which stripped the Porte of Hungary, the Ukraine, and other places; and "henceforth," says Mr Gordon, "Europe ceased to dread the Turks; and began even to look upon their existence as a necessary element of the balance of power among its States." Spite of their losses, however, during the first half of the eighteenth century, the Turks still maintained a respectable attitude against Christendom. But the wars of the Empress Catherine II., and the French Invasion of Egypt, demonstrated that either their native vigour was exhausted and superannuated, or, at least that the institutions were superannuated by which their resources had been so long administered. Accordingly, at the commencement of the present century, the Sultan Selim II. endeavoured to reform the military discipli-

line; but in the first collision with the prejudices of his people, and the interest of the Janissaries, he perished by sedition. Mustafa, who succeeded to the throne, in a few months met the same fate. But then (1808) succeeded a prince, formed by nature for such struggles—cool, vigorous, cruel, and intrepid. This was Mahmoud the Second. He perfectly understood the crisis, and determined to pursue the plans of his uncle Selim, even at the hazard of the same fate. Why was it that Turkish soldiers had been made ridiculous in arms, as often as they had met with French troops—who yet were so far from being the best in Christendom, that Egypt herself, and the beaten Turks, had seen *them* in turn uniformly routed by the British? Physically, the Turks were equal at the very least to the French! In what lay their inferiority? Simply in discipline, and in their artillery. And so long as their constitution and discipline continued what they had been, suited (that is) to centuries long past and gone, and to a condition of Christendom obsolete for ages,—so long it seemed inevitable that the same disasters should follow the Turkish banners. And to this point, accordingly, the Sultan determined to address his earliest reforms. But caution was necessary; he waited and watched. He seized all opportunities of profiting by the calamities or the embarrassments of his potent neighbours. He put down all open revolt. He sapped the authority of all the great families in Asia Minor, whose hereditary influence could be a counterpoise to his own. Meccæ and Medina, the holy cities of his religion, he brought again within the pale of his dominions. He augmented and fostered, as a counterbalancing force to the Janissaries, the corps of the Topjes or artillery-men. He amassed preparatory treasures. And up to the year 1820, "his government," says Mr Gordon, "was highly unpopular; but it was strong, stern, and uniform; and he had certainly removed many impediments to the execution of his ulterior projects."

Such was the situation of Turkey

* See the sublime Sonnet of Chiabrera on this subject, as translated by Mr Wordsworth.

at the moment when her Grecian vassal prepared to trample on her yoke. In her European territories she reckoned at the utmost eight millions of subjects. But these, besides being more or less in a semi-barbarous condition, and scattered over a very wide surface of country, were so much divided by origin, by language, and religion, that without the support of her Asiatic arm, she could not, according to the general opinion, have stood at all. The rapidity of her descent, it is true, had been arrested by the energy of her Sultans during the first twenty years of the nineteenth century. But for the last thirty of the eighteenth, she had made a headlong progress downwards. So utterly also were the tables turned, that whereas in the fifteenth century, her chief superiority over Christendom had been in the three points of artillery, discipline, and fixed revenue, precisely in these three she had sunk into utter insignificance, whilst all Christendom had been continually improving. Selim and Mahmoud indeed had made effectual reforms in the corps of gunners, as we have said, and had raised it to the amount of 60,000 men; so that at present they have respectable field artillery, whereas previously they had only heavy battering trains. But the defects in discipline cannot be remedied, so long as the want of a settled revenue obliges the Sultan to rely upon hurried levies from the provincial militias of police. Turkey, however, might be looked upon as still formidable for internal purposes in the haughty and fanatical character of her Moslem subjects. And we may add, as a concluding circumstance of some interest, in this sketch of her modern condition, that pretty nearly the same European territories as were assigned to the eastern Roman empire at the time of its separation from the western,* were included within the frontier line of Turkey on the 1st of January 1821.

Precisely in this year commenced the Grecian Revolution. Concurrently with the decay of her oppres-

sor the Sultan, had been the prodigious growth of her patron, the Czar. In what degree she looked up to that throne, and the intrigues which had been pursued with a view to that connexion, may be seen (as we have already noticed) in Eton's Turkey—a book which attracted a great deal of notice about 30 years ago. Meantime, besides this secret reliance on Russian countenance or aid, Greece had since that era received great encouragement to revolt, from the successful experiment in that direction made by the Turkish province of Servia. In 1800 Czerni George came forward as the assertor of Servian independence, and drove the Ottomans out of that province. *Personally* he was not finally successful. But his example outlived him; and after 15 years' struggle, Servia (says Mr Gordon) offered "the unwonted spectacle of a brave and armed Christian nation, living under its own laws in the heart of Turkey," and retaining no memorial of its former servitude, but the payment of a slender and precarious tribute to the Sultan, with a *verbal* profession of allegiance to his sceptre. Appearances were thus saved to the pride of the haughty Moslem by barren concessions which cost no real sacrifice to the substantially victorious Servian.

Examples, however, are thrown away upon a people utterly degraded by long oppression. And the Greeks were pretty nearly in that condition. "It would, no doubt," says Mr Gordon, "be possible to cite a more *cruel* oppression than that of the Turks towards their Christian subjects, but none *so fitted to break men's spirit*." The Greeks, in fact, (under which name are to be understood, not only those who speak Greek, but the Christian Albanians of Roumelia and the Morea, speaking a different language, but united with the Greeks in spiritual obedience to the same church,) were, in the emphatic phrase of Mr Gordon, "the slaves of slaves:" that is to say, not only were they liable to the universal tyranny of the despotic

* "The vitals of the monarchy lay within that vast triangle circumscribed by Danube, the Save, the Adriatic, Euxine, and Egean Seas, whose altitude may be computed at 500, and the length of its base at 700 geographical miles."—GORDON.

Divan, but "throughout the empire they were in the habitual intercourse of life subjected to vexations, affronts, and exactions, from Mahomedans of every rank. Spoiled of their goods, insulted in their religion and domestic honour, they could rarely obtain justice. The slightest flash of courageous resentment brought down swift destruction on their heads; and cringing humility alone enabled them to live in ease,—or even in safety."—Stooping under this iron yoke of humiliation, we have reason to wonder that the Greeks preserved sufficient nobility of mind to raise so much as their wishes in the direction of independence. In a condition of abasement, from which a simple act of apostasy was at once sufficient to raise them to honour and wealth, "and from the meanest serfs gathered them to the caste of oppressors,"—we ought not to wonder that some of the Greeks should be mean, perfidious, and dissembling, but rather that any (as Mr Gordon says) "had courage to adhere to their religion, and to eat the bread of affliction." But noble aspirations are fortunately indestructible in human nature. And in Greece the lamp of independence of spirit had been partially kept alive by the existence of a native militia, to whom the Ottoman government, out of mere necessity, had committed the local defence. These were called *Armatoles* (or *Gendarmerie*); their available strength was reckoned by Pouqueville (for the year 1814) at ten thousand men; and as they were a very effectual little host for maintaining, from age to age, the "true faith militant" of Greece—viz. that a temporary and a disturbed occupation of the best lands in the country did not constitute an absolute conquest

on the part of the Moslems, most of whom flocked for security with their families into the stronger towns; and as their own martial appearance with arms in their hands, lent a very plausible countenance to their insinuations that they, the Christian *Armatoles*, were the true *bonâ fide* governors and possessors of the land under a Moslem Suzerain; and as the general spirit of hatred to Turkish insolence was not merely maintained in their own local stations,* but also propagated thence with activity to every part of Greece;—it may be interesting to hear Mr Gordon's account of their peculiar composition and habits.

"The Turks," says he, "from the epoch of Mahommed the Second, did not (unless in Thessaly) generally settle there. Beyond Mount Ceta, although they seized the best lands, the Mussulman inhabitants were chiefly composed of the garrisons of towns with their families. Finding it impossible to keep in subjection with a small force so many rugged cantons, peopled by a poor and hardy race, and to hold in check the robbers of Albania, the Sultans embraced the same policy which has induced them to court the Greek hierarchy, and respect ecclesiastical property,—by enlisting in their service the armed bands that they could not destroy. When wronged or insulted, these *Armatoles* threw off their allegiance, infested the roads, and pillaged the country; while such of the peasants as were driven to despair by acts of oppression, joined their standard: the term *Armatole* was then exchanged for that of *Klefitis* [*κλεῖτης*] or Thief, a profession esteemed highly honourable, when it was exercised sword in hand at the expense of the Moslems† Even in their quietest mood, these soldiers

* Originally, it seems, there were 11 companies (or *capitanarias*) settled by imperial diplomas in the mountains of Olympus, Othryx, Pindus, and Ceta; and distinct appropriations were made by the Divan for their support. Within the Morea, the institution of the *Armatoles* was never tolerated; but there the same spirit was kept alive by tribes, such as the *Mainatts*, whose insurmountable advantages of natural position enabled them eternally to baffle the most powerful enemy.

† And apparently, we may add, when exercised at the expense of whomsoever at sea. The old Grecian instinct, which Thucydides states so frankly, under which all seafarers were dedicated to spoil as people who courted attack, seems never to have been fully rooted out from the little creeks and naval fastnesses of the Morea, and of some of the Egean islands. Not perhaps the mere spirit of wrong and aggression, but some old traditionary conceits and maxims, brought on the great crisis of piracy, which fell under no less terrors than of the triple thunders of the great Allies.

curbed Turkish tyranny; for the captains and Christian primates of districts understanding each other,—the former by giving to some of their men a hint to desert and turn Klefts, could easily circumvent Mahomedans who came on a mission disagreeable to the latter. The habits and manners of the *Armatoles*, living among forests and in mountain passes, were necessarily rude and simple: their magnificence consisted in adorning with silver their guns, pistols, and daggers; their amusements in shooting at a mark, dancing, and singing the exploits of the most celebrated chiefs. Extraordi-

nary activity, and endurance of hardships and fatigue, made them formidable light troops in their native fastnesses; wrapped in shaggy cloaks, they slept on the ground, defying the elements; and the pure mountain air gave them robust health. Such were the warriors, that, in the very worst times, kept alive a remnant of Grecian spirit."

But all these facts of history, or institutions of policy, nay, even the more violent appeals to the national pride in such memorable transactions as the expatriation of the illustrious *Suliot*es,* (as also of some eminent predatory chieftains from

* The sole oversight in Mr Gordon's work, considered as a comprehensive history of the Greek struggle from its earliest grounds or excitements, is in what regards the *Suliot*es. Their name continually crosses the reader; and the reference to their expatriation by Ali Pacha is incessant. Yet no account is anywhere given of their quarrel with this perfidious enemy—either in its grounds or its final results. On this account we have thought that we should do an acceptable service to the reader by presenting him with a sketch of the *Suliot*es, and the most memorable points in their history. We have derived it (as to the facts) from a little work originally composed by an Albanian in modern Greek, and printed at Venice in 1815. This work was immediately translated into Italian, by Gherardini, an Italian officer of Milan; and ten years ago, with some few omissions, it was reproduced in an English version; but in this country it seems never to have attracted public notice, and is probably now forgotten.

With respect to the name of *Suli*, the *Suliot*es themselves trace it to an accident:—"Some old men," says the Albanian author, reciting his own personal investigations amongst the oldest of the *Suliot*es, "replied, that they did not remember having any information from their ancestors concerning the first inhabitants of *Suli*, except this only: that some goat and swine herds used to lead their flocks to graze on the mountains where *Suli* and *Chiafa* now stand; that these mountains were not only steep and almost inaccessible, but clothed with thickets of wood, and infested by wild boars; that these herdsmen, being oppressed by the tyranny of the Turks of a village called to this day *Gardichi*, took the resolution of flying for a distance of six hours' journey to this silvan and inaccessible position, of sharing in common the few animals which they had, and of suffering voluntarily every physical privation, rather than submit to the slightest wrong from their foreign tyrants. This resolution, they added, must be presumed to have been executed with success; because we find that, in the lapse of five or six years, these original occupants of the fastness were joined by thirty other families. Somewhere about that time it was that they began to awaken the jealousy of the Turks; and a certain Turk, named *Suli*, went in high scorn and defiance, with many other associates, to expel them from this strong position; but our stout forefathers met them with arms in their hands. *Suli*, the leader and inciter of the Turks, was killed outright upon the ground; and, on the very spot where he fell, at this day stands the centre of our modern *Suli*, which took its name therefore from that same slaughtered Turk, who was the first insolent and malicious enemy with whom our country in its days of infancy had to contend for its existence."

Such is the most plausible account which can now be obtained of the *incunabula* of this most indomitable little community, and of the circumstances under which it acquired its since illustrious name. It was perhaps

the Morea,) were, after all, no more than indirect excitements of the insurrectionary spirit. If it were possible that any adequate occasion should arise for combining the Greeks in one great movement of resistance, such continued irritations must have the highest value, as keeping alive

natural that a little town, in the centre of insolent and bitter enemies, should assume a name which would long convey to their whole neighbourhood a stinging lesson of mortification and of prudential warning against similar molestations. As to the *chronology* of this little state, the Albanian author assures us, upon the testimony of the same old Suliotes, that "*seventy years before*," there were barely one hundred men fit for the active duties of war, which, in ordinary states of society, would imply a total population of 400 souls. That may be taken, therefore, as the extreme limit of the Suliote population at a period of seventy years antecedently to the date of the conversation on which he founds his information. But, as he has unfortunately omitted to fix the exact era of these conversations, the whole value of his accuracy is neutralized by his own carelessness. However, it is probable, from the internal evidence of his book, which brings down affairs below the year 1812, that his information was collected somewhere about 1810. We must carry back the epoch, therefore, at which Suli had risen to a population of 400, pretty nearly to the year 1740; and since, by the same traditional evidence, Suli had *then* accomplished an independent existence through a space of eighty years, we have reason to conclude that the very first gatherings of poor Christian herdsmen to this sylvan sanctuary, when stung to madness by Turkish insolence and persecution, would take place about the era of the Restoration, (of our Charles II.) that is, in 1660.

In more modern times, the Suliotes had expanded into four separate little towns, peopled by 560 families, from which they were able to draw one thousand first-rate soldiers. But, by a very politic arrangement, they had colonized with sixty-six other families seven neighbouring towns, over which from situation they had long been able to exercise a military preponderance. The benefits were incalculable which they obtained by this connexion. At the first alarm of war the fighting men retreated with no incumbrances but their arms, ammunition, and a few days' provision, into the four towns of Suli proper, which all lay within that ring fence of impregnable position from which no armies could ever dislodge them; meantime, they secretly drew supplies from the seven associate towns, which were better situated than themselves for agriculture, and which (apparently taking no part in the war) pursued their ordinary labours unmolested. Their tactics were simple but judicious; if they saw a body of five or six thousand advancing against their position, knowing that it was idle for them to meet such a force in the open field, they contented themselves with detaching 150 or 200 men to skirmish on their flanks, and to harass them according to the advantages of the ground; but if they saw no more than 500 or 1000 in the hostile column, they then issued in equal or superior numbers, in the certainty of beating them, striking an effectual panic into their hearts, and also of profiting largely by plunder and by ransom.

In so small and select a community, where so much must continually depend upon individual qualities and personal heroism, it may readily be supposed that the women would play an important part; in fact, "the women carry arms and fight bravely. When the men go to war, the women bring them food and provisions; when they see their strength declining in combat, they run to their assistance, and fight along with them; but, if by any chance their husbands behave with cowardice, they snatch their arms from them, and abuse them, calling them mean, and unworthy of having a wife." Upon these feelings there has even been built a law in Suli, which must deeply interest the pride of women in the martial honour of their husbands; agreeably to this law, any woman whose husband has distinguished himself in battle, upon going to a fountain to draw water, has the

the national spirit which must finally be relied on, to improve it and to turn it to account; but it was not to be expected that any such local

irritations could ever of themselves avail to create an occasion of sufficient magnitude for imposing silence on petty dissensions, and for orga-

liberty to drive away another woman whose husband is tainted with the reproach of cowardice; and all who succeed her, "from dawn to dewy eve," unless under the ban of the same withering stigma, have the same privilege of taunting her with her husband's baseness, and of stepping between her and her cattle until their own wants are fully supplied.

This social consideration of the female sex, in right of their husbands' military honours, is made available for no trifling purposes: on one occasion it proved the absolute salvation of the tribe. In one of the most desperate assaults made by Ali Pacha upon Suli, when that tyrant was himself present at the head of 8000 picked men, animated with the promise of 500 piastres a-man, to as many as should enter Suli, after ten hours' fighting under an enfeebling sun, and many of the Suliot muskets being rendered useless by continual discharges, a large body of the enemy had actually succeeded in occupying the sacred interior of Suli itself. At that critical moment, when Ali was in the very paroxysms of frantic exultation, the Suliot women seeing that the general fate hinged upon the next five minutes, turned upon the Turks *en masse*, and with such a rapture of sudden fury, that the conquering army was instantly broken—thrown into panic—pursued—and in that state of ruinous disorder, was met and flanked by the men who were now recovering from their defeat. The consequences, from the nature of the ground, were fatal to the Turkish army and enterprise; the whole camp equipage was captured; none saved their lives but by throwing away their arms; one-third of the Turks (one-half by some accounts) perished on the retreat; the rest returned at intervals as an unarmed mob; and the bloody, perfidious Pacha himself, saved his life only by killing two horses in his haste. So total was the rout, and so bitter the mortification of Ali, who had seen a small band of heroic women snatch the long-sought prize out of his very grasp, that for some weeks he shut himself up in his palace at Yannina, would receive no visits, and issued a proclamation imposing instant death upon any man detected in looking out at a window or other aperture—as being *presumably* engaged in noticing the various expressions of his defeat which were continually returning to Yannina.

The wars, in which the adventurous courage of the Suliotes (together with their menacing position) could not fail to involve them, were in all eleven. The first eight of these occurred in times before the French Revolution, and with Pachas, who have left no memorials behind them of the terrific energy or hellish perfidy which marked the character of Ali Pacha. These Pachas, who brought armies at the lowest of 5000, and at the most of 12,000 men, were uniformly beaten; and apparently were content to be beaten. Sometimes a Pacha was even made prisoner; * but, as the simple Suliotes little understood the art of improving advantages, the ransom was sure to be proportioned to the value of the said Pacha's sword-arm in battle, rather than to his rank and ability to pay; so that the terms of liberation were made ludicrously easy to the Turkish chiefs.

These eight wars naturally had no other ultimate effect, than to extend the military power, experience, and renown, of the Suliotes. But their

* On the same occasion the Pacha's son, and sixty officers of the rank of *Aga*, were also made prisoners by a truly rustic mode of assault. The Turks had shut themselves up in a church; in this, by night, the Suliotes threw a number of hives, full of bees, whose insufferable stings soon brought the haughty Moslems into the proper surrendering mood. The whole body were afterwards ransomed for so trifling a sum as 1000 sequins.

nizing into any unity of effort a country so splintered and naturally cut into independent chambers as that of Greece. That task, transcending the strength (as might seem) of any real agencies or powers then existing in Greece, was assumed by a mysterious,* and, in some sense, a

ninth war placed them in collision with a new and far more perilous enemy than any they had yet tried; above all, he was so obstinate and unrelenting an enemy—that, excepting the all-conquering mace of death, it was certain that no obstacles born of man, ever availed to turn him aside from an object once resolved on. The reader will understand, of course, that this enemy was Ali Pacha. Their ninth war was with him; and he, like all before him, was beaten; but, *not* like all before him, did Ali sit down in resignation under his defeat. His hatred was now become fiendish; no other prosperity or success had any grace in his eyes, so long as Suli stood, by which he had been overthrown—trampled on—and signally humbled. Life itself was odious to him, if he must continue to witness the triumphant existence of the abhorred little mountain village which had wrung laughter at his expense from every nook of Epirus. *Delenda est Carthago! Suli must be exterminated!* became, therefore, from this time, the master watchword of his secret policy. And on the 1st of June, in the year 1792, he commenced his second war against the Suliotes at the head of 22,000 men. This was the second war of Suli with Ali Pacha; but it was the tenth war on their annals; and, as far as their own exertions were concerned, it had the same result as all the rest. But, about the sixth year of the war, in an indirect way, Ali made one step towards his final purpose, which first manifested its disastrous tendency in the new circumstances which succeeding years brought forward. In 1797, the French made a lodgement in Corfu; and, agreeably to their general spirit of intrigue, they had made advances to Ali Pacha, and to all other independent powers in or about Epirus. Amongst other states, in an evil hour for that ill-fated city, they wormed themselves into an alliance with Prevesa; and in the following year their own quarrel with Ali Pacha gave that crafty robber a pretence, which he had long courted in vain, for attacking the place with his overwhelming cavalry, before they could agree upon the mode of defence, and long before any mode could have been tolerably matured. The result was one universal massacre, which raged for three days, and involved every living Prevesan, excepting some few who had wisely made their escape in time, and excepting those who were reserved to be tortured for Ali's special gratification, or to be sold for slaves in the shambles. This dreadful catastrophe, which in a few hours rooted from the earth an old and flourishing community, was due in about equal degrees to the fatal intriguing of the interloping French, and to the rankest treachery in a quarter where it could least have been held possible—viz. in a Suliote, and a very distinguished Suliote, Captain George Botzari; but the miserable man yielded up his honour and his patriotism to Ali's bribe of 100 purses, (perhaps at that

* Epirus and Acarnania, &c. to the north-west; Roumelia, Thebes, Attica, to the east; the Morea, or Peloponnesus, to the south-west; and the islands so widely dispersed in the Egean, had from position a separate interest over and above their common interest as members of a Christian confederacy. And in the absence of some great representative society, there was no voice commanding enough to merge the local interest in the universal one of Greece. The original (or *Philomuse* society) which adopted literature for its ostensible object, as a mask to its political designs, expired at Munich in 1807; but not before it had founded a successor more directly political. Hence arose a confusion, under which many of the crowned heads in Europe were judged uncharitably as dissemblers or as traitors to their engagements. They had subscribed to the first society; but they reasonably held that this did not pledge them to another, which, though inheriting the secret purposes of the first, no longer masked or disavowed them.

fictitious society of corresponding members, styling itself the *Hetæria* ('Εταιρία). A more astonishing case of mighty effects prepared and carried on to their accomplishment by small means, magnifying their own extent through great zeal and infinite concealment, and artifices the most

time equal to L.2500 sterling). The way in which this catastrophe operated upon Ali's final views, was obvious to every body in that neighbourhood. Parga, on the sea-coast, was an indispensable ally to Suli; now Prevesa stood in the same relation to Parga, as an almost indispensable ally, that Parga occupied towards Suli.

This shocking tragedy had been perpetrated in the October of 1798; and in less than two years from that date, viz. on the 2d of June, 1800, commenced the eleventh war of the Suliotes—being their third with Ali, and the last which, from their own guileless simplicity, meeting with the craft of the most perfidious amongst princes, they were ever destined to wage. For two years, that is until the middle of 1802, the war, as managed by the Suliotes, rather resembles a romance, or some legend of the acts of Paladins, than any grave chapter in modern history. Amongst the earliest victims, it is satisfactory to mention the traitor, George Botzari, who, being in the power of the Pacha, was absolutely compelled to march with about 200 of his kinsmen, whom he had seduced from Suli, against his own countrymen, under whose avenging swords the majority of them fell, whilst the arch-traitor himself soon died of grief and mortification. After this, Ali himself led a great and well-appointed army in various lines of assault against Suli. But so furious was the reception given to the Turks, so deadly and so uniform their defeat, that panic seized on the whole army, who declared unanimously to Ali that they would no more attempt to contend with the Suliotes—"Who," said they, "neither sit nor sleep, but are born only for the destruction of men." Ali was actually obliged to submit to this strange resolution of his army: but, by way of compromise, he built a chain of forts pretty nearly encircling Suli—and simply exacted of his troops that, being for ever released from the dangers of the open field, they should henceforward shut themselves up in these forts, and constitute themselves a permanent blockading force for the purpose of bridling the marauding excursions of the Suliotes. It was hoped, that from the close succession of these forts, the Suliotes would find it impossible to slip between the cross fires of the Turkish musketry,—and that, being thus absolutely cut off from their common resources of plunder, they must at length be reduced by mere starvation. That termination of the contest was in fact repeatedly within a trifle of being accomplished; the poor Suliotes were reduced to a diet of acorns; and even of this food had so slender a quantity that many died, and the rest wore the appearance of blackened skeletons. All this misery, however, had no effect to abate one jot of their zeal and their undying hatred to the perfidious enemy who was bending every sinew to their destruction. It is melancholy to record that such perfect heroes, from whom force the most disproportioned, nor misery the most absolute, had ever wrung the slightest concession or advantage, were at length entrapped by the craft of their enemy—and by their own foolish confidence in the oaths of one who had never been known to keep any engagement which he had a momentary interest in breaking. Ali contrived first of all to trepan the matchless leader of the Suliotes—Captain Foto Giavella, who was a hero after the most exquisite model of ancient Greece, Epaminondas, or Timoleon, and whose counsels were uniformly wise and honest. After that loss, all harmony of plan went to wreck amongst the Suliotes; and at length, about the middle of December 1803, this immortal little independent state of Suli solemnly renounced by treaty to Ali Pacha its sacred territory, its thrice famous little towns, and those unconquerable positions among the crests of wooded inaccessible mountains which had baffled all the armies of the Crescent, led by the most eminent of the Ottoman Pachas, and not seldom amounting to twenty, twenty-five, and in one instance even to more than thirty thousand men. The articles of a treaty, which on one side there

subtle, is not to be found in history. The *secret tribunal* of the middle ages is not to be compared with it for the depth and expansion of its combinations, or for the impenetrability of its masque. Nor is there in the whole annals of man a manoeuvre so admirable as that, by which this

never was an intention of executing, are scarcely worth repeating: the amount was—that the Suliotes had perfect liberty to go whither they chose, retaining the whole of their arms and property, and with a title to payment in cash for every sort of warlike store which could not be carried off. In excuse for the poor Suliotes in trusting to treaties of any kind with an enemy whom no oaths could bind for an hour, it is but fair to mention, that they were now absolutely without supplies either of ammunition or provisions; and that, for seven days, they had suffered under a total deprivation of water, the sources of which were now in the hands of the enemy, and turned into new channels. The winding up of the memorable tale is soon told:—the main body of the fighting Suliotes, agreeably to the treaty, immediately took the route to Parga, where they were sure of a hospitable reception—that city having all along made common cause with Suli against their common enemy, Ali. The son of Ali, who had concluded the treaty, and who inherited all his father's treachery, as fast as possible despatched 4000 Turks in pursuit, with orders to massacre the whole. But in this instance, through the gallant assistance of the Parghiotes, and the energetic haste of the Suliotes, the accursed wretch was disappointed of his prey. As to all the other detachments of the Suliotes, who were scattered at different points, and were necessarily thrown everywhere upon their own resources without warning or preparation of any kind,—they, by the terms of the treaty, had liberty to go away or to reside peaceably in any part of Ali's dominions. But as these were mere windy words, it being well understood that Ali's fixed attention was to cut every throat among the Suliotes, whether of man, woman, or child, nay, as he thought himself dismally ill-used by every hour's delay which interfered with the execution of that purpose,—what rational plan awaited the choice of the poor Suliotes, finding themselves in the centre of a whole hostile nation, and their own slender divisions cut off from communication with each other? What could people so circumstanced propose to themselves as a suitable resolution for their situation? Hope there was none; sublime despair was all that their case allowed: and considering the unrivalled splendours of their past history for more than 160 years, perhaps most readers would reply in the famous words of Corneille—*Qu'ils mourussent*. That was their own reply to the question now so imperatively forced upon them; and die they all did. It is an argument of some great original nobility in the minds of these poor people, that none disgraced themselves by useless submissions, and that all alike—women as well as men—devoted themselves in the "high Roman fashion" to the now expiring cause of their country. The first case which occurred, exhibits the very perfection of *nonchalance* in circumstances the most appalling. Samuel, a Suliote monk, of somewhat mixed and capricious character, and at times even liable to much suspicion amongst his countrymen, but of great name, and of unquestionable merit in his military character, was in the act of delivering over to authorized Turkish agents a small outpost, which had greatly annoyed the forces of Ali, together with such military stores as it still contained. By the treaty, Samuel was perfectly free, and under the solemn protection of Ali; but the Turks, with the utter shamelessness to which they had been brought by daily familiarity with treachery the most barefaced, were openly descanting to Samuel, upon the unheard-of tortures which must be looked for at the hands of Ali, by a soldier who had given so much trouble to that Pacha as himself. Samuel listened coolly; he was then seated on a chest of gunpowder; and powder was scattered about in all directions. He watched in a careless way until he observed that all the Turks, exulting in their own damnable perfidies, were assembled under the roof of the building. He then coolly took the burning snuff of a candle, and threw it

society, silently effecting its own transfiguration, and recasting as in a crucible its own form, organs, and most essential functions, contrived, by mere force of seasonable silence, or by the very pomp of mystery, to carry over from the first or innoxious model of the Hæteria to its new

into a heap of combustibles, still keeping his seat upon the chest of powder. It is unnecessary to add, that the little fort, and all whom it contained, were blown to atoms. And with respect to Samuel in particular, no fragment of his skeleton could ever be discovered.* After this followed as many separate tragedies as there were separate parties of Suliotes; when all hope and all retreat were clearly cut off, then the women led the great scene of self-immolation, by throwing their children headlong from the summit of precipices; which done, they and their husbands, their fathers and their sons, hand in hand, ran up to the brink of the declivity, and followed those whom they had sent before. In other situations, where there was a possibility of fighting with effect, they made a long and bloody resistance, until the Turkish cavalry, finding an opening for their operations, made all further union impossible; upon which they all plunged into the nearest river, without distinction of age or sex, and were swallowed up by the merciful waters. Thus, in a few days, from the signing of that treaty, which nominally secured to them peaceable possession of their property, and paternal treatment from the perfidious Pacha, none remained to claim his promises or to experience his abominable cruelties. In their native mountains of Epirus, the name of Suliote was now blotted from the books of life, and was heard no more in those wild silvan haunts where once it had filled every echo with the breath of panic to the quailing hearts of the Moslems. In the most "palmy" days of Suli, she never had counted more than 2500 fighting men; and of these no considerable body escaped, excepting the corps who hastily fought their way to Parga. From that city they gradually transported themselves to Corfu, then occupied by the Russians. Into the service of the Russian Czar, as the sole means left to a perishing corps of soldiers for earning daily bread, they naturally entered; and when Corfu afterwards passed from Russian to English masters, it was equally inevitable that for the same urgent purposes they should enter the military service of England. In that service they received the usual honourable treatment, and such attention as circumstances would allow to their national habits and prejudices. They were placed also, we believe, under the popular command of Sir R. Church, who, though unfortunate as a supreme leader, made himself beloved in a lower station by all the foreigners under his authority. These Suliotes have since then returned to Epirus and to Greece, the peace of 1815 having perhaps dissolved their connexion with England, and they were even persuaded to enter the service of their arch-enemy, Ali Pacha. Since his death, their diminished numbers, and the altered circumstances of their situation, should naturally have led to the extinction of their political importance. Yet we find them in 1832 still attracting (or rather concentrating) the wrath of the Turkish Sultan, made the object of a separate war, and valued (as in all former cases) on the footing of a distinct and independent nation. On the winding up of this war, we find part of them at least an object of indulgent solicitude to the British government, and under their protection transferred to Cephalonia. Yet again, others of their scanty clan meet us at different points of the war in Greece; especially at the first decisive action with Ibrahim, when, in the rescue of Costa Botzaris, every Suliote of his blood perished on the spot; and again, in the fatal battle of Athens, (May 6, 1827,) Mr Gordon assures us that "almost all the Suliotes were exterminated." We understand him to speak not generally of the Suliotes, as of the total clan who bear that name, but of those only who

* The deposition of two Suliote sentinels at the door, and of a third person who escaped with a dreadful scorching, sufficiently established the facts; otherwise the whole would have been ascribed to the treachery of Ali or his son.

organization, all those weighty names of kings or princes who would not have given their sanction to any association having political objects, however artfully veiled. The early history of the Heteria is shrouded in the same mystery as the whole course of its political movements. Some suppose that Alexander Maurocordato, ex-hospodar of Wallachia, during his long exile in Russia, founded it for the promotion of education, about the beginning of the present century. Others ascribe it originally to Riga. At all events, its purposes were purely intellectual in its earliest form. In 1815, in consequence chiefly of the disappointment which the Greeks met with in their dearest hopes from the Congress of Vienna, the Heteria first assumed a political character under the secret influence of Count Capodistria of Corfu, who, having entered the Russian service as mere private secretary to Admiral Tchitchagoff, in 1812, had in a space of three years insinuated himself into the favour of the Czar, so far as to have become his private secretary, and a cabinet minister of Russia. He, however, still masked his final objects under plans of literature and scientific improvement. In deep shades, he organized a vast apparatus of agents and apostles; and then retired behind the curtain to watch or to direct the working of his blind machine. It is an evidence of some latent nobility in the Greek character, in the midst of that levity with which all Europe taxes it—that never, except once, were the secrets of the society betrayed; nor was there the least ground for jealousy offered either to the stupid Moslems, in the very centre of whom, and round about them, the conspiracy was daily advancing, or even to the rigorous police of Moscow, where the Heteria had its headquarters. In the single instance of treachery which occurred, it happened that the Zantiote, who made the discovery to

Ali Pacha on a motion of revenge, was himself too slenderly and too vaguely acquainted with the final purposes of the Heteria for effectual mischief, having been fortunately admitted only to its lowest degree of initiation; so that all passed off without injury to the cause, or even personally to any of its supporters. There were, in fact, five degrees in the Heteria. A candidate of the lowest class, (styled *Adelphoi*, or brothers,) after a minute examination of his past life and connexions, and after taking a dreadful oath under impressive circumstances, to be faithful in all respects to the society and his afflicted country, and even to assassinate his nearest and dearest relation, if detected in treachery, was instructed only in the general fact, that a design was on foot to ameliorate the condition of Greece. The next degree of *Systimenoi*, or bachelors, who were selected with more anxious discrimination, were informed that this design was to move towards its object *by means of a revolution*. The third class, called *Priests of Eleusis*, were chosen from the aristocracy; and to them it was made known, that *this revolution was near at hand*; and, also, that there were in the society higher ranks than their own. The fourth class was that of the *prelates*; and to this order, which never exceeded the number of 116, and comprehended the leading men of the nation, the most unreserved information was given upon all the secrets of the Heteria; after which they were severally appointed to a particular district, as superintendent of its interests, and as manager of the whole correspondence on its concerns with the Grand Arch. This, the crowning order and key-stone of the society, was reputed to comprehend sixteen "mysterious and illustrious names," amongst which were obscurely whispered those of the Czar, the Crown Prince of Bavaria and of Wurtemberg, of the Hospodar of

happened to be present at that dire catastrophe. Still, even with this limitation, such a long succession of heavy losses descending upon a people who never numbered above 2500 fighting men, and who had passed through the furnace, seven times heated, of Ali Pacha's wrath, and suffered those many and dismal tragedies which we have just recorded, cannot but have brought them latterly to the brink of utter extinction.

Wallachia, of Count Capodistria, and some others. The orders of the Grand Arch were written in cipher, and bore a seal having in sixteen compartments the same number of initial letters. The revenue, which it commanded, must have been considerable; for the lowest member, on his noviciate, was expected to give at least fifty piastres, (at this time about £2 sterling;) and those of the higher degrees gave from 300 to 1000 each. The members communicated with each other, in mixed society, by masonic signs.

It cannot be denied that a secret society, with the grand and almost awful purposes of the Heteria, spite of some taint which it had received in its early stages from the spirit of German mummery, is fitted to fill the imagination, and to command homage from the coldest. Whispers circulating from mouth to mouth of some vast conspiracy mining subteraneously beneath the very feet of their accursed oppressors; whispers of a great deliverer at hand, whose mysterious *Labarum*, or mighty banner of the Cross, was already dimly descried through northern mists, and whose eagles were already scenting the carnage and "savour of death" from innumerable hosts of Moslems; whispers of a revolution which was again to call, as with the trumpet of resurrection from the grave, the land of Timoleon and Epaminondas; such were the preludings, low and deep, to the tempestuous overture of revolt and patriotic battle which now ran through every nook of Greece, and caused every ear to tingle.

The knowledge that this mighty cause must be sowed in dishonour, propagated that is, in respect to the knowledge of its plans, by redoubled cringings to their brutal masters, in order to shield it from suspicion,—but that it would probably be reaped in honour; the belief that the poor Grecian, so abject and trampled under foot, would soon reappear amongst the nations who had a name, in something of his original beauty

and power;—these dim but elevating perceptions, and these anticipations, gave to every man the sense of an ennobling secret confided to his individual honour, and, at the same time, thrilled his heart with sympathetic joy, from approaching glories that were to prove a personal inheritance to his children. Over all Greece a sense of power, dim and vast, brooded for years; and a mighty phantom, under the mysterious name of *Arch*, in whose cloudy equipage were descried, gleaming at intervals, the crowns and sceptres of great potentates, sustained, whilst it agitated their hearts. *London* was one of the secret watchwords in their impenetrable cipher; *Moscow* was a countersign; Bavaria and Austria bore mysterious parts in the drama; and, though no sound was heard, nor voice given to the powers that were working, yet, as if by mere force of secret sympathy, all mankind who were worthy to participate in the enterprise, seemed to be linked in brotherhood with Greece. These notions were, much of them, mere phantasms and delusions; but they were delusions of mighty efficacy for arming the hearts of this oppressed country against the terrors that must be faced; and for the whole of them Greece was indebted to the Heteria, and to its organized agency of apostles, (as they were technically called,) who compassed land and sea as pioneers for the coming crusade.*

By 1820 Greece was thoroughly inoculated with the spirit of resistance; all things were ready, so far perhaps as it was possible that they should ever be made ready under the eyes and scimitars of the enemy. Now came the question of time, *when* was the revolt to begin? Some contend, says Mr Gordon, that the Heteria should have waited for a century, by which time they suppose that the growth of means in favour of Greece would have concurred with a more than corresponding decay in her enemy. But, to say nothing of the extreme uncertainty which at-

* Considering how very much the contest did finally assume a religious character, (even Franks being attached, not as friends of Greece, but simply as Christians,) one cannot but wonder that this romantic term has not been applied to the Greek war in Western Europe.

tends such remote speculation, and the utter impossibility of training men with no personal hopes to labour for the benefit of distant generations, there was one political argument against that course, which Mr Gordon justly considers unanswerable. It is this: Turkey in Europe has been long tottering on its basis. Now, were the attempt delayed until Russia had displaced her and occupied her seat, Greece would then have received her liberty as a boon from the conqueror; and the construction would have been that she held it by sufferance, and under a Russian warrant. This argument is conclusive. But others there were who fancied that 1825 was the year at which all the preparations for a successful revolt could have been matured. Probably some gain in such a case would have been balanced against some loss. But it is not necessary to discuss that question. Accident, it was clear, might bring on the first hostile movement at any hour, when the *minds* of all men were prepared, let the means in other respects be as deficient as they might. Already, in 1820, circumstances made it evident that the outbreak of the insurrection could not long be delayed. And, accordingly, in the following year all Greece was in flames.

This affair of 1820 has a separate interest of its own, connected with the character of the very celebrated person to whom it chiefly relates; but we notice it chiefly as the real occasion, the momentary spark, which alighting upon the combustibles, by this time accumulated everywhere in Greece, caused a general explosion of the long-hoarded insurrectionary fury. Ali Pacha, the far-famed vizier of Yannina, had long been hated profoundly by the Sultan, who in the same proportion loved and admired his treasures. However, he was persuaded to wait for his death, which could not (as it seemed) be far distant, rather than risk any thing upon the chances of war. And in this prudent resolution he would have persevered, but for an affront which he could not overlook. An Albanian, named Ismael Pasho Bey, once a member of Ali's household, had incurred his master's deadly hatred; and, flying from his wrath to various places under va-

rious disguises, had at length taken refuge in Constantinople, and there sharpened the malice of Ali by attaching himself to his enemies. Ali was still farther provoked by finding that Ismael had won the Sultan's favour, and obtained an appointment in the palace. Mastered by his fury, Ali hired assassins to shoot his enemy in the very midst of Constantinople, and under the very eyes of imperial protection. The assassins failed, having only wounded him; they were arrested, and disclosed the name of their employer.

Here was an insult which could not be forgiven: Ali Pacha was declared a rebel and a traitor; and solemnly excommunicated by the head of the Mussulman law. The Pachas of Europe received orders to march against him; and a squadron was fitted out to attack him by sea.

In March 1820 Ali became acquainted with these strong measures; which at first he endeavoured to parry by artifice and bribery. But finding *that* mode of proceeding absolutely without hope, he took the bold resolution of throwing himself, in utter defiance, upon the native energies of his own ferocious heart. Having, however, but small reliance on his Mahomedan troops in a crisis of this magnitude, he applied for Christian succours, and set himself to *court* the Christians generally. As a first step, he restored the *Armatoles*—that very body whose suppression had been so favourite a measure of his policy, and pursued so long, so earnestly, and so injuriously to his credit amongst the Christian part of the population. It happened, at the first opening of the campaign, that the Christians were equally courted by the Sultan's generalissimo, Solyman, the Pacha of Thessaly. For this, however, that Pacha was removed and decapitated; and a new leader was now appointed in the person of that very enemy, Ismael Pasho, whose attempted murder had brought the present storm upon Ali. Ismael was raised to the rank of Serasker (or generalissimo,) and was also made Pacha of Yannina and Delvino. Three other armies, besides a fleet under the Capitan Bey, advanced upon Ali's territories simultaneously from different quarters. But at that time, in defiance of these formidable

and overwhelming preparations, bets were strongly in Ali's favour amongst all who were acquainted with his resources: for he had vast treasures, fortresses of great strength, inexhaustible supplies of artillery and ammunition, a country almost inaccessible, and 15,000 light troops, whom Mr Gordon, upon personal knowledge, pronounces "excellent."

Scarcely had the war commenced, when Ali was abandoned by almost the whole of his partisans, in mere hatred of his execrable cruelty and tyrannical government. To Ali, however, this defection brought no despondency; and with unabated courage he prepared to defend himself to the last, in three castles, with a garrison of 3000 men. That he might do so with entire effect, he began by destroying his own capital of Yanina, lest it should afford shelter to the enemy. Still his situation would have been most critical, but for the state of affairs in the enemy's camp. The Serasker was attended by more than twenty other Pashas. But they were all at enmity with each other. One of them, and the bravest, was even poisoned by the Serasker. Provisions were running short, in consequence of their own dissensions. Winter was fast approaching; the cannonading had produced no conspicuous effect; and the soldiers were disbanding. In this situation, the Sultan's lieutenants again saw the necessity of courting aid from the Christian population of the country. Ali, on his part, never scrupled to bid against them at any price; and at length, irritated by the ill-usage of the Turks on their first entrance, and disgusted with the obvious insincerity of their reluctant and momentary kindness, some of the bravest Christian tribes (especially the celebrated Suliotes) consented to take Ali's bribes, forgot his past outrages and unnumbered perfidies, and reading his sincerity in the extremity of his peril, these bravest of the brave ranged themselves amongst the Sultan's enemies. During the winter they gained some splendid successes; other alienated friends came back to Ali; and even some Mahomedan Beys were persuaded to take up arms in his behalf. Upon the whole, the Turkish Divan was very seriously alarmed; and so much so, that it su-

perseded the Serasker Ismael, replacing him with the famous Kourshid Pacha, at that time viceroy of the Morea. And so ended the year 1820.

This state of affairs could not escape the attention of the vigilant Heterria. Here was Ali Pacha, hitherto regarded as an insurmountable obstacle in their path, absolutely compelled by circumstances to be their warmest friend. The Turks again, whom no circumstances could entirely disarm, were yet crippled for the time, and their whole attention preoccupied by another enemy—most alarming to their policy, and most tempting to their cupidity. Such an opportunity it seemed unpardonable to neglect. Accordingly, it was resolved to begin the insurrection. At its head was placed Prince Alexander Ypsilanti, a son of that Hospodar of Wallachia, whose deposition by the Porte had produced the Russian war of 1806. This prince's qualifications consisted in his high birth, in his connexion with Russia, (for he had risen to the rank of Major-General in that service,) and, finally, (if such things can deserve a mention,) in an agreeable person and manners. For all other and higher qualifications he was wholly below the situation and the urgency of the crisis. His first error was in the choice of his ground. For some reasons, which are not sufficiently explained, possibly on account of his family connexion with those provinces, he chose to open the war in Moldavia and Wallachia. This resolution he took in spite of every warning, and the most intelligent expositions of the absolute necessity—that, to be at all effectual, the first stand should be made in Greece. He thought otherwise; and, managing the campaign after his own ideas, he speedily involved himself in quarrels, and his army, through the perfidy of a considerable officer, in ruinous embarrassments. This unhappy campaign is circumstantially narrated by Mr Gordon in his first book; but, as it never crossed the Danube, and had no connexion with Greece except by its purposes—we shall simply rehearse the great outline of its course. The signal for insurrection was given in January 1821; and Prince Ypsilanti took the field, by crossing the Pruth,

in March. Early in April, he received a communication from the Emperor of Russia which at once prostrated his hopes before an enemy was seen. He was formally disavowed by that prince, erased from his army-list, and severely reprovved for his "*folly and ingratitude*," in letters from two members of the Russian Cabinet; and on the 9th of April, this fact was publicly notified in Yassy, the capital of Moldavia, by the Russian Consul-General. His army at this time consisted of 3000 men, which however was afterwards reinforced, but with no gunpowder, except what was casually intercepted, and no lead except some that had been stripped from the roof of an ancient cathedral.

On the 12th of May the Pacha of Ibrail opened the campaign. A few days after the Turkish troops began to appear in considerable force; and on the 8th of June an alarm was suddenly given "that the white turbans were upon them." In the engagement which followed, the insurgent army gave way; and, though their loss was much smaller than that of the Turks, yet from the many blunders committed, the consequences were disastrous; and, had the Turks pursued, there would on that day have been an end of the insurrection. But far worse and more decisive was the subsequent disaster of the 17th. Ypsilanti had been again reinforced; and his advanced guard had surprised a Turkish detachment of cavalry in such a situation that their escape seemed impossible. Yet all was ruined by one officer of rank who got drunk, and advanced with an air of bravado—followed, on a principle of honour, by a sacred battalion, [*hieros torchos*,] composed of 500 Greek volunteers, of birth and education, the very *élite* of the insurgent infantry. The Turks gave themselves up for lost; but happening to observe that this drunkard seemed unsupported by other parts of the army, they suddenly mounted, came down upon the noble young volunteers before they could even form in square; and nearly the whole, disdaining to fly, were cut to pieces on the ground. An officer of rank, and a brave man, appalled by the hideous disaster, the affair of a few moments, rode up to the spot, and did all he could to repair it. But

the cowardly drunkard had fled at the first onset with all his Arnauts; panic spread rapidly; and the whole force of 5000 men fled before 800 Turks, leaving 400 men dead on the field, of whom 350 belonged to the sacred battalion.

The Turks, occupied with gathering a trophy of heads, neglected to pursue. But the work was done. The defeated advance fell back upon the main body; and that same night the whole army, panic-struck, ashamed, and bewildered, commenced a precipitate retreat. From this moment Prince Ypsilanti thought only of saving himself. This purpose he effected in a few days, by retreating into Austria, from which territory he issued his final order of the day—taxing his army, in violent and unmeasured terms, with cowardice and disobedience. This was in a limited sense true; many distinctions, however, were called for in mere justice; and the capital defects after all were in himself. His plan was originally bad; and, had it been better, he was quite unequal to the execution of it. The results were unfortunate to all concerned in it. Ypsilanti himself was arrested by Austria, and thrown into the unwholesome prison of Mongatz, where, after languishing for six years, he perished miserably. Some of the subordinate officers prolonged the struggle in a guerilla style for some little time; but all were finally suppressed. Many were put to death; many escaped into neutral ground; and it is gratifying to add, that of two traitors amongst the higher officers, one was detected and despatched in a summary way of vengeance by his own associates; the other, for some unexplained reason, was beheaded by his Turkish friends at the very moment when he had put himself into their power, in fearless obedience to their own summons to come and receive his well-merited reward, and under an express assurance from the Pacha of Silistria, that he was impatiently waiting to invest him with a pelisse of honour. Such faith is kept with traitors; such faith be ever kept with the betrayers of nations and their holiest hopes! Though in this instance the particular motives of the Porte are still buried in mystery.

Thus terminated the first rash enterprise which resulted from the too tempting invitation held out in the rebellion then agitating Epirus, locking up, as it did, and neutralizing so large a part of the disposable Turkish forces. To this we return. Kourshid Pacha quitted the Morea with a large body of troops, in the first days of January 1821, and took the command of the army already before Yannina. But, with all his great numerical superiority to the enemy with whom he contended, and now enjoying undisturbed union in his own camp, he found it impossible to make his advances rapidly. Though in hostility to the Porte, and though now connected with Christian allies, Ali Pacha was yet nominally a Mahomedan. Hence it had been found impossible as yet to give any colour of an anti-Christian character to the war; and the native Mahomedan chieftains had therefore no scruple in coalescing with the Christians of Epirus, and making joint cause with Ali. Gradually, from the inevitable vexations incident to the march and residence of a large army, the whole population became hostile to Kourshid; and their remembrance of Ali's former oppressions, if not effaced, was yet suspended in the presence of a nuisance so immediate and so generally diffused; and most of the Epirots turned their arms against the Porte. The same feelings, which governed *them*, soon spread to the provinces of Etolia and Acarnania; or rather, perhaps, being previously ripe for revolt, these provinces resolved to avail themselves of the same occasion. Missolonghi now became the centre of rebellion; and Kourshid's difficulties were daily augmenting. In July of this year (1821) these various insurgents, actively co-operating, defeated the Serasker in several actions, and compelled a Pacha to lay down his arms on the road between Yannina and Souli. It was even proposed by the gallant partisan, Mark Bozzaris, that all should unite to hem in the Serasker; but a wound, received in a skirmish, defeated this plan. In September following, however, the same Mark intercepted and routed Hassan Pacha in a defile on his march to Yannina; and in general the

Turks were defeated everywhere except at the headquarters of the Serasker; and with losses in men enormously disproportioned to the occasions. This arose partly from the necessity under which they lay of attacking expert musketeers under cover of breastworks, and partly from their own precipitance and determination to carry every thing by summary force; "whereas," says Mr Gordon, "a little patience would surely have caused them to succeed, and at least saved them much dishonour, and thousands of lives thrown away in mere wantonness." But, in spite of all blunders, and every sort of failure elsewhere, the Serasker was still advancing slowly towards his main objects—the reduction of Ali Pacha. And by the end of October, on getting possession of an important part of Ali's works, he announced to the Sultan that he should soon be able to send him the traitor's head, for that he was already reduced to 600 men. A little before this, however, the celebrated Maurocordato, with other persons of influence, had arrived at Missolonghi with the view of cementing a general union of Christian and Mahomedan forces against the Turks. In this he was so far successful, that in November a combined attack was made upon Ismael, the old enemy of Ali, and three other Pachas, shut up in the town of Arta. This attack succeeded partially; but it was attempted at a moment dramatically critical, and with an effect ruinous to the whole campaign as well as that particular attack. The assailing party, about 3400 men, were composed in the proportion of two Christians to one Mahomedan. They had captured one-half of the town; and, Mark Bozzaris having set this on fire to prevent plundering, the four Pachas were on the point of retreating under cover of the smoke. At that moment arrived a Mahomedan of note, instigated by Kourshid, who was able to persuade those of his own faith that the Christians were not fighting with any sincere views of advantage to Ali, but with ulterior purposes hostile to Mahomedanism itself. On this, the Christian division of the army found themselves obliged to retire without noise, in order to escape their own allies,

now suddenly united with the four Pachas. Nor, perhaps, would even this have been effected, but for the precaution of Mark Bozzaris in taking hostages from two leading Mahomedans. Thus failed the last diversion in favour of Ali Pacha, who was henceforward left to his own immediate resources. All the Mahomedan tribes now ranged themselves on the side of Kourshid; and the winter of 1821-2 passed away without further disturbance in Epirus.

Meantime, during the absence of Kourshid Pacha from the Morea, the opportunity had not been lost for raising the insurrection in that important part of Greece. Kourshid had marched early in January 1821; and already in February symptoms of the coming troubles appeared at Patrass, "the most flourishing and populous city of the Peloponnesus, the emporium of its trade, and residence of the foreign consuls and merchants." Its population was about 18,000, of which number two-thirds were Christian. In March, when rumours had arrived of the insurrection beyond the Danube, under Alexander Ypsilanti, the fermentation became universal; and the Turks of Patrass hastily prepared for defence. By the 25th, the Greeks had purchased all the powder and lead which could be had; and about the 2d of April they raised the standard of the Cross. Two days after this, fighting began at Patrass. The town having been set on fire, "the Turkish castle threw shot and shells at random; the two parties fought amongst the ruins, and massacred each other without mercy; the only prisoners that were spared owed their lives to fanaticism; some

Christian youths being circumcised by the Mollahs, and some Turkish boys baptized by the priests."

"While the commencement of the war," says Mr Gordon, "was thus signalized by the ruin of a flourishing city, the insurrection gained ground with wonderful rapidity; and from mountain to mountain, and village to village, propagated itself to the furthest corner of the Peloponnesus. Everywhere the peasants flew to arms; and those Turks who resided in the open country or unfortified towns, were either cut to pieces, or forced to fly into strongholds." On the 2d of April, the flag of independence was hoisted in Achaia. On the 9th, a Grecian senate met at Calamata in Messenia, having for its President Mavromichalis, prince or bey of Maina, a rugged territory in the ancient Sparta, famous for its hardy race of robbers and pirates.*

On the 6th of April, the insurrection had spread to the narrow territory of Megaris, situated to the north of the Isthmus. The Albanian population of this country, amounting to about 10,000, and employed by the Porte to guard the defiles of the entrance into Peloponnesus, raised the standard of revolt, and marched to invest the Acrocorinthus. In the Messenian territory, the Bishop of Modon, having made his guard of Janissaries drift, cut the whole of them to pieces; and then encamping on the heights of Navarin, his lordship blockaded that fortress. The abruptness of these movements, and their almost simultaneous origin at distances so considerable, sufficiently prove how ripe the Greeks were for this revolt as respected temper; and in other modes of preparation they never could have been ripe

* These Mainatts have been supposed to be of Slavonian origin; but Mr Gordon, upon the authority of the Emperor, Constantine Porphyrogenitos, asserts that they are of pure Laconian blood, and became Christians in the reign of that emperor's grandfather—Basil the Macedonian. They are, and ever have been, robbers by profession; robbers by land, pirates by sea; for which last branch of their mixed occupation, they enjoy singular advantages in their position at the point of junction between the Ionian and Egean seas. To illustrate their condition of perpetual warfare, Mr. Gordon mentions, that there were very lately individuals who had lived for twenty years in towers, not daring to stir out lest their neighbours should shoot at them. They were supplied with bread and cartridges by their wives; for the persons of women are sacred in Maina. Two other good features in their character are their hospitality, and their indisposition to bloodshed. They are in fact gentle thieves—the Robbers of Greece.

whilst overlooked by Turkish masters. That haughty race now retreated from all parts of the Morea, within the ramparts of Tripolizza.

In the first action which occurred, the Arcadian Greeks did not behave well; they fled at the very sound of the Moslem tread; Colocotroni commanded; and he rallied them again; but again they deserted him at the sight of their oppressors; "and I," said Colocotroni afterward, when narrating the circumstances of this early affair, "having with me only ten companions including my horse, sat down in a bush and wept."

Meantime, affairs went ill at Patrass. Yussuf Pacha, having been detached from Epirus to Eubœa by the Serasker, heard on his route of the insurrection in Peloponnesus. Upon which, altering his course, he sailed to Patrass, and reached it on the 15th of April. This was Palm Sunday, and it dawned upon the Greeks with evil omens. First came a smart shock of earthquake; next a cannonade announcing the approach of the Pacha; and, lastly, an Ottoman brig of war, which saluted the fort and cast anchor before the town.

The immediate consequences were disastrous. The Greeks retreated; and the Pacha detached Kihaya-Bey, a Tartar officer of distinguished energy, with near 3000 men, to the most important points of the revolt. On the 5th of May, the Tartar reached Corinth, but found the siege already raised. Thence he marched to Argos, sending before him a requisition for bread. He was answered by the men of Argos, that they had no bread, but only powder and ball at his service. This threat, however, proved a gasconade; the Kihaya advanced in three columns; cavalry on each wing, and infantry in the centre; on which, after a single discharge, the Argives fled.* Their general, fighting bravely, was killed, together with 700 others, and 1500 women captured. The Turks, having sacked and burned Argos, then laid siege to a monastery, which surrendered

upon terms; and it is honourable to the memory of this Tartar general, that, according to the testimony of Mr Gordon, at a time when the war was managed with merciless fury and continual perfidies on both sides, he observed the terms with rigorous fidelity, treated all his captives with the utmost humanity, and even liberated the women.

Thus far the tide had turned against the Greeks; but now came a decisive reaction in their favour; and, as if for ever to proclaim the folly of despair, just at the very crisis when it was least to have been expected, the Kihaya was at this point joined by the Turks of Tripolizza, and was now reputed to be 11,000 strong. This proved to be an exaggeration; but the subsequent battle is the more honourable to those who believed it. At a council of war, in the Greek camp, the prevailing opinion was, that an action could not prudently be risked. One man thought otherwise; this was Anagnostoras; he, by urging the desolations which would follow a retreat, brought over the rest to his opinion; and it was resolved to take up a position at Valtezza, a village three hours' march from Tripolizza. Thither, on the 27th of May, the Kihaya arrived with 5000 men, in three columns, having left Tripolizza at dawn; and immediately raised redoubts opposite to those of the Greeks, and placed three heavy pieces of cannon in battery. He hoped to storm the position; but, if he should fail, he had a reason for still anticipating a victory, and *that* was the situation of the fountains, which must soon have drawn the Greeks out of their position, as they had water only for twenty-four hours' consumption.

The battle commenced: and the first failure of the Kihaya was in the cannonade; for his balls passing over the Greeks, fell amongst a corps of his own troops. These now made three assaults; but were repulsed in all. Both sides kept up a fire till night; and each expected that his enemy would retire in the darkness.

* It has a sublime effect in the record of this action to hear, that the Argives were drawn up behind a wall originally raised as a defence against the *debauchery* of *Turks*.

The 28th, however, found the two armies still in the same positions. The battle was renewed for five hours; and then the Kihaya, finding his troops fatigued, and that his retreat was likely to be intercepted by Nikitas, (a brave partisan officer bred to arms in the service of England,) who was coming up by forced marches from Argos with 800 men, gave the signal for retreat. This soon became a total rout: the Kihaya lost his horse; and the Greeks, besides taking two pieces of cannon, raised a trophy of 400 Moslem heads.

Such was the battle of Valtezza, the inaugural performance of the insurrection; and we have told it thus circumstantially, because Mr Gordon characterises it as "remarkable for the moral effect it produced;" and he does not scruple to add, that it "certainly decided the campaign in Peloponnesus, and perhaps even the fate of the Revolution."

Three days after, that is, on the last day of May 1821, followed the victory of Doliana, in which the Kihaya, anxious to recover his lost ground, was encountered by Nikitas. The circumstances were peculiarly brilliant. For the Turkish general had between two and three thousand men, besides artillery; whereas Nikitas at first sustained the attack in thirteen barricaded houses, with no more than ninety-six soldiers and thirty armed peasants. After a resistance of eleven hours, he was supported by 700 men; and in the end he defeated the Kihaya with a very considerable loss.

These actions raised the enthusiasm of the Morea to a high point; and in the meantime other parts of Greece had joined in the revolt. In the first week of April, an insurrection burst out in the eastern provinces of Greece, Attica, Boeotia, and Phocis. The insurgents first appeared near Livadia, one of the best cities in northern Greece. On the 13th, they occupied Thebes without opposition. Immediately after, Odysseus propagated the revolt in Phocis, where he had formerly commanded as a lieutenant of Ali Pacha's. Next arose the Albanian peasantry of Attica, gathering in armed bodies to the west of Athens. Towards the end of April, the Turks, who compo-

sed one-fifth of the Athenian population, (then rated at 10,000,) became greatly agitated; and twice proposed a massacre of the Christians. This was resisted by the humane Khadi; and the Turks, contenting themselves with pillaging absent proprietors, began to lay up stores in the Acropolis. With ultra Turkish stupidity, however, out of pure laziness, at this critical moment, they confided the night duty on the ramparts of the city to Greeks. The consequence may be supposed. On the 8th of May, the Ottoman standard had been raised and blessed by an Imam. On the following night, a rapid discharge of musketry, and the shouts of *Christ has risen! Liberty! Liberty!* proclaimed the capture of Athens. Nearly 2000 peasants, generally armed with clubs, had scaled the walls and forced the gates. The prisoners taken were treated with humanity. But unfortunately this current of Christian sentiment was immediately arrested by the conduct of the Turks in the Acropolis, in killing nine hostages, and throwing over the walls some naked and headless bodies.

The insurrection next spread to Thessaly; and at last even to Macedonia, from the premature and atrocious violence of the Pacha of Salonika. Apprehending a revolt, he himself drew it on, by cutting off the heads of the Christian merchants and clergy, (simply as a measure of precaution,) and enforcing his measures on the peasantry by military execution. Unfortunately, from its extensive plains, this country is peculiarly favourable to the evolutions of the Turkish cavalry:—the insurgents were therefore defeated in several actions; and ultimately took refuge in great numbers amongst the convents on Mount Athos, which also were driven into revolt by the severity of the Pacha. Here the fugitives were safe from the sabres of their merciless pursuers; but, unless succoured by sea, ran a great risk of perishing by famine.

But a more important accession to the cause of independence, within one month from its first outbreak in the Morea, occurred in the Islands of the Archipelago. The three prin-

cipal of these in modern times, are Hydra, Spezzia, and Psarra.* They had been colonized in the preceding century, by some poor families from Peloponnesus and Ionia. At that time they had gained a scanty subsistence as fishermen. Gradually they became merchants and seamen. Being the best sailors in the Sultan's dominions, they had obtained some valuable privileges, amongst which was that of exemption from Turkish magistrates; so that, if they could not boast of *autonomy*, they had at least the advantage of executing the bad laws of Turkish imposition, by chiefs of their own blood. And they had the farther advantage of paying but a moderate tribute to the Sultan. So favoured, their commerce had flourished beyond all precedent. And latterly, when the vast extension of European warfare had created first-rate markets for grain, selecting of course those which were highest at the moment, they sometimes doubled their capitals in two voyages; and seven or eight such trips in a year, were not an unusual instance of good fortune. What had been the result, may be collected from the following description, which Mr Gordon gives us, of Hydra:—"Built on a sterile rock, which does not offer, at any season, the least trace of vegetation, it is one of the best cities in the Levant, and *infinitely superior to any other in Greece*: the houses are all constructed of white stone; and those of the aristocracy, —erected at an immense expense, floored with costly marbles, and splendidly furnished,—*might pass for palaces even in the capitals of Italy*. Before the Revolution, poverty was unknown: all classes being comfortably lodged, clothed, and fed. Its inhabitants at this epoch, exceeded 20,000, of whom 4000 were able-bodied seamen."

The other islands were, with few exceptions, arid rocks; and most of them had the inestimable advantage

of being unplagued with a Turkish population. Enjoying that precious immunity, it may be wondered why they should have entered into the revolt. But for this there were two great reasons: they were ardent Christians in the first place, and disinterested haters of Mahomedanism on its own merits; secondly, as the most powerful† nautical confederacy in the Levant, they anticipated a large booty from captures at sea. In that expectation, at first they were not disappointed. But it was a source of wealth soon exhausted: for naturally, as soon as their ravages became known, the Mussulmans ceased to navigate. Spezzia was the first to hoist the independent flag: this was on the 9th of April, 1821. Psarra immediately followed her example. Hydra hesitated; and at first even declined to do so; but at last, on the 28th of April, this island also issued a manifesto of adherence to the patriotic cause. On the 3d of May, a squadron of eleven Hydriot and seven Spezzia vessels sailed from Hydra, having on the mainmast, "an address to the people of the Egean sea, inviting them to rally round the national standard: an address that was received with enthusiasm in every quarter of the Archipelago, where the Turks were not numerous enough to restrain popular feeling."

"The success of the Greek marine, in this its first expedition," says Mr Gordon, "was not confined to merely spreading the insurrection throughout the Archipelago; a swarm of swift armed ships swept the sea from the Hellespont, to the waters of Crete and Cyprus; captured every Ottoman trader they met with, and put to the sword, or flung overboard, the Mahomedan crews and passengers; for the contest already assumed a character of terrible ferocity. It would be vain to deny that they were guilty of shocking barbarities; at the little island of Castel

* Their insignificance in ancient times, is proclaimed by the obscurity of their ancient names—Aperopia, Tipareus, and Psyra.

† Mr Gordon says, that "they could without difficulty, fit out a hundred sail of ships, brigs, and schooners, armed with from 12 to 24 guns each, and manned by 7000 stout and able sailors." Pouqueville ascribes to them, in 1813, a force considerably greater. But the peace of Paris (one year after Pouqueville's estimates) naturally reduced their power, as their extraordinary gains were altogether dependent on war and naval blockades.

Rosso, on the Karamanian shore, they butchered, in cold blood, several beautiful Turkish females; and a great number of defenceless pilgrims, (mostly old men,) who, returning from Mecca, fell into their power off Cyprus, were slain without mercy, because they would not renounce their faith." Many such cases of hideous barbarity had already occurred, and did afterwards occur, on the mainland. But this is the eternal law, and providential retribution of oppression. The tyrant teaches to his slave the crimes and the cruelties which he inflicts; blood will have blood; and the ferocious oppressor is involved in the natural reaction of his own wickedness, by the frenzied retaliation of the oppressed. Now was indeed beheld the realization of the sublime imprecation in Shakspeare: "one spirit of the first-born Cain" did indeed reign in the hearts of men; and now, if ever upon this earth, it seemed likely, from the dreadful *acharnement* which marked the war on both sides—the *acharnement* of long-hoarded vengeance and maddening remembrances in the Grecian, of towering disdain in the alarmed oppressor,—that in very simplicity of truth, "*Darkness would be the burier of the dead.*"

Such was the opening scene in the astonishing drama of the Greek insurrection, which, through all its stages, was destined to move by fire and blood, and beyond any war in human annals, to command the interest of mankind through their sterner affections. We have said that it was eminently a romantic war; but not in the meaning with which we apply that epithet to the semi-fabulous wars of Charlemagne and his Paladins, or even to the Crusaders. Here, as the reader will find in the two succeeding Parts of the History, are no memorable contests of generosity; no triumphs glorified by mercy; no sacrifices of interest, the most basely selfish, to martial honour; no ear on either side for the pleadings of desolate affliction; no voice in any quarter of commanding justice; no acknowledgment of a common nature between the belligerents; nor sense of a participation in the same human infirmities, dangers, or necessities. To the fugitive from the field of battle there was

scarcely a retreat,—to the prisoner there was absolutely no hope. Stern retribution and the very rapture of vengeance, were the passions which presided on the one side; on the other, fanaticism and the cruelty of fear, and hatred maddened by old hereditary scorn. Wherever the war raged, there followed upon the face of the land one blank *Aceldama*. A desert tracked the steps of the armies, and a desert in which was no oasis; and the very atmosphere, in which men lived and breathed, was a chaos of murderous passions. Still it is true that the war was a great romance. For it was filled with change, and with elastic rebound from what seemed final extinction; with the spirit of adventure carried to the utmost limits of heroism; with self-devotion on the sublimest scale, and the very frenzy of patriotic martyrdom; with resurrection of everlasting hope upon ground seven times blasted by the blighting presence of the enemy; and with flowers radiant in promise springing for ever from under the very tread of the accursed Moslem. And in this sense, and with a particular reference to the scenical shifting of circumstances in the long succession of parti-san expeditions, or of brief local campaigns, we style the war *romantic*. And that very character of *romance* it is which attaches to any narrative of the war a burden of difficulty. For with the romantic and with the *apparently* improbable, readily blend traits of the really fabulous—and idle legends without number connected with local pretensions, or with the personal vanity of individuals. In such a case, and in the midst of what is at any rate *confessedly* marvelous, to winnow the spurious from the true—belongs neither exclusively to talents, nor to the highest advantages of situation; but to both in combination. Without Mr Gordon's privileged position in the confidence of the Supreme Government, no access could have been gained to those invaluable materials which he has now first brought forward from the archives of the Grecian State. And, on the other hand, for any purpose of historical composition, all such advantages of situation would have been thrown away, without Mr Gordon's talent for turning them to account.

THE CHIEF; OR, THE GAEL AND SASSENACH, IN THE REIGN OF GEORGE IV.

A CARICATURE.

CHAPTER I.

There's some that ken and some that dinna ken
The whumpled meaning of this unco tale. —RA 1547.

THE castle of Inverstrone stands on a little promontory that abuts into the Western ocean. On the side towards the sea, is an abrupt precipice, at the bottom of which lies a long shallow, dangerous to vessels bound for the harbour of Strone, which is quite safe and well sheltered when attained. It is the mouth, as the name implies, of the little river Strone, and is altogether exceedingly picturesque and romantic.

The castle is, or was, inhabited by the Chief of the Clan-Jaumphrey, Roderick McGoul, a personage of much repute in those parts, and of great importance to himself. On the death of the late Chief, he succeeded to the estate as next of kin; but he was not a very near relation, his father being thirteenth cousin of the third remove of the late chieftain's mother, who was cousin-german of his grandfather, seventh brother of the then Chief of the clan.

When Roderick came to the property, he was rather low in the world, a quarrier in the Ballyhoolish slate-quarries, and learning had taken no particular pains in consequence with his education; but still he possessed many Highland virtues. He was hospitable to a degree that would have made all the Lowlands blush for themselves, and he lived as a chieftain should do, at hack and manger, though in wet weather the roof of his castle leaked at every pore, and the owls in the battlements were unmolested denizens.

His household was numerous and not very orderly, but Elspeth, the house-keeper, was over all the other servants, and particularly celebrated for legendary lore and mutton-hams. Roderick himself was not very active, and around the castle nature was permitted to revel in all the rankness with which she yet exercises dominion in some parts of the Highlands.

For several days during summer, in the month of July, a thick

fog invested the sea and the environs of the castle of Inverstrone. The chief said it was a shame to Providence for permitting the fog to lie so long, and soon would be seen of it. Nor was he far wrong; for, in the afternoon of the fifth day, the wind began to blow from the south-west, with drizzly showers on the squalls, betokening, as Elspeth prognosticated, a night that was not for haymaking. She was brought from the Lowlands, and spoke the Christian tongue rather better than her master.

The foggy blustering afternoon was succeeded by a gloaming of more violence; the owls shrieked often, and Elspeth, with many of the servants, saw such sights and heard such lamentations, that obliged her to make a communication on the subject to the Chief.

He was sitting at the time in his best parlour, dozing, for lack of something more particular to do, in an easy-chair covered with old chintz.

The wind roughened the sea; the ominous mist was thinning, and the dark waves were dashing themselves into foam on the rocks that seaward lay at the bottom of the castle. Every thing portended a tempestuous night, when Elspeth came into the room to make her communication.

"Well is it," said she, "for you to be taking your ease in a cozy chair, when such signs of trouble are abroad."

"Ay, ay, goot Eppie," said he, "and what are your prognostications?"

"I have seen," said she, "a standing-out feather in the black hen's wing, large and great."

"Well; umph!" said the Chief.

"I never saw," she added, "such a symbol without a fulfilment; before the morn at set of sun, a stranger will be here."

"Very well," was the reply, "and what have ye got in the pantry?"

"Ah!" said she, "that is ever

your response when I tell you the likes; but the feather that gives this warning is big and black. I wish it may bode any good."

"Hoot, toot," cried the Chief, "to be surely that is always what you say."

"But there has been other signs of more note. Just when we first saw the sticking-out feather, a splinter leapt out of the chimney ribs of the shape of a living coffin."

"Ay, a coffin; umph!"

"And that was not all, even now when we lighted the cruise, there was news on the wick, a red star; all things betoken hasty news, Lord preserve us."

At this moment the wind began to sob and sigh without; the sea grew hoarser below, and there was less mirth in the hall; for the signals of fate, which were known there, were duly revered, and all prank and pastime was interdicted till it was ascertained what heed the Chief would give to the omens.

Among other things, which Roderick had thought necessary to the rank of life to which he was called, was an assumption of the gentlemanly quality of free-thinking, while he stood in the utmost awe of every superstitious dogma. In consequence, his general reply to Elspeth was couched in no very ceremonious terms for her attempt to terrify him with her "phusions," while at the same time he felt a thrill of dread vibrate through every limb at her recital. But nothing more remarkable within the castle passed that night; the storm without was as if destruction were fetching his breath, and the roaring of the sea as an oracle that prophesied disasters; few or none went to sleep, and all were afoot by break of day, for in the pauses of the gale some heard the tolling of a bell, and the shrieks of mariners in jeopardy; nor were their fears ill-founded, when daylight appeared, the wreck of a vessel was discovered on the rocks.

Roderick himself at this spectacle seemed to leap out of his natural indolence, and for the time to be a

new man. He ordered the ball fire to be heaped with peats, and the coals to be lighted afresh in the parlour; all was bustle, and he went himself to the shore to see what assistance could be given to the unfortunate souls whom he beheld clinging to the rigging and masts, amidst the showering spray of the breaking sea.

By this time the wind was abating, and the tide ebbing, so that the rescue of the ill-fated crew did not appear difficult; but ere the bark could be reached, it was found that several of the persons who had lashed themselves to the rigging, were already dead, particularly a lady and gentleman; their infant child, being below in the cabin with his nurse, was reckoned alive, with the master and several of the crew.

To do the Highland warmth of our friend Roderick justice, the best in the castle was not too good for the survivors, and in due time the dead were respectfully interred in the adjacent churchyard, while the orphan and nurse were committed to the care of "olden" Elspeth, and made as much of as their melancholy circumstances could draw from kind hearts accustomed to set no bounds to their hospitality.

When the Chieftain had ascertained from the master of the vessel, that the father and mother of the child were English voyagers of great wealth, and were sailing on that wild part of the coast for pleasure, he thought it was expedient to take some early mode of conveying to their friends an account of the calamity. How to do this properly was perplexing, for he was not very good at the writing, and as for spelling, he never could meet with a pen that was fit for the office; a whole afternoon he meditated on what should be done, and at last, on the suggestion of the master of the vessel, he resolved to apply to the minister, and to take his advice on the subject, saying,—“If the Englishers be come, as you say, of a pedicree, we can do no less than make a moan for them.”

CHAPTER II.

No sooner had the Chief made up his mind to consult the minister of Strone, on the communication he should make to the world about the Englishers, than he seized his staff and went towards the manse.

This staff, we should by the way notice, was an Indian cane, vired with gold, and with an ivory top, such as became the palm of a Chieftain, and which our friend never made use of but with a flourish, that bespoke consciousness of his own consequence. With bonnet slightly doffed, contracted eyes, and lips apart displaying his grinders, he faced the blast with an upward look, daunting the northern wind that scowled in the black and wintry clouds which hovered in that air.

The path down the hill from the castle was not exceedingly well smoothed; the torrents of rain had in many places trenched it across; here and there huge stones lay on it, as if they had fallen from the skies, and its margin exhibited the freedom of nature. Nevertheless, the Chief descended with rapid strides, and his shadow in the setting sun against the side of the hill, was like the giant with the seven-league boots, only his steps were greatly disproportioned.

When about half-way down to the manse, he met Pharick McGowl, his piper, and a proud man was Pharick, for he had been at the ferry-house, drinking with Monsieur Caprier, a dancing-master, who had been for some time professionally engaged in attempting to teach the young Highlanders of the neighbourhood to dance cotillions, instead of "the barbare reels," as he said that they were taught by the goats, greatly to the wrath and indignation of the old warriors. With him, as we have been saying, Pharick the piper had been drinking at the ferry-house; and the early part of the day being rainy, they somehow got into an argument, in which Pharick, being a little bleazy with the liquor, had held out loud and long on the superiority of Highland civilisation above that of France; and the more he argued on this head, Monsieur grew

the less and less able to refute him. At last he fell under the table, and Pharick, making the mountains echo to his drone and chanter, was coming up the hill, when Roderick was descending.

He looked at his Chief and master, to be sure that it was him, and wheeling round like the cock that, Milton says,

"Stately struts his daines before,"

blew out his bag till the echoes applauded again, and turning round, marched with a red face to the minister's.

Roderick was not displeased at this encounter; he had that delicious glow upon his spirit, which arises from the consciousness of having done his duty. So accordingly he flourished his cane, and shouldering it like a sword, stepped out after his piper whistling defiance, and really looked like a Chief.

In this guise the procession of the two proceeded to the manse, where learning from a breechless boy, that met them at a rude gate, that Dr Dozle was within, the piper paused, silence fell upon the hills, and the reverend gentleman was seen to look from the manse door with his old shoes down in the heels, his black breeches unbuttoned at the knees, and wearing a wrapper of his lady, that served him as well for a dressing-gown. But before the Chieftain reached the door, his reverence had retired within, and was ready to receive him a little more as became the patron of the parish.

Their mutual greeting was very cordial; the minister made an apology for his dishabille, having, as he said, got wet in attending the funeral.

"Ou aye," said the Chief, "but we come on an instrumental our ainself to accuse it with you, for Elspeth has cowpit the ink-pottle, and there's not a pen in the house that can spell a mouthful of sense, petter than Nebuchadnezzar when he crunched grass with the cow."

Dr Dozle, who knew how many blue beans it takes to make five, as well as most people of the ecclesiastical

tical calling, joined very heartily in the facetious humour of the Chief, partly because he did not well understand what he said, and because he was a Highland patron, above whose stubborn humour he had long in vain struggled for masterdom; however he said—

“Come into the fire, M’Goul, and we’ll discuss that.”

“Discuss that, aye, aye, that was the word; but you know, Dr Tozle, that my parts were never brought out with a college learning like yours; now what do you tink, Dr Tozle, if we were to put twa lines in the newspaper, and they would gang from Dan to Beersheeba, telling of this melancholy,—don’t you tink, Dr Tozle, it would be a very much to the purpose, umph?”

The reverend doctor saw a little more into the Chief’s meaning by this sentence, and said that he was just in the act of writing to the Editor of the Greenock Advertiser a letter, narrating all the sad circumstances of the wreck.

“Aye,” said the chief, “you are a prophethess, and kest what I would be awanting when I came to my common sense concerning this molification; but, Dr Tozle, you’ll can read the scrapes of your pen, which is mair than ever I could do, our pens are so devillish; read, Dr Tozle.”

The doctor went into his study and brought forth the letter which he was in the act of writing, with the particulars of the calamity, to the Editor of the Greenock Advertiser, and read it to the Chief, who listened with open mouth to the whole story, giving at every pause a judicious hotch from the one side to the other, which showed that he understood it, and when the minister paused, he said, stretching out his hand, “Very well, Dr Tozle, very well indeed; you are a restinct man, al true, al true; but you might have said a little more of the civilities to the dead corpses, that we had to cut out of the rigging, and how Elspeth has made a dauty of the bairn that we eschewed in the cabin.”

“Oh,” replied the doctor, “I had not finished; all that was to come, and I could never have forgot the rescue of the unhappy child; all we have now left is to find out its parentage.”

“Aye, Dr Tozle, and you should have precluded with a smalloch hone, just by way of an edification.”

“You are very right,” said the doctor, “it is much to be lamented, M’Goul, that you were not brought sooner to the estate; talents such as yours ought not to be hid under a bushel.”

“What you say, Dr Tozle,” replied the Chieftain, “is very true; I had a spunk within me, but it has gone out like the snuff of a cruizie; put as I am here, and came on purpose, I would just like to hear the preclusion of your letter, for by all accounts the Englishers were grantees, and I would have all the particulars set down.”

“They need long spoons that sup with the deil,” replied the minister jocularly; “there’s not the like of you, M’Goul, with parts so like a natural, in three counties. I’ll just step into my study, and conclude the letter, for Rob Walker, that carries the post, will be here soon.”

The Chief, highly pleased with himself, and the commendations which his parts had received, sat in the parlour while the minister stepped out to finish the letter. In the meantime the mistress came into the room, and essayed to entertain M’Goul, saying—

“Hech, sirs, but the hand of the Lord was in it.”

“Aye,” said he, “and so was the hand of M’Goul, for it would have been a plack story an he had na been there.”

“Deed,” said she, “the minister has been telling me that at the break of day, ye came forth like an angel of darkness, and great help ye were of to the dead.”

“Matam, mem, we did put our duty; oth hone, it was a sore sight; but you know, my goot matam, that the heavens delight in calamities, and we must pend the head and opey.”

At this crisis the reverend doctor came from his study with his letter completed, and read to the chief what he had added, which was quite agreeable to his delicate taste, for it bestowed high seasoned praise on his hospitable humanity to the survivors.

“Now,” said M’Goul, “that’s what I call to the crisis of the pishness; and we shall hear by and by of this, for if it be as the skipper of the park

cognosces, there will be an inquest, and me and you will get our adjudications for it, and now that I have got the letter ready, I will measure my way up the hill to my own castle, which is not out of the way for reparation; three selutes from the west towersock were blown off in the gale, and a steep of wet comes in where they were, and has made my bed just all a sappy middin, and I am like a grumphy. Mistress Tozle, hae ye ony thing in your pottle, for I have a doubt that some thing o'er cauld is meddling with my inside?"

"Oh!" cried the lady, "what have I been about, not to offer you, M'Goul, something before? the best I have is at your command."

"Aye, put dinna give me your

plue mould biscuits, nor your loaf's of the auld world from Inverary; I'll just take a scrap of cake, and I like the crown of the farle."

The minister's wife was not long of fetching the whisky gardevin, with a glass and piece of bread, with which M'Goul helped himself, shaking his head and spluttering with his lips as he drank the whisky, saying, with a droll look,

"Eeh, Mrs Tozle, but that water of yours is cauld, but it's no ill to take."

With that he rose, and giving a wave with his staff to the piper, who waited for him at the gate, he went back in order as befitted the honour of Inverstrone.

CHAPTER III.

WHEN the paper rascal of Greenock, yeapt the Advertiser, had conveyed to the uttermost parts of the kingdom the sad intelligence which Dr Dozle's letter communicated, there was, of course, great sorrow awakened in many places, but that which it occasioned in the mansion of Richard Stukeley, Esq., of Fenny Park, heretofore sheriff of the county of Wessex, we may be excused from attempting to describe. The old gentleman was the father of the unfortunate victim of the shipwreck, and had, with reluctance, consented to his son and family undertaking that voyage to the north-west of Scotland, which had terminated so fatally; but the infirm state of the lady's health, and the exhortations of the doctors, had prevailed in spite of the presentiment with which he was affected, and he saw them set out with a heaviness of heart that persuaded him they would never return.

When he received the sad news, he despatched an old confidential servant to bring the child and nurse from Scotland, and to present the best expressions of his gratitude to the *Lord* of Inverstrone, all which was executed in order; but the M'Goul was taught to expect some more substantial testimony of the service he had rendered. Not that the idea of reward had entered, of

his own accord, into his head, for he had too much of the Celtic blood in his body to be guilty of so sordid a thought; but the visitors whom the calamity drew to his castle, when they heard of the opulent family with which the deceased were connected, had so congratulated our friend Roderick on his good luck, that he began to say,—

"To be surely, there would be a penefit in meal or malt to him in the goot time."

When the servant sent for the orphan appeared at the castle, he soon learned that something better than thanks was expected by the retainers, and foreseen in the dreams of Elspeth. Thus it happened, that Richard Woodstock, the servant, when he returned to his master, with the child and its nurse, reported among other things this expectation, and old Mr Stukeley, still under the sorrow of the event, was not obtuse in receiving the hint. As soon, therefore, as he had embraced the child, he wrote himself to the M'Goul, not only a repetition of his thanks, but lamented that distance and age prevented him from cultivating that personal friendship, which sorrow and misfortune had hallowed to him for the remainder of his life.

To this letter he received a most becoming answer from the Chief: it is not necessary to conjecture whe-

ther it was penned by Dr Dozle or the parish schoolmaster, but it bore in large, legible, permanent, and conspicuous characters, the subscription of Inverstrone himself, in words at length, and concluded with—that, in the fall of the year, he proposed to visit England, and would do himself the particular pleasure of paying his respects, as was familiarly said, “to old Fenny Park.”

Mr Stukeley, who, in his younger years, had been bred in London, and had there made his affluent fortune as a draper, was rather surprised at the style of condescension and freedom which pervaded this epistle; but he ascribed it to the manners of the Highlanders, of whose peculiarities he had heard something when in business, and took it kind to be so suddenly recognised as an intimate friend by any chieftain of a race whom he had been taught to regard as among the lordliest of mankind.

The letter from the M'Goul was in consequence received as something of an honour, that tended to lessen the greatness of the calamity that led to it. The death of the son and his wife was in consequence mitigated, by the expected visitation of the Highland Chief. We are bound by the insight vouchsafed to us of human nature, to let this much be known; for Providence so variously turns the ills of life, that out of trifles light as air, sweet consolation is often distilled.

An answer to the Chieftain's epistle was sent in course of post, expressing Mr Stukeley's mournful pleasure in the prospect of so soon shaking hands with one to whose feeling heart he was so much obliged, and entreating that he would spend the winter at Fenny Park.

“I cannot offer you now,” said he, “such a cheerful home as it once was, but all that is in my power to give will be freely bestowed.”

There was, to be sure, a little of the inflation of a prosperous Londoner in the style of his reply; but at Inverstrone it diffused universal satisfaction: old Elspeth saw in it the realization of her wishes; the chief said he would not take a live thousand pounds in Perth bank notes for the gift in store; and Dr Dozle, who was sent for to read the letter more dis-

tinctly, in order that there might be no mistake, told the M'Goul it was a plain assurance that his fortune was now made.

Elspeth was instructed to prepare the Chieftain's necessaries for the journey. It was, however, late in the evening when she received her orders, and therefore it was not asking too much time for consideration, that the old woman did nothing in the business of packing that night, but in the morning she began at an early hour, and selected two large chests for the occasion—one to hold provisions for the journey, and the other as a receptacle for the paraphernalia—and inasmuch as food is more essential than raiment, she determined on filling the former first.

But the ploy was too precious to be executed without the superintendence of M'Goul himself; and accordingly, after breakfast, he came into the apartment where the old woman was busy.

“Hoot toot,” cried he, as he entered, seeing her labouring on her knees, amidst mutton-hams, white puddings, salt fish, and half a cheese, with smoking bannocks baked that morning for the occasion, “this is not the ceremony at all,” said he: “we must have the utensil with hair, for we're a gentleman, and puddings of cows, and legs of sheep, are not relishing at all—hoot, toot, toot; all you have to do, my goot woman, is to have a needful to serve till we get to Glasgow, and then the M'Goul will go as the M'Goul should.” The hairy utensil was a trunk, which, on being declared heir to the estate, our friend Roderick had bought second-hand at Fort-William, and thought it a grand thing, and would mark his degree among the Englishers. However, after some altercation, half Gaelic, half English,—for Elspeth, by her long residence in the Lowlands, had forgotten her native language,—matters were put to rights; and in due time, with a bundle tied in a handkerchief, and the trunk on the shoulder of a stout Highlander, the Chief, on a sheltie, took his departure for the south; Pharick the piper, strutting in advance, making the mountains doleful with “Lochaber no more.” Dr Dozle, and his wife holding him by the arm, were out at

the gate of the manse to view the procession, and many were the benedictions with which they saluted the proud chieftain as he passed.

Of the McGoul's progress to Glasgow we forbear to speak: it was worthy of him, and of the civilized portion of the region through which it was made. As far as Balloch ferry, the transit of Venus over the sun, as beheld by the French philosophers, was a dim unnoticed spot, compared to the cometic luminary of his advance. It was, however, late in the evening before he reached the Tron-gate of Glasgow; the lamps and shops were lighted up, and he remarked to the gillie with the trunk on his shoulder, who was also his servant, and had been a soldier in a

Highland regiment, "that he had never seen so big a town in al his life, with such a confabulation of candles and cruises that were a pleasantry to see."

Donald, who was more rogue than fool, told him that the illuminations were all on account of the chief of the Clan-Jamphrey, and it behoved him to take some notice of the compliment; whereupon Pharick the piper was ordered to put his drone in order, and play up "The garb of Old Gaul;" the Chief himself bore his bonnet aloft, and in this order they proceeded along Argyle Street, towards the Black Bull Inn, startling the natives with

"The outrageous insolence of pipes."

CHAPTER IV.

This was not only the first time that the Chief of the Clan-Jamphrey had been in Glasgow, but the first time he had entered an inn, in which the smell of peat-reek and train-oil did not predominate. We may, therefore, conceive his amazement at the splendour which broke upon his vision when he entered the Black Bull; a house which he often afterwards said was as pretty a kingdom of heaven on the face of the earth, as a man could take half a mutchkin in upon a drop-on-the-nose day.

He trusted a good deal to the experience of Donald his servant, who had seen, as he said, the outer side of the world, and who was his guide on this occasion to the regions of the South. Donald, as we have already mentioned, more rogue than fool, though hired for the occasion, saw through the Chief's peculiarities, and had some enjoyment in bringing them out; but, like a true Highlander, his master's pride could be in no more jealous custody; no man in his hearing durst say aught in disparagement of his redoubtable Chieftain, and if he now and then laughed in his sleeve at his odd conceits and extravagant self-importance, it was but a custom he had learned from the Southrons in the army.

Donald told the waiter on their arrival that the best room in the house was not too good for the McGoul, and ordered a savoury supper

to be set out for him immediately, as he had come from Luss that day, and stood in need of refreshment. Accordingly, without having occasion to utter more than a grunt of approbation, they were shown into a parlour, where presently the waiter began to lay the cloth for supper, Roderick walking about the room in the meantime, flourishing his stick, and affecting to be as much at gentlemanly ease as the Dean of Guild of a borough town in the presence of King George the Fourth, at his ever memorable reception in Holyrood House.

Supper consisted of the usual delicacies of the season; among other things was a plate of eggs in cups of mahogany, with a radiance of bone or ivory spoons surrounding the dish in which they were served.

The moment that the Chief saw this phenomenon, he made a dead point at it, but a certain *mauvaise honte* prevented him from asking the waiter to explain. He had heard, however, of the usages of inns, and calling aloud for a bottle of Port, (meaning porter,) Mr Towel-under-arm skipped out of the room as a Highland deer would from his lair on the mountains, and Donald the servant being left alone in attendance, the amazed chieftain said to him, —

"Well, Tonald, what can they round wee white things be, in the tawny dram glasses of timber?"

Donald looked at them carefully, and said, "That surely they were shell-fish."

"You may say so, Donald, but they are neither lampets nor clockidoos, though I must say that they have a look for whiteness, of cockles; ou aye, they're just cockles of a Low-land breed."

Donald said that M'Goul might try them, but he was sure they were not cockles.

The chief stretched forth his hand, and seizing one of the egg cups, drew it towards him, gave the egg a great blow with the butt of a knife, which caused it to splash up in his face.

"Goot Got, Tonal'd," cried he, "it's a caller egg, tamm it, whether or no."

But further colloquy was spared; for while he was wiping his face, the waiter came in with the wine in a decanter.

"My Got," cried the laird, "if that's no Port o' Port, or a dark bruist very like it."

In the meantime, Donald had enquired aside, about the coach to Edinburgh, and learnt from the waiter, that it set off that same evening at ten o'clock. This news, after the waiter had withdrawn the cloth, he communicated to his master; and it was agreed that they, piper and all, instead of staying for the night in Glasgow, should set off at once for Edinburgh by the mail, and Donald was ordered to summon the waiter, to tell him of M'Goul's determination.

The waiter received the order with great complacency, and enquired what number of seats he would be pleased to secure in the coach.

"Oh! the whole tot of them," cried the M'Goul; "it's no every tay the M'Goul goes to the Low-lands."

The waiter, without shewing any particular mutation of physiognomy, went to the office, and ordered, as directed, the whole inside to be secured for the Highland gentleman and his tail; which was scarcely done, when Mr Paction the writer came into the office, and besought a place, as he was summoned to attend a meeting of counsel next morning, but the clerk declined to receive his money, without the consent of

the chief, who, when the waiter went to him to solicit permission for Mr Paction, assumed a very bluff and indignant visage.

"No, py Got, he shall not offer for to go with the M'Goul—umph! a bit swatcher of a writer—umph! set him up to go with the M'Goul in a coach—umph! tell him to go, and be tamed too, in the bottom of the Red Sea."

The waiter, however, none daunted, returned to the office, and told Mr Paction he might still go with the coach as an outside passenger, for the Highland gentleman had said nothing about that.

"Oh! very well," said Mr Paction, "I will take the outside, and trust to being permitted before the journey is half over, to take an inside place."

Thus it came to pass, that at the hour when the coach started, M'Goul, Pharick, and Donald his man, stepped into the inside of the mail, and Mr Paction, with a good comforter about his neck, and his great-coat well buttoned, mounted on the roof.

The guard happened to belong to the Clan Jaumphrey, and exulting that he had his chieftain on board, fired his pistols, as in days of yore, and blew a blast both loud and shrill, as the coach hurled down the Gallowgate.

"What's that?" cried the chief to Donald, when he heard the pistols crack.

"Oh," said Donald, "it's Hector Macgregor, the guard: he was a soldier in our's, and me and him had a caulker together for auld lang syne, and for your honour's journey to London."

"Umph," said the chief.

Then the bugle took up the admonitory strain, and the chief said, "Tonal'd, what'na teo tooing's that?"

"Oh!" said the man knavishly, "it's to let the peoples know who is going to Edinburgh."

"Umph," cried the chief; adding, "well, there's some jocose flirtation in a great man like me travelling over the hills and far awa in these brutalised places."

At this crisis, a shower, which had been all the evening lurking in a lowering cloud, began to spit out a little, rendering Mr Paction on the outside rather uncomfortable; and the chieftain within, who, with his attendants, being little acquainted

with pulling up the windows, was no better. In this dilemma he applied to Donald.

"Have you preath of life, Tonal, for the ill-pred weather is spitting in my face. Good Got! Tonal, its raining like a watering can, and treating me no better than if I was a hesp of yarn pleaching for old Elspeth."

Donald told him, however, that there was a way of closing the windows, if he only knew how; and proposed that they should stop the coach, and request Hector Macgregor to do it.

"Whist, whist," cried the McGoul, "that would be to make a peachment of ourselves, telling them we did not know how to close a coach-window, never having been in a mail before."

The rain, however, was a hard-hearted shower, and the chief was no better, in consequence of the open windows, than Mr Paction on the outside, which very much surprised the piper, who, with Donald, sitting with their backs to the horses, felt not the weather.

At last the coach stopped, the door opened, and Mr Paction, dreeping wet, attempted to jump in, at which the McGoul stretched forth both his hands, and with a desperate push, drove the writer on the broad of his back on the road, and cried,—

"Umph, my Cot, he is a robber-man; put I'll crack the sowl out of his body."

And to all the intercessions of the guard and coachman, he was resolved that "No writer, py Cot—umph, should put his claw in a box with a Chief."

So Mr Paction was obliged again to mount on the outside, and proceed, exposed to all the contumely of the inclement weather, till they

arrived at the next stage; here he jumped down—was as quickly at the fire-side—and ordered as abruptly a dram; the chief, too, with his tail, alighted, and went also to partake the blandishments of the lichen-fire, which the boisterous night, and the lateness of the hour, kindly commended.

Mr Paction, very little appeased with the treatment he had received, drank his dram without noticing the McGoul at all.

The chief, equally regardless, placed himself by the fire in an arm-chair, and taking off his shoes, deliberately placed them within the fender, and began to warm his toes, but scarcely had he done this when the guard sounded his horn, and gave note that all was ready. Mr Paction mounted aloft, as before, and the Laird and his tail were obliged to run as fast as possible, he huddling up his kilt, and Pharick the piper carrying the shoes which he had not time to replace.

Thus he was compelled to sit out the remainder of the journey with wet feet, for the road between the door and the coach was, as he said,—

"All crawling with mires."

Nothing happened worthy of notice till they were near Edinburgh. Looking out, he said to Donald that they would go at once to the ship, for he was as cold as a salmon, and it was overly-early to expect Christianity in any tavern in Edinburgh.

Accordingly, when the coach stopped at the Black Bull, at the head of Leith-walk, Mr Paction had the felicity of seeing the chieftain, with his piper and his man Donald, walk away with their hairy utensil, in the showery morning, to the pier of Leith, where the smack they intended to go by to London was lying.

SCOTTISH LANDSCAPE.

VARIOUS have been the treatises on the art of Landscape Gardening, an art which our neighbours the English seem to consider exclusively their own, and which they have certainly carried to a very considerable degree of perfection. That a country so rich as England, blessed as it is with a more fertile soil, a more genial climate, distinguished for a much longer period for wealth, industry, and accumulated capital, should have taken the lead of Scotland in this species of luxury, is so far from surprising, that it seems an inevitable consequence of the circumstances in which the two countries have been placed. Neither is it wonderful that in our first attempts to improve the style of our country residences, we should endeavour to copy England, and to decorate our parks and pleasure-grounds after the English fashion. But various considerations induce us to think that in doing so we have erred. The circumstances of the two countries in point of soil, climate, and scenery, are so essentially distinct, that the same style of decoration cannot be adapted for both, and instead of attempting to introduce beauties foreign to our soil, and of which we can never produce more than a very imperfect imitation, we should rather endeavour to make the most of those features of landscape which are truly our own, and which in their own way are perfectly unique and inimitable.

Scotland is the "land of the mountain and the flood;" her plains are few, and her vales comparatively narrow. The natural features of the country, over by far the greater part of its surface, are those of rugged steeps and swelling hills;—rivers, rapid and winding, with precipitous banks, only opening into valleys of any extent as they approach the sea. Even in what are called the *Lowlands*, we cannot boast of a level above a very few miles in compass. In the flattest districts, the horizon is invariably bounded by ranges of mountains; and extensive tracts of

champaign country, such as are common in England, like those seen from Richmond and Windsor, are among us altogether unknown.

England is, on the contrary, comparatively flat and level. We are not absurd enough to say, that England has not her mountains and precipices, her rocks and waterfalls. Derbyshire and Cumberland, and the whole principality of Wales, can testify the contrary; but the general character of English scenery is flat, and what we northern mountaineers might rather consider tame. But far be it from us to undervalue this tameness. Though fondly attached to our own native hills, we love the rich vales and fertile plains of merry England—her prospects studded with splendid seats and smiling cottages, where, from one moderate eminence, we are able to distinguish forty or fifty village spires, intermixed with hedgerows, gardens, and interminable corn-fields and pastures, till the whole gorgeous scene loses itself in the undistinguishing haze of blue distance. Such, in many parts, is the common country scenery of England; but when, deviating from the high-road, we enter the private domains of her more wealthy noblemen and gentlemen, and view art contending with nature, which shall exhibit most to excite our admiration, and impress us with delight, we do not wonder that those whose circumstances admit of the expense, should be anxious to transfer such scenes to their own country, and imitate at home those effects which they see to have succeeded so splendidly with our southern neighbours.

The wish is natural, but a little reflection and experience may teach us that it is vain. With the inferior soil and climate of Scotland, and those constant characteristic differences in the aspect of the country, it would be impossible, by means of all the wealth of all the sovereigns of Europe, to produce such scenes in this part of the island, as are to be seen in many gentlemen's parks in England. We cannot transport to

our stern and rugged country the smooth velvet turf, the splendid lawns, the stately groves of Blenheim or Hagley; if we could, we cannot people these groves with nightingales, nor illuminate them with an English sun. We cannot command the distant scenery, the rich and varied prospects which form the background to the picture; we cannot, in many instances, rear the delicate plants and shrubs which delight our senses in the home scenes.

Much ridicule has been bestowed upon the stiff formal style of gardening, which has been designated the Dutch style, and which was introduced among us about the time of the Revolution. The ridicule would have been better directed against those who adopted a style unsuitable to the nature of English scenery, than against the style in itself, which is admirably suited to the circumstances of the country where it took its rise. It is not solely from want of imagination, that a Dutchman delights in straight lined walks and clipped hedges. In a country so level as Holland, it is natural that everything should be straight, precisely because there is no reason why it should be otherwise. If we have to go from one point to another, the straightest line is always, *ceteris paribus*, the best, because it is the easiest and least expensive to make, and the shortest to travel. Hence, in Holland, where there are no hills or rising grounds, canals and roads are made as straight as an arrow; and to have made an exception of garden walks, would have argued a degree of caprice and frivolity quite unworthy of so steady, industrious, and sensible a people as the Dutch, who never do any thing without a good reason. Again, in a country where the soil is so rich, it is necessary that hedges should be clipped, otherwise they would grow so high as to exclude all view of surrounding objects. The transition is not very great, from clipped hedges to clipped shrubs and trees; and where no natural features ever in-

trude to contradict the prevailing regularity, this sort of restraint upon Nature's productions, in place of being absurd and ungraceful, is only in character with that universal neatness, the effect of art and industry, which meets the eye in every quarter. Dutch gardening, we therefore conceive, is exactly suited to the circumstances of Holland, and to the scenery, or rather the *no* scenery, which is to be found in that country. It was absurd to introduce it in England, as was attempted to be done by William the Third; but that sovereign was distinguished by higher qualities than his taste for ornamental gardening.

It were needless to trace the gradations of taste in England from the formal style of the 17th century, through the successive schools of Kent, Brown, White, Price, Knight, Repton, and Gilpin. All of them had, or have, their peculiar merits. All of them contributed to explode certain which had prevailed before their own time; and both by their success and their failures, aided the formation of that rational taste which is now pretty generally diffused among all the educated classes of society. Some of them, in wishing to avoid one error, fell occasionally into the opposite. The ornate artificial style of the Elizabethan age,—the terraces, fountains, statues, and arbours, which delighted our great-great-grandfathers and grandmothers, were in some cases discarded too unceremoniously for the naked lawn, the dull melancholy belt, and the formal clump. But such errors have been visited with their full measure of reprobation—and, in the midst of conflicting systems and opposite styles, something like true taste has at last been elicited, and some principles have been established, which are not likely to be violated again in any very grievous or intolerable degree.

Into the merits and demerits of these respective schools, their controversies and opposing theories, we do not mean to enter, as we have no intention to write a treatise

It has often been observed, with some truth, that the grass in Scotland is *not* green.

on English gardening. What we mean to treat of is the landscape—not of England, but of Scotland; and the art of improving to the utmost the natural capabilities of Scottish scenery, particularly where such improvement is most desirable, in the neighbourhood of a residence.

Some have disputed the propriety of the term gardening, as applicable to this art. We shall not dispute about a name; but if the term gardening is to be retained, we must be allowed to consider the whole country as a garden. The materials of the art of improving landscape, are co-extensive with landscape itself, and include every visible terrestrial object, from the distant mountain towering to the clouds, down to the minutest wild-flower that is pressed beneath our feet.

Let it not be supposed when we talk of *improving*, that we are so wild as to imagine there is any possibility, or that there would be any propriety, in altering the shape of a hill, or the course of a river, or disturbing in any degree the larger and more unmanageable features of a country. The execution of such freaks as these is luckily impossible, and, if they were possible, would be absurd. Some persons have no idea of improving, but by altering; but the lover of landscape knows, that the *prospect* of a hill, a river, or any large object, may be improved in various ways, without any alterations in the object itself, by a proper choice of the point of view from which it is seen, or by a proper selection and treatment of those more manageable objects in the foreground, which it is within our power to alter, remove, or supply, as taste or propriety may dictate.

This leads us to the first point to be considered, in regard to a residence, namely, the choice of a situation.

Three things are necessary to be considered in this choice. 1st, The appearance of the place itself as an object in the landscape; 2d, The views from the place, particularly from the windows of the house when built; and, 3d, What is perhaps of more importance than either, (it being always remembered that we speak exclusively of Scotland,) shelter.

The banks of rivers or rivulets, natural lakes, or arms of the sea,

afford almost the only situations where all these advantages can be enjoyed. Accordingly, almost all the gentlemen's seats in this country are placed upon rivers, friths, lochs, (or land-locked arms of the sea,) or on some of the beautiful lakes which abound in all mountainous countries.

This universal choice of the vicinity of water, does not proceed solely, or even principally, from the notion that water is a necessary ingredient to the formation of a fine residence. That water, in some of its forms, is a highly desirable adjunct to a residence, cannot be disputed; but in Scotland, its vicinity is desirable from other causes. It is only in the neighbourhood of the sea, or on the banks of rivers or lakes, that the necessary circumstances of shelter, warmth, and level, can be obtained; it is such situations which are favoured with the richest soil, and the most interesting scenery.

The banks of streams or rivers afford, with us, by far the greater number and variety of situations for building. In choosing the site and aspect of a house, every thing of course depends on local circumstances, which can only be studied and determined on upon the spot; but some hints may be given which may not be altogether useless. The course of all rivers is naturally winding, leaving one side of the valley at one point, and returning to it at another; or the valley itself may wind, or at least deviate considerably from one uniform straight direction. From these causes combined, the river must necessarily be divided into reaches, and the banks on each side will offer alternate salient and retiring points. One observation occurs here as to this, that the salient bank, with the river bounding it on two sides, or sweeping round it so as to form a peninsula, affords the best situation for a house as a prominent object in the surrounding scenery, but the *retiring* bank, or concave left by the river on the opposite side, will generally afford the best views from the house itself. A house situated on the salient angle, or on a flat surrounded by a river, only looks across it at one or more points; or, if the sweep be uniform, the banks moderately high, and the house at some distance, may be deprived of a

view of the water altogether, except at times of flood; while the house in the retiring nook may be so placed as to have views of two reaches of the water, one as it advances to the house, and the other as it retires from it. The banks are also seen in this way foreshortened, with all their accidents of points, turns, creeks, and promontories, until the next bend of the river shuts them from the view. The retiring angle has also greatly the advantage in point of shelter, as being removed out of the sweep of those blasts, that at some season or other are felt so severely in the centre or exposed parts of a Scottish strath.

If the river runs nearly east and west, one side differs much from the other in regard to exposure. The north bank, having probably a hill or rising ground behind it, has the advantage of the southern aspect, which is of great consequence in Scotland, particularly in the winter months; and therefore should be preferred wherever it can be attained, if the place is intended for a winter residence. The south bank, however, or situation on the dark side of the hill, may be pleasant in summer for the opposite reason, and as it looks over the gay and sunny region opposite, may enjoy the advantage of finer views, and hence may be preferred as a residence during summer.

Though fine views are doubtless desirable, we cannot always place a house exactly where the finest views can be commanded. Objections may occur to situations that at first sight appear the most unexceptionable, and which can only be known to one thoroughly acquainted with all the local circumstances. A spot of unequalled beauty or capability may be so placed as to be exposed to the intolerable blasts of winter, without the possibility of obtaining adequate shelter; or it may be exposed to occasional or periodical floods; or it may be close upon the extreme boundary of the property, and overlooked by the residence of a neighbour; or there may be extreme difficulty in procuring a good access; or it may be impossible to procure, what is of the first necessity to the comfort of any house, a command of good water. In all these and various other cases, we must be content often

to sacrifice some portion of beauty and ornament to comfort and utility. We cannot always have what is absolutely the best, but must often be satisfied with what is the best upon the whole, or the best that we are able to obtain under all the circumstances of the case.

In cases where an old house has stood, which is to be taken down, it is often better to build at or near the same spot, than to go in search of a new one, though possessing greater advantages of view. In such places there is generally some old wood; and in a country where old wood is rare, and where wood of all kinds is slow of growth, even a very few good old trees may afford a reason for building in their vicinity, although the situation in other respects may not be the best.

The remarks that have been made on situations by the banks of rivers, may apply to almost every other in this northern part of the kingdom. What has been said of the banks of a river, is equally true of the sides of a glen or strath, or the shores of a loch of fresh or salt water, or of a lirth, or even of the ocean itself. The rules for placing a house in all cases are the same—raise your house sufficiently above the floods, and shelter it sufficiently from the storm. If you do these, you cannot go wrong. Attending to these two cardinal rules, you may look out for such spots, as shall both fulfil these requisites, and at the same time afford the happiest combinations of hill and plain, of rock, wood, and water, which everywhere abound in the winding vales of Scotland; and when you have found such a spot, and unalterably fixed your locality by building your house, then study the capabilities and accidents of the situation so as to improve them to the utmost, and display them to the best advantage.

We have mentioned the points in which the scenery of Scotland, generally speaking, differs from that of England. These differences are such as to make it often an entirely different operation to form a residence here, from what it is in the southern parts of the island. We may mention as an instance of this, what all writers on English gardening seem to consider of primary importance, namely, the formation of a *lawn*. It is

properly so with them, for in a flat country, the lawn or ground immediately surrounding a house, is that which most directly strikes the eye, and the improvement or decoration of which should necessarily occupy our first attention. Where all is smooth and level, and no prominent objects appear to arrest the eye, the sweep or turn of a road, the position of a bridge or ornamental summer-house, the disposition and grouping of a few scattered trees, the arrangement of a few beds of exotics or evergreens, the management of an enclosure wall, or the proper placing of a few vases and statues, form all the variety which it is possible to bring within our view, and comprise the whole *material* upon which the landscape gardener can display his art. It is very different in the straths and vales of Scotland, where we are surrounded on all sides with objects of striking and enduring magnitude; where nature herself has furnished us with objects which make the puny inventions of man dwindle into insignificance. Who thinks of the accompaniments of a lawn, by the banks of the Clyde or the Tay, or amidst the magnificence of the Grampians? Even among hills of moderate altitude, and by streams of far inferior note, our attention is exclusively attracted by the prominent natural features that present themselves: all the work of the gardener, all the smoothing, shaving, levelling and rolling, which have been bestowed to clear a few yards of flat ground opposite the door, dignified by the name of a lawn, goes for nothing, is never looked at, or thought of but as so much labour thrown away.

For this reason, we shall say little or nothing of lawns. In situations that admit of lawns, they form an agreeable adjunct, and ought to be treated accordingly; but let it be understood, that a lawn of any extent is not a necessary appendage to a residence in Scotland. In many hilly districts, and in places commanding the finest views, and the best adapted for the situation of a mansion, there is not to be found much more level ground than is necessary for a site for the house and offices. A place for a kitchen garden may sometimes be found with difficulty, but a lawn is, in such situations, out of the ques-

tion. Where this is the case, we would seriously recommend it as worthy of consideration, whether it would not be advisable, where the form of the ground is favourable for it, to recur to the old style of decoration, by means of terraces and steps. It occurs to us, that in many situations, where a mansion has to be placed on the declivity of a hill, this is the most appropriate, and by far the handsomest and most graceful mode of disposing the ground in front of the house. So far are we from thinking that its stiff and artificial appearance would be offensive, —on the contrary, it occurs to us that this very stiffness is a recommendation, being at once in harmony with the buildings, and contrasting well with the ruder and more striking features of the surrounding country.

We would also be disposed to leave out an entire chapter, which forms a very considerable one in the works on English gardening. We allude to the formation of artificial lakes and ponds. Whatever may be the case in some rare instances, as at Blenheim, where a great improvement has certainly been effected, by damming up the water of a rivulet, we would be disposed to say, in general, that attempts of this kind very seldom succeed; and that the effects produced are not likely to repay the vast labour, expense, and sacrifices of various kinds, which must be made in order to obtain them. In Scotland, there are objections to such attempts peculiar to the country itself; for as Scotland possesses so many splendid natural lakes, surrounded with every variety of romantic scenery, —many of which have been chosen as sites of residence, —from the humblest ornamented cottage or villa, up to the most splendid ducal palace — every attempt at *forming a lake* in such a country, where such objects are familiar, must appear an absurdity. When a great pond or sheet of water is to be formed, at any rate, for some useful purpose, —as, for instance, to supply a canal, or to form a compensation to mills or the like, it may be taken advantage of, and, if the adjoining scenery harmonizes with it, may be adopted as an ornamental feature in the landscape, or, at any rate, may be prevented from being offensive. The utility of the

purpose in such cases removes any idea of the preposterousness or folly of such an undertaking; but in no case whatever, even under the most favourable circumstances, would we advise any improver of grounds to attempt the formation of an artificial lake, for the sake of ornament alone.

We have never seen any thing of the kind in Scotland that has appeared to us at all tolerable; and we would almost as soon advise, as an improvement of *Scottish* landscape, the introduction of an artificial mountain as an artificial lake.

Holding, then, as we are disposed to do, the two great elements of land and water, in all their forms of hill or mountain, valley or strath, river or lake, to be in themselves unalterable—at least that to be considered so when speaking of *Scottish* scenery—it follows, that the art of improving landscapes in this part of the world must be almost entirely limited to the management of wood. And let it not be supposed, that even when so limited, it is of an insignificant in itself, or of small consequence in regard to its effects. As a tree is, beyond all comparison, the greatest and noblest production of the vegetable kingdom, the study of its nature, and of all that is necessary for its successful cultivation, is one of the most interesting branches of knowledge, and none can be better suited to employ the leisure of an active and intelligent country gentleman. We can hardly, indeed, conceive any object better deserving attention, or more fitted to furnish at all times an inexhaustible fund of entertainment and delight.

We do not mean here to enter into the subject of planting for profit, though this is a matter which cannot well be overlooked by any one who plants at all. We speak of woods chiefly as matter of ornament; but it fortunately happens, that those modes of cultivation which are calculated to render wood most profitable, are in general precisely those which render it most ornamental. Every tree, in order to attain to its greatest size and perfection, should be planted in a soil and in a situation congenial to its nature and habit. It is by this means only that it becomes valuable as an article of commerce; and it is needless to say, it

is thus that it attains its greatest splendour and beauty.

It might be thought, that in a country of mountains and vallies, the management of wood would be more difficult, and that its effect, in an ornamental point of view, would be less than in a plain, where there are fewer grand and distinctive features of landscape; but the fact is precisely the reverse. In hilly and rugged countries, the effect of judicious planting is incomparably greater than in one that is flat and level. One great advantage in the former case is, that the effect of planting is here almost immediate. In a plain country, wood does not become an object of consequence till the trees have attained a considerable size; but a hanging wood on the steep side of a mountain produces an effect within a very few years after it is planted. In the course of five seasons, or as soon as the trees come to a size sufficient to cover the ground, the new plantation already an important object, not merely in its own immediate vicinity, but highly ornamental to the district in every point from which it can be seen.

In level countries, it is often matter of great difficulty to determine the sweep and outline of plantations—there being no natural features to guide the eye, or direct our endeavours to throw the plantations into natural and picturesque forms. But among the hills, there is scarcely a possibility of going wrong in this respect. We have only to plant such ground as is suited for wood, and not so well suited for any thing else; and if we follow this rule, we shall find that our plantations naturally assume those forms which are most picturesque, and that all formality is effectually excluded. For instance, where, as in many hilly tracts, the mountains are rocky in their sides and summits, with a considerable depth of soil towards the bottoms, washed down by rains from the superior parts, and with here and there gutters formed by the action of mountain streams,—it is here almost impossible to follow any rule but one. Beginning at the line where the mountain meets the valley, and where the soil, though steep, is sure to be well adapted for wood, plant upwards, as far as you can go, with fo-

rest trees. Beyond that, in the crevices of the rocks, plant brushwood and low-growing trees of the hardier kinds, for copse and scattered bushes; and even among the rocks themselves, ivy and other creepers may be introduced. Plant your gullies on both sides—you will there sometimes find an extraordinary depth of soil, well fitted for rearing all kinds of wood. If, as is commonly the case, some level grounds are found at the base of the hills, such as are in Scotland called haughs, skirting the margin of a river, these ought not to be planted, but reserved for cultivation or pasture.

If the hills ascend more gradually, and present a succession of gentle swells and eminences, a little more variety may be introduced. The steeper parts may be planted as before, and such as are most fitted for it may be entirely covered with wood. In cases where a low round hill occurs among others that are high and rocky, we have seen it have a good effect to plant the low eminence entirely with wood, as it forms a fine contrast with the bare and rocky summits towering above it. In other cases, it may have a good effect to leave the sloping sides of an eminence in pasture, or laid out in corn-fields, and cover its top with a crown of firs, which, by its dark and sombre hue, contrasts well with the more cheerful colours of the slopes below. In a third case, an eminence may be surrounded by a belt suited to the slope of the ground, and the flat top left open, or it may have a good effect to leave two or three green knolls covered only with the verdant turf, and merely divided by planting up the hollows between them.

In most valleys, the ground next to the river consists of alluvial soil, formed by the gradual deposition of floods. This is in general the richest and most productive land in the country, and is too valuable to be planted; and it is fortunate that it is so, in an ornamental point of view, as it is highly desirable, for the sake of beauty, that these rich bottoms should be kept comparatively open. This, however, does not prevent, when the breadth of the valley admits, the planting of hedge-rows, or detached timber, in proper situations, which both gives variety to the views, and

helps to break the force of the winds, which, as we formerly mentioned, often sweep with great violence along the hollow of a Scottish strath. In the case of some of the larger rivers, where the adjacent grounds are sufficiently raised to be beyond the reach of floods, it may be desirable to plant the steep margins of the river with fringes of wood, which, from the windings and natural bends they afford, cannot fail to furnish many beautiful effects. In other cases, where the haughs or grounds next the river are annually overflowed, the sides of the valley often present a kind of natural terrace—a short but steep ascent or bank, of nearly uniform height, sometimes continued for miles. It has an exceedingly good effect, in all cases, to plant these steep banks, leaving the level ground below, and the gentler slopes above them, open, or divided into fields by hedge-rows. The banks we allude to are not fit for any thing but planting; and in this way land otherwise useless can be made to produce a most profitable crop, while in no situation is it possible to produce so great an effect with wood at so small an expense. Economy and taste therefore join in recommending the practice.

It is obvious, that by following the course that is here pointed out, it is easily possible, without sacrificing a single acre of really good and cultivable land, to introduce an extraordinary improvement not merely into detached spots, but whole districts of country. Indeed, in a great many parts of Scotland, this has already been done; need I do more than allude to the valleys of the Nith, the Clyde, and the Tweed, and some of their tributary streams? In some, the plantations upon their banks have been made at so remote a period, that we hardly think of the time when they did not exist, and look upon the beautiful scenery which we see, as naturally belonging to the country through which we are travelling; instead of what is really the case, that it is the effect of many successive improvements, continued through a great length of time, and by successive generations. In other cases, we find such improvements actually in a state of progress. In some rare cases, we find the most splendid

scenes created, as by art magic, in the course of our own recollection, and by the efforts of one enterprising individual.

Hardly in any case whatever has the utmost been done that might be done; and what has been ever accomplished in one case, might, with a little immediate trouble and expense—but ultimately with great gain—be accomplished in all. Give us any sort of a river, with banks of any description you please, whether rocky or level, steep or gently sloping, and give us the necessary command of land and funds, and we would undertake, by means of wood, judiciously and economically planted, to produce, in no very long period of years, a series of scenes of surpassing beauty.

It will be seen from this, that our object is much more extensive and vast, than the mere decoration of the grounds of one individual residence, or to bring out the beauties of a single spot, from which the public at large are to be carefully ruled. We leave this to the capability men, whose profession it is, and we wish them all sort of success in their labours, which, as far as they go, are highly useful and meritorious. We, on the contrary, aim at nothing less than the general improvement and decoration of the whole country; we wish to bring out the capabilities of the whole of Scotland—to exhibit her beauties, not to the rich and great only, but to the poorest peasant who treads her soil—to delight the eyes and gratify the feelings, the senses, and the understandings of the humblest traveller who plods his weary way along our high-roads, over our trackless mountains, or through our devious glens.

We wish that we were endowed with the persuasive genius of our native bard, who, by the petition addressed by him, in name of Bruar Water, to his Grace of Athol, induced that revered and patriotic nobleman to clothe its waste and sterile banks with a graceful covering of wood. We would address to all who have the power—to every proprietor of soil throughout broad Scotland, from the humblest portioner of the humblest village, up to the lord of millions, whose possessions extend from sea to sea, this exhortation—*plant!*

plant! plant! If you would improve and beautify your estate, *plant!* If you would improve and beautify your country, *plant!* If you would enjoy the greatest and the purest of all pleasures, *plant!* If you would increase the comfort, the wealth, and the happiness of your children's children, *plant!* In short, our advice would be that of old Dumbiedykes. What he said on his death-bed to his son Jock, we would say to one and all: "Whenever you have naething else to do, aye be sticking in a tree: it will be growing when ye are sleeping."

This subject is one of the utmost importance; and we might enforce our doctrine by more and greater arguments than we have time or space to introduce in this slight essay. Let us not lay the flattering unction to our souls, because Scotland is not now in the condition in which it was in the days of Dr Johnson; because we have, though exceedingly angry at his sarcasms, wisely profited by them, and planted much within the last half century, that therefore we have done enough and planted enough; and that we may now rest from this species of labour. We say, not the half—not the tenth part has been done, that the country would require, either in point of ornament or shelter, or for the purposes of commerce. Is it not strange, that with so much land, fitted exclusively for the growth of wood, as Scotland possesses, she does not possess as much oak at this moment as would serve our dockyards for a single year; and that all the wood used within the kingdom, in the construction of any dwelling above the poorest cottage, must necessarily be brought from a foreign country?

But to return from this digression—next to planting, the next necessary part of the management and rearing of woods, both with a view to ornament and utility, is *thinning*. If our exhortation to proprietors is to *plant*, our exhortation to those who have planted, or who have woods left to their care, which have been planted by others, is—*cut, cut, cut!* If we have erred in not sufficiently planting, we have equally, perhaps even more atrociously erred, in not sufficiently thinning. In order to understand the benefits, or rather

the necessity of thinning, it is quite unnecessary to go very deep into the study of the physiology of plants, the doctrine of the ascent of the sap in trees, its elaboration by the leaves, which are the lungs of the plant, or its descent to lay a deposit of woody fibre. It is enough to know, that no tree can thrive without having room to spread its roots below and its branches above. The one is necessary for collecting its appropriate food from the juices of the soil; the other for converting that food into nourishment, for the promotion of its growth. Neither of these objects can be attained, if the tree is cramped and confined by other trees in its neighbourhood. The proper rule in all cases is—look at the branches, and see that they do not touch, or press upon the other trees around. If they do not, then there is reason to believe that the tree has room to spread its roots; for the roots in general spread below, nearly in the same extent as the branches above. But if the branches are pressed above, then we may be satisfied that it is necessary to thin.

Many people think it necessary that woods should be more close and thick in exposed than in sheltered situations; but the very reverse of this is the case. In exposed and high situations, the trees require *more* head room than in those which are low and sheltered, being not only hurt by touching and pressing on each other, but also by their lashing one another with their branches during violent winds. In such places, therefore, they require more than in any other to stand in "*open order*," not merely that they may not touch, but that they may have room to play without injury, during the prevalence of tempests.

The operation of thinning is a laborious one, and where woods are extensive requires constant, assiduous, persevering exertion, year after year. It also requires judgment, and, where ornament and beauty are objects to be attended to, no small portion of taste. Among younger woods, the choice of plants to be left and to be cut, is comparatively easy, the object being to cut the feeble, the sickly, the ill-grown, the deformed, and leave the healthy and more perfect plants. But when the wood has

attained a greater age and large size, the cutting of every tree is a matter of some importance, and there is often occasion of doubt which of two trees, standing too near each other, ought to be cut, and which ought to be left. In ornamental wood near a residence, this is a matter upon which a proprietor alone can properly decide. The office is too responsible to be committed to a country carpenter or overseer.

No rules can be given for the thinning of ornamental wood. Every thing depends on the circumstances, the situation, the object in view. Let a *plan be formed*, and let it be considered whether we wish to have a wood as close as the trees will grow, or an open grove with glades and vistas, and the trees thrown into groups, or merely detached trees and open dispositions to afford variety to a lawn. We must consider before we make an opening, what will be its form and effect, and what objects will be seen through and behind it. A wood before it is thinned is like a block of marble, from which a vast variety of figures may be cut; and we are to consider ourselves as artists, working not with the insignificant tools of man's invention, but with the mighty materials of nature. The art is not to be practised with advantage without a knowledge of landscape painting, and a familiarity with the effects exhibited in the works of the best masters in that department. It even affords room for the exercise of genius, or that species of taste which is akin to genius, not less so perhaps than the kindred art of the painter. In practice, it requires no little study and no small degree of consideration. In cases where it is practised with success, it affords the highest degree of delight. When a plan has been carefully formed, and is steadily carried into execution, we have ourselves (for we have been amateurs in the art in a small way) experienced the satisfaction, the surprise, almost the ecstasy, which attend its successful *evolution*—when one after another of the obstructions is removed, and one after another of our favourite objects is seen for the first time in its proper point of view, until the whole scene which had been preconceived by the prophetic

eye of taste, is made to stand forth entire in all its completeness and all its loveliness.

Besides the other qualities which the successful performance of thinning requires, no one is more necessary than a certain species of courage and firmness. In order to carry into execution a plan of uniform character, such as every plan for the improvement of landscape scenery ought to be, it will often be necessary to doom to the axe many a beautiful and promising plant; and misgivings may sometimes come over the mind of the sternest improver, whether he is really pursuing the proper course—whether another and a more beautiful picture might not be formed, by leaving another class of objects, and by cutting out some that he has determined to spare. He may have many doubts, whether he should leave in one spot a handsome beech or plane, or a promising and thriving oak. He may even be sorely tried by the petitions and solicitations of the young and the fair, to spare this or that favourite which he has doomed to destruction, and of which his plan demands the entire removal. But after all, the decision must be made; the resolution, once cautiously formed, must be adhered to; the directing mind must throw aside all these weak compunctious visitings; and his commands, once issued, must be absolute and despotic.

In cutting, we are not merely to consider the immediate effect. We are to consider that a tree never stands still. We must not limit our view to the present, but look forward to what is to be the result of future growth. Keeping this in view, an experienced woodman will often find it necessary or expedient to carry the thinning operation farther than the mere landscape amateur, judging from immediate effect, would desire. He is not alarmed, in thinning a young and thriving wood, when he finds that the removal of a particular tree or trees has left rather a larger gap than he had anticipated, or that some of his newly thinned trees are rather more bare of branches than a lover of beauty would desire. He knows that in a few years at the most these apparent defects will disappear, that the

growth of one or two seasons will be sufficient to remove much of this bareness, fill up the unsightly gaps, give a fulness and roundness to the forms, take away the hard and raw effect of recent cutting, and restore the rich and harmonious appearance of old and natural wood.

One important matter in the arrangement of a country residence, must always be the walks. The formation of these must go hand and hand with every thing else. It is always desirable, in laying out new plantations, to leave walks or drives through them, by which they may be accessible at all times, so that their state and progress may be more easily ascertained, and so as sheltered walks may be had as soon as they come to increase in growth. Sometimes, when this has been neglected, or when the original walks are found insufficient, it is necessary to cut new ones. In all cases the object is the same, to obtain an easy access through the most beautiful parts of the grounds, and particularly to those points where the best and most extensive views are to be had, or where any particular scene or object exists that may deserve the attention of a visitor. With this view, paths should be cut in a winding manner, and with an easy ascent, so as to afford access to the highest wooded prominences in the hills. It will generally be desirable to have these terminated by a seat, where an opening may be made in the wood to afford a view; and seats may be disposed at various points, so as to afford at the same time rest to the weary, and variety of prospect to lovers of the picturesque. The banks of a river ought in all cases to be made accessible by some kind of walk or road; and every steep bank, or hanging wood, should be intersected with walks in all directions. These paths through the woods should not be made like garden walks, covered with gravel, and kept trim by the hoe and the roller. The expense of keeping walks in this style, if they are as extensive as we would wish them to be, is quite enormous; and putting expense out of the question, they are not in character with woodland scenery, which ought to be natural and easy, not associated with the idea of any great labour in the

keeping. We would have them, both on the score of economy and taste, to resemble as much as possible the ordinary footpaths, formed by the passage of the country people and labourers; and the only way we know of making them look like this, is that they should actually *be so*. We have no idea of that dull aristocratic and selfish spirit which would exclude servants and labourers from the grounds of a gentleman or nobleman's place. On the contrary, if we had a place of our own, the greater and more splendid it might be, we would think it the more desirable that its beauties should be seen and appreciated by all and sundry. We would think that our lawns and walks acquired an accession of cheerfulness by the occasional appearance of human figures gliding among the trees, or appearing through the openings. We would have no objection, and would even enjoy, to hear amidst these scenes

"The ploughman's whistle, or the milkmaid's song;"

and hard would be his heart who would refuse the accommodation of a rustic seat to "talking age or whispering lovers." We would delight to see the sons and daughters of labour, upon the morning or afternoon of their weekly holydays, coming in little parties and in their best array, with content in their looks and respect in their demeanour, to survey the beauties which nature has spread, and which should be enjoyed alike by all.

By allowing your walks and footpaths through the woods to be used by the labourers, in going to and returning from their work, they will be kept plain and beaten, and just in that state that is desirable for a footpath. If not used in this way, they will soon become overgrown with grass and weeds, and will require to be cleaned two or three times a-year by hand labour, an expense which will be almost entirely saved by following the simple plan we have mentioned. Nothing more will be necessary than to go over them once a-year, and repair any little damage that accident may have occasioned, by removing stones and other rubbish which may have fallen down upon them; for this a very little at-

tention will suffice, after the paths are once brought into a proper state.

There is one feature in scenery, which has received little or no attention from our professed landscape improvers, but which it would be unpardonable to omit in any account professing to treat of the scenery and landscape of Scotland. We allude to the glens and ravines, with which almost every part of the country abounds, both in the Highlands and Lowlands, formed by the narrow beds and more or less precipitous banks of those innumerable rivulets and mountain streams, by which the hilly grounds are everywhere indented and intersected. The characters of these glens are as diverse as that of the countries they intersect, varying from the mildest and richest beauty, up to the sublime of savage horror. Rock, wood, and water, form the materials of them all, but these are combined in a variety that may well be called infinite. In Glencoe, we see every variety of rugged and precipitous rocks, frowning around in terrific majesty. In the ravine of the Foyers, this is combined with the rush and roar of mighty cataracts. Less terrific than these, are the ravine and falls already mentioned of Bruar, the Cauldron Linn upon the Devon, and various parts of Glen Tilt, where the scenes formed by precipitous rocks and foaming waterfalls, are softened and shaded by overhanging woods and vocal groves. From these we pass to the fairy bowers of Moness, the far-famed Birks of Aberfeldy, the description of which by our rustic bard is not more poetical than literally correct.

"The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
The foaming stream deep roaring fa's,
O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
The Birks of Aberfeldy."

"The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
White o'er the linn the burnie pours,
And rising weets wi' misty showers
The Birks of Aberfeldy."

From these scenes, in which the sublime and the picturesque are blended in happiest union with the beautiful, we may descend, without much feeling of regret, to those quieter scenes of gentle beauty to be found so often in the deep wind-

ings of our lowland valleys. Need we do more than mention the classic retreats of Roslin and Hawthornden? These are well known, and generally visited by all strangers of taste; but they are merely a specimen, a favourable one perhaps, of a kind of scenery which, to one who is fond of exploring nature's secret haunts, may be found in hundreds and thousands of places in the Scottish lowlands, many of which are little known or heard of even among those who live within a few miles of them. One such we know, which, without any pretensions to grandeur of character, or greatness of dimension, contains within a very narrow space, almost every variety of picturesque beauty. In one turn of the valley, the rivulet winds round a mass of rock, forming a peninsula, on which grows and flourishes a vigorous oak, fed by the scanty soil with which the rock is covered; while other aged trees, spreading their branches over the rushing stream, form a grateful shade impervious even at noon-day. In another spot, a space of level ground affords room for two or three smiling cottages, whose whitened walls and smoking chimneys give this part of the valley a look of cheerfulness and happy retirement. Behind this, but quite out of sight of the cottages, the rivulet precipitates itself into a darksome den, forming a cascade of no great height, but the sound of which is reverberated from the opposite rocks, in such a way as to give it the effect of a much larger fall. The opposite bank, above the rocks, is steep and high, covered with hazels and other brushwood, while a few picturesque firs, happily placed, vary its outline, and offer good objects for the pencil. Farther up, the rivulet works its way over a rocky but not a steep bed, round another field or haugh overhung with woods, chiefly oak, growing upon the surrounding banks. From this we pass to another narrow den, where a rustic bridge has been thrown across, just below another little fall entirely shaded with oaks and hazels. Above this, on one side, we have a small but neat picturesque plat of greensward, girt round with magnificent oaks, through which we see the rivulet brawling down its rocky

course; and beyond it a fine hanging bank of wood of considerable height, almost excluding the light of the sun. The wood on the other side is thinner, and of no great depth, but the trees are of considerable age and dimensions. This green plat, with its accompaniments, have struck more than one, as suited to the performance of the play in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

Passing from this scene, we have on the left a frowning rock of considerable height. Part of this is bare and overhanging; on either side is a continuation of the same rock, partially covered with soil and shaded by trees, some of them bent and hanging over in picturesque and varied forms; the peeps and views through which at various points, might afford endless studies to the young painter.

Above this, we have another glade or opening, the steep banks opposite covered with wood, and shewing occasional points of rock and trees, in conspicuous and picturesque positions. Another turn of the glen brings us just over a third fall, or rather rapid, which we hear only, but do not perfectly see, owing to the steepness of the bank and the thickness of the underwood. The effect of the rushing water here, joined with the shade of the trees, is refreshing, and invites to rest on one of the numerous seats. Farther on we have another den, still narrower and darker than any of the preceding, at the head of which we have a fourth fall entirely closed in with rocks, trees, and undergrowth. Nothing can exceed the coolness and the sense of entire seclusion inspired by this scene, when we descend to the surface of the water in a panting summer's day. Above this point, the country opens, the glen loses its character of seclusion, and the rivulet appears to wind through fields of a tame and ordinary cast. In returning, however, we have an opportunity of viewing the same objects from above, in totally different points of view, from which they sometimes appear in such a way as to produce the happiest effects; every step we take affording a different combination.

Our readers may perhaps be tired of the minuteness of this descrip-

tion, which has been given only to afford a specimen of the *kind* of scenery we allude to, and to direct the attention of the public to a kind of beauty, which we think deserves more to be cultivated than it has been. There are few estates of any extent in the south of Scotland, in which more than one scene of this description may not be found; some of them entirely neglected—some worse than neglected, and all of them capable, by a little care, of being converted into scenes of very considerable beauty.

In the treatment of such scenes, we would advise strenuously against one error which we shall now proceed to point out. Some proprietors, finding a glen to be bare and naked, have thought that the only thing necessary to improve it is to plant it up entirely with wood; the consequence of which has been, to convert it into an impenetrable thicket, through which the rays of the sun cannot pierce; and where no view, either of rock, wood, or water, can by any possibility be seen at any one point. One instance of this we knew, in the case of a scene of surpassing beauty, which, in our younger days, used to be our resort and our delight. It was wooded just sufficiently for ornament. Its steep banks were hung with birches and hazles, where giddy paths afforded the shepherd-boys access to the nut bushes. The haughs and gentler slopes were covered with the most beautiful greensward, affording a rich pasturage for the cows of the neighbouring farm. Trees of lofty growth crowned several of the heights, standing out as giants to guard the fairy scenes below; while the rivulet winded, murmured, and sported in all the varieties so well described by Burns—

"Whiles o'er a linn the burnie played,
As through the glen it wimpled;
Whiles round a rocky scaur it strayed,
Whiles in a wheel it dimpled.
Whiles glittered to the nightly rays,
Wi' bickering dancing dazzle;
Whiles cookit underneath the braces,
Below the sprading hazel,
Unseen that nicht."

Such was, when we first recollect it, that beautiful glen; whose windings discovered scenes, such as no lordly park, dressed by the art of the gardener, could ever boast. It was the haunt of youthful genius,* and its memory came over the "spirit of his dream," in far distant and less genial climes. But in an evil hour it attracted the notice of an improving proprietor. Orders were given to enclose and plant it. It was enclosed and planted accordingly: walks were formed, and an ornamental cottage built, all according to rule. But nature abhors all such violent measures—all such *sweeping* reforms. She has had her revenge—the glen is shut up, and the public excluded. They need not regret the exclusion—its beauty is utterly destroyed.

Wherever scenes of this kind exist, they should be dealt with tenderly. Nature may be assisted and led; and even in her wildest haunts, she may be *wood* to display some of her most magical graces; but if we try to compel her by force, or to embrace her too closely, she is sure to give us the slip, and the result will be disappointment. Such a glen as we have described, ought on no account to be enclosed. It can only be kept in its proper state, by being pastured with cattle. The scythe and the hoe never ought to enter it. In summer, cattle find a profusion of food in the sides and bottoms of the glens, when the other pastures are burnt up or exhausted. By being pastured, their vegetation is prevented from degenerating into rankness, and prevents the necessity of artificial cutting, which would both be intolerably troublesome, and after all, would not answer the purpose.

Sheep, which are the proper inhabitants of a lawn, are not so proper in a glen, as they tear their woolly coats among the rocks and bushes. The objection generally made to cattle is, that they destroy the walks; but if these are formed in the way we have mentioned, this objection vanishes. The walks should be mere footpaths; and if they are constantly used as such, they will soon become so hard, that the cattle cannot injure

them. In a picturesque point of view, we know nothing that looks better than cattle browsing quietly in a glen, or retiring from the heat of a burning sun, standing in a pool under a canopy of overshadowing trees—a favourite subject in the pictures of Claude—affording one of the most perfect images of refreshing repose and rural quiet.

If our glen is bare of wood, it ought by no means to be planted up entirely. The proper character of a glen is variety, which it affords in a greater degree than any other description of scenery; and our object should be to preserve, and, if possible, improve this character, by introducing glades and openings, through which the rocks and wooded parts may be seen to advantage. In general, the rule is, to plant the steep banks, and leave every level spot open for pasture and for view. If the banks are too steep for large-sized wood, let them be planted with hazel, birch, mountain-ash, and other shrubby trees, suited to the soil and situation. Introduce occasionally hollies, hawthorns, sloes, (the foliage of which exceedingly resembles the myrtle,) dog-roses, blackberries, and brambles. On no account introduce laurels, or any exotic plant or shrub, as this destroys the feeling of *naturalness*; and suggests the idea which we have all along endeavoured to avoid, that here we are indebted to the art of the gardener. If the rocks are bold and prominent, let them be seen in all their nakedness. If of a tamer description, and not remarkable in their contour, they may be hung with some common creepers. Let an old stump here and there be decorated with Irish ivy. In some wild part of the glen, leave a part of the bank covered with ferns, or shagged with thorns, briars, and furze; and it may not be amiss, if in a marshy spot the edges of your brook are ornamented with queen of the meadow, (meadow-sweet,) and that most magnificent and picturesque of weeds, tussilago.

In regard to the sort of wood proper for a glen, much may depend upon the nature of the soil, or what is found already in possession of the ground. If any old or natural wood exists, it ought by all means to be preserved—any thing that is planted

should be made to harmonize with it. But if we had our choice, we confess we would prefer the oak as the predominating tree, and as more suitable to glen scenery than any other. The rounder and softer leafage of the ash is less in character with rugged banks and steep precipices, and nothing agrees with these better than the oak. The larch ought to be introduced sparingly; sometimes the dark and taper cones of the spruce, produce a happy effect among other wood; but by far the most picturesque of the pine tribe is the Scotch fir, when it can be brought to a sufficient age and stature, raising its thick and broad pyramidal top over the heads of other trees.

The variety and beauty of a glen is not confined to a single season of the year; but almost every successive month shews it in a different aspect. Even in winter, it is not without its peculiar beauties, when the trees, deprived of their leafy covering, shew, more distinctly than at any other season, their infinitely varied ramifications, and exhibit a degree of intricacy of form that has hardly attracted the attention it deserves, as one of the modes of natural beauty.

This is never so striking as after a fall of snow, or hoar-frost, when every branch and twig appears like a piece of coral, or like the most beautiful cuttings of paper. At this time, also, the icicles formed on the rocks and sides of the overhanging steeps, assume the most fantastic forms, like those of stalactites, or the roots of enormous trees. In spring, before the trees have assumed their full foliage, the glens put on another form of beauty. We have seen, at this season, every bank in a perfect blow with primroses and daisies; the rocks hung with geraniums, blue bells, and other wild flowers; the hawthorn covered with its rich blossom, and the furze shining as bedropped with gold. This is the season of blossoms and flowers; and in no situation can these be seen in such profusion as in our glens.—

—————“ which not nice art
In beds and curious knots; but nature
 boon,
Pours forth profuse——
Both where the morning sun first warmly
 smites

The open field; and where the unpierced
shade

Embrowns the noon-tide bowers."

In those fortunate seasons when Scotland happens to be favoured with a *summer*—which, notwithstanding the sarcasms of our southern neighbours, *does* now and then occur,—and when the brooks are evaporated to a mere thread, or reduced to a succession of shallow pools, with hardly the vestige of running water, the glen presents a different scene to those who will take the trouble to scramble along the bed of the stream, and explore all its wildest nooks and recesses. The jutting rocks and projecting roots of the trees and bushes overhanging the banks, bared of their soil, and twisted into a thousand antic shapes, exhibit an endless series of picturesque combinations. The dark dens at this time afford delightful retreats by their refreshing shade, rendered more gratifying by some portion of the sunbeams struggling through the branches of the trees above, and reflected on the trembling surface of the water.

We need say nothing of the appearance of the woods in that season when vegetation is in all its glory; but we cannot omit the splendid effect of those variegated colours which precede the fall of the leaf, and which are seen nowhere in such perfection as in the hanging banks of a glen.

We have still another change to mark, during the prevalence of our autumnal and wintry floods, when every brook is swelled to the size of a river, every petty rill has become a considerable brook, and every little fall a cataract. At these times, not only is the bed of the rivulet filled from bank to brae, but every rock and precipitous bank along the sides of the glen, sends down a multitude of streams, tumbling in a succession of tiny cascades, performing with their tinkling treble, a pleasing accompaniment to the deep roaring bass of the torrent below. Things are always considered great or little by comparison; and it would be absurd to talk in very magniloquent terms about an ordinary flood in a little nameless stream; but there can be as little doubt that the appearance even of such a stream in a state of raging flood, rushing over the linns, and struggling through the rocky defiles of a narrow glen, is an interesting spectacle, and one which excites some degree of that feeling which is always attendant on any exhibition of a power which no exertion or contrivance of man is able to resist.

We shall here close our lucubrations for the present. We may perhaps return to the subject at some future time, if we find that our mode of treating it meets with the approbation of our readers.

THE GRACES.

—συν γὰρ ὑμῖν τὰ τερπνὰ καὶ τὰ γλυκίᾳ
 γίνεται πάντα βροτοῖς
 εἰ σοφὸς εἰ καλὸς, εἰ τις ἀγλαὸς
 ἀνὴρ·—ὅτε γὰρ θεοὶ
 σιμνῶν Χαρίτων ἄτις
 Κοιρανίοντι χορὰς
 ὅτε δαίτας.

PINDAR, OL. Ode XIII.

Junctique Nymphis Gratiae decentes.

HOR. Lib. 1. Ode 4.

PART I.

DID you ever hear tell of Wind-whistle Lodge,
 Where the blasts do howl so mournfully,
 And ghosts through the broken casements dodge,
 And chase each other most dismally,
 And at dead o' nights though calm and still,
 There only the winds are whistling shrill ?

The Owl flits by with his eyes askaunt,
 For 'tis no place where he may preach,
 And to shivering sinners his homilies chaunt,
 He passes it by with a death-like screech ;
 For woe betide, if the whirling dust
 A feather but touch with its withering rust.

Full ten long months that Owl would moan,
 And utter no speech nor even prayer,
 And the feathers would fall from his sunk breast-bone,
 And his owlet children creep round and stare ;
 And his goodwife-owl make sad ado,
 As he should droop—to-whit to-who-who.

O Wind-whistle Lodge is an awful place,
 And yet it was not always so ;
 But wore a sunny and smiling face,
 Though now a ghastly look of woe.
 Then listen, fair maidens, and I will tell,
 How this so wondrous change befell.

O to think thereon it paineth me sore,
 And therefore would I pause awhile ;
 And, maidens, my spirit to cheer the more,
 One gracious look and a sunny smile ;
 For needs it were the heart be light,
 That would dream of visions both rare and bright.

PART II.

There was a time on this merry earth,
If merry it we still may call,
When beings of an immortal birth
Here dwelt in mansion, and park, and hall ;
And the Chronicles tell in many a page,
How that was the real golden age.

Then Justice lived with her open gate,
For open house she kept alway ;
And there nor bailiff nor constable sate,
Nor prowld about the gardens gay :
For pleasant was her look to see,
And all came willing to her levee.

Then Wood-nymphs lived in their silvan nooks,
And Water-nymphs by every stream,
That their pearly arms from the glassy brooks
Lifted above to the yellow gleam,
Or folded them round their marble urns,
And sang like Mermaids all by turns.

Then Dian walk'd over the saffron hills,
And Bacchus, girt with his skin of pard ;
And Pan, merry Pan, at the mountain rills,
Went piping away like a Savoyard.
Then harmless Satyrs and playful Fauns,
Went frisking it over meads and lawns.

Aurora, with fingers of rosy hue,
Went forth to paint the mountain tops,
And shook from the folds of her vesture blue,
On the waking flowers the bright dewdrops ;
And the Hours came after and brush'd them away,
As ever they danced their own Ballet.

Then Sol, not as now in an amber mist,
But with vest of white satin and diamond brooch,
Went visibly round, and his hands he kiss'd,
As he gallop'd his steeds, from his painted coach,
Like a Gentleman-Tory, when chairing, sent
To England's good Old Parliament.

Then Sirens sang from night till morn,
While Proteus watch'd by his sleeping flocks,
And Triton sounded his wreathéd horn,
To summon the Naiads among the rocks ;
And the dolphins made the blue waves curl,
As they wafted the cars of mother-of-pearl.

Neptune gave feasts in his coral halls,
And ranged over earth on his Ilippogriff ;
And Nymphs of the caves came to Amphitrite's balls,
And return'd as they came in her sea-green skiff.
For in earth, and in sky, and the dancing sea,
There was nought but one long Jubilee.

PART III.

But all are now gone, alas, alas !

All have left this earth ; alas, therefore !
And the world it is brought to a sorry pass.—

Oh, 'tis well the Sirens have left the shore,
Or they fain would stop their own sweet ears,
Not to hear our daring gibes and jeers.

They're gone, how or wherefore the Chronicles fail
To tell ; but the wisest folk still say,
They were wafted away by a comet's tail,
And their route is still mark'd by the milky way :
And that all have been whirl'd above, afar,
Far from our ken to a brighter star.

That when upon earth our human race
Grew many, and from Pandora's box
Flew evils abroad through every place,
And none could live without bars and locks ;
Then upwards these purer beings flew,
And Justice reluctant and last withdrew.

But it were vain on the change to dwell,
Regrets are not for gentle rhyme ;
In sooth, the tale I have to tell.
Refers me back to that golden time.
You have all perhaps heard of the Graces Three,
More shall you know if you listen to me.

PART IV.

There was a spot on this green land,
More fair more beauteous none might be,
By nature e'er form'd, or art e'er plann'd,
Where dwelt the sister Graces Three ;
So beauteous were they, oh, who could dare,
To paint how wond'rous bright and fair !

But had I the skill of Praxiteles,
Or Lawrence, or could enamel like Bone,
Like Phidias, or like Chantrey please,
By chisseling life and breath from stone,
Their beautiful forms would defy e'en then
Both chissel and pencil, as now my pen.

The Medici Venus I might compare,
Or perfectest forms from ancient gem ;
Or Canova's Venus of Frenchified air ;
None fit to be serving maids to them.
And the soul of love was in form and face,
And it made each one a perfect Grace.

Their mansion was built of wond'rous art,
 Embower'd in odorous woods it shone,
With columns of verd-antique apart,
 And between them onyx and jasper stone ;
Unlike our piles of cumbrous bricks,
There was sapphire and ruby and sardonyx.

The windows were each like the full-orb'd moon,
 Excepting they were of various hue ;
There was boudoir and rich saloon,
 With floors inlaid with ormolu.
And silver bells of many a sound,
Sent music ever sweetly round.

Hard by delicious gardens lay,
 And slopes and lakes and waterfalls,
And silver fountains, at whose play
 The sweet birds sang their madrigals ;
And spotted leopards fawn'd around
The gentle deer with harmless bound.

There trees did grow of every kind,
 And every colour, and young and old,
With sweeping boughs, and silken rind,
 And leaves of brightest green and gold ;
And they bow'd their tops all link'd above,
As if instinct with life and love.

There was the wonderful Talking Bird,
 There chanted the glorious Singing Tree,
A sprig whereof, so it is averr'd,
 Was planted in garden of Araby ;
There ever the Yellow Water play'd,
In jets of topaz light array'd.

And whenever within the enchanted ground
 The Sisters laid their beauteous feet,
The fountain threw its amber round,
 And the boughs threw off their concert sweet ;
And the Talking Bird 'gan tales to tell,
Whereof each word was a fastening spell.

The Water, the Bird, and the Singing Tree,
 Wafted their spells to earth and to air,
That it seem'd the pure Spirit of Chastity
 Alone stood guardian angel there ;
And Love himself, if thither he came,
First laid by his quiver and darts of flame.

No boisterous Satyrs there were found,
 To frighten Nymphs in wanton freak ;
But Cupid and Psyche went round and round,
 Link'd hand in hand—or, cheek to cheek,
Lay painted in mirror of placid stream,
The white swans lingering round their dream.

Over their heads the ring-doves coo'd
 With necks uprais'd ; and in mid bound
 The playful fawn admiring stood ;
 And the leopard lay stretch'd on the sunny ground,
 And show'd his white breast to the lucid air,
 Before that gentle sleeping pair.

Venus came there with her team of Doves,
 Whenever she would her charms renew
 In the golden lympli—and bands of Loves
 Sported about in the sparkling dew
 That flew from the Yellow Fountain's spray,
 And dipp'd their bright wings therein always.

And thither the Muses came full oft,
 And hand in hand with the Graces Three,
 Blended their voices clear and soft,
 And danced around the Singing Tree ;
 And the Fountain sent forth its silver tone,
 As ever they danced their cotillon.

O, it was the very " Bower of Bliss ;"
 Nor was ever yet so fair domain,
 That might upon earth be compared to this,
 Of Potentate, Prince, or Sovereign—
 And visitants went and visitants came,
 And some there are I yet must name.

PART V.

O, had you seen the glorious fête
 The Graces gave—the month was May ;
 And open flew the ivory gate,
 And Beauty walk'd therein away ;
 For never on earth may you hope to see
 Since then so fair a company.

But thither nor Naiad nor Nymph repair'd,
 Nor Goddess, howe'er of high degree,
 That with the sweet Zephyrs might be compar'd ;
 For likest were they to the Graces Three,—
 So like, that in record of ancient book,
 They're put for each other—as authors mistook.

I know there are some, and of early date,
 That strangely (both Latin and Greek) perplex
 And mislead the world, as they boldly state
 The Zephyrs were of the ruder sex.
 And the blunder goes on from year to year,
 And from scholar to scholar thro' classic Lempriere.

That error this tale must now correct,
 'Tis obtain'd from surest chronicle ;
 But authors should be more circumspect,
 Put together, not be content to spell.
 The tale I tell is most sure, and writ
 In Arabic, Hebrew, and choice Sanscrit.

They were softest and gentlest, most feminine,
 And groups of Loves about them flew,
 And play'd with their vestures gauzy and fine,
 Of the rose and the pearl and the sapphire blue,
 That floated all free, and crisping bright,
 In the flickering beams of the golden light.

Oh, the Graces and Zephyrs ! were never seen
 Sisters more fondly link'd than they,
 In silken saloon, or on flowery green,
 Ever together by night and by day.
 A stronger love there never might be,
 Than between the fair Zephyrs and Graces Three.

Through the flowery gardens breathed soft air,
 The Zephyrs walk'd round each loveliest spot,
 And planted anemones everywhere,
 For the flower was their "Forget me not."
 And the Graces said—"This place shall take
 The Zephyrs' soft name for friendship's sake.

"Your names be carved on every tree,
 Yours be these gardens, grove, and wood ;
 Our mansion be Zephyr Lodge, and we
 Will form but one gentle sisterhood."
 But, alas ! how wishes oft come to nought,
 Though Love and Friendship breathe the thought.

The Zephyrs, the truth must be confess'd,
 As the Graces themselves, though gentle, yet
 Had a trifle too much, though scarcely express'd—
 Of the wanton air—O no, the coquette !
 And their eyes gave a look, as eyes sometimes do
 That have often glanced over a billet-doux.

Indeed it was said, and perchance with truth,
 That often flirtations had taken place
 Between more than one, and a curly youth
 Of Æolus' blustering noisy race :
 Another proof, if the fact be so,
 That Beauty oft worketh a world of woe.

PART VI.

King Æolus, he was a surly crone,
 And he lived by the sea in a windy cave,
 'Mid the comfortless blast, and the dreary moan,
 That ever came off the roaring wave—
 'Twas in charge of him and his burly sons
 To keep the winds pent in bags and tuns.

But though they kept them in barrels and bags,
 So careless were they of their mighty charge,
 That they often leak'd, and were split to rags
 By the winds rushing out, and thus set at large.
 And their vessels at best they seldom kept tight,
 And in quarrels oft turned the spigots for spite.

For quarrelsome they as the sea's wild foam,
Both father and sons a turbulent race;
And oft drove each other from house and home,
And their sport was to fly in each other's face.
But their greatest joy was in stall and steed,
For their mares were all of the whirlwind breed.

Oft they piled up their bags as a fancy car,
And away they swept over the stormy cliff—
Each shot from the goal like a shooting star,
Whether mare, or proud griffin, or hippogriff;
Thus the sons of old Æolus carried the bags
All over the world, with their fleetest nags.

Now it chanced one day, in the midst of a race,
That Boreas, nearing these beauteous grounds,
Drew up his reins, and slacken'd his pace,
To listen awhile to the wafted sounds
That came from the voices of that sweet choir
That sang in the Graces' own boudoir.

The Muses were singing alternate rhyme—
Hermes lean'd over Apollo's chair,
And pointed the notes, and beat the time,
And oft with new energy humm'd the air:
For he had both given the lyre, and skill
To play it, and was the best master still.

But the Zephyrs and Graces to verdant shade,
To tell their sweet tales, had wander'd away,
And then by a crystal stream were laid,
While on the green herbage their vestures lay;
And their beautiful limbs were half in the stream,
Half above, and lit by the leafy gleam.

O Titian, bright was the splendid glow,
And the pearly tints thy pencil threw,
When Dian's nymphs did their soft limbs throw
By the stream that kiss'd celestial hue,—
But little beseemeth it even to think
Of the beauty that lay by that water's brink.

Now Boreas he had been searching round
The thick plantations, both far and near,
If entrance therein there might be found;
And finding none,—like a pioneer,
He broke his rude way, and in luckless hour,
Came in full gaze of the secret bower.

O it forceth me even with tears to weep,
That ever there should intruders be
Where Beauty rests—awake or in sleep,
That innocence is not safe and free—
So rudely rough Boreas burst his way
To the spot where the Zephyrs and Graces lay.

Up started the Graces, and hastily drew
 Their vestures around them, and bounded away;
 Up started the Zephyrs—but none of them flew
 So fast, as if half inclin'd to stay:
 And the youngest lost time at her toilet, through fright,
 By Boreas caught at the moment of flight.

So Boreas bore her away in his arms:—
 What Ladies should do in a case like this,
 Little know I;—but cries and alarms
 Are smother'd sometimes by a gentle kiss,
 And cries are not always meant to be heard,
 When the suit and the scheme have been first preferr'd.

It was hinted before, that Favonia's eye
 Might perhaps have glanced at a billet-doux;
 And had Boreas not been a lover—pray, why
 Did he stop in mid race?—but, as lovers do,
 He seized on his prey, not unwilling, and bore
 The young Zephyr away in a whirlwind and four.

You Maidens, that may hereafter mean
 To fly with sweet youths,—O, fear not how fast;
 For what is a trip to Gretna Green,
 To a fly in a whirlwind, a ride with the blast?
 Would you leave your pursuers far, far behind,
 For the old wings of love, take the wings of the wind.

PART VII.

Now I've search'd every record through and through,
 And never have yet been able to learn,
 Whither these sister Zephyrs flew:
 To the Graces alone must I therefore turn;
 And strange is the sequel I have to tell,
 And I'll vouch for the truth of the Chronicle.

They shut themselves up long years and years,
 Long years was fast closed the ivory gate;
 And in closed boudoir, with sighs and tears,
 They bewail'd their shame, both early and late;
 And the Singing Tree, and the Talking Bird,
 If they sang and still talk'd, were no longer heard.

Dark sorrow consumeth beauty fast.
 As the canker eats into the fairest rose;
 And Beauty, how bright soe'er, to last
 Must be fed with joy and sweet repose;
 Like a flower that gentlest maidens raise,
 And feed with soft looks and tender gaze.

Now, half a long century had pass'd away,
 Nor yet had they their grief forsook!
 It was a fresh sunny morn of May,
 When they chanced in a mirror awhile to look;
 And they startled to view their own wretched plights,
 And for once they thought themselves perfect frights.

Their cheeks they were furrow'd, their eyes were red,
 And their shapes were not what once they were ;
 And the tints of rose and pearl were fled,
 And the gloss, it had left their golden hair ;
 And the Talking Bird, when they ventured out,
 Instead of sweet praise began to flout.

How few there be of the gentler sex,
 Could bear in themselves such change to feel ;
 Who take an alarm at the smallest specks,
 That over the face of their beauty steal :—
 Nor wonder—for beauty is woman's best dower,
 And gives her dominion, and strength, and power.

The Graces they ponder'd deep and long,
 For fain their beauty they would restore,
 For the present loss was the greater wrong,
 More than all their sorrow and shame before ;
 And at length they resolved for ever to go
 From scenes that had witness'd their bliss and woe.

To the Bird, as they saunter'd by, one day
 The drooping sisters their case prefer'd ;
 "Since here we may not, we cannot stay,
 Where shall we fly to? say, sweet Bird."
 "To the City of Fashion, go fly," quoth he,
 And the strain was ta'en up by the Singing Tree.

PART VIII.

About this very time the ~~woe~~ ^{woe} of mankind,
 That had long left the woods, and against the rough oak
 Had rubb'd off their tails that dangled behind,
 And had learn'd to walk upright, and language spoke,
 Had wondrously thriven, built cities and towns,
 And hid where their tails grew with coats and gowns.

They had reach'd such high fame, that the jealous strange god
 That govern'd Olympus, sent Phœbus, and Pan,
 And Hermes, with pipe and with lyre and rod,
 To amuse, and spy out the proceedings of man ;
 But small their reward, for their Godships divine
 Were sent to look after their cattle and swine.

Fine temples they built, but shook off the yoke
 Of Olympus ; and though for decency's sake
 They worshipp'd the Gods, 'twas with smell and with smoke,
 That soon made the old jovial Dynasty shake.
 They out-did his thunder, and vices by scores,
 Excepting they had not so many amours.

The Deities soon left the earth, one by one ;
 To his course in the Zodiac, Phœbus up-flew,
 And his new-furnished chariot put up in the Sun,
 And was never more seen. Even Bacchus withdrew,
 But men seized on his grapes—away flew with a scowl
 The old Goddess of Wisdom, but left her owl.

There was one vast City above the rest,
 Where Fashion was Queen, and set up her large school,
 Where Intellect march'd upon stilts from the nest,
 And Nature was held but a dolt and fool.
 And Fashion made laws for the brains and shapes,
 To re-form men once more to the image of apes.

PART IX.

The Graces look'd over their Cabinet,
 And made up a casket of things most rare,
 Pearl, diamond, and amethyst, ruby, and jet.
 Such things they were wont to admire, not wear ;
 For their beauty was perfect, all excellent,
 Nor needed the aid of ornament.

In the City of Fashion 'twas otherwise thought,
 And the Graces had learn'd that sea-kings and queens
 Were welcome the more the more they brought,
 And that few could live there without ways and means.
 They had heard too the saying, " If hither you come,
 'Twere best you had something under your thumb."

Now the Graces arrived, though how they went
 We are nowhere told, at their new abode
 In the City of Fashion—and instantly sent
 For a jeweller first, then a marchand de modes,
 And, as plenty of gold they lodged in the Bank,
 They were visited shortly by persons of rank.

But it must be confess'd their journey, fresh air,
 And new hopes excited by all they had learn'd,
 Restored their lost beauty, e'en made them more fair,
 And the tints of rose, pearl, and vermilion return'd ;
 And, as they had servants and equipage,
 Who but the Graces were all the rage ?

O Fashion is but a wayward queen,
 O Praise, it soon turns to scorn and scoff !
 Some envious Dowagers soon, I ween,
 Discover'd their daughters didn't go off,
 And envied the Graces, for youth and man,
 Wherever they went, still after them ran.

Their complexions, 'twas whisper'd, were but paste,
 Their gentle movement an awkward swing ;
 They were thick in the ankles, and ~~wide~~ in the waist ;
 And that bend in their backs was a horrid thing.
 The nose was too straight, and a squint was well hid
 By a down-looking eye, and a drooping lid.

Then, O the poor Graces, what change ensued !
 There was buckram and tiffany, steel and bone,
 They were padded and laced, and patch'd and glued,
 Till they hadn't one limb they could call their own ;
 And Dowagers form'd a Committee of taste,
 To straighten their backs, and wasp in their waist.

With your hour-glass shapes, sweet maidens, beware
 Of the parasol, and balloons of gyp ;
 Remember how Vestris was lifted in air,
 And one-half of her went to her own Olymp,
 And the other came pirouetting down,
 And since then her legs only have walk'd the town.

Their tender feet in stocks were set,
 And twisted, until with great eclat,
 They accomplish'd the spinning pirouette,
 And twirl'd the demi quene de chat,
 And the Maitre d'Ecole, of his ancient race,
 Retain'd half the tail, and the whole grimace.

Their bosoms were flatten'd like boards, to swell
 No longer with pity and love—because
 The scraggy old Dowagers knew very well
 Their own were like gridirons cover'd with gauze.
 O Phidias, but for that chissel of thine,
 Who would know that the Graces were ever divine !

Thus living 'mong mortals, and living as they,
 Though sprung of a pure immortal birth,
 They could not die—yet a sort of decay
 Came over their forms as things of earth.
 Their cheeks grew pale, and lovers look'd shy,
 And their beauty, alas ! it was passing by.

Sad objects of pity were now the three—
 One was laid up with a twisted spine,
 One lay on a couch from sheer ennui,
 And one it was thought was in a decline ;
 And they all were under the hands of quacks,
 Who rubb'd them most dreadfully sore on the backs.

But they could not die,—and 'twas lucky for them,—
 But Jupiter, hearing the state of their case,
 Sent Iris from Heaven—she touch'd but the hem
 Of their robes—and away flew flounce, bustle, and brace ;
 Then breathing more free, an ambrosial air
 They inhaled, and that moment invisible were.

Iris's bow was one end in a cloud,
 The other stretch'd over the skirts of the town ;
 So thither they hasten'd unseen by the crowd,
 And mounting the bow, threw their finery down,
 Fresh beauty assumed, no, never to wane.
 And quitting this earth, never reach'd it again :

Though some say the Graces are faintly seen
 Sporting e'en now on a summer's day.
 Twisting the pink, and blue, and green,
 In Iris's bow, with the golden ray ;
 That they shoot to and fro, and sometimes light
 On earth for a moment, and leave it bright.

PART X.

Centuries more have passed away,—
 What has become of that fair domain,
 Where the Graces' mansion of beauty lay?
 All was deserted, both grove and plain;
 And forests grew round, so dark a skreen,
 That long was the spot unknown, unseen.

Was the Golden Fountain playing there,
 Throwing its amber jets around?
 Talk'd the sweet Bird to the desert air?
 Wafted the Tree vain music round?
 All may conjecture—but none relate,
 For none ever pass'd the ivory gate.

Centuries more have been passing by—
 The sheltering forests are cut away,
 The mansion exposed to the wond'ring eye,
 The Garden, Bird, Tree, and Fountain's play:
 Then Avarice entered—The groves must fall—
 A miserly churl became lord of all.

And the Talking Bird? he twisted his neck,
 He pick'd him and roasted—nay, twirl'd the spit;
 But the Singing Tree was a better spec,
 For he cut it and sold it bit by bit.
 Its virtue he found—it went to the Trade,
 And musical boxes thereof were made.

And the Yellow Water—where went it away?
 It went to the shops all the country round,
 By gallons and quarts,—and to this very day
 Is the Birmingham lacquer so much renowned,
 And so fond are mankind of what looks like gold,
 But really is not, that it readily sold.

A century more—and the Churl's cold Ghost
 Came to the fountain, and found it dry—
 And with him there came a Demon host.
 O they howl with the blasts, as around they fly!
 Foul Demons and Ghosts each other dodge,
 Through the casements and hollows of Wind-whistle Lodge.

O! Wind-whistle Lodge is an awful place—
 When the Graces lived there 'twas not so,
 But wore a sunny and smiling face—
 But the Zephyrs came and brought it woe.
 Then Boreas after the Zephyrs came,
 And now the wild Winds their Inheritance claim.

CHARACTERISTICS OF WOMEN.

No. IV.

CHARACTERS OF INTELLECT.

SHAKESPEARE.

WEPT have we—or in thoughts that lay “too deep for tears”—gazed pale on Juliet, and Ophelia, and Cordelia, and Desdemona—as we saw them in suffering and in sorrow—like fair creatures going to sacrifice—led on—slowly, step by step—or sometimes with a hurried motion—to death. And, one after another, we saw them die. Juliet in distraction, vainly draining the dregs of that fatal cup that had frozen the heart-blood of Romeo—by sharper death expiring on his bosom—and, with her husband, buried in one tomb! Ophelia, her poor wits gone, even like the flowers she scattered, down to the grave on a clear streamlet, floating like a Swan! Cordelia, with “holy water from her heavenly eyes,” bathing the brow of her mad father, till, like dew through a smiling calm shed by Mercy, it sank with healing into his brain, and Lear almost “became whole.” And we saw him bearing in his daughter from their prison-cell in his arms; and we heard “And my poor Fool is hanged!” his heart-strings crack as he gave up the ghost. Desdemona, the Gentle, the Immaculate, she who was

“Woo’d, won, and wed, and murder’d
by the Mo !”

Immortal is the memory of the Martyrs. Nor call them beings of an imaginary world. Phantoms are they of this our human life. Knowest thou not that such trials have been undergone by many creatures clothed in the robes of dust—by Christian women purified by the fires of affliction that consumed their bodies but to let their spirits escape to heaven? Embodiments in ideal forms, by genius inspired by a holy faith in the revelation of na-

ture, were those loveliest creations, of virtues that have their empire beneath the “common light of day,” and are enthroned in many a loveliest bosom alive in the chaste warmth of innocence! ’Tis thus that poetry ministers to religion. The saints in her calendar, are they not holy? And may they not be blamelessly worshipped in spirit and in truth?

Hermione—Imogen—Miranda—ye too are Phantoms whose features seem to darken or to brighten with shadow or sunshine of our own clime! How many a widowed and unchilded mother—even some humble Hermione—in dim seclusion wears weepingly, but uncomplainingly, away her long, forsaken, solitary years! Nor ever blessed with sight of those she hath so yearned once more to see, been carried like a fallen statue to the tomb—“palm to palm upon its breast!” Woful, Imogen, were thy wanderings among “autres vast and deserts idle;” most strange thy death-like slumbers in the cave, where those young Nobles of Nature their fair Fidele’s corpse with flowers bestrewed; ghastly, on the bosom of what thou thoughtest thy murdered Posthumus, thy half-awakened sleep; and much, ere closed thy weary pilgrimage, thy sobbing heart endured of this hard world’s worst grief. But wide over the roaring seas our ships traverse, and many a faithful heart, as young as thine, they bear to journeyings wild and venturesome—all in the face of disease and death—in the grim heart of many an uncouth, barbarous land. A wild and wondrous lot was thine, O star-eyed daughter of the Enchanted Isle! Happiness wafted thee away on her wings from that stormy strand, to let thee drop down among thy own new-discovered kind in a far off ha-

* *Characteristics of Women, Moral, Poetical, and Historical; with fifty vignette etchings.* By Mrs Jameson. In two volumes. London: Saunders and Otley.

ven, where Love was to guard thy life in perpetual peace! And doth the earth hold no more such children of lonely Nature, who, under her benign provision, have grown up to miraculous beauty, and brought into cities, like birds by a wind, have won to themselves the eyes of admiration all softened by love!

But Shakspeare rejoiced sometimes to sing a lowlier and a livelier strain—to shew our common life with its sunniest southern aspect, all teeming with blossoms and fruitage—blossoms to be woven into wreaths and garlands of joy—fruitage,

“not too bright and good
For human nature’s daily food;”

for fruitage, say at once, females,

“For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and
smiles!”

We are carried in among his—Comedies; and what *Bevies of Beauty*! We mingle with “the gay creatures of our element,” in parlours, and boudoirs, and drawing-rooms, and halls, and gardens, and beneath the porticoes of pillared palaces, among the graces, the elegancies, the ornaments, the decorations, the luxuries, the splendours, the magnificencies of life, all made rich by the most rare and exquisite culture. We breathe the air of high life, rightly so called; and hear melodious noises attuned to “fancies high and noble,” warbling from lily throats that tower from full-bosom’d busts, and bearing lofty heads all-glorious with thick-clustered ringlets, freely confined within “webs of woven air,” or fragrant wantoning with the enamoured wind, artlessly, except that their glossy blackness is bedropt with diamonds, or the pale pearls lie subdued amid the glittering auburn. Daughters of gentlemen—ladies indeed—duchesses with coronets—princesses—queens with imperial crowns, who, by their native loveliness beautify their state, and whose state dignifies their loveliness, making “it a thing so majestic,” that the proudest lip would in lowly reverence kiss its footstool, or the hem of its garment,—as the *Apportion* settled into stillness, like a cloud, or went floating by in the colour of sunset.

But we hate exaggeration; and if that paragraph be over gorgeous, pardon it, we pray you, for the sake of “Much ado about Nothing.”

But before we get into our critique, if critique it may be called, which critique is none, what meaneth the Lady whose work we use for our text-book, or rather as a well-head with a perennial flow, from which we deduce, whenever the shallower source of our genius runs dry, and divert the “fragrant lymph” into many a meandering rill, till our page smiles green as a variegated meadow a week afore merry hay-time—what meaneth the gracious lady by “*Characters of Intellect*?” She means that, in some women, intellect is the dominant power—the most conspicuous in the constitution of the character. You would not say it was so in Ophelia, though that simple and sunny flower loved to look up to the sky; and though she utters things that would appear to be even the product of genius. You would not say it was so in Cordelia, whose character was all affliction, and the loveliest of all affections, filial piety—her thoughts being sentiments—and the performance of duty with her easy and sure as by an instinct. You would not say it was so in Desdemona, the all-accomplished, for she meekly made such total surrender of herself to Othello, with all her feelings and faculties, as could not have been with a woman of high and commanding intellect, though with such there may be total abandonment; but that is very different from surrender. Juliet, again, had fine talents, but she was a passion-kindled child of imagination, with flame-coloured thoughts. But you may say so of Beatrice and Rosalind, and Portia and Isabella, “of whom it is our hint to speak.” In them, intellect is ever seen working wonders in unison, more or less beautiful, with the loveliest attributes of the female character. Mrs Jameson classes them together by that designation, because, when compared with others, they are at once distinguished by their mental superiority. “Thus,” she says finely, “in Portia, it is intellect kindled into exercise by a poetical imagination—in Isabella, it is intellect elevated by religious principle—in Beatrice, intellect overruled by spirit—in Rosa-

lind, intellect softened by sensibility."

But how like you Beatrice? You agree with us in disliking satirical, sarcastic women. One reason of our joint dislike is, that their intellectual is almost always as low as their moral character; so that our dislike, you perceive, is a mixture of contempt and disgust. The subject of their supposed wit is the foibles and frailties of their friends. But their friends being, of course, commonplace people, and though vulgar, no ways distinguished, even by their vulgarity, from the other vulgar persons with whom they live, their foibles and frailties cannot be such as to furnish matter even for such poor wit as theirs; and instead of any thing of the truly satirical sort, they give vent merely to crude pieces, larger or smaller, of stupid ill-nature, the odour of which is exceedingly unpleasant in itself, and more unbearable from being, nine cases out of ten, accompanied in utterance with a very bad breath, as if the scoffer fed exclusively on onions.

But Beatrice is a bright, bold, joyous being, who lives in the best society; and we do not find that she much abuses any but her equals—we may not say her betters, for we find none such in the Play. She is well-born and well-bred, a lady from snood to slipper—the child, if we mistake not, of Antonio, brother to Leonato, governor of Messina. True that her coz, Hero, paints a sad picture of her, while she lies couching in the "pleached bower;" and perhaps there may be too much truth in it; but the limner lays it on thick for a special purpose, and it is a most unfavourable likeness—

"*Hero.* But nature never fram'd a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice:
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprising what they look on; and her wit
Values itself so highly, that to her
All matter else seems weak: she cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection.
She is so self-endear'd.
Urs. Sure, I think so;
And therefore, certainly, it were not good

She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.

Hero. Why, you speak truth: I never yet saw man,
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featur'd,
But she would spell him backward: if fair-faced,
She'd swear, the gentleman should be her sister;
If black, why nature, drawing of an antick,
Made a foul blot: if tall, a lance ill-headed:
If low, an agate very vilely cut:
If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds:
If silent, why, a block moved with none.
So turns she every man the wrong side out;

And never gives to truth and virtue, that
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

Urs. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

Hero. No; not to be so odd, and from all fashions,

As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable:

But who dare tell her so? if I should speak,

She'd mock me into air; O, she would laugh me

Out of myself, press me to death with wit."

On overhearing all this, Beatrice exclaims—

"What fire is in mine ears? Can this be true?"

Stand I for pride and scorn condemn'd so much?"

We feel at once, that though proud and scornful more than is quite proper or reasonable in any young lady, Beatrice has not been aware of the degree of her guilt, and that she neither studied the art or science of being disagreeable—nor practised it according to its theoretical principles. She has all her life long been saying sharp things from a kindly disposition, from delight in the ludicrous; "give and take," has still been the spirit of her bearing, in skirmish or in pitch-battle; it cannot be said of her,—

"She laughs at scars who never felt a wound;"

for, though skilful of fence, no swordswoman can parry every thrust; and she always contends for victory "*selon les règles de la guerre.*"

Of all her butts, the chief is Bene-

dick. Now Benedick, though he have generally the worst of it, is sometimes, we think, the aggressor; and even if he never be, Beatrice knows he is still expecting her attack, of course on his guard, and ready for the assault with foil or rapier.

It is plain to the dullest eye and meanest capacity, that a "mutual inclination had commenced before the opening of the play." They are not in love; but Beatrice thinks him a proper man, and he is never an hour out of her head. "I pray you, is SIGNIOR MONTANTO returned from the wars, or no? He set up his bills here in Messina and challenged Cupid at the flight; and my uncle's Fool reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the bird-bolt. I pray you, how many hath he killed and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he killed, for indeed I promised to eat all of his killing?" She knew he was brave as his sword. But the witty witch would have her will, and must be jibing. Leonato, fearing the messenger may have light thoughts of her, says, "You must not be mistaken in my niece; there is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior Benedick and her; they never meet, but there is a skirmish of wit between them." He was about to return from the wars after some considerable absence; and Beatrice was breathing herself with a little preparatory pastime, and keeping her hand in for the encounter. "In the unprovoked hostility with which she falls upon him in his absence, in the pertinacity of her satire, there is certainly," says Mrs Jamieson, "great argument that he occupies more of her thoughts than she would have been willing to confess, even to herself." In the same manner, Benedick betrays a lurking partiality for his fascinating enemy; he shews that he has looked upon her with no careless eye, when he says, "There's her cousin" (Hero's), "an she were not possessed with a fury, excels her as much in beauty as the first of May does the last of December." "Possessed by a fury!" language scarcely consistent with the usages of the Parliament of Love. The honourable gentleman ought to have been called to order; he is, at least, fair game. But his praise of her beauty is ex-

quisite, and proves that it had thrilled through his heart.

But though Beatrice had a lurking liking for "Signior Montanto," we do not believe that she often—if at all—had thought of him as a husband. She enjoyed her own wit too much to think of such a serious matter. And a chaster creature never breathed—not to be cold. Wit was with her a self-sufficing passion. How her fine features must have kindled at its flashes!

"*Beat.* Who, I pray you, is his companion?"

"*Mess.* He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

"*Beat.* O Lord! he will hang upon him like a disease: he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio! if he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere he be cured."

But though Beatrice, if you take our word for it, had never thought of marrying Benedick some evening or other, yet, like all other young ladies, she had considered the subject of marriage in the abstract, and had come to have a very tolerable understanding of its various bearings.

"*Leon.* Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

"*Beat.* Not till God make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be overmastered with a piece of valiant dust? to make an account of her life to a clod of wayward mail? No, uncle, I'll none: Adam's sons are my brethren; and truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred. Hear me, Hero; wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque-pace: the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly-modest, is a measure full of state and ancientry; and then comes repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave."

There is something very kindly in all this contempt of marriage. Nor did "Lady Disdain" suppose that any rational person would credit her antinuptial asseverations. What superior young lady ever professes a rooted resolution to marry? They all disown "the soft impeachment," and were they believed, the old and

new worlds would be caterwauling with old maids. Beatrice knew that she would have to be married at last, like the rest of her unfortunate sex, but 'twas not even like a cloud her marriage day, but quite beyond the visible horizon. Of it she had not even a dim idea; therefore came her warm wit in jets and gushes from her untamed heart. It is sincere, and in "measureless content" she enjoys her triumphs. Marry when she may, she will not be forsworn. She has but used her "pretty oath by yea and nay," and Cupid in two words will justify the fair apostate in any court of Hymen.

But 'tis different with Benedick. When you hear a man perpetually dinning it into your ears that he is determined to die a bachelor, you set him down at once as a liar. You then begin, if he be not simply a blockhead, to ask yourself what he means by forcing on you such unprovoked falsehood, and you are ready with an answer—"He is in love." He sees his danger. A wild beast, not far off, is opening its jaws to devour him; and to keep up his courage, he jests about horns. Why must Benedick be ever philosophizing against marriage? The bare, the naked idea of it haunts him like a ghost. In spite of all his bravado he knows he is a doomed man. "I will not be sworn but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool." He then paints a picture of imaginary excellence, and in the very midst of his fancies he is manifestly thinking of Beatrice—"Mild, or come not near her." There flashed upon him the face "of one possessed by a Fury," but yet "beautiful as the first of May."

"I would not marry her," quoth Benedick ("Nobody axed you sir, she said.") "though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgressed; she would have made Hercules have turned spit; yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her; you shall find her the infernal Atë in good apparel. I would to God, some scholar would conjure her; for, certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell, as in a sanctuary; and people sin upon

purpose, because they would go thither; so, indeed, all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follow her."

Poo—poo—poo—what is all this? "She had misused him past all endurance," not thinking that he had been himself; yet really she was not so bitter bad upon him as he says—he is manifestly more mortified than any man would have been, if fairly out of love; and believing (oh! the simpleton,) that she spoke her sincere sentiments, he has the folly to say to Don Pedro, "I cannot endure my Lady Tongue."

But we admire Benedick. "In him," says Stevens, rightly, "the wit, the humorist, the gentleman, and the soldier are combined." We admire him so much, that we are delighted to laugh at him, when made the happy victim of that most crafty and Christian plot upon his celibacy, which is followed with such instant and signal success. Benedick is a modest man. He has no suspicion that Beatrice, beautiful as the First of May, (the day is often biting,) cares for him but to torment him; and the moment he is led to believe she loves him, he is ready to leap out of his skin and his vows of celibacy, and without ceremony, even in that condition, to leap into her arms.

"Infinite skill," says Mrs Jameson, "as well as humour, is shewn in making this pair of airy beings the exact counterpart of each other; but of the two portraits, that of Benedick is by far the more pleasing, because the independence and easy indifference of temper, the laughing defiance of love and marriage, the satirical freedom of expression common to both, are more becoming to the masculine than to the feminine character. Any woman might love such a cavalier as Benedick, and be proud of his affection; his valour, his wit, and his gaiety, sit so gracefully upon him; and his light scoffs against the power of love are but just sufficient to render more poignant the conquest of this "heretic in despite of beauty." But a man might well be pardoned who should shrink from encountering such a spirit as that of Beatrice, unless, indeed, he had "served an apprenticeship to the taming school." It is observable that the love is throughout on her side, and

the sympathy and interest on his, which, by reversing the usual order of things, seems to excite us *against the grain*, if I may use such an expression. In all their encounters, she constantly gets the better of him, and the gentleman's wits go off halting, if he is not himself fairly *hors de combat*. It is clear she cannot tolerate his neglect, and he can as little tolerate her scorn. Nothing that Benedick addresses to Beatrice personally, can equal the malicious force of some of her assaults upon him; he is either restrained by a natural feeling of gallantry, little as she deserves the consideration due to her sex—for a female satirist ever places herself beyond the pale of such forbearance—or he is subdued by her superior volubility."

'Tis natural, perhaps, that we should more admire the lady—our fair critic the gentleman. If some of our playful observations, made a few paragraphs back, have in them some grains of philosophy, our admiration may not be undue. Any woman *might* love such a cavalier as Benedick—not every cavalier *might dare* to love such a lady as Beatrice. But he who did dare, would dare nobly; and if able to wear as well as win her, could not fail to reap a rich reward. True, as his graceful encomiast says, "Benedick revenges himself in her absence," and she well understands "this ludicrous extravagance and exaggeration of his pent-up wrath," when thus he pours it forth; it "betrays at once how deep is his mortification, and how unreal his enmity." Perhaps the cavalier's revenge in her absence is disproportioned—if not to her sins—to the sometimes almost *cowed* spirit with which he vainly attempts to repel the power even of her victorious presence; and a gentleman, "whose wits have gone halting off," and who looks as if he had "not a word to throw to a dog," with no good grace claps his wings and crows, as soon as he has got into safe hiding, waxing red about the comb to a deep degree of crimson, more becoming to a game-cock that offers battle to a rival, than to one who has fairly turned tail to a hen.

Is Mrs Jameson not too severe on Beatrice, when she says, "little as she

deserves the consideration due to her sex?" Making all due allowance for her wildness and her wilfulness, Beatrice cannot be fairly said ever to forget her sex—though she may indeed urge its privileges a little beyond the common law of propriety—taking "ample room and verge enough." The daughter of Antonio was a *privileged* person—not on account of mere eccentricity—but on account of her surpassing talents—nay, her genius. They had long been friends too—that is—enemies; and Benedick having no doubt encouraged in his fair foe her inimitable and matchless powers of wit and humour, it would have been inexcusable—nay, ungentelemanly, in him to snub her too sharply, when she somewhat overshot the mark; yet she seldom fails to hit the target even at rovers. We question if he was entitled to cry, "down helm," even when the frigate "tight and bold," having shot a-head to windward, put about and came down before the wind, as if meaning to run him on board, and sink him in deep water. He did wiser to strike his flag, and lower his top-gallant.

Steevens says, that in the "conduct of the fable, there is an imperfection similar to that which Dr Johnson has pointed out in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. The second contrivance is less ingenious than the first; or, to speak more plainly, the same incident is become stale by repetition. I wish some other method had been contrived to entrap Beatrice than that very one which had before been necessarily practised on Benedick." A foolish wish. The success of the same contrivance with both parties is infinitely amusing, and as natural as can be; their characters are in much similar, their real sentiments towards each other equally so, and their affected scorn of wedlock; and nothing could have satisfied the schemers short of seeing the one after the other fall into the same trap. The second contrivance is not less ingenious than the first; and as for the same incident becoming stale by repetition, Mr Steevens might as well have said that a kiss becomes stale by repetition, though you have taken but two—a pretty long inter-

val of some minutes between — from the same rosy lips. The second is by much the sweeter.

We laugh at Benedick "advancing from the arbour," gulled by what he has there overheard, into the conviction that Beatrice is dying for him; but at Beatrice, who ran "like a lapwing close by the ground, to hear the conference" that deceived her with a corresponding belief, coming out of the "pleached bower," with her face on fire, ("what fire is in my ears!") we do not laugh;—we console—we congratulate—we love her—for that fire flashes from a generous and ardent heart. Why laugh we at Benedick? Chiefly for these few words, "they seem to pity the poor lady." He sees her in his mind's-eye, "tearing the letter into thousand half-pence;" he hears her in his mind's ear, "railing at herself that she should be so immodest to write to one that she knew would flout her." He is distressed beyond measure to picture the love-humbled Beatrice, as "down on her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her breast, tears her hair, prays, curses,—*Oh, sweet Benedick, give me patience!*" Vain as we once were of our personal charms—to say nothing of our mental—(the rare union used to be irresistible) not, in our most cock-a-hoop exultation, in the unconsciousness of our transcendent powers of cold-blooded feminicide, could we have given implicit credence to such a stark-staring incredibility (we do not say impossibility,) as is involved in the narrative which by Benedick, in one wide gulp of faith, was swallowed like gospel. It is amusing—but for that we do not laugh at him—to hear him admitting, "that the world must be peopled." Clear it is that he will be as good as his word, when he says, "I will be horribly in love with her." Yet the "chance of having some odd quips and remnants of wit broken on him, because he has railed so long against marriage," gives him a pinch—a twinge. But he gets rid of the uneasy sensation by reminding himself, "that when he said he would die a bachelor, he did not think he should live till he was married."

Beatrice forgets, in her passion of fire and tears, that she had ever railed at marriage. She burns and

melts to think how she used to rail at Benedick. She feels neither pity nor pride, on overhearing her cousin say,

"Therefore let Benedick, like covered fire,

Consume away, in sighs waste inwardly;
It were a better death than die with
mocks."

"The sense of wounded vanity even," says Mrs Jameson very finely, "is lost in better feelings, and she is infinitely more struck by what is said in praise of Benedick, and the history of his supposed love for her, than by the dispraise of herself. The immediate success of the trick is a most natural consequence of the self-assurance and magnanimity of her character; she is so accustomed to assert dominion over the spirits of others, that she cannot suspect the possibility of a plot laid against herself." She dedicates her life to conjugal duty—that is, love. Nor is there the slightest doubt that she will make one of the best wives in the world. Never will Beatrice sit with her arms folded, and her feet on the tender, half asleep before the fire, nodding her head like a *mausey*, and ever and anon threatening to break out into a snore. Never will Beatrice sit broad awake, her elbow resting on a table misnamed of "work," her vacant eyes fixed, heaven knows not why, on yours, and her mouth that once you thought small, opening into a yawn, first with a compressed whine, like that of a puppy-dog shut up accidentally in a closet, and afraid fairly to bark, lest on being let out he be whipped to death, and finally into a dismal and interminable sound, like

"The wolf's long howl from Oonalaska's shore."

Never will Beatrice, after moping for days or weeks in the hum-drums or the sulks, fall out of them into "outrageous spirits," which usually follow in that order, just as the hooping-cough crows from the fag-end of the measles. From all such domestic diseases, from the soundness of her constitution, we prophesy—nay, promise Benedick immunity all his life long. Nor will Beatrice prove a scold. She has had her swing—she has sown all her wild words—and has none left even

for a curtain-lecture. Nay—her voice will often be “gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman,” as on flaky feet she comes stealthily behind her husband reading in his easy-chair, (for he goes no more to the wars,) and lays on his shoulder her hand of light, or, as she drops a kiss on his cheek, insinuates into his ear a wicked whisper. Then what a mother! She will whip the little Spartans nowhere but up stairs in the Attic nursery—and on no account or excuse whatever will permit a single squall. Benedick shall not know that there is such a thing in the house as a child, yet are there half-a-dozen, and the two last were twins. For nature in wedlock goes by the law of contraries. Your shy, your silent, inexpressive She, as sure as a gun, turns into a termagant; and Ranting Moll, the madcap, grows “still and patient as the brooding-dove ere yet her golden couplets are disclosed.”

So will it be with Beatrice. For hear her vows.

“Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!

No glory lives behind the back of such.
And, Benedick, love on, I will requite thee;

Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand;
If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee

To bind our love up in a holy band;
For others say thou dost deserve; and I
Believe it better than reportingly.”

“A change comes o’er the spirit of her dream” ere yet she be so much as a Virgin-Bride. The mutual confession, or declaration—call it what you will—of their love, is characteristic in its sprightliness, but it is calm, and the smiles of Beatrice beam through her tears. In her own happiness she has been weeping for Hero. Her cousin has been wickedly lied against by a villain, and that lie has been weakly believed by her lover Claudio, who has shamed and flung her from him, in presence of all the people, at the very altar. In that miserable hour, when all believe the fainting girl guilty, and insults are showered upon her in her swoon, Beatrice alone believes her innocent, exclaiming, “O! on my soul, my cousin is belied!” Then it is, when at last these two have left the church, that Benedick says gently,

“Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?” And she answers sadly, “Yea! and I will weep a while longer.” Then is mutually betrayed the secret of their love, and Benedick and Beatrice—nothing loth—are betrothed.

Mrs Jameson says “in the marriage-scene where she has beheld her gentle-spirited cousin, whom she loves the more for the very qualities which are most unlike her own, slandered, deserted, and devoted to public shame, her indignation, and the eagerness with which she hungers and thirsts after revenge, are, like the rest of her character, open, ardent, impetuous, but not deep or implacable. When she bursts into that outrageous speech—

‘Is he not approved in the height a villain that hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman? O that I were a man! What! bear her in hand until they come to take hands; and then, with public accusation, uncovered slander, unmitigated rancour—O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.”

and when she commands her lover, as the first proof of his affection, ‘to kill Claudio,’ the very consciousness of the exaggeration,—of the contrast between the real good-nature of Beatrice and the fierce tenor of her language, keeps alive the comic effect, mingling the ludicrous with the serious.” This is one of the very few views in which we cannot go along with our guide. We do not think it an “outrageous speech.” Never in this world before or since had a woman been so used as Hero. A governor’s daughter accused of incontinence, not with one varlet, but with mankind, by her lover at the altar! Beatrice’s own Cousin told in her hearing, by Claudio, in a church, that she is

“More intemperate in her blood
Than Venus, or those pamper’d animals
That rage in savage sensuality?”

Sweetest Hero, she who was once so “lovely in his eyes,” by her own father called “smirched and mired with infamy!” Why, Hero had “this twelvemonth been her bedfellow,” and Beatrice knew she was chaste as herself—as they lay bosom to bosom. Her pride of sex, as well as her sisterly love, was up in arms at the base

and brutal barbarity; she felt herself insulted, her own maidenhood subjected to suspicion, since soot might thus be scattered on the unsunned snow of a virgin's virtue. And who was Claudio? She had heard his praises from the messenger ere she had seen his face. "He hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age, doing in the figure of a lamb the feats of a lion; he hath, indeed, bettered expectation than you must expect me to tell you how." And this paragon led her Hero into the church to break her heart, and "mire her name with infamy!" "Oh, God! that I were a man! I could eat his heart in the market-place," is a proper prayer and a just sentiment. We repeat—it is not "outrageous." Did he not deserve to have his heart eaten in the market-place? And if Beatrice could have changed her sex, and into a man's indignant heart carried too the outraged feelings of a woman's, the man of the Corinthian, or rather Composite order, of whom the world would then have had assurance, would have hungered and thirsted after Claudio's heart, and eaten it in the market-place, which we presume is only a figurative style of speaking, and means stabbed, and stabbed, and stabbed it, piercing it through, and through, and through, till the blood boiled from breast and back, and Claudio fell down a clod on the pavement-stone of sacrifice.

In Beatrice commanding Benedick to "kill Claudio," we cannot bring ourselves to think that there can be any consciousness of exaggeration in the mind of any auditor, and least of all in that of such a high-minded lady as she who has happened to say so, or that the effect is particularly comic. Doubt there can be none, that it was a duty incumbent on Benedick, not only as a gentleman and a soldier, but as a Christian, to challenge Claudio to single, and unless that cruellest of calumniators (however deluded) licked the dust and drenched it in tears, to mortal combat. Was not Benedick the lover, the betrothed of Beatrice, and was not Claudio the betrothed and the worse than murderer of her dearest and nearest (female) friend? She knew Hero's innocence, and so must Benedick; for dared he to

doubt the word of his Beatrice as to the honour bright, the stainless purity of her whose head had so long lain beside hers on the same pillow? If he did, then was he not worthy to lay on the down his rough chin close to the smoothest that ever hid or disclosed a dimple in balmy sleep. We cannot help feeling painful surprise that "Signior Montanto" had not put his finger to his lip with an eye-look that Claudio could not misinterpret, before that redoubted warrior left the church.

"Here again," says Mrs Jameson, "the dominion rests with Beatrice, and she appears in a less amiable light than her lover. Benedick surrenders his whole heart to her and to his new passion. The revulsion of feeling even causes it to overflow in an excess of fondness; but with Beatrice *temper* has still the mastery. The affection of Benedick *induces him to challenge* his intimate friend *for her sake*; but the affection of Beatrice does not prevent her from risking the life of her lover."

It is not *temper* that has the mastery with Beatrice. She was a high-born, high-spirited, high-honoured, high-principled, pure, chaste, and affectionate lady, and therefore she said, and could say no less, "kill Claudio." Benedick was bound to challenge Claudio for his own sake, and that of the profession of arms. And what was the life of her lover to Beatrice in comparison with his honour? She, God wot, was no love-sick-girl—but a woman in her golden prime—and had Claudio killed Benedick—why, she needed not to have broken her heart, nor would she, though verily we believe she might have worn widow's weeds for a year and a day. But she had no thought of its being within the chances of fortune that her beloved could be vanquished in such a cause. That would have occurred to her, had they gone out; but in her indignant scorn of the insulter, she saw him beaten on his knees, and her own knight's sword at his throat, that had so foully lied.

However, "All's Well that Ends Well," and so is "Much Ado about Nothing." So, Beatrice, (good-by, Benedick,) heaven bless thee—farewell.

But lo! One more delightful, more

alluring, more fascinating, more enchanting, more captivating than Beatrice! In pure nature and sweet simplicity, more delightful is Rosalind; in courteous coquetry and quaint disguise, more alluring is Rosalind; in feeling playing with fancy, and in fancy by feeling tempered, (ah! shall we call her serpent?) more fascinating is Rosalind; in sinless spells and gracious glamour, (what a witch!) more enchanting is Rosalind; and when, to "still musick," "enters Hymen, leading her in woman's clothes," and singing,

"Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even

Atone together.

Good duke, receive thy daughter,
Hymen from heaven brought her;

Yea, brought her hither,

That thou might'st join her hand with
his,

Whose heart within her bosom is,"

feelest thou not, that more captivating is Rosalind—a snow-white lily with a wimple of dew, in bride-like joyance flowering in the forest!

If these our words seem cold, here are beautiful ones of a warmer glow.

"To what else shall we compare her, all-enchanting as she is? to the silvery summer clouds, which, even while we gaze on them, shift their hues and forms, dissolving into air and light, and rainbow showers? to the May-morning, flush with opening flowers and roseate dews, and 'charm of earliest birds?' to some wild and beautiful melody, such as some shepherd-boy might pipe to Amarillis in the shade? to a mountain streamlet, now smooth as a mirror in which the skies may glass themselves, and anon leaping and sparkling in the sunshine—or rather to the very sunshine itself? for so her genial spirit touches into life and beauty whatever it shines on!"

At first sight, we, like Orlando, fall in love with Rosalind conversing with cousin Celia, on the lawn before the Duke's palace. High-born and high-bred, yet is the talk of the two sweet as might have been heard at the hut-door of a peasant. Rosalind, though naturally the merriest of God's creatures, not excepting any bird, is somewhat sad, as well she may be, thinking on a banished

father. But Celia now cheers her, for "never two ladies loved as they do; being even from the cradle bred together." Our gentle coz says, "my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry," and gladdened by the sound as a lark by sunshine, "sweet Rose, dear Rose," doth, like that lark fluttering from the furrow into the sky, uplift her spirit, and sing or say, "What think you of falling in love?"

"Cel. Marry, I prythee, do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou mayst in honour come off again.

Ros. What shall be our sport then?

Cel. Let us sit and mock the good housewife, Fortune, from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Ros. I would, we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced; and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true; for those, that she makes fair, she scarce makes honest; and those, that she makes honest, she makes very ill-favour'dly.

Ros. Nay, now thou quest from fortune's office to nature's; fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the linaments of nature."

Our Lady Critic finely breathes—"the first introduction of Rosalind is less striking than interesting; we see her a dependent, almost a captive, in the court of her usurping uncle; her jovial spirits are subdued by her situation, and the remembrance of her banished father; her playfulness is under temporary eclipse.

'I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry!'

is an adjuration which Rosalind needed not, when once at liberty, and sporting 'under the greenwood tree.' The sensibility and even pensiveness of her demeanour in the first instance, render her archness and gravity afterwards more graceful and more fascinating."

Finely said—"our first introduction to Rosalind is less striking than interesting"—and nothing can be more interesting; not from her mere condition only, but from the glimpses it gives us of the creature's charming character. Than herself and Celia, young as they are and inexperienced in the ways of the world, there are few safer moralists. Innocence is

wise. The promptings of a pure heart are as the intuitions of a clear intellect; and in the bosom and brow of Rosalind emotion and thought come and go together with a sweet serious smile. Celia cautions her coz on the affair of love, because her coz had chosen very abruptly to introduce the subject—a very singular one, it must be confessed, for retired talk between two young girls. Not that she thought her coz stood in need of advice or warning—oh! not she indeed—for they had slept together from childhood, and Celia knew that they were both pure alike as two dewdrops quivering on one leaf. Rosalind thinks it not worth her while to make any remark on the pretty preacher's homily—but starts away, like a self-willed bird from one bush to another, a goldfinch choosing a sunnier "spot of greenery," for a livelier song. Her fine thoughts breathe themselves into lovely language. Celia calls rich Fortune "the good housewife;" but Rosalind still better, "the bountiful blind woman." She corrects coz too, like a sound philosopher as she is, in that false doctrine confusing the offices of Fortune and Nature. Rosalind gently rates Fortune, with whom she has cause of quarrel, but with Nature none; she knows and feels in her youth, beauty, and virtue, that Nature has been kind to her; and she vindicates her against the charge of having anything to do with the "housewife and her wheel." Fortune did not give her that face, which was to rule Fortune. "The bountiful blind woman" had nought to do in these "lineaments of Nature." These were the traces of a diviner touch—and now, even in her sadness, her own beauty gladdens her with gratitude slightly coloured with unconscious pride.

While Rosalind is thus "showing more mirth than she is mistress of," opportunely enter, for her amusement, Touchstone, "a natural sent by nature for their whetstone," and Le Beau, "with his mouth full of news." The ladies laugh with the professional fool, for he is truly entertaining at all times—and they laugh at the amateur fool—aye, they banter Le Beau till he cries, "You amaze me, ladies!"

The wrestling-scene is introduced

very fortunately—and Orlando stands before her at the very nick of time. She had just been saying, you know, "Let me see; what think you of falling in love?" We know Orlando—he has told us that "the spirit of my father grows strong within me," and we feel already that the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Bois may be no unworthy lover of the sole daughter of the Duke. Ought she to have remained to see the wrestling—after having been told by Le Beau that Charles had thrown the three sons of the old man, and left them lying on the ground with broken ribs and little hope of life?

"Touchstone. But what is the sport, Monsieur, that the ladies have lost?"

Le Beau. Why this that I speak of.

Touchstone. Thus men grow wiser every day! It is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies!"

On hearing of the rib-breaking, Rosalind only said, "alas!" Probably she would not have *gone* to see the wrestling, for she asks Celia's advice; but Celia replies, "Yonder, sure, they are coming; let us now *stay* and see it." And there is Orlando. "Is yonder the man?" asks Rosalind; and would you have had her to leave him, who, "alas! is too young, but looks successfully," in the hold of the Duke's wrestler, without sending strength to all his sinews from the sympathy shining in her troubled eyes? As for the vulgarity of wrestling, 'tis a pretty pastime; and then Orlando could do nothing vulgar. Both ladies beseech him to give up this attempt—but his noble sentiments inspire silence; they but wish their little strengths were his—and during the tussle Rose ejaculates, "Oh! excellent young man!" She saw Orlando *had* him; and 'twas a fair back-fall.

"Dead shepherd! now I find thy saw of might;

He never loved that loved not at first sight."

So said Kit Marlow, whom Will Shakspeare bath by one line graciously made immortal. And well loveth the Swan of swans to sing of love at first sight; therefore must it be pleasing to the eyes of Nature, and agreeable to her holy laws.

"Ros. My father loved Sir Rowland
as his soul,
And all the world was of my father's
mind :
Had I before known this young man his
son,
I should have given him tears unto en-
treaties,
Ere he should thus have ventured.

Cel. Gentle cousin,
Let us go thank him, and encourage him :
My father's rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart.—Sir, you have well
deserved :

If you do keep your promises in love,
But justly, as you have exceeded promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.

Ros. Gentleman,
[Giving him a chain from her neck.
Wear this for me ; one out of suits with
fortune ;

That could give more, but that her hand
lacks means.—
Shall we go, coz ?

Cel. Ay :—Fare you well, fair gentle-
man.

Orl. Can I not say, I thank you ? My
better parts
Are all thrown down ; and that which
here stands up,

Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.
Ros. He calls us back . My pride fell
with my fortunes .

I'll ask him what he would.—Did you
call, sir ?—

Sir, you have wrestled well, and over-
thrown

More than your enemies.

Cel. Will you go, coz ?

Ros. I have with you :—fare you well.

[Exit ROSALIND and CELIA.

Orl. What passion hangs these weights
upon my tongue ?

I cannot speak to her, yet she urged con-
ference."

Giving him a chain from her neck !
How much worthier of a woman
such frankness, not unaccompanied
with reserve, than the pride that sat
in the eyes of high-born beauty, as
with half-averted face she let drop
glove or scarf to her kneeling knight,
with silent permission to dye it for
her sake in his heart's blood ! Not
for all the world would Rosalind
have sent her wrestler to the wars.
But believe us, she said aside to Ce-
lia, and in an under-tone, though
looking on Orlando—

"Sir, you have wrestled well, and over-
thrown

More than your enemies."

She felt it was so, and could not

help saying it ; but she intended not
that Orlando should hear the words,
nor did he. All he heard was—
"Did you call, sir?" So far "she
urged conference," and no farther ;
and 'twas the guileless hypocrisy of
an unsuspecting heart ! For our own
parts, we see no reason in nature,
had circumstances allowed it, why
they should not have been married
on the spot.

Why, on this wrestling-match
hangs the whole story of—"As You
Like it," and "Do You Like it."
For his brother Oliver's hatred grows
deadly, and he plans burning Orlan-
do alive in his house. So the brave
youth flies to the Forest. The Duke,
too, generally incensed, looks an-
grily on his niece, and fearing the
influence of her graces and virtues
on the hearts of his discontented sub-
jects, can no longer bear her pre-
sence.

"Of late this Duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle
niece ;

Founded upon no other argument,
But that the people praise her for her
virtues,

And pity her for her good father's sake ;
And on my life his malice 'gainst the
lady

Will suddenly break forth."

It does break forth. Duke Frede-
rick pronounces sentence of banish-
ment on Rosalind, and then her
"eloquent blood mounts to her
face," and she shews herself her
father's daughter. True, that all at
once she has loved Orlando. But
though to Celia she confesses her
love, and in her sudden sadness says
—"() how full of briars is this work-
ing-day world!" yet her proud spirit
is not subdued but by Orlando—not
by the usurper and tyrant. There
it nobly rebels.

"Ros. Never so much as in a thought
unborn,
Did I offend your highness.

Duke F. Thus do all traitors ;
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself :
Let it suffice thee, that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make
me a traitor :

Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.

Duke F. Thou art thy father's daugh-
ter, there's enough.

Ros. So was I, when your highness
took his dukedom ;

So was I when your highness banish'd him :
 Treason is not inherited, my lord :
 Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
 What's that to me? my father was no traitor :
 Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much,
 To think my poverty is treacherous."

There was no descent either from decorum or dignity in "giving him a chain from her neck," for Rosalind saw, at a glance, that Orlando was noble—and he deserved the chain. In the giving of that gift, with the tenderness of new-born love doubtless blended even the pride of birth. She gave it with a beating heart, but with stately measure of step, and graceful motion of arm—she to whom state and grace were native as to the lily. Now she seems like the haughty blush-rose. And how beautiful the bold friendship of the cousins—the sisters! In what imagery has it pleased the delighted spirit of Shakspeare to clothe its expression!

"Wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
 Still we went coupled and inseparable."

"For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
 Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee."

For a while, after the first burst of indignation, Rosalind remains al-

most mute. But Celia, inspired by her generous resolution to go with her beloved friend into banishment, is eloquent—is poetical; and the effect on our hearts of her eloquence, and the poetry in which she here pours out her devoted affection, is so touching and permanent, that, inferior though she be in personal and mental endowments to Rosalind, yet walks she always un eclipsed by her side—Rosalind the larger and more lustrous star, but Celia, too, a luminary, both bathed in the same dew, and loving the same spot of sky.

The Cousins know they are beautiful. Rosalind, at the thought of seeking her father in the Forest of Arden, says,

"Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far?
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold."

And Celia will "with a kind of umber smirch her face." Both were "beautiful exceedingly"—and beauty went with them, in spite of all they could do. In her "poor and mean attire," 'twould have shewn no bad taste to have thought Celia the more lovely—just as Oliver de Bois did in his contrition. But Rosalind, now Ganymede, talks of

"A gallant curtal-axe upon my thigh ;"
 and we compassionate the blushes of old George Colman.* The wanderers are away to the Forest, with "their wealth and jewels," and with

* The Licensor is shocked at the worse than impropriety of the word—thigh. We beg to solicit his attention to the following sentences from one of Walter Savage Landor's Dialogues :—

"*Porson*.—Yet so it was. A friend who happened to be there, although I did not see him, asked me afterwards what I thought of the naked necks of the ladies.

"'To tell you the truth,' replied I, 'the women of all countries, and the men in most, have usually kept their necks naked.'

"'You appear not to understand me, or you quibble,' said he; 'I mean their bosoms.'

"I then understood, for the first time, that *neck* signifies *bosom* when we speak of women, although not so when we speak of men or other creatures. But if *bosom* is *neck*, what, according to the same scale of progression, ought to be *bosom*? The usurped dominion of *neck* extends from the ear downwards to where the mermaids become fish. This conversation led me to reflect that I was born in the time when people had thighs—long before your memory, I imagine, Mr Southey. At present there is nothing but leg from the hip to the instep. My friend Mr Small of Peterhouse, a very decent man, and fond of fugitive pieces, such as are collected or written by our Pratts, and Mavors, and Valpya, read before a lady and her family, from under the head of *descriptive*, some charming verses about the spring and the bees. Unluckily the *henicid* thighs of our European sugar-alaves caught the attention of the mother, who coloured excessively at hearing the words, and said, with much gravity of reproof, 'Indeed, Mr Small, I never could have thought it of you;' and added, waving her hand with manly dignity toward the remainder of the audience, 'Sir, I have daughters.'"

them, too, "the clownish Fool," to be a "comfort to their travel"—Touchstone the Inimitable—for Celia says

"He'll go along o'er the wide world with me."

What a bustle when they shall be missed from the Palace! The birds are flown—but whither, and with whom? First Lord informs the flurried Duke that "in the morning early" her attendants "found the bed *untreasured of their mistress*." We like his lordship for these words. Second Lord says,

"Hesperia, the Princess' gentlewoman, Confesses, that she secretly o'erheard Your daughter and her cousin much commend

The parts and graces of the wrestler, That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles;

And she believes, wherever they are gone, That youth is surely in their company."

No unfitting conjecture for a second lord and first chambermaid; but though not wide amiss of the mark, as it happened, yet vile. Hesperia would have left her couch, at one tap at the window, and gone with the Wrestler whom she overheard the young ladies most commend, (though we suspect, notwithstanding his mishap, that she would have preferred Charles,) but Hesperia did not at all understand their commendation; and had she been called on to give a report of it for the Court Journal, would not merely have mangled it sadly, but imbued it with her own notions of "parts and graces." The doves flew not away, either with or for mates—yet, like others of their kind, they found what they did not seek; and ere long there was indeed billing and cooing in the woods.

Gisborne's "Walks in a Forest!"—Gilpin's "Forest Scenery!"—Strutt's "Forest Scenes!"—Good poetry, painting and engraving all. But all forests have fled away from our imagination—all but one—Shakespeare's Forest of Arden.

Henceforth we are all Foresters—"under the shade of melancholy boughs"—or near the "cottage, pasture and the flock,"—the Cottage which Rosalind and Celia buy from the churl; and which we, singling out a picturesque expression that is dropped somewhere by somebody—we think by Rosalind—in

the Romance, request may be called "The Tuft of Olives." Far away is the noisy world—but still are we in the midst of human life. That noble Recluse speaks well to his "comrades and brothers in exile;" and well does the melancholy Jaques moralize each spectacle. Philosophers are they all in that silvan court, and feel happy as his Grace—

"Who can translate the stubbornness of fortune

Into so quiet and so sweet a style."

We are at a loss to know—we wish somebody would tell us—how long they have been living in the Forest. When Oliver asks Charles the wrestler "what's the new news at the court," Charles replies, "There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news, that is, the old Duke is banished by his younger brother the Duke."—"Old news" is an expression that gives us an indefinite notion of time. Yet "old news" are still "news;" and an "old infant" would be but a young child. Duke Senior himself says to his brothers in exile,

"Hath not *old custom* made this life more
sweet,

Than that of painted pomp?"

But even "old custom" may include but a very few months to men who have exchanged a luxurious palace for an uncomfortable wood. One winter they would seem to have braved among the oaks.

"Here feel we but the penalty of Adam, The season's difference; as the icy pang And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,

Which when it bites and blows upon my body,

Even while I shrink with cold, I smile and say, *

This is no flattery; these are my counsellors,

That feelingly persuade me what I am."

It is surely summer now—else had not Jaques laid himself down at his length under an oak, to pore upon the brawling brook. The woods to our imagination "are green and fresh, and breathe a summer feeling." Each single tree is a leafy tent. High overhead we hear the hum of bees. To the deep hollow murmur of such accompaniment, to my Lord of Amiens we sing a second, as he trolles—

"Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note,
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither,
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather!"

A few touches give the glimmer
and gloom of old trees—

"Under an oak whose antique root peeps
out
Upon the brook that brawls along the
wood."

And we see glimpsing by, with
"forked heads," the "poor dappled
fools," the "native burghers of the
desert city," that they may hide
themselves among the little hills,
"whose hairy sides with thicket
overgrown, grotesque and wild, ac-
cess deny" to the quivered hunters.

Yes! it is summer. The Board is
spread below "a boundless contigu-
ity of shade." Nothing can be finer
than Orlando's sudden and desperate
intrusion on the gallant company at
their fruit-feast in "the desert inac-
cessible," and when he re-enters
with old Adam, the hospitable and
humane Duke wins our heart by a
few words—

"Welcome! set down your venerable
burden,
And let him feed."

Contemplation, meditation, mirth,
musing, melancholy, wisdom, and
benevolence, are all met tranquilly
together in the forest's heart.

But its ruling spirit shall be Love.

"Ros. O Jupiter! how weary are my
spirits!"

Touch. I care not for my spirits, if my
legs were not weary."

Ros. I could find in my heart to dis-
grace my man's apparel, and to cry like
a woman; but I must comfort the weaker
vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show
itself courageous to petticoat: therefore,
courage, good Aliena.

Cl. I pray you, bear with me; I can
go no farther.

Touch. For my part, I had rather bear
with you, than bear you: yet I should
bear no cross, if I did bear you; for, I
think, you have no money in your purse.

Ros. Well, this is the Forest of Arden.

Touch. Ay, now am I in Arden: the
more fool I; when I was at home, I was
in a better place; but travellers must be
content.

Ros. Ay, be so, good Touchstone:—
Look you, who comes here; a young man,
and an old, in solemn talk."

No sooner have Rosalind and Celia
entered within the precincts of the
Forest, than they overhear Sylvius
saying to Corin—

"O, Corin! that thou knew'st how I do
love her."

And, on his confession, Rosalind
sighs—

"Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy
wound,

I have by hard adventure found mine
own.

Jove! Jove! this shepherd's passion
Is much upon my fa-shion."

So is it upon Touchstone's. Think
not that he had never—like other
fools—been in love. Hungry as he
now is, he has a pleasure in thinking
of the time when he was the brave
slave of "*la belle passion*."

"I remember, when I was in love, I
broke my sword upon a stone, and bid
him take that for coming a'night to Jane
Smile: and I remember the kissing of
her batlet, and the cow's dugs that her
pretty chop'd hands had milk'd; and I
remember the wooing of a peasecod in-
stead of her; from whom I took two
cods, and, giving her them again, said
with weeping tears, 'Wear these for my
sake.' We, that are true lovers, run into
strange capers; but as all is mortal in
nature, so is all nature in love mortal in
folly."

How fortunate that the prettiest
cottage in or about the Forest is on
sale! No occasion for a conveyancer.
There shall be no haggling about
price—and it matters not whether
or no there be any title-deeds. A
simple business as in Arcadia of old,
is buying and selling in Arden. True
that it is not term-day. But term-
day is past, for mind ye not that
it is mid-summer? "The Tuft of
Olives," is to be sold just as it stands?
with all the furniture—and the pur-
chaser must take too the live-stock.

"Ros. I pry'thee, shepherd, if that love,
or gold,

Can in this desert place buy entertain-
ment,

Bring us where we may rest ourselves,
and feed:

Here's a young maid with travel much
oppress'd,

And fain for succour.

Cor.

Fair sir, I pity her,

And wish for her sake, more than for
mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve
her :

But I am shepherd to another man,
And do not shear the fleeces that I graze ;
My master is of churlish disposition,
And little reckes to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality ;
Besides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds
of feed,

Are now on sale, and at our sheepecote
now,

By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will feed on ; but what is, come
see,

And in my voice most welcome shall you
be.

Ros. What is he that shall buy his
flock and pasture ?

Cor. That young swain that you saw
here but erewhile,

That little cares for buying any thing.

Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with
honesty,

Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the
flock,

And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

Cel. And we will mend thy wages : I
like this place,

And willingly could waste my time in it.

Cor. Assuredly, the thing is to be sold ;
Go with me ; if you like, upon report,
The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be,
And buy it with your gold right suddenly.

[Exeunt.]

And how like they the silvan—the
pastoral life ? Hear Touchstone.

" Touch. Truly, in respect of itself, it is
a good life ; but in respect that it is a
shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect
that it is solitary, I like it very well ; but
in respect that it is private, it is a very
vile life. Now in respect it is in the
fields, it pleaseth me well ; but in respect
it is not in the court, it is tedious. As
it is a spare life, look you, it fits my hu-
mour well ; but as there is no more
plenty in it, it goes much against my
stomach."

But Rosalind, how likes she to be
a shepherd-boy ? Poor Rosalind !
she is not allowed even for a single
day to forget her sex. The very
trees suspect and persecute her—
her doublet and hose are beginning
to sit easy—but as the wind comes
by, she shrinks to miss the rustle of
her petticoats.

The very trees bear love-ditties like
blossoms, and all in praise of Rosa-
lind :—

" Cel. Didst thou hear, without won-
dering how thy name should be hang'd and
carved upon these trees ?

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out
of the wonder, before you came ; for look
here what I found on a palm-tree : I was
never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras'
time, that I was an Irish rat, which I
can hardly remember.

Cel. Trow you, who hath done this ?

Ros. Is it a man ?

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore,
about his neck : 'Change you colour ?'

She does, but will not understand ;
and playfully " dallies with the inno-
cence of love," till Celia pronounces
the name whose sweet syllables have
all the while been heard whispering
within her bosom. " It is young
Orlando." " He is furnished like a
hunter," quoth Celia ;—and the fair
fawn breathes—(a pretty pun)—

" O, ominous ! he comes to kill my heart."

Orlando stands before her in the
woods, and Rosalind in a moment
forgets that she is a wanderer and an
outcast. Her spirit is again borne up
into the air of joy as upon wings. Its
native buoyancy, a while depressed,
expands anew ; and her wit plays
round him, " like harmless lightning
on a summer's night." The theme is
love ! and she rallies him on his pas-
sion—

" There is a man that haunts the forest,
that abuses our young plants with car-
ving Rosalind on their barks ; hangs odes
upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles ;
all, forsooth, deifying the name of Ro-
salind : if I could meet that fancy-monger,
I would give him some good counsel, for
he seems to have the quotidian of love
upon him."

In that joyful mood she dreams
the idea of being woo'd by him in
her disguise ; and who but " sweet-
est Shakspeare, Fancy's child," could
so delicately, so ingeniously, so na-
turally, have carried on such court-
ship ? Orlando slides into it—and
we with him—as pleasantly as into
the enacting of a lover's part at some
imaginative masquerade—

" Ros. I profess curing love by coun-
sel.

Orl. Did you ever cure any so ?

Ros. Yes, one ; and in this manner.
He was to imagine me his love, his mis-
tress ; and I set him every day to woo

me: At which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love, to a living humour of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastic: And thus I cured him."

Who could resist this? Not Orlando; for, though love-stricken, he is full of the power of life; his passion is a joy; his fear is but slight shadow, his hope strong sunshine; and he has just escaped from dishonouring thralldom into a wild and adventurous liberty in the forest, where by the Duke he has been taken into favour as Sir Rowland's son. There is a mysterious spell breathed over his whole being from that silver speech. Near the happy close of the play, the Duke says to him—

"I do remember in this shepherd-boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's
favour."

And Orlando then answers—

"My Lord, the first time that I ever saw
him,
Methought he was a brother to your
daughter."

That sweet thought had passed across his mind, at their first meeting, although he did not tell the "shepherd-boy;" and it inclines him, in a moment, when Rosalind says—"I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cot, and woo me," to answer, "Now, by the faith of my love, I will; tell me where it is." And is not this shepherd-boy, with "lively touches of my daughter's favour," a thousand times better than a dead picture? It is a living full-length picture even of Rosalind in a fancy-dress; and 'tis easy as delightful to imagine it the very original's own self—the "slender Rosalind"—the "heavenly Rosalind"—'tis "Love's young dream!"

Pray what took Rosalind to the Forest of Arden? She was banish-

ed; but went she not there to look for her father? We think she surely did; but she seems to care little about the good elderly gentleman. She seldom strays far from the "Tuft of Olives"—"here on the skirts of the forest like a fringe upon a petticoat." There she abides, "like the coney that you see dwell where it is kindled." Sweet wretch! She is sometimes rather out of spirits.

"Ros. Never talk to me, I will weep.

Cel. Do, I pry'thee; but yet have the grace to consider, that tears do not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cause to weep?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

Ros. His very hair is of the dissembling colour!

Cel. Something browner than Judas's."

He it seems is the deceiver—not she—she, who is one entire deceit. "Nay certainly, there is no truth in him." Wicked hypocrite! she knows he is all truth—all passion. Their hearts and souls are one—and soon will they be one flesh. But only hear how she speaks of her own father!

"Ros. I met the Duke yesterday, and had much question with him. He asked me, of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; so he laughed, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?"

Ungrateful, undutiful, impious Rosalind, to prefer talking of a lover of a week's standing, to a father of some eighteen years! "This is too bad."

Yet in spite of it all, Rosalind is a dearest favourite of the lady who knows "honour and virtue" well. Nor can we well deny that after all she deserves this beautiful eulogium,—

"Every thing about Rosalind breathes of youth's sweet prime. She is fresh as the morning, sweet as the dew-awakened blossoms, and light as the breeze that plays among them. Her wit bubbles up and sparkles like the living fountain, refreshing all around. Her volubility is like the bird's song; it is the outpouring of a heart filled to overflowing with life, love, and joy, and all sweet and affectionate impulses. She has as much tenderness as mirth, and in her most petulant raillery there is a touch of softness—'By this hand it will not hurt a fly!' As her

vivacity never lessens our impression of her sensibility, so she wears her masculine attire without the slightest impugnement of her delicacy. Shakspeare did not make the modesty of his women depend on their dress. Rosalind has in truth 'no doublet and hose in her disposition.' How her heart seems to throb and flutter under her page's vest! What depth of love in her passion for Orlando! whether disguised beneath a saucy playfulness, or breaking forth with a fond impatience, or half betrayed in that beautiful scene where she faints at the sight of the kerchief stained with his blood! Here her recovery of her self-possession—her fears lest she should have revealed her sex—her presence of mind, and quick-witted excuse—

'I pray you, tell your brother how well
I counterfeited,'

and the characteristic playfulness which seems to return so naturally with her recovered senses,—are all as amusing as consistent. Then how beautifully is the dialogue managed between herself and Orlando! how well she assumes the airs of a saucy page, without throwing off her feminine sweetness! How her wit flutters free as air over every subject! With what a careless grace, yet with what exquisite propriety!

'For innocence hath a privilege in her,
To dignify arch jests and laughing eyes.'

Exquisite criticism! Orlando, in all these assignations, enjoys but the shadow, so it seems to him, of his Rosalind, but Rosalind feeds her innocent passion on the substance of her Orlando. Her scheme answers its purpose to a miracle. Creative in her happiness of pleasant fancies that never flag, the representative of Rosalind, before her lover's senses, becomes more and more encircled with the lights and shadows, the music and the fragrance, of the charm that hangs and breathes around "another and the same;" and he never wearies of such discourse. So faithfully has he pledged his troth to that "gay deceiver," that he does not forget the supposed shepherd-boy, even when wounded by the lioness. As to the real Rosalind, he would have assuredly sent the handkerchief stained with his blood, so his love will not be

cheated out of the deep delight of fond imagination, and he sends it to her shadow. He is indeed "of imagination all compact."

The impression left on our hearts and minds by the character of Rosalind, as it shines forth so natural, so sincere and truthful, through the disguise that emboldens her to put forth a power of innocent enchantment which had she been in her sex's habit, her sex's native modesty—"maidenly shame-facedness"—would have partly restrained, "in dim suffusion veiled,"—"a mixture of playfulness, sensibility, and what the French call *naïveté*, is," says Mrs Jameson, with her usual fine tact, "like a delicious strain of music. There is a depth of delight, and a subtlety of words to express that delight, which is enchanting. Yet when we call to mind particular and peculiar passages, we find that they have a relative beauty and propriety, which renders it difficult to separate them from the context, without injuring the effect. She says some of the most charming things in the world, and some of the most humorous; but we apply them as phrases rather than as maxims, and remember them rather for their pointed felicity of expression, and fanciful application, than for their general truth and depth of meaning." Yet is the stream of her thought—it is a stream, not a lake, for 'tis ever in motion and in murmur—often much deeper than it seems to be—like a translucent water-gleam, that you think you can easily ford; but when you try, you are surprised to find you must have recourse to swimming through the "liquid lapse," scarcely distinguishable even then, but by a grateful coolness, from the air of heaven.

As to the freedom of some of her expressions (and of Beatrice,) let it be remembered, says the gentle lady, who sees all feminities in their true light, "that this was not the fault of Shakspeare or the women, but generally of the age. Portia, Beatrice, and Rosalind, and the rest, lived in times when more importance was attached to things than words; now we think more of words than of things; and happy are we in these late days of super-refinement, if we are to be saved by our verbal morality." It would puzzle the best of

"the chariest maids" of these days, "the 'nicest' of them all," to personate a shepherd-boy personating an enamoured full-grown man his lady-love in all her moods—even in "a more coming-on disposition"—with the tenth part of the spirit, and twentieth part of the delicacy of Rosalind. A blush when no blush should be—an awkward knee-in-turning when nobody was thinking about knees—a shrinking away from the male-touch when it should have been met with a gentle tremor—a face-averting from the cheek-kiss of friendship mildly imitative of love, as if a heard might blast the blossoms,—these, and many other congenial errors—guilty mistakings of innocent meanings—foolish tears without any danger—and "apprehensions coming in clouds," when all should be serene as the blue sky—would betray the damsel, during the first act; so in pity of her failure in the part of Rosalind, we let fall the curtain, and call on the orchestra to strike up the "Auld Wife of Ochtertyre," or of "Auchtermuchty."

Love, we said, is the spirit of the Romance. Old Corin comes upon Rosalind and Celia when conversing about Orlando, and says,—

"Cor. Mistress, and master, you have out-equited

After the shepherd that complained of love;

Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess
That was his mistress.

Cel. Well, and what of him?

Cor. If you will see a pagant truly play'd.

Between the pale complexion of true love
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,

Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

Ros. O, come, let us remove;
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love.—
Bring us unto this sight, and you shall say
I'll prove a busy actor in their play."

The scenes with Sylvius and Phebe, how full of nature! Scorn and disdain so lively felt and shewn by a forest-maid, the pride, the triumph, and the tyranny of conquest, as by lady in a palace, at whose feet kneel "high lords and mighty earls."

"Phebe," says Mrs Jameson, truly, "is quite an Arcadian coquette. A very amusing effect is produced by

the contrast between the port and bearing of the two princesses in disguise, and the scornful airs of the real shepherdess. In the speeches of Phebe, and in the dialogue between her and Sylvius, Shakspeare has anticipated all the beauties of the Italian pastoral, and surpassed Tasso and Guarini. We find two of the most poetical passages of the play appropriated to Phebe; the taunting speech to Sylvius, and the description of Rosalind in her page's costume; which last is finer than the portrait of Bathyllus in *Anacreon*."

The lad Rosalind is irresistible; and how *he* enjoys the punishment *he* saucily inflicts on the imperious Acorn-gatherer fallen head-over-ears in love!

"Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?

I see no more in you than in the ordinary
Of nature's sale-work:—O'd's my little life!

I think, she means to tangle my eyes too:
No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it;

'Tis not your ink-brows, your black silk hair,

Your bangle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream,

That can entame my spirits to your worship.—

You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her?

Take foggy south, puffing with wind and rain!

You are a thousand times a properer man,
Than she a woman. 'Tis such fools as you,

That make the world full of ill-favour'd children;

'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;

And out of you she sees herself more proper,

Than any of her lineaments can shew her.
But, mistress, know yourself; down on your knees,

And thank Heaven, fasting, for a good man's love;

For I must tell you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can; you are not for all markets;

Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer;

Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.
So take her to thee, shepherd;—fare you well.

Phc. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a year together;

I had rather hear you chide, than this man woo.

Ros. He's fallen in love with her foulness, and she'll fall in love with my anger; if it be so, as fast as she answers thee with frowning looks, I'll sauce her with bitter words.—Why look you so upon me?

Phe. For no ill will I bear you.

Ros. I pray you, do not fall in love with me."

Poor Phebe! we begin to pity her—and for the same reason—almost as much as we do poor Sylvius! Not more humbled is she by the "sweet youth," whom "she prays to chide a year together," than is her swain by her when she employs him as a go-between, telling him not

"To look for farther recompense,
Than thine own gladness that thou art employed."

What could Rosalind ask of Phebe that she would not do? We blush as we pause for your reply. And heard you ever tell of so lowly a swain as Sylvius, who says,

"So holy and so perfect is my love,
And I in such a poverty of grace,
That I should think it a most plenteous crop,

To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps."

And then he listens, unreproachfully, to his savage mistress, while passionately and poetically she paints to life the imagined man for whom she dies. 'Tis a pretty passage as any in "As You Like it;" it shews how by "the flame," may even the commonest—the meanest spirit be inspired, and we almost admire the more than voluble, the eloquent wood-lark, whom her stars have destined, after no very grievous disappointment in her ewe-love, in good time to be Mrs Sylvius of "The Tuft of Olives."

Celia, too, the affectionate, faithful friend, who sympathizing with her sister's love, thought not that such a misfortune was ever to befall herself—Celia, too, has taken the forest fever, her pulse is up to a hundred at the lowest, and she should go to her bed. She has caught the infection from a man, who, by his own account, only a few hours before was "a wretched ragged man, overgrown with hair."

"*Orl.* Is't possible, that on so little acquaintance you should like her? That but seeing, you should love her? and loving, woo? and wooing, she should

grant? and will you persevere to enjoy her?"

Orl. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her, that she loves me; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other; it shall be to your good; for my father's house, and all the revenue that was old Sir Rowland's, will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

Orl. You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow: thither will I invite the Duke, and all his contented followers: go you, and prepare Aliena; for, look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Ros. God save you, brother.

Orl. And you, fair sister.

Ros. Oh, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf.

Orl. It is my arm.

Ros. I thought, thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon, when he showed me your handkerchief?

Orl. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Ros. Oh, I know where you are.—Nay, 'tis true; there was never any thing so sudden, but the fight of two rams, and Caesar's thrasonical brag of—I came, saw, and overcame. For your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they looked; no sooner looked, but they loved; no sooner loved, but they sighed; no sooner sighed, but they asked one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy: and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage; they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together; clubs cannot part them."

Dr Samuel Johnson saith, "of this play the fable is wild and pleasing. I know not how the ladies will approve the facility with which both Rosalind and Celia give away their hearts. To Celia much may be forgiven for the heroism of her friendship." The ladies, we are sure, have forgiven Rosalind. What say they to Celia? They look down—blush—shake head—smile—and say, "Celia knew Oliver was Orlando's brother, and in her friendship for Rosalind, she felt how delightful it would be for them two to be sisters-in-law

as well as cousins. Secondly, Oliver had made a narrow escape of being stung by a serpent, and devoured by a lioness—and ‘pity is akin to love.’ Thirdly, he had truly repented him of his former wickedness.

‘Twas I, but ’tis not I; I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion

So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.’

Fourthly, ’twas religiously done by him, that settlement of all the revenue that was old Sir Rowland’s upon Orlando. Fifthly, what but true love, following true contrition, could have impelled him thus to give all up to his younger brother, and desire to marry Aliena, ‘who with a kind of umber had smirched her face,’—‘a woman low and browner than her brother?’ Sixthly, ‘tell me where is fancy bred?’ At the eyes.” Thank thee—*ma douce philosophie*. There is a kiss for thee, slung off the rainbow of our Flamingo!

But where all this time hath been Touchstone? Teazing Jaques and courting Audrey.

“*Touch.* To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married.

“*Aud.* I do desire it with all my heart; and I hope it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of the world.

(*Another part of the Forest.*)

“*Jac.* Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.

“*Touch.* Salutation and greeting to you all! . . . I press in here, sir, amongst the rest:—the country copulatives, to swear, and to forswear; according as marriage binds, and blood breaks. A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own; a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will: Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor-house; as your pearl, in your foul oyster.”

All flows on swimmingly now. Rosalind is indeed the Forest Queen. She rules with still but sovereign sway, and with what sweet dignity does she administer the laws!

“*Ros.* To you I give myself, for I am yours. [*To the Duke.*]

To you I give myself, for I am yours. [*To Orlando.*]

“*Duke.* If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

“*Orl.* If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

“*Phe.* If sight and shape be true,
Why then,—my love adieu!

“*Ros.* I’ll have no father, if you be not he:— [*To the Duke.*]

I’ll have no husband, if you be not he:— [*To Orlando.*]

Nor ne’er wed woman, if you be not she. [*To Phebe.*]

“*Hym.* Peace, ho! I bar confusion;

’Tis I must make conclusion

Of these most strange events;

Here’s eight that must take hands,

To join in Hymen’s bands,

It truth holds true contents.

You and you no cross shall part.

[*To Orlando and Rosalind.*]

You and you are heart in heart.

[*To Oliver and Celia.*]

You, *To Phebe*, to his love must accord,

Or have a woman to your lord;

You and you are sure together,

[*To Touchstone and Audrey.*]

As the winter to foul weather.

While a wedlock hymn we sing,

Fred yourselves with questioning;

That reason wonder may diminish,

How thus we met, and these things finish.

(*Song.*)

Wedding is great Juno’s crown;

O blessed bond of board and bed!

’Tis Hymen peoples every town;

High wedlock then be honoured;

Honour, high honour and renown,

To Hymen, god of a very town!

“*Duke S.* O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me;

Even daughter, welcome in no less degree.

“*Phe.* I will not eat my word, now thou art mine;

Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine. [*To Sylvia.*]

Now, we call “As you Like it,” the only true “Romance of the Forest.” Touching as it is, and sometimes even pathetic, ’tis all but beautiful holyday amusement, and a quiet melancholy alternates with various mirth. The contrivance of the whole is at once simple and skilful—art and nature are at one. We are removed just so far out of our customary world as to feel willing to submit to any spell, however strange, without losing any of our sympathies with all life’s best realities. Orlando, the outlaw, calls Arden “a desert inaccessible;” and it is so; yet, at the same time, Charles the King’s Wrestler’s account of it was correct—“They say he is already in the

Forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England; they say many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world." The wide woods are full of deer, and in open places are feeding sheep. Yet in the brakes "hiss green and gilded snakes," whose bite is mortal; and "under the bush's shade a lioness with under all drawn dry lies couching." Some may think "they have no business there." Yet give they not something of an imaginative "salvage" character—a dimness of peril and fear to the depths of the forest? But it hath, or is believed to have, other and mysterious dwellers.

"Duke. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy

C. Do all this that he has promised?

Orl. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes not;

As those that fear they hope, and know they fear."

What is it? Why, don't you remember that when Orlando said to the Boy-Rosalind, "I can live no longer by thinking," what was her reply? Oliver was about to be married to Celia, and Orlando disconsolately and bitterly complained—

"They shall be married to-morrow; and I will bid the Duke to the nuptial. But O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy, in having what he wishes for.

Ros. Why then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weary you no longer then with idle talking. Know of me then, (for now I speak to some purpose,) that I know you are a gentleman of good conduct; I speak not this, that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, inasmuch, I say, I know you are; &c. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things: I have, since I was three

years old, conversed with a magician, most profound in this art, and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her—I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow, human as she is, and without any danger.

Orl. Speakest thou in sober meanings?

Ros. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician: Therefore, put you in your best array, bid your friends; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall; and to Rosalind, if you will."

Now Orlando believed in this magician, and why won't you? There was much magic in the olden time, and where might a magician find a fitter cell, grot, or cave, than in the Forest of Arden? It had, too, its hermit, for Jacques de Bois tells the marriage assemblage,

"Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day

Men of great worth resorted to this forest,

Address'd a mighty power; which were on foot,

In his own conduct, purposely to take His brother here, and put him to the sword;

And to the skirts of this wild wood he came;

Where, meeting with an old religious man,

After some question with him, was converted

Both from his enterprise, and from the world.

His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,

And all their lands restor'd to them again That were with him exil'd."

But Rosalind—she is the Star—the Evening and the Morning Star—settling and rising in that visionary allvan world—and we leave her—unobscured—but from our eyes hidden—in that immortal umbrage.

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THE COERCIVE MEASURES—CHURCH SPOILIATION—THE GRAND JURY SYSTEM.

THE two great parties who now divide the world, pursue different systems in regard to the democratic tendency of the people, and hence they are regarded with different feelings by the great body of mankind at different periods.

The system of the Revolutionists, in whose steps the Whigs have for two years past been so invariably treading, is to yield every thing to the popular voice; and concede whatever is demanded by a numerical majority of the people. "Testimonia numeranda sunt, non ponderanda," is their principle of government: when once a thing is demanded by a large proportion of the nation, they hold, that it is not only impossible, but inexpedient to withhold it. The errors of policy, the injustice of nations, the tyranny of rulers, they maintain are all owing to the exclusion of the popular voice from the administration of affairs: when once the people have obtained, either directly or indirectly, a sufficient share in the conduct of government, it is impossible that any acts of injustice can be committed. Lord Palmerston openly avowed this doctrine in the House of Commons; for in vindication of the attack on Holland, and the union between France and England, he said, that the other nations of Europe had no

reason to fear this extraordinary alliance, because as both these nations were directed by representative assemblies, it was *impossible* that they should be actuated by any ambitious or improper views.

The Conservatives, on the other hand, proceed on the principle that the art of government, like every other difficult or intricate art, is to be learned only by a great exertion of labour and perseverance; that men are not born legislators, any more than they are born lawyers, physicians, or painters, and that not less study and application is required to acquire skill in the one department than the other; that least of all are the great body of the people qualified to form a correct opinion on the subjects of legislation, because they require a minute and extensive acquaintance with many different branches of history, statistics, political economy, and other subjects of abstruse science, which are not to be mastered, even by the greatest intellects, in less than twenty years of unbroken study and industry, for which the mass of the people are totally unfitted; that the opinion of large bodies of mankind on such subjects, therefore, are either utterly crude and unfounded, or the mere echo of the doctrines of the demagogues or journalists, who, for sel-

fish or ambitious purposes, will condescend to flatter their passions; that the influence of the people, or their direct representatives, invaluable as a check upon administration, and an element in the composition of government, is therefore utterly destructive as the ruling power, and as directing the initiative of laws and measures, and consequently that the first and noblest duty of the upright legislator, in periods of turbulence and excitement, is to set himself to counteract the prevailing danger, and, disregarding the obloquy and vehemence of the people, bravely pursue the course which is finally to bless them.

As the first course is as flattering as the last is disagreeable to the ambition and vanity of the lower orders, it may readily be conceived that there is a prodigious difference between the reception in periods of excitement which the two parties receive. The Revolutionists, with their popular adulation, vulgar oratory, and mob excitement, are as popular as the Conservatives, with their caution, distrust, and reserve in regard to all measures of innovation and democracy, are hated. Hence the one is borne forward for a season on the gales of popular favour, and, when in possession of the helm, is for the time irresistible; the other, driven into obloquy and contempt, is anxious to regain the tranquillity of private life, and almost loathes a world, disfigured by so many follies, stained by so many crimes.

But the reign of passion is transient, that of virtue and reason is permanent. The laws of nature are more powerful than the arts of demagogues, or the enthusiasm of the people. After the fervour of democratic triumph is over; after their banners have been displayed in every village, and the light of illumination has shone in every city of the realm, come the sad, sad consequences of popular licentiousness; broken credit, diminished employment, wealth without security, industry without encouragement; a universal sense of danger and disquietude throughout the realm; a painful feeling of impending change or revolutionary convulsion suspending all the vital action of the heart of the empire. The bonds of authority are universally

relaxed; impunity is expected for crime, from the aid which has been required from its perpetrators; the noisy supporters of Government at one time, cannot conceive that they are to become the objects of prosecution or punishment at another; and amidst the universal paralysis and anarchy, private offences multiply with frightful rapidity. By one course or another the nation is rapidly brought into the bloody path, which leads through anarchy to military despotism; and even the vehement supporters of popular rights, horrified at the excesses to which the country has become a prey, are compelled tacitly to abandon all their former principles, and, in the attempt to restore order, rivet round its neck chains infinitely more galling than those from which their foolish precipitance strove to set it free.

The career of those statesmen who act on Conservative principles is different. If the resistance which they make to the fervour of innovation, and the encroachments of democracy, is successful, they are overwhelmed for a time with popular odium. The world, it is said, has never beheld such tyrants. Nero and Caligula, Pitt or Castlereagh, are nothing to them; their tyranny has checked the growth of freedom, and established a slavery worse than that of Constantinople. This rhapsody lasts for a time, and for a few months, or even years, the Republican journals are filled with invectives against the bloody tyrants whose deeds have thrown all the efforts of former despotism into the shade. But amidst the fumes of democratic fervour, society regains its natural and orderly state—agitators decline, from the experienced impossibility of succeeding in their projects—capital, secure of protection, resumes its undertakings—industry flourishes under the shadow of a firm and resolute Government—the wicked and audacious, deprived of hope in their desperate career, are gradually either absorbed into the pacific and useful classes, or driven into exile—and amidst the universal clamour of the Revolutionists, prosperity, affluence, and tranquillity generally prevail. With the advent of such prosperous times, the necessity for rigour and sternness on the part of Government

ceases—the precautions suited to the stormy days of democratic ambition, are gradually relaxed—public freedom steals on apace, like the lengthening day in spring, without any one being conscious of the transition—the obnoxious statutes are, one by one, either repealed, or allowed to drop into desuetude—and, before the generation whose vehement excesses had rendered the collision necessary, are all gathered to their fathers, the nation is basking in the full sunshine of secure and tranquil freedom—and the sullen agitators of former days, still rankling under their disappointed hopes, are regarded as political fanatics of the olden time, the fit subject of historical research, or romantic description.

England and France have each of them twice over, during the last forty years, exhibited instances of the truth of these principles. As if the great moral lesson could not be sufficiently impressed upon mankind, and the sophism should for ever be silenced, at least with all men of information, that they are not of universal application, but are true only of an enslaved and impassioned people, the governments of both nations have, within that short period, been twice conducted on directly opposite principles, and, on both occasions, the same truths have been written in indelible characters.

In 1789, France entered with ardent aspirations, amidst universal applause, and shouts of democratic exultation, into the boundless current of innovation. For two years, its leaders, Neckar and Lafayette, were the adored leaders of the multitude, and a long life of honoured power seemed the certain reward of their patriotic exertions. But amidst these democratic transports, soon succeeded the rueful consequences of popular licentiousness. Crime multiplied to such a degree, as almost to obtain impunity. The devastation of the chateaux—the ruin of the fields, drove all the nobles into exile. A body of fierce and insolent leaders were borne forward into the Legislature, on the shoulders of the populace—the monarchy was overthrown—the nobles decimated—the altar destroyed—and, amidst the wreck of society, arose the stern and relentless Committee of Public Safe-

ty, by whose iron grasp order was restored, and a bloody yoke imposed upon the people. In four years after the Revolution had commenced, through the vast addition made by Neckar to the power of the Commons, by the duplication of the *Tiers Etat*, a despotism the most absolute and relentless on record in modern times, was firmly established; and it continued without interruption through the tyrannical rule of the Directory, and the military sceptre of Napoleon, till the re-establishment of the Bourbons, and the capture of Paris.

England, during that critical time, was governed on different principles, and the result, both in the outset and the termination, was accordingly the very reverse of what had obtained on the other side of the Channel. There were giants then on the earth. Two men of vast capacity, prophetic wisdom, and indomitable resolution, then presided over her councils, who, alike undismayed by the threats, and unseduced by the flattery of the people, steadily pursued the great Conservative principles, on which alone, in such a crisis, national security can be founded. Mr Pitt and Mr Burke stood forth alone to struggle with democracy where 'twas strongest, and they ruled it when 'twas wildest. On them, in consequence, the tempest of democratic ambition fell with almost demoniac fury; their tyranny was represented as more grievous, their severity more unnecessary, than those of any despots who had ever disgraced the earth. But amidst the howlings of the tempest, they maintained their course unshaken—the Legislature in the crisis was true to itself, and they held on their glorious way conquering and to conquer. And what was the result? The same which, in every free state and age of the world, has attended the coercion of democratic ambition, by the wisdom of political foresight—the gradual re-establishment of tranquillity and order—the calming of democratic ambition from the hopelessness of its struggles—the growth of industry—the security of capital—internal strength—external respect. As the public security was gradually secured, the necessity for the coercive measures, which its interruption had rendered necessary, was

removed. Government became more lenient, as domestic danger receded. The suspension of the Constitution ceased, and liberty, founded on the secure basis of order, and a general obedience to the laws, expanded to a degree unprecedented even in the annals of English freedom. There is no period in the history of England when public liberty was so general, and, at the same time, life and property so completely protected, as from 1800 to 1830,—the very period which, it was said, from the arbitrary measures of Mr Pitt, the tranquillity of despotism only could be expected. And thus, at the very time when the people of France, in the vain aspirations after unattainable license and impracticable democracy, had riveted about their necks the chains of Robespierre and Napoleon, the inhabitants of England, under the able and resolute government of Mr Pitt, laid the foundations of, and obtained the highest attainable degree of constitutional freedom: a memorable example of the basis on which alone practicable liberty can be reared, and of the speedy destruction which the principles of democracy bring on the public freedom, which they profess to establish.

To all persons conversant with historical facts, and capable of reflecting with impartiality on public affairs, these two examples were of themselves decisive. But they were not the only ones which were to be presented. England and France were destined to change places in political conduct; instead of the cautious reserve, the steadfast resolution, the conservative principles of their predecessors, the English administration were to exhibit the frenzy of Jacobinical innovation, and the experiment was to be tried, whether a sober temperament, long established habits of freedom, and a general diffusion of property, could render those changes safe which had torn freedom to shreds in the more impassioned population of France. At the same time the French Government changed places with their rivals; a legitimate and constitutional throne was there established, and the experiment was made, whether liberty can with their people flourish and increase on the founda-

tion of order and the coercion of democratic ambition. This experiment has been made on the greatest scale in both countries; the result of experience is now complete in all its parts.

Under the constitutional sceptres of Louis and Charles, France made advances in real freedom unprecedented since the days of Clovis. That which she sought for in vain amidst the democratic fervour of the Constituent Assembly, which was drowned in blood by Robespierre, and consumed in fire by Napoleon, was safely and securely obtained under the mild and weak government of the Bourbons. Their rule was distinguished by no extraordinary ability; their councils directed by no remarkable wisdom; but such was the wonderful benefit to freedom which had resulted from the extinction of democratic ambition, and the re-establishment of order by the power of Napoleon, that when his weighty hand was removed, freedom sprung up of itself unaided and secure. All the follies of the old noblesse, all the weakness of the court, could not obliterate the effects of the mortal stroke which Jacobinism had received from the triumph of the Allies. For the first time in its history, France enjoyed fifteen years of real freedom and unexampled prosperity. The press was free; personal liberty secure; general industry protected; amidst the execrations of the Jacobins, and the vituperation of the democracy, the glorious fabric of constitutional liberty was securely reared, and its smiling fields and swelling cities almost made the traveller forget the fiery track of revolution which had so recently crossed the realm.

But the spirit of democratic ambition was struck to the earth, not destroyed. Stunned by the strokes of Wellington and Alexander, overwhelmed in the ruins of Napoleon's throne, it recovered its strength with the next generation on both sides of the Channel. The prospect of constitutional order, of the enjoyment of freedom by all classes, of the protection of property, life, and liberty, by the just balance of the aristocratic and democratic bodies, was too hateful to be endured by the ardent aspirants after democratic tyranny.

The mob were not omnipotent; the industrious everywhere enjoyed their property; personal freedom was safe from Jacobinical arrest; these facts alone were sufficient to excite the indignant fury of the Republican faction throughout the kingdom. Incessantly they laboured to poison and inflame the minds of the rising generation; vehemently they exerted themselves to disfigure the fair fabric of constitutional freedom, which by the overthrow of their principles had arisen; and at length their efforts were successful. The minds of the people were poisoned; words prevailed over actions; a free government was mistaken for a despotism, under the thick darkness universally spread by the press, the Reign of Terror was forgotten, and at the very time that the republican spirit was prevailing in the legislature over the throne, and the undue prevalence of the democratic principle had become apparent to the eye of reason, the Government was universally held out as a despotism. The illusion prevailed, the throne of Charles X. was destroyed, and France again adventured on the perilous sea of democratic revolution.

Sure and swift came the just and necessary retribution of such madness. Through two years of anxiety, distress, and anarchy, France passed again to the stern tranquillity of military despotism. The glories of the Barriades were almost as short-lived as the smoke of their fire; from amidst the fumes of democracy, and the exultation of the Revolutionists, the awful figure of despotic power was again seen to arise. In vain the spirit of democracy strove against the law of nature; in vain the starving multitude of Lyons faced the iron storm; in vain the streets of Paris resounded with a second revolt of the Barriades; an army greater than that which fought at Toulouse conquered the first, a mightier host than that which glittered at Austerlitz vanquished the second; martial law was proclaimed; the *ordonnances* of Polignac re-enacted with additional severity; fifteen hundred enthusiasts thrown into dungeons; the press coerced by innumerable prosecutions; and at length the nation, tired of such una-

vailing efforts, and sick of democratic fervour, relapsed into the tranquillity of despotism: even the debates of the legislature have ceased to be an object of interest, and with the forms of a limited, France has become an absolute, monarchy.

Undeterred by the instructive spectacle, the English Reformers instantly took advantage of the tumult occasioned by the second French Revolution, to revive their long respite but not extinguished pretensions. The times were changed. Pitt and Burke were no longer at the head of affairs, the new generation was widely tinged by the principles of democracy, a fanatical and ambitious administration was placed at the helm, powerful to destroy, weak and powerless to save. The decisive moment had arrived; the last hour of England's greatness had struck. Unable to govern the realm on safe or constitutional principles, threatened with dissolution by the reviving good sense and spirit of the classes whose opinion had hitherto governed the country, they took the frantic and desperate resolution of leaping at once from the strand, and perishing themselves and the nation on the impetuous torrent of Revolution. The experiment for the time had the success, and in the end led to the result, which, in every age, from the days of Sylla to those of Cromwell, has attended a similar experiment. For a few months the Government was the most idolized which ever existed; amazed at the spectacle of the weight of the Executive being thrown into the scale of democracy, the people knew no bounds to their adulation, and after a desperate struggle of property and education against power and numbers, the democratic measure was carried, and a revolution effected. What the result is we have fifty times predicted, and the most obdurate may now all see. The nation has been disorganized in all its parts; it has taken fire in the most inflammable quarters from the firebrands so profusely tossed about by Administration during the struggle; the West Indies were first involved in conflagration, Bristol and Nottingham were next delivered over to the flames; and at length Ireland, following faithfully out the in-

junctions of its Government—"agitate, agitate, agitate"—has become so convulsed, that the Constitution is about to be suspended, martial law established, and under the pressure of stern necessity, a military despotism established.

There never was any thing, therefore, comparable in the history of mankind to the political experience of the last forty years. Twice during that period has France yielded to the voice of the tempter, and embarked on the ocean of innovation, and twice has the speedy result been an absolute and sanguinary military despotism. Once during that period has England steadily resisted the encroachments of democratic ambition, and pursued the path of duty amidst the execrations of the multitude; and her magnanimity has been rewarded by thirty years of freedom, tranquility, and glory. Once during the same time has France received a government founded on the overthrow of the Jacobin power, and the firm basis of resistance to innovation; and she received in return, on the admission of the Republicans themselves, fifteen years of unexampled liberty, prosperity, and happiness. To complete the picture,—England at the close of the era abandoned all her former principles, and yielded to the clamours of democratic ambition; but hardly had the songs of republican triumph ceased, or the lights of revolutionary illumination been extinguished, when from the ruins of constitutional freedom, the stern and relentless spectre of military despotism arose. All this passing before their own eyes will not illuminate the Revolutionists; even their own destruction will not quench their fanaticism; "if they hear not Moses and the Prophets, neither would they be converted though one rose from the dead."

It is because we are, and ever have been, and we trust ever shall be, the firm friends of freedom, the undeviating supporters of constitutional liberty, the supporters of the greatest possible license in thought and language which is consistent with the existence of order or its own duration, that we opposed with such vigour the fatal

democratic innovations which we knew, from the lessons of history, would speedily prove fatal to both. We foresaw and clearly predicted this disastrous result, amidst the tumult of exultation consequent on the passing of the Reform bill. In the article on the "Fall of the Constitution," published nine months ago, it is clearly and emphatically foretold.*

It is because we foresaw, amidst the parade of tri-color flags, and the yells of Jacobin triumph, the court-martial, the lictor's axe, the weeping family surrounding the car of transportation, that we strained every nerve to point out the fatal effects to freedom, which must result from the insane career which was adopted: our efforts were unsuccessful; the Jacobin triumph was complete; and the first apostles of freedom are in consequence obliged to introduce an invasion of the constitution, unprecedented since the days of Cromwell.

The reign of every administration during the fervour of democratic triumph must necessarily be short, because the leaders of one party and one year soon become the objects of uncontrolled jealousy to the class immediately below themselves in the progress of the movement. The authors of the French Revolution were swept away in a few years by the ferment which they had created in the nation, and it requires no great stretch of political foresight to predict that the authors of the English Revolution will not be long in sharing the same political fate. But in both cases the authors of these Revolutions remained sufficiently long at the head of affairs, to be compelled to bring forward themselves the measures of coercion, which their extravagant conduct had rendered necessary, and hear their names execrated by the vile and changeable class, for whose elevation they had overturned the ancient constitution of their country. Bailly, the first president of the National Assembly, the author of the "Tennis Court Oath," the first great step in the revolution, was compelled two years after to hoist the red flag, the ensign of martial law, at the Hotel de Ville; and in two years

more, he was beheaded, with that same flag burning over his head, on the Champs de Mars; the scene of his courageous resistance, when too late, to democratic tyranny. Lafayette, the adored commander of the National Guard, whose white plume was for years the signal for unanimous shouts in the streets of Paris, was forced himself to execute martial law on his former supporters; at one discharge he brought down above a hundred Jacobins in the Champs de Mars, and he was in consequence compelled to fly his country into the Austrian lines, and escaped death at the hands of his vindictive adulators only by being shut up for years in the dungeons of Olmutz. Lord Grey and Lord Brougham, the popular leaders of the Reform Bill, who so long struggled to force it upon a reluctant legislature, and wielded the whole power of the prerogative to overthrow the old constitution, are now compelled to bring forward a measure, as they themselves admit, of surpassing severity and despotic character towards Ireland, the very country whose representatives secured the triumph of the great democratic measure, and to try the agitators, roused into fiend-like activity by their blind exertions, by courts-martial. They are in consequence classed by their recent worshippers with Nero and Caligula. May Heaven avert from them and their country those ulterior and unutterable calamities, which the career of Bailly and Lafayette brought on themselves and on France, whose fate they were so often implored to

remember, whose steps they so blindly persevered in pursuing!

The recent act for suspending jury trial, and the Habeas Corpus act, and establishing martial law in Ireland, therefore, is no abandonment of their political principles; no tergiversation or change of measures on the part of Ministers. It is, on the contrary, the natural and unavoidable, though perhaps not the expected or wished for result of those measures, and the agitation which they kept up to pass them. In the political, not less certainly than the moral world, the career of passion and intemperance must lead to suffering and agony; if we would avoid the last deeds of severity, we must shun the first seductive path. The martial law of 1833, followed as necessarily and inevitably from the democratic transports of 1831, as the sword of the Dictator from the fervour of the Gracchi, the rule of Cromwell from the madness of 1642, the despotism of Napoleon from the innovation of 1789, and the state of siege of Marshal Soult from the triumphs of the Barricades.

To show how exactly and evidently the utter and unparalleled disorganization of Ireland has arisen from the system of concession to democratic ambition, pursued for the last five years in that country, it is sufficient to refer to the table of the crimes which have occurred in Ireland, as given by Lord Althorp from the official returns, accompanying it merely with the running commentary of the measures adopted at the dictation of the democrats during that eventful period.

Serious Crimes.

Last quarter of 1829, (Emancipation Bill passed in March,)	300
Do. of 1830, Emancipation Bill in full operation,	499
Do. of 1831, Reform Agitation began,	814
Do. of 1832, Reform and Repeal Agitation,	1513

Thus, since the system of democratic concession began, the number of great crimes, which include only burglaries, arson, houghing cattle, murders, and desperate assaults, has increased *fivefold*, and at last become so intolerable as to compel a vacillating and Reforming Administration to repeal the Constitution for a time, abolish trial by jury, and

establish the odious power of martial law.

It would be a waste of time and patience, after the powerful and statesman-like speech of Sir Robert Peel, and the energetic eloquence of Mr Stanley, to argue upon the necessity, the absolute and uncontrollable necessity of this measure. It is of more importance for those who

regard passing events, as we ever endeavour to do, not as the subject of party contention, but as the great school of political wisdom, to impress the great and momentous truth, that these atrocities, and the absolute necessity of the severe measure which is to repress them, originate solely and exclusively in the supine weakness and insane agitation which, for party purposes, Ministers maintained for years in that unhappy country; first, to force on Catholic Emancipation, and then to carry them through the desperate struggle of the Reform Bill. When the great Agitator was allowed to escape after having pleaded guilty, and rewarded for his exertions by a patent of precedence at the bar; when the mandate went forth from the Castle of Dublin,—“Agitate, agitate, agitate;” when pastoral letters issued from the leader of the Catholic priesthood, hoping—“that the people’s resistance to tithes would be as permanent as their love of justice;” and these official and clerical exhortations were addressed to the most impassioned, desperate, and reckless population in Europe, —a people who, as Sir Hussey Vivian declares, never scruple to imbrue their hands in the blood of their fellow-creatures, and were totally and universally incapable of distinguishing between legal and illegal agitation; is it to be wondered at if the people followed the directions of their temporal and spiritual guides, and gave a full vent to those furious passions which mutual exasperation has so long fostered, and the powerful hand of authority alone had repressed.

The learned and able Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, Judge Bushe, has declared, in his charge to the Grand Juries of the Queen’s County two years ago, “that the ordinary and regular laws have been found sufficient to put down the various White-boy associations which have from time to time existed.” This is a most important declaration, coming from so high a quarter, and supported, as every person acquainted with Ireland knows it is, by more than a century’s experience. The Committee, however, who sat upon Irish affairs last session of Parliament, have reported, that some additional safe-

guards are now necessary, and they accordingly recommended, as we shewed in our last number, the establishment of a fixed Crown Solicitor in each circuit, and other precautionary measures. Ministers were grievously puzzled how to answer the powerful argument which O’Connell founded on this circumstance, and utterly unable to give any answer to the reiterated question, why, before they had recourse to the *ultima ratio* of force—martial law, and the suspension of the constitution—they did not, in the first instance, try the gentler and more legal remedy of a permanent special commission, and a vigorous application of the existing laws. These remedies, in time past, have sufficed to repress all former disorders, even those which, in 1821, as Mr Barrington, the Crown Solicitor for Munster, declares, were as formidable as those which, when he spoke (July 1832), existed in the Queen’s County. It is no wonder they could give no answer to this question, because its answer involves the severest condemnation of their reckless and inflammatory conduct; but we shall anticipate the sober voice of history in answering for them.

Special commissions, and a vigorous application of the common law, were amply sufficient, under all former Governments, who proceeded on Conservative principles, who respected order, and upheld the majesty of the law, to repress the *predial* or rural disorders of Ireland: those disorders which spring from the unhappy relation of landlord and tenant, and under various names, have disturbed Ireland for the last sixty years. They were, accordingly, as the Chief Justice observes, amply sufficient for the establishment of order under all the former Tory Governments of Ireland, and, except when actual rebellion broke out in 1798, no measure at all approaching to the present ever was thought of. But they are utterly inadequate to repress those far greater and more serious disorders which have arisen from the fatal intermixture of *political* with *predial* agitation, which have sprung from the mandates to agitate, issuing from the Castle, and been spread by the universal injunctions to resist legal authority “in the most

peaceable manner," which have been circulated from the Episcopal palace of Dr Doyle. These new and unheard-of elements have communicated an unparalleled extent and efficiency to Irish anarchy; for the first time since the days of James I., they have rendered an avowed suspension of the constitution necessary, and compelled the great democratic leaders of the country, those who counselled Bishops to put their houses in order, who corresponded with, and thanked Political Unions for their support, and declared that the whisper of a faction could not prevail over the voice of the English people, to commence their work of legislation in the Reformed Parliament with the suspension of the Habeas Corpus act, of trial by jury, and the establishment of courts-martial in lieu of the ordinary tribunals.

Well and truly did Lord Castlereagh, in his manly and admirable speech in the House of Commons, on the Irish Coercion Bill,* declare, that if this was the first blessing which the fruit of democratic agitation, the Reform Bill, had brought upon the country, it had already outstripped the prophecies of its bitterest enemies, and confounded the expectations of its warmest friends. But that matter is already determined; there is not a man gifted with sound sense and historical information in the country, who is not now aware of the effects which the great healing measure must produce; of the inextricable confusion into which it has brought all the great and varied, and now tottering interests of this empire.

And in what light are Ministers now regarded by their former adulators, by the ardent Revolutionists who fawned on them during the halcyon days of democratic excitement, and held them up as the most popular rulers who had been placed at the helm since the days of Alfred? We shall give the answer in the words of one of their most devoted allies and supporters, whose praises were formerly as loud as his vituperation is now elegant and gentle-

manlike. Mr Steele, "the Pacificator," is reported to have said at a meeting assembled at Black Abbey, Kilkenny:—"The infamous and atrocious tyrants of the Government have dared to arrest me—the *miscreant villains*!—Only I was speedily liberated, a game might have been played that——. *I called Brougham a miscreant villain. He is so.* I was intrusted by O'Connell and the Volunteers of Ireland to execute an important mission. Oh, I know how to say strong things without going too far, and my friend King Dan, knows I can run along the edge of a precipice as well as any man in existence. *Castlereagh was not half so great a miscreant as Lord Brougham is.* Lord Grey shows nothing but stupid ignorance, when he sneers at the expression, that a stormy agitator only could pacify Ireland; let them remember the examples of '98, and bloody Castlereagh. *I respect such men as Wellington, Peel, and Boyton,* because they are fair and open enemies; but the Whig Ministers, who pretend to be our friends, are now characterised (to make use of an expression in Tacitus) *by the intensity of their infamy.* (Hear, hear, hear.) I am an agent of O'Connell, and O'Connell's policy is to regenerate Ireland, by legal and constitutional means only, and these he will continue to pursue, unless, as I said before, *some miscreant Government,* like bloody Castlereagh's,—who first cut the throats of his countrymen and then his own—unless such a Government try to force an explosion, my opinion is, that *every Whitefoot is an accomplice of Grey and Stanley.*"†

We need hardly say that we quote this language for no other reason but to express our abhorrence at it; and to hold up to public view, and to the contemplation of posterity, which will derive so many lessons from our errors, what was the character of those men, to win whose praise, and gratify whose ambition, the Government have subverted the British Constitution.

We lament as sincerely as any of

* As reported in that able and consistent journal, the Albion, to whose exertions in critical times the cause of England has been so deeply indebted.

† *Belfast Morning Letter*, 8th March, 1833.

the Radicals the severe measures which are to be put in force in Ireland; they are abhorrent to our nature, contrary to our principles, detestable to our feelings. It was to save the Irish people from them, to save the English people from the similar measures which await them at the hand of legal authority, or the despots of their own creation, that we struggled so long and resolutely, amidst universal obloquy and abuse, against the Reform Bill. The projects which we contemplated to arrest the evil, but which, from the frightful rapidity of increase in crime, would now be inadequate, are given in our last Number. They consist in the establishment of permanent courts in every county, with the power of transportation; of a public prosecutor in each, to take up and investigate all crimes at the public expense; of a *permanent* special commission in Dublin, to proceed to any county the moment that it becomes disturbed; of a power in the Lord Lieutenant, upon the report of the judges that conviction has become impossible from intimidation, to suspend jury trial for a time; and of a permanent provision for the protection of witnesses who have given evidence.* Such were our humble suggestions for the pacification, on the most constitutional principles, and with the least possible abridgement of public freedom, of this distracted island; but the violence of the Agitators has rendered all these projects for the present insufficient, and they remain only on record, a memorable instance of the difference between the constitutional remedies which the opponents of democratic ambition would adopt, and the desperate measures to which the supporters of it are driven.

But there is one point to which the particular attention of Government should be directed, and for which, severe as it is, no adequate provision appears to be made in the Bill. This is, the protection of witnesses who have given evidence in courts of justice, from the violence of their neighbours, after the trial is over. The Duke of Wellington justly observed in the House of Lords,

that, unless some provision was made for the protection of witnesses, all the machinery of the bill would be inoperative, because courts-martial could not convict, any more than judges and juries, without evidence. By threatening to burn or murder any witnesses who speak out, it is evident that the whole proceedings of the court-martial may be stopped, just as those of Marshal Soult were rendered nugatory at Paris in July last. The provision in the bill for the transportation of all persons convicted of intimidating a juror or witness, is obviously insufficient; because, the same difficulty will exist in getting a witness to speak out in regard to that matter, as in murders, burglaries, or arsons. The only way, it may be relied on, of combating the evil, is by uniformly providing for the removal of the witness and his family to Great Britain or the Colonies at the public expense, the moment the trial on which he has appeared is concluded, if he deems that change necessary for his safety; and a legislative enactment, that the fact of such a promise having been made, shall be no objection to the admissibility of the witness, but affect his credibility only.

We earnestly hope that the harsh measures now rendered necessary for Ireland, may be of short duration; and hope that the returning tranquillity of the country may render their repeal or expiry as desirable, as their enactment now is unavoidable. But of this Government may rest assured, it is not by executing and transporting a few hundred deluded Whitefeet, that the disorders which have shaken Ireland to its centre, are to be arrested; or the agitated waves of guilt and animosity stilled. It is the encouragement given to convulsion in elevated quarters; the mandates to agitate, issuing from the highest temporal and spiritual authorities in the realm, which have produced this terrible effect; as is proved by the fact, that the crimes of violence are now five times greater, without any increase of suffering or distress, than they were during the height of the agitation which pre-

ceded Catholic Emancipation. If Government have recourse again to the same ruinous excitement of public passion; if they again throw themselves on the desires or ambition of the mob; if they again correspond with Political Unions, and use an engine of acknowledged peril, and admitted inconsistency with regular government, for their own party purposes; if, without proceeding to these excesses, they still persist in revolutionary measures, and let the Jacobin clubs see that they still, by intimidation, rule the realm; if, in a word, they do not become in heart and soul, and good faith, a Conservative Government, they may rely upon it, that all their measures of severity will have no good effect; that the greater criminals will escape while the lesser are destroyed; that their punishments will render themselves odious, without arresting the public discontents; that they will irritate the bad, without conciliating the good; that the frame of society will be irrecoverably shaken, while the mutual exasperation of its members is rendered greater than ever.

And what prospect do the *other measures* of Administration, on which they profess that they are to stand or fall equally with the coercive, afford of such a departure from their evil ways, and such a recurrence to the true principles of government? Alas! the prospect here is worse than ever; the measures announced are those of the most revolutionary character; they promise again to rouse into fearful activity the desire of spoliation and love of power, the two most ruinous principles which can be called into action in the lower orders; they shew that Ministers have yet attained no knowledge, either of the principles of good government, or the real sources of Irish suffering; and that, in their ignorance, they are about to propose, as palliatives, what will only prove aggravations of the disease.

In all public measures, and more especially in those which are brought forward during a period of public excitement, and the prevalence of a vehement desire for movement in a

numerous and influential class, the material thing to look to is, what *principle* does it involve; what power is it likely to augment in influence; to what will it lead? Judging of the Church Reform, the Corporation Reform, and Grand Jury changes, by this standard, it is impossible to condemn them too strongly. The first involves the three most revolutionary principles which it is possible to figure, and which were the very first to be proclaimed by the Constituent Assembly, viz. that the property of the Church is public property, and may be converted, by legislative enactments, from its original ecclesiastical destination to ordinary secular purposes; that a particular and obnoxious class may be subjected to a peculiar and burdensome tax, from which the rest of society is relieved; and that a national ecclesiastical establishment may be broken up, when by violence, or any other method, the continuance of its services in a particular district is rendered impossible.

1. The most dangerous principle in the bill, beyond all question, is the appropriation of a certain portion of ecclesiastical property to the service of the state; a fatal example, the beginning of the confiscations of the French Revolution of 1789, and the Spanish one of 1823, and which, from the immediate relief to the Exchequer which it affords, never fails to be rapidly and extensively imitated in troubled and revolutionary times. It was thus that the Constituent Assembly began; they yielded to the argument of Talleyrand, "that no individual could claim any right of property in Church property; that it belongs to the state, who are the uncontrolled masters of its destination; and that if the provision was made for the support of the ministers of religion, there was no legal or constitutional objection to the appropriation of the remainder to the public service."* It was by such plausible sophistries that the spoliation of the Church began in France, and a measure was passed which lighted up the flames of the Vendean war, exterminated a million of individuals, and laid the foundation of the ulti-

* Thiers, Rev. France, vol. I. 273.

mate ruin of France, by the irreligious spirit which it infused into the most active and influential part of its population.

Lord Althorp's project of confiscation is somewhat more disguised. He does not at once propose to lay hold of the existing revenues of the Church; but he does what is substantially the same thing; he changes the nature of the right and tenure of the holders of leases on Church lands, and the fund acquired by this alteration he appropriates to the service of the state. Mr O'Connell justly observed, that though the bill in his estimation did not go nearly far enough, yet "it involved principles of the utmost value, and that, in particular, the vesting Church property in *Parliamentary Commissioners* was a precedent of inestimable importance." It is of inestimable importance to the Revolutionists, because it at once affords a precedent and a justification for the utmost possible extent of ecclesiastical or corporate robbery.

For if once the public hand is thus laid on the property of the Church, upon the ground that no individual can qualify a right of property or inheritance in it, on what principle are any corporate or trust-funds to be maintained, or extricated out of the jaws of the famishing Exchequer? Who can claim a right of property in corporate, ecclesiastical, or charitable trusts or corporations? No single individual who can be designated, but all those who in future times shall arise qualified in terms of the trust, or bequest, or foundation. But as they cannot be fixed on with certainty at any one time, it is evident that the uncertainty pleaded by the Revolutionists in support of such spoliation may be extended to the utter confiscation of all such corporate property; and that by merely providing for existing interests, the argument will become invincible, that no individual who can be pointed out is injured, and thus the whole corporate property of the kingdom, subject to that transitory burden, may be carried to the credit of the Consolidated Fund. The obvious and invincible answer to this revolutionary logic is, that the individuals who are to succeed to the benefit of the corporate trust, or ecclesiastical property, whether in Church or Cha-

rities, are pointed out, just as distinctly when they are said to be persons in a certain profession, or of a certain education, or a certain state of destitution, in future times, as if they are said to be the heirs of a certain family, or the successors by a certain deed of entail. Who these will be fifty or eighty years hence, is just as uncertain, as who will then be qualified to claim the benefit of the corporate or ecclesiastical funds. If the one set of future successors may be excluded on the ground of their uncertainty, so also may the other; and, consequently, the whole right of inheritance may be set aside, and nothing held a vested interest but what is actually enjoyed at the time by a living person. George Herriot, two hundred years ago, well explained this principle when he said that "he would never want heirs as long as Edinburgh had poor merchants' sons to provide for;" and unless the sacredness of this principle is recognised, there is an end not only to all corporate or trust property, but to all remote inheritance in private life.

The veil under which Ministers seek to hide this alarming precedent of revolutionary confiscation, viz. that they confer an extraordinary and unlooked-for value upon ecclesiastical property, by an act of the Legislature, and this surplus they are entitled to appropriate to the service of the State, is too thin to conceal its tendency even from the most obtuse understanding. For what does the proposed measure amount to? Nothing but this, that by act of Parliament the rights of the *tenants* on the church lands are to be converted into rights of property; and the price which it is thought they would give for this change of tenure, is to be applied to the purposes of the State. That is to say, the rights of farmers to the leases on an estate are to be changed into rights of property, and the fund thus acquired from the farmer is to be applied to the wants of the Treasury. What would any proprietor of an estate say to this? Is it not a direct and palpable invasion of property, because it deprives the owner of the future and contingent benefits of which under a change of circumstances or of law it is susceptible, and converts a right in fee-simple,

which draws after it all the *future and increasing* emoluments of the subjects, into a mere rent charge or mortgage, incapable of any such augmentation?

Take the very view given by Lord Althorp of the operation of this bill, and see of what ruinous application it is to other and analogous cases. By the bill, says his Lordship, two millions and a half is added to the value of Church property, by a legislative enactment, and therefore that may be fairly appropriated by the State. On this principle the Legislature pass an act declaring that all estates held under the fetters of an entail, or under marriage settlements, or under trust, shall be held in fee-simple by the heir of entail, or heir in possession, or trustee; and for this unlooked-for change of tenure, and unexpected liberation from irksome restraints, ten millions sterling may be raised from the tenants in entail in England. This vast surplus, according to this doctrine, is the fair subject of Treasury appropriation, because it is a benefit conferred upon estates by act of Parliament. Or the Legislature pass an act authorizing an entailed proprietor near a great town to grant building leases on his estate, from which he was debarred by marriage settlement; and thus augment the value of his property fourfold; the surplus, on Lord Althorp's principle, may be fairly carried to the credit of the Consolidate Fund. Or an act of Parliament establishes a harbour, or brings a canal, or a railroad, or a turnpike through an estate, and the value of the property is thereby tripled; this, according to the same principle, is also fair gain, and a vast fund may be raised for Exchequer, by making the proprietors to be benefited by such enactments, pay so many years' purchase at once to Government by such an unlooked-for legislative boon. It is evident that if this principle is once admitted, there is no end to the application which it may receive, and that it shakes the security of property of every description, private as well as corporate or ecclesiastical. Well may O'Connell and the Revolutionists say, that the Bill establishes privileges of inestimable importance; and that it will be their

fault if they do not make the proper use of the precedent.

Either the proposed change of tenure confers a benefit on the tenants on the ecclesiastical estates, or it does not. If it does, it is obviously a benefit obtained at the expense of the Church proprietors, and which, if they are not to be spoliated, should accrue to themselves. If it does not, it is absurd to suppose that any sum can be realized for Exchequer by the project. The tenants on the Church lands will not pay large sums for the change of tenure, unless it improves the condition of their estates, or confers a patrimonial benefit upon themselves; whatever is gained to the Treasury by the measure, is just so much abstracted from the present or ultimate value of the ecclesiastical estates. But to say that the interest of the clergy in their fines and rents is to be maintained inviolate, and at the *same time* two millions and a half is to be gained for Exchequer, is a perfect absurdity, put forward with no other view but to conceal the grand precedent of ecclesiastical spoliation which is to be carried through.

2. But in this measure, at least, it may be said, there is no sacrifice of immediate or existing interests to be made, and it is only the future or ultimate value of the property which is to be diminished for the behoof of Government. As if, however, to demonstrate that existing interests are to be no security against confiscation, and to make this bill embody precedents for every species of revolutionary spoliation, it at the same time contains clauses subjecting the holders of a certain amount of Church property to an arbitrary and iniquitous taxation, from which the remainder of the community is free. The clergy possessing incomes, or rather nominal incomes, of a certain amount, (for they are all nominal,) are to be subjected to an ascending income-tax, varying from 5 to 15 per cent, which is to be applied by Government to other Church purposes. Now, on what principle of justice is this exclusive and burdensome income-tax fixed on a single class of society? Is it because the Irish church are so singularly wealthy,

and their tithes are so regularly paid, and their situation in the midst of an attached, contented, and loyal people, is so extremely enviable and happy? Is it because the Irish generally are so extremely burdened with direct taxes that no additional ones would be productive, and therefore the clergy, as the most defenceless class in the community, must be subjected to partial taxation? Is it because the Irish landlords are so uniformly residents on their estates, and spend so large a portion of their time and income in encouraging the industry of their tenantry, and are burdened with so overwhelming a poor's rate, that they are entitled to exemption from any additional burdens? If these are the grounds on which the arbitrary and partial taxation is to be vindicated, let them be at once stated, and the facts brought forward which justify their adoption. But if the reverse of all this is notoriously and avowedly the case; if the Irish Protestant clergy are in a state of unexampled destitution; if their sons and daughters are literally obliged, in many cases, to go out to service to obtain bread for their once opulent and respected parents; if the stoppage of their income has become so universal, from the combination against tithes, that they were obliged to be thrown upon the English Treasury, and £90,000 issued from Exchequer in Dublin, to meet their most pressing exigencies; if the Irish generally pay hardly any direct taxes—if they never felt the income tax, and are now infinitely less burdened, than the corresponding classes on this side of the Channel—if the landlords are, for the most part, non-resident, and draw large incomes from their estates, which are spent in Paris, London, or Naples—if they pay no poor's rates, and have hitherto contrived to throw their enormous load of paupers upon the industry of England and Scotland—on what conceivable ground, either of justice or expedience, are the clergy to be selected out as the victims of present and partial spoliation, and in addition to their other numerous and almost unbearable grievances, a tax-gatherer to be imposed, with a demand for a tenth or a seventh of their wasted and

diminished incomes? Why, this is a heavier tax than ever was imposed on British opulence, to withstand the power of Napoleon; and now it is to be imposed on Irish Protestant indigence—to do what? To remove an imaginary or exaggerated complaint from the Catholic priesthood. We say an imaginary or exaggerated; for it appears that the church cess which it is intended to supply, is only £90,000 a-year; a burden which, on a nation of 8,000,000 of souls, with a rent-roll of £14,000,000, and 12,000,000 arable acres, is obviously nothing.

But supposing the church cess had been as real and substantial, as in reality it is a fictitious and imaginary grievance, on what principle is it to be imposed on the clergy *alone*, to the exclusion of all the other classes of the State? Why is the burden of upholding or repairing churches, or equalizing livings, to be imposed exclusively on the clergy? Do they alone share in the benefits of religious instruction, or spiritual consolation? Was Christianity formed for them alone? And on what conceivable principle of justice or equity, is the expense of a national establishment, intended for the benefit of all classes, to be laid exclusively upon one of the most industrious, meritorious, and destitute of society? The thing is obviously indefensible: it may be carried, and probably will, by the strong arm of legislative power; but it is untenable in the eye of reason,—unbearable in the scales of Justice; and if this is the first specimen of the equity of a Reformed Parliament, it will be manifest to the world, that *Astæa*, in forsaking the British Isles, left her last footsteps in the assemblies of its predecessors.

Do the great proprietors, whether in land, stock, or money, not perceive the immediate application which may be made of the principle thus established, to the spoliation of themselves and their children? If, to get quit of a democratic clamour against a particular tax, so small as to be altogether trifling in a national point of view, the example is to be set of fixing an arbitrary and peculiar load upon the higher classes of the clergy, on what ground will the great Leviathans in the House of Peers, or the

Stock Exchange, be able to withstand the analogous but far more terrible outcry which will be raised for the exclusive taxation of their immense properties, to effect a reduction in the heavy and real burdens which press upon the people in Great Britain? The Radical papers announce with most ominous accuracy, that a list of 1500 gentlemen in and round London has been framed, whose fortunes would pay the national debt. If fifteen per cent is levied by the authority of the Legislature on the suffering and destitute Irish clergy, because the tithes of their parishes nominally exceed L.1000 a-year, how will they be able to resist the demand for twenty-five per cent, or fifty per cent, out of their ample rent-rolls? The principle of exclusive taxation is just as applicable to the Duke of Devonshire, the Duke of Bedford, the Marquis of Westminster, the Earl of Lansdown, Earl Grey, Earl Albemarle, the Duke of Sutherland, as to the suffering and persecuted vicars and rectors of Ireland. There are hundreds of thousands in existence, who mark the application of the principle, who are preparing to follow it up with unwearied zeal, and anticipate with delight the irresistible application of the present precedent to the greater and far more popular spoliation which they have in view. When their turn comes, as come it will, if the march of the movement is not by some unforeseen event arrested, they will meet with no commiseration: the nation will turn to their recorded votes against the Irish clergy, and deal out to them the justice which they have dealt to others.

3. As if the present bill had been purposely intended (which, however, we do not believe) to involve and recognise every revolutionary principle, it contains a clause providing also for the gradual and certain extinction of the Protestant Church in Ireland. We do not say, that the clause in question was framed with this view, but unquestionably it has this tendency. It is declared, that if for a certain period the discharge of parochial duty has been suspended in a parish, it shall cease to be a Protestant living, and the tithes shall be vested in the Parliamentary Commissioners. In this way a certain

and infallible method of extinguishing the Protestant religion is opened up to the Catholic desperadoes. They have nothing to do but shoot the incumbent, the moment that he settles in the parish, or drive him out of the country by threats to roast him and his family alive in their house, or burn the church, or assassinate all the Protestant parishioners, and the living will, after the lapse of a very short period, be extinguished. And what is to come of the tithes? They are to be vested in the first instance in the Parliamentary Commissioners, and as the intention is announced of providing out of the funds in their hands for the payment of the Catholic clergy, the transference of the tithes to the Catholic priesthood will ultimately be certain and progressive. By the simple expedient of burning the houses, and murdering the persons of the Protestant clergy and parishioners, the national Establishment will be gradually and certainly broken up, and the funds in the hands of the Parliamentary Commissioners so much enlarged as gradually to give the Catholic clergy a just and irresistible claim to the whole ecclesiastical property in the country. We are confident that the authors of the Bill had no such diabolical intention in view when they framed it: the clause was probably drawn without attending to the consequences, or the use which might be made of it at all; but it is obvious that it has this tendency, and is susceptible of this application: and when we recollect that under the fostering hand of the political and religious agitators, the crimes of extreme violence in Ireland have risen to more than 1500 in the last three months of 1832, being at the rate of SIX THOUSAND a-year, it may readily be conceived what a formidable weapon we put into the hands of the Catholic Agitators, and what numerous and well-drilled bravoës are at their command to effect the gradual extinction of the Protestant establishment.

There is something singularly contradictory and absurd in bringing forward this clause, for the gradual extinction of the Protestant Establishment, in default of regular parochial service, in one bill, at the very time that in another bill, which is at the

same time before the legislature, Ireland is stated, and stated with justice, to be in such a state of disorder and crime, that the execution of the laws has become impracticable, and life and property are in many places utterly insecure. The Government tell us with one breath that the state of Ireland is such that unless the disorders are arrested, life and property in great part of the country are not worth two years' purchase; and yet they declare in another statute, at the very same time, that unless service is regularly performed in the Protestant churches, the living is to be extinguished; in other words, the tithes are ultimately to be assigned to the Catholics. Is no allowance to be made for those situations where the incumbent has been murdered? or residence, or the performance of duty in the parish, been rendered impossible by the intimidation or violence applied to him or his family, or the violent deaths or exile of all the Protestant inhabitants? As the Bill now stands, it must operate, though we believe unintentionally on the part of its authors, as a direct bounty upon the commission of murder and arson by the Irish Whitefeet, and their instigation by the Agitators, or connivance at by the priests. It would be obviously better to establish the Catholic religion at once by act of Parliament, than to subject the Protestant Establishment, as this Bill tends to do, to a slow and agonizing process of dissolution, brought about by the commission of atrocious crimes on the part of the Catholic desperadoes, and the incitement to ruinous agitation and conspiracies among their artful and unprincipled leaders.

In days of revolution, every public measure is to be judged of by the principle which it involves; the precedent it affords, rather than its actual and immediate consequences. Measuring it by this standard,—a more ruinous and disorganizing clause was never introduced into the Legislature than this—which provides for the gradual extinction of the Protestant Establishment. The essence of every religious Establishment is, that it is *universal*; that it runs through the whole realm, and embraces alike all the subjects of the Crown, of what-

ever persuasion or character. The principle on which it is founded, is, that Government, after deliberation and experience, have established that species of religious instruction to be afforded to the people by the holders of tithes, *gratis*, which they deem most advantageous, upon the whole, for their temporal and spiritual welfare, and suitable to the inclinations of a majority of the *whole* empire. This Establishment being once fixed on in conformity to the wishes and determination of the whole nation, the minority, though a majority in a particular district, are required to contribute to its support, on the same grounds as the minority in the political world are required to pay the taxes, and acquiesce in the measures passed by the majority, how contrary soever to their inclinations, and though carried in spite of their most strenuous opposition. The Catholics, though a majority in Ireland, are required to contribute to the general Protestant Establishment of the Empire, because they are not a fourth-part of the number, nor a fortieth part of the wealth of the whole empire, and it is unreasonable that so small a fraction should shake off the rule of the majority, or establish an *Imperium in Imperio*, in the religious any more than the social world. The Tories made the utmost resistance by legal means to the Reform Bill; but they never were so absurd as to propose on that account that they should have a separate parliament of their own, though, if they had, it would comprehend three-fourths of the property, and four-fifths of the education and worth of the kingdom.

This then being the obvious and well known ground on which the social union, both in civil and religious matters, is founded, it is an utter abandonment of the whole system, the establishment of a precedent of ruinous application, to admit the principle, that because religious service has ceased for a time in any quarter, even from the most atrocious violence or intimidation, the Establishment is to be broken up, and a new faith introduced more agreeable to the wishes of that particular district or parish. If this is the case, it is a good

reason why the diocesan should be called to account for his negligence, if any fault is imputable to the clergy; or the civil authority enforced and aided, if the surcease has been owing to the disorders or resistance of the people; but it is no reason at all why the fatal precedent should be adopted, of breaking up the uniform establishment, and letting the whims or caprices of the people, or of their spiritual demagogues, be the rule for determining what sort of creed they are to contribute to support. If an entrance is once given to this principle, the Protestant Church will speedily be broken up, and the creeds of different districts become as various as the colours on a harlequin's jacket. The Dissenters in many districts will say that they greatly preponderate over the Church of England, and therefore, if they can only contrive to prevent the celebration of service for a year or two, by burning the church, or massacring the incumbent, they will be entitled to insist on the principle of Lord Althorp's bill, for the extinction of the parish, and the appropriation of the tithes to a pastor of their own selection. If it is intended to abolish ecclesiastical establishments at once, and pay every clergyman from the Treasury, without any regard to the faith to which he belongs, we understand the principle, and are prepared, if it is necessary, to combat it. But the present bill seems calculated to pioneer for the same purpose, by the infernal agents of murder, robbery, and fire-raising.

It exasperates, if possible, the feeling of hostility with which this measure for the spoliation of the Church must be regarded by every thoughtful person, that while it is fraught with such dangerous principles, and proposes to realize such obvious injustice, it has no tendency whatever to relieve any of the real evils under which Ireland labours. Sir Robert Peel declared, in his inimitable speech, that the relation between landlord and tenant, was the real and prolific source both of the disorders and the misery of Ireland; and the Attorney-General added, that of 150 cases of Whitefeet outrage which he had investigated, *every one* originated in the desire to dispossess obnoxious

settlers on the land. This then being the case, what is the real and *practical tendency* of the measures which are proposed as such boons to the wretched and starving Irish tenantry? Church cess is to be taken off, and laid on the clergy; the consequence of that of course will be, that the rent of the land will rise to the full amount of the burden taken off; and in lieu of the church collector, the formidable land-bailiff will make his appearance. In like manner, the reduction of the Protestant Establishment by the extinction of the Protestant parishes, will occasion no reduction in the burdens of the cultivator; the tithe, with all its vexations, will continue, with this difference, that it will be drawn by the Catholic instead of the Protestant incumbent of the parish. The result of this great remedial measure, which is to heal the multiplied wounds of Ireland, therefore will be, that the whole amount of the church cess will be gained to the opulent landlord, in the shape of augmented rent, at the expense of the unhappy clergyman, ground down by partial taxation; and that the whole amount of the Protestant tithes in the extinguished parishes, will be gained by the Catholic priesthood. The condition of the unhappy cultivators will, by both changes, be rendered worse than before. And it is for such deceitful illusory benefits as these, that the precedent of spoliation, partial taxation, and the destruction of the Establishment, is to be afforded to a hungry and insatiable revolutionary generation!

The proposed reduction in the number of bishops, is to be judged of on the same principles. It is to be viewed as a part of the general system of the movement; a concession to the party who openly avow, that their object is, the destruction of the Aristocracy, the established Church, and the Throne. O'Connell has declared himself in an especial manner gratified with this commencement of the great work of demolition, and the invaluable principles which it contains; and let us attend to his avowed designs in regard to the remaining institutions of the empire. He declared, at the meeting of the Political Union in London, "what I struggled for was,

to annihilate the aristocratic principle, and to establish the pure principle of democracy." Now, this vehement supporter of "the pure principle of democracy," declared himself highly satisfied with this great principle involved in the destruction of the bishops; and in order to show the peril with which *any concession* to such a party is attended, we must pollute our pages by the following extract, from a new journal entitled, "A Weekly, Radical, Christian, and Family Newspaper:—

"The Bill of Blood has passed through a Christian Senate! The law of Nature and Religion has been nullified by the law of Man! 'Commit no murder' is repealed; and the conflicting Religions of Christ are again about to be made the excuse for human bloodshed, and the signal for mortal collision between brother and brother!—Was there no opposition?—Where were the Right Reverend Fathers in God? Where were they, we demand? And, Oh! that we could startle their perjured souls by the thunder of Hell into a sense of their Satanic apostacy! And this is your quarrel."

And lest it should be imagined, that it is only against the Church that this fury of revolution is directed, the same journal contains an engraven portrait of a king, bearing a crown and sceptre, and represented as a "Royal Puppet," moved by two personages, evidently intended for exalted members of the administration, and beneath the group are these lines,

"Alike obedient to the owner's string,
Moves the boy's image or the idiot king;
All ages have their games, all men their toys,
Kings are for knaves, and pasteboard fools
for boys."

Well may that able paper the Guardian exclaim, such are the periodicals that act as auxiliaries to the clubbists of Great Britain and Ireland, and are the very pioneers of revolution.

Now it is in relation to *these attempts*, to the spread of *this spirit* through the realm, that the projected invasion of the establishment is to be regarded; and as nothing feeds revolutionary ambition like concession, as the ruinous example of Ireland too clearly demonstrates, it is evident what immense consequences now

depend upon steadily resisting in this particular the invasions of democratic ambition.

The proposed reduction, too, is as pernicious in a civil as it is perilous in a political point of view. The Irish have told us a hundred times, that the ruin of their country has been the non-residence of the landed proprietors, and in spite of the paradox of Mr McCulloch, there can be no doubt that the observation is in a great measure well-founded. They have, however, twenty-two resident landed proprietors, whose income, amounting in all to £130,000, is all spent in Ireland, and which contributes, in a certain degree, to vivify its industry, and uphold its charity. These twenty-two proprietors are the Bishops; and because they have so few resident proprietors, the Government propose to make them still fewer, by reducing the Bishops to twelve, and cutting off £60,000 a-year from the expenditure of that, the single and only body of permanent resident proprietors. This the Ministry considers a prodigious boon to Ireland, and it was received with shouts of delight by the reformed House of Commons. The cutting off £60,000 a-year of *expended rents in Ireland*, they think will go far to correct the evils of absenteeism, and furnish bread to the hundreds of thousands who now pine for want of employment, in its densely-peopled realms. What is to be done with the £60,000 a-year thus cut off from the Bishops, is not very apparent; but whatever is done with it, one thing is clear, that it never will assume such a beneficial form for Irish industry as it now has obtained.

The alteration on the Grand Jury, is another of the concessions made by Ministers to the Revolutionary party, from which no practical good can be expected. There may be abuses in the present system, which should be remedied; but the idea of effecting it, by inundating the Grand Jury Room with the delegates of the Ten-Pounders, and neutralizing the gentlemen of the country by the admission of the Catholic democracy, is too absurd to bear an argument. Will the destruction of the funds levied by the Grand Jury assessments be reformed, or the com-

position of the body improved, by letting in those representatives of the Catholic democracy, to wrangle every step with the resident gentlemen? Does the reformed House of Commons afford so very favourable a specimen of the moderation, good sense, and habits of business of the Catholic body, as to render it desirable to extend the system to inferior functionaries? Is their dispatch of business so very smooth and rapid, as to induce the belief that all evils in the Grand Jury system will be remedied, by the admission of a preponderating number of votes in that interest? Will the weight of the assessments complained of, be diminished, by a more mixed and contentious body directing their application? Has this been found to be the result of admitting the Ten-Pounders to the direction of corporate funds in other places,—the Police Establishment, or Improvement assessment of Edinburgh, for example? Have jobs and favouritism entirely ceased in the towns where the lower orders have acquired the control of the corporate funds? The answer which experience has given to these queries, may perhaps illustrate the extent of the practical benefit to be expected from the projected democratic changes in the Grand Jury system. But it has other consequences upon that most important of all subjects, the administration of justice, which have been ably illustrated by Baron Smith, in his late inimitable charge, which are too important to be condensed in this paper, and must form the subject of subsequent discussion.

The importance of any change on the Grand Jury system consists in this, that that body are the holders of the gates of criminal justice—that they stand at the portals, and if they choose to close the entrance to prosecutions, no crime, how atrocious soever, can be prosecuted. Now it is provided in the proposed act on this subject, “That every Grand Jury shall at their assizes fix and determine the number of persons paying Grand Jury cess in each division proper, with reference to the circumstances thereof, to be associated with the justices at the special sessions;

and shall make out a list of double the same number of persons, who, not being justices of the peace, shall have paid the highest amount of Grand Jury cess under the last previous appointment thereof;” and the persons to be associated with the justices at the special sessions are to be chosen by ballot from this list.* By this enactment the Grand Jury have the command of the special sessions.

For the formation of the Grand Juries themselves, it is declared, “that the sheriff shall place, first, on the pannel, the name of some freeholder, having freehold lands of the value of and upwards, within the largest barony or half barony of the same county; and, secondly, the name of some freeholder, having lands of the like yearly value within the barony or half barony next in extent, and so on till all the baronies or half baronies within the said county shall be gone through.”† It is thus as yet left blank what is to be the qualification for a Grand Juror under the act; but that it will be such a *low qualification* as, like that of the Ten-Pounders, will practically give the lower orders the command of the keys of justice, may be inferred from the ominous observation of Baron Smith on the subject, in his late admirable charge to the Grand Jury of Louth.

“The rule that property *alone* shall not qualify to be returned on grand or petit jury panels, is one founded in sound as well as ancient principle; and one which it is highly material to bear practically in mind. It seems reasonable that those who have less than a certain income—say ten or twenty pounds—should be *disqualified* from acting as jurors—but by no means right, that this income alone should *qualify*. It will not follow that because the want of it should cause disability, the possession of it should at once capacitate. There are other more important qualifications, which should be required; and of the existence of these—the Sheriff judges; and, as I think, ought to judge. Considerable income serves to denote a grade, to which education, intelligence, and such attributes presumably belong; together with an obvious interest to maintain those laws, by

which that considerable property is secured. Of these attributes, scanty income may, generally speaking, imply the want. And I will ask, whether of a ten-pound income it can be said, that *emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros*? The registry tribunals and the hustings will demonstrate whether all, admitted as voters, are of the stuff which would form good juries. If the mere possession of a certain petty income were held not merely to impose a duty, but to vest a right of being arrayed upon the panel without reference to the Sheriff's opinion of the person's fitness, I fear we might sometimes be almost bewildered; and have to enquire—which is the juror, and which is the transgressor? which is the jury-box, and which the dock? 'Change places,' says Lear, 'and handy-dandy; which is the justice, and which is the thief?' Substitute *juror* for *justice*, and I fear we might, without any raving, adopt the question put by the delirious King. I fear, too, these oscillatory panel conscripts *minorum gentium*, if they chose to swing at all, might much prefer the jury-box to the dock; and be for swinging thither, both of their own mere motion; and under the advice of those leaders who so completely rule them, and a jury after whose own heart they perhaps might form. While the good and true, and 'not suspect' retired, many such would demand loudly to be called. If the Sheriff had not a solid and a well-protected *velo*, many would be called; and of these not a few would, I apprehend, be *chosen*."

From the changes proposed by Ministers, it is evident that they have no conception of the measures which are really calculated to relieve the people. For all evils they have but one remedy,—"*Increase the influence of the democracy.*" This conduct is the result of the same principle which inflamed the weavers at Lyons, when starving for want of employment, who declared that they could see but one mode of stopping their miseries, which was, to give *every workman a vote*. This absurd system is still obstinately persisted in, notwithstanding the signal and admitted proof of its tendency, which the reformed Parliament has already, by the consent of all parties, afforded. It may last a little longer, and overturn all the institutions of society in its course; but, like all attempts to subvert the order of nature, it must in the end destroy itself.

The first measure of the Constituent Assembly of France, was, to con-

fiscate the church property; the next, to extinguish all corporate rights; the third, to establish partial taxation on the opulent, under the name of "forced loans;" the last, to uproot the national religion. In the bill for the Irish Church, now submitted to Parliament, are admitted the principles of ecclesiastical spoliation for the service of the state—partial taxation on a particular class—and the progressive demolition of the established religion; and a Committee, composed of a great majority of Movement-men, is sitting on the whole corporate property of the kingdom. In a short time, experience and observation will be enabled to determine the direction and force of revolutionary explosions, with as much accuracy as it has fixed the expansive force of gunpowder, or the track of a burning projectile through the air.

But on what principle Ministers are now proceeding, in levelling alternate strokes at the two great parties who divide the kingdom, it is impossible to divine. How do they expect to maintain the helm, when in one night they level martial law at the Destructives, and on the next, church and corporate spoliation at the Conservatives? Do they intend, like the Committee of Public Safety, to place themselves boldly between the two factions, and destroy with the right hand Hebert and the Anarchists, and the left, Danton and the Moderates? Have they forgotten the fate, which in a few months such conduct brought even on their iron and energetic government? Do they expect to conciliate the Revolutionists, by suspending the Habeas Corpus Act, and win the confidence of the Conservatives, by delivering up the Church and the West Indies to destruction? Or do they expect to maintain themselves at the head of affairs, by declaring a monopoly of spoliation in their own favour, and letting the edge of the scimitar descend on all who attempt to imitate their example? Their conduct is inexplicable; but its tendency is apparent: it will dash themselves from the perilous heights of power, and deliver over the divided nation to a reckless faction, who will at once overwhelm it by the horrors of Revolution

THE LAY-FIGURE.

A PAINTER'S STORY.

"No chance of the steam-boat sailing to-night, gentlemen," said the landlord of the Crown Inn at Dover, as he entered the room where I and another traveller were seated, waiting for a passage to France. "The wind blows right off Calais, and there is a surf on the pier half as high as Shakspeare's cliff."

It was about four o'clock of an afternoon in the end of autumn. The sun, which in the early part of the day had made some feeble attempts to look out, had fairly gone down, as if he had given up the attempt in despair; and the appearance of things without, as the evening closed in, gave promise of a tempestuous night. I cannot say, therefore, that the communication of the landlord was altogether an unwelcome one, for the prospect of passing a night on the Channel in such weather, instead of sleeping comfortably on terra firma, was any thing but inviting. My companion on the *extreme gauche* side of the fire, seemed to be much of the same way of thinking. We had hitherto been sitting in that unsocial mood in which Englishmen are apt to indulge when they think they are only likely to be subjected to one another's company for a short time, and therefore eschew every superfluous observation, and determine not even to hazard a remark on the state of the weather, except upon sure grounds. But the announcement of our imprisonment for the evening, and the consequent necessity of making the most of each other during that period, went far towards breaking the ice between us. My companion, after an enquiring glance at me, ventured to suggest that the landlord should be instructed to get dinner ready as soon as possible, and that a bottle or two of his best port might be found of essential advantage in promoting the harmony of the evening. I myself, not less "on hospitable thoughts intent," immediately assented; and the landlord, without waiting for further orders, disappeared.

Dinner came at last, and went. It was such as might have been expected from the short time we had allowed for its preparation; for a poem may be extemporized, but not a dinner. We were too hungry, however, to be critical, and the productions of our host of the Crown, though tolerably cut up, were, on the whole, favourably received.

As the waiter removed dinner, and placed before me a bottle of very tolerable port, I had leisure to look a little more particularly at my opposite neighbour. He seemed to be about thirty; tall, dressed in black; with an intelligent and good-humoured countenance. I observed he had laid upon one of the chairs a large portfolio, carefully secured from the weather by a leather covering. I set him down at once for an artist.

I am fond of painting myself, and have always delighted in the society of artists, that is, of such as are enthusiasts in their profession, and not mere mechanical labourers for bread. It is a striking and attractive spectacle to see a young man, perhaps contending in a garret with the actual miseries of poverty, yet pursuing his art with the fond conviction that for all these privations he is yet to be recompensed; bating no jot of heart and hope, while every thing looks gloomy about him, and perceiving in the dim perspective of life, glimpses of comfort, and visions of future fame, where another person sees nothing but clouds and thick darkness. This sanguine and hopeful temperament communicates its influence to their conversation, and imparts to it in general a warm and genial tone, a freshness and openness, which are seldom met with in the more ordinary intercourse of society.

I soon found I was right in my conjecture. He was a painter, and had travelled a good deal on the Continent. We talked of "the Pyrenean and the river Po,"—the Rhine, the Tyrol, Switzerland, with all of which my companion appeared familiar. He told me, that as his health

had not been good during the last year, he was now on his way to Rome, where he intended to pass the winter, and, if possible, to unite improvement in health with improvement in his art. I ventured at last to ask if I might be allowed a glance at his portfolio, which he at once produced.

I was much struck with some of his sketches, both in history and landscape. They displayed great freedom of hand and a liveliness of imagination, which seemed only to require a longer familiarity with classical models to restrain its excesses, and to give a greater sobriety of effect both to his drawing and colouring. They might be called, to use the technical phrase, a little *flut-tery*, not unlike De Louthembourg's or Fuseli's. I told my companion candidly what I thought of them, and he took it with more good humour than might have been expected.

As I was lifting the edges of the leather cover, in order to shut up the portfolio, a sketch dropped out, the singularity of which attracted my attention. It was quite unfinished, as if the artist had been suddenly interrupted in his work, and represented a skeleton head rising above what seemed to be a human body, the arms of which appeared extended in a threatening attitude. Over the whole figure, with the exception of the face, was thrown a loose white drapery, descending in large folds, like the figure of Samuel in Salvator's picture of the Witch of Endor.

The Painter coloured a little as I inquired what scene this sketch was intended to represent. "I have no conception," said he, after a pause, "how that sketch happened to be put up with the others. The truth is, I have not looked at it for nearly ten years; and the remembrance with which it is connected is not of so pleasant a nature, that I should be anxious to recall it to my recollection." He saw that my curiosity was roused, and went on. "Since the subject has been alluded to, however, you shall hear the history of the sketch, though I am aware, that in doing so, I shall very probably expose myself to ridicule. I assured

him he had nothing to fear on that head; so filling out another glass of wine, as if to prepare himself for the effort, he proceeded:—

"I am not a very rich man now, Heaven knows, but I was poorer still when I came up to London from the country some ten years ago. I had long been convinced that if I was not allowed to be a painter, I should never be any thing else; and whatever may have been the case as to the former alternative, certain it is I have kept my word as to the latter. I reached London with my only suit of clothes on my back, my sketch-book in my hand, twenty pounds, the gift of an uncle, in my pocket, half-a-dozen shirts, and about a dozen daubings in oil and water-colours, in my trunk. I smile now when I recollect what preposterous performances they were, but at the time, I remember well, I looked upon them as perfectly unique, and never doubted that in them, like Fortunatus's purse, I possessed a never-failing source of income.

"My first object, which I looked upon as a very simple matter indeed, was to obtain admission as a pupil to the Royal Academy. By the kindness of the clergyman of my native place, himself a tolerable amateur artist, I had been provided with letters of introduction to some persons of influence in the Academy; and confident in my introductions, and in the possession of those invaluable treasures which adorned my portfolio, I marched up to the trial at Somerset-house, with all the assurance which the union of vanity and ignorance could inspire. Conceive my astonishment and dismay when my drawings were handed back to me with the observation, that though not without talent, they did not indicate that progress in the art which would justify my admission as a pupil.

"At first the shock which my pride had received almost unnerved me; but the spirits of youth are elastic. Gradually I began to think of the matter with more calmness, and determining to shame the fools who had thus attempted to suppress my rising genius, I walked with my portfolio under my arm towards the Strand, where the print-sellers most do con-

gregate, resolved to throw myself on the liberality of a discerning public.

"I thought I saw a smile on Mr Ackermann's face as he looked over my collection, and observed the prices which I had ostentatiously emblazoned in pencil on the corners. He said nothing, however, but opening a portfolio which lay on the counter, he laid before me a number of drawings by the first artists in London, which even my optics, disordered as they were by vanity, could not fail to perceive were infinitely superior to any thing I could yet hope to produce. 'The best of these, young gentleman,' said he, 'we sell at about half the price you put upon yours.'

"I walked away without saying a word. My eyes were opened to my own defects, in comparison with the superiority of the rivals with whom I had to contend, and to the bleakness of my prospects; but I saw not how I was to cure the former, or to improve the latter. As I passed a print shop in Fleet Street, on my way home to my solitary lodging near the Temple Garden, I turned almost mechanically towards the window. It was crowded with engravings from Laurence's portraits, West's historical pieces, and Turner's Landscapes; and some etchings by Callot lay in the corner. I had never before seen any of this artist's works; and I was strangely fascinated by the grotesque horrors of those strange exhibitions of diablerie, in which the Fleming has displayed his wonderful powers of drawing and composition, and the wild and ghastly fertility of his imagination. Another spectator seemed to be not less attracted than myself; for I had found him gazing at them when I came up, and when I turned to go, he was still lingering over them, as if bound by some of those spells which they represented. Curiosity induced me to give a glance towards him. It was my old school-fellow and tellow draftsman, Walter Chesterton, who had come up to London for the purpose of pursuing his studies in the art, about two years before.

"He recognised me the instant I laid my hand upon his shoulder. My

heart was opened by the recollection of our old acquaintance, and by the want I felt of consolation and advice, so I poured out to him—not my plans, for I had none—but the whole history of my hopes and disappointments. He entered into my feelings with much warmth and cordiality. 'Your history,' said he, 'is that of most young artists from the country. I will not flatter you so far as to say, your chance is great, or your prospects very inviting. I believe you have a very considerable turn for drawing; but nothing but severe and regular study can ever enable you to turn it to account. You must give up all thoughts of taking the Town by storm, and submit to a steady course of professional study and application. In time, I have no doubt, you will do well; that is, as well as any of us,' added he, smiling. 'But come home and dine with me in the meantime, and we shall talk the matter over more leisurely.'

"Chesterton's lodgings were situated in one of the narrow streets running off from the Strand towards the river. The windows of his room looked out on the broad and majestic Thames, on the surface of which, the shadows of the tall buildings of Southwark, projected far out upon the stream by the almost horizontal rays of a November sun, lay dark and gloomy. The declining light, reddened by the frost fog which had begun to ascend, streamed faintly into a large and comfortably furnished apartment, crowded with portfolios, panels, painting implements, sketches, fragments of armour, dresses, and all the usual litter of a painter's study. On the easel was a half-finished sketch, which excited my attention. No figure was visible in it, yet I have seldom seen a painting which told more impressively a story of terror. The scene represented a bed-room, in which the only light visible was from a lamp, which seemed to have been overturned, and lay expiring on the floor. Its flickering ray fell on some glittering object, which seemed either a knife or a dagger; a lady's slipper, stained with blood, lay on the carpet. Behind, upon a bed, appeared extended some vague shadowy indefinite heap, to which the fancy could

not give either a figure or a name. A door into the room stood half opened on the right, at which the foot, and part of the leg, of a man were visible, as if leaving the apartment.

"I have been trying an experiment," said Chesterton, "with this sketch. I have always been of opinion, that we paint too much to the eye, and too little to the imagination, and that a more powerful effect might often be produced by indicating, rather than fully expressing, the idea intended to be conveyed. Fuseli understood this subject pretty well, but he could not resist the temptation of parading his anatomical knowledge, and power of drawing; so he has too often, in his treatment of subjects of a terrible or supernatural cast, ruined his effects, by crowding his canvass with figures, or attempting to embody, in visible outline, what should have been left in the palpable obscure of the imagination. It is the same thing with those etchings of Callot. Indistinctness is the true source of supernatural terror;—there can be no diablerie in daylight, and those hags and demons of his, which, palled in vapour or clouds, might have been solemn and impressive, seem only crazed old women of bedlam, when brought forward into the fore-ground, and lighted up with those trumpery sulphureous flames, and the other pyrotechnic contrivances of the lower world."

"While he was speaking, I happened to cast my eyes towards the corner of the room, which was gradually becoming dusky, the sun having now dipped behind the patent-shot manufactory on the opposite side of the river. I started;—for a figure, enveloped in a white mantle, seemed to be stretching out its hands towards me from the gloom.

"Don't be afraid," said my friend, smiling, as he saw me draw back, "it is only my lay-figure, from which I had been sketching this morning, before we met, for a picture of the apparition in the tent of Brutus. By the bye," he continued, stepping up to the figure, and removing the large cloth which had been thrown over its limbs, "I am rather proud of this figure, for it is mainly my own work. A lay-figure, of the best sort, as you

will learn when you come to purchase one, is rather expensive; and as you know I have a tolerable turn for mechanics, it occurred to me that I might manage matters at a cheaper rate. I applied to a young medical friend of mine to procure me a skeleton in good condition—fit to keep, as the advertisements have it, in any climate—which he did. How, or where he got it, I did not then enquire—I conjectured from some resurrectionist or other, for he was hand in glove with all those fellows,—but so it was, it was as fresh and complete, and the bones as sound, as if it had never smelt cold earth at all. Perhaps, as Hamlet says, the man may have been a tanner. No matter; with the assistance of a few springs and wires at the shoulders, elbows, and knees, I soon found I could make it assume any position I might require, just as well, if not better, than nine out of ten of the artificial figures to be found in the shops. I have covered its nakedness, as you see, with very decent raiment from my old wardrobe;—and as the hollow of the skull used to look somewhat grinning and gloomy upon me in sketching by candle-light, I shaded them with an old mask, and a superannuated periwig of my father's, which by some accident had dropped into any trunk. The only thing that annoys me, is, that the skull seems to have a strange leaning to one side, as if the owner had had a crick in his neck while alive. I have done all I could to correct this propensity, but I fear I shall not get quit of it entirely without breaking the collar bone on both sides, which I am rather unwilling to do."

"So saying, he removed the mask and wig, and shewed me a bare and bleached skull, rising above the stuffed doublet, which he had wound round the rest of the figure. I could see distinctly enough, as he pointed it out to me, the visible leaning of the head to the right. The white scalp rising over the hollow eyes and gaping jaws below, formed a most singular contrast to the faded garb, apparently the poor remains of a surtout, in which the body, or rather the bones of the figure were enveloped; it looked like death in masquerade, and produced a mixer¹ expression, at once ludicrous and hideous. View-

ing the figure, as I did, for the first time, and by the uncertain and wavering light, I must confess, that in my mind the latter emotion predominated.

" 'It is really too bad,' said I stepping back, as Chesterton, pressing one of his springs, made the hands rise into the air, somewhat in the style of the Millennial orator of the Caledonian chapel, 'it is really too bad to allow these poor bones no rest, either in life or death. I dare say, their unfortunate owner, whoever he was, little expected that after his labours on earth, he was not even to be allowed to sleep in his grave, but was still to be turned to account, and forced to play Pulcinello in a painter's study.'

"I cannot say I was sorry when the entrance of dinner and candles put a stop to our contemplations. My friend replaced the mask and wig, threw the cloak over the figure again, and we took our seats at the table.

"Our conversation was long and earnest. Chesterton, who, in his two years' sojourn in London, had studied both the world and his own art thoroughly, poured out without reserve the results of his studies. He examined my sketches carefully, pointed out with candour and discrimination their merits and defects, suggested the course of study I ought to pursue, and warned me of the many obstacles I should have to contend with, in my own overweening confidence, or the self-love and jealousy of my competitors. As I listened to his strong and forcible observations, I felt myself becoming a humbler and a wiser man.

"In these discussions, sometimes enlivened, and sometimes saddened by tales of olden times, and school-boy recollections; of friends who had already closed a brief career on earth, and slept, some under the burning skies of India, some beneath the snows of the Pole, some under the green waves of the ocean, the long November evening wore away. More than once, however, in the course of our conversation, when the candles, neglected in the earnestness of discussion, began to grow a little dim and cabbaged at the top, and the light fell dull and feeble on the farther end of the room; I could hardly refrain from starting, as my eye accidental-

ly rested on the lay-figure in the corner, standing as it had been left with its hands erect, and its outlines faintly discernible beneath its funeral drapery. At last it became late, and I retired to my own lodging.

"I practised steadily for two months the lessons which Chesterton had taught me. Every morning I was up by candle light, either drawing or perusing works of art. Midnight generally found me still at work drawing from the antique, for my friend's kindness had supplied me with the use of all his casts and models. I used to visit him at his lodgings almost every day—we drew, dined, and occasionally visited the theatre in company. I began to be sensible of my own progress; my taste and power of execution were visibly improving, and I now awaited, no longer with presumptuous confidence, yet with good hopes of success, the arrival of the next competition for admission of a pupil of the Academy.

"The day arrived at last, and with a beating heart I presented myself and my sketches. The gentleman who had communicated my doom on the last occasion, was also the spokesman on this. 'These drawings,' said he, 'are very different from the last. They display traces of correct and systematic study, as well as more facility of execution. To-morrow you will be admitted as a pupil.'

"I knew only one of the young men who had the good fortune to be admitted along with me. His name was Gifford, and I had met him more than once in Chesterton's study. He was an able draftsman, but his vivacity of manner was somewhat too boisterous to render his society in general acceptable to me. On this occasion, however, my spirits were more than usually elevated, and on his proposing that we should adjourn to dine at a neighbouring coffee-house, and celebrate our success over a bottle of wine, I consented without much hesitation.

"The evening passed, as might be expected, gaily. Labours past, difficulties vanquished, hopes to come, supplied us with ample materials for conversation. Each probably saw himself, (though we had the modesty to disguise our anticipations) fi-

guring, in a few years, among those privileged members of the Academy, whose condition then appeared to us the most enviable in existence. We chatted, we sung, the stipulated bottle was succeeded by another. It was past eleven, in short, before we parted close to Temple-Bar.

"You wonder, perhaps, what our dinner party had to do with the subject of your question; you shall hear, for I am approaching the singular part of my story.

"The night was fine, and as I was so near to Chesterton's residence, the thought occurred to me, that I would call on him, and communicate in person the news of my success, in which I knew he would be warmly interested. I knocked at his door, but was told he dined that day in the west end of the town, and had not yet returned. Being, however, by this time on terms of tolerable intimacy with his landlady, I told her I would step up to his room and wait his return. The candles were on the table unlighted; the fire in the grate burnt briskly, illuminating the apartment with a cheerful gleam. 'You need not light the candles,' said I, 'I like to sit by the fire, and Chesterton, I have no doubt, will be here immediately.'

"I sat down by the fire, watching the strange forms and combinations, into which the shadows of the chairs, easels, and casts, were thrown upon the walls and roof. The arm of a Hercules, like the mast of some tall admiral, would be seen traversing the ceiling to clasp the leg of a Venus, which seemed swollen to the proportions of the Colossus of Rhodes; while a Montero cap belonging to my friend, suspended on the top of the easel, looked on the wall like the gigantic helmet in the Castle of Otranto. As the fire grew lower, and the shadows less distinct, I began to pore into the grate, and to image forth castles, human forms, and chimeras dire from among the glowing embers. Sometimes a wild looking head would brighten into light in the midst of a dark mass, and grin horribly for a moment over some castellated mass in the coals; then the jaws would quiver and drop off, the monstrous nose shrink away, a dark film would come over the eyes, and the whole changed in-

to some rocky scene or gloomy cave, through whose cloven arches the eye wandered into regions of intense light beyond, across which little airy figures seemed to flit and hover. Anon, some slender jet of flame, spouting out like a miniature volcano, from some abyss in the coals, would leap and play about for a little like an *ignis fatuus*, now flashing up, now disappearing, till at last, as if an earthquake or firequake had followed, the whole crust fell in at once, and cave and castle, temple and tower, with all their inhabitants, sunk and disappeared like the shadows of a dream.

"My amusements being interrupted by this catastrophe, I rose and looked out of the window. The night was clear but cold, some stars were visible in the zenith, and the thin thread of a crescent moon was just sinking above Westminster, the dark piles of which were faintly visible to the west. It was too near to the horizon, however, to throw any light on the waters of the river, which, ebbing with the retiring tide, rolled beneath the window, black and murmuring. Here and there a light twinkling through the vague masses of shadow to the south, cast its quivering reflection on the stream. Did it indicate the abode of virtuous industry toiling late for an honourable support, or the haunt of villainy and vice; did it burn by the sick-bed of one taking leave of the world, or in the study of some midnight student, outwatching the bear, and wasting life in the hope of future fortune or fame? Who could say? yet my eye rested with pleasure on those bright and cheering mementos of human labours and human existence, which sparkled through the surrounding silence and gloom, like those ever-burning cressets, which the ancients suspended in their tombs, as if to indicate that a bright and ethereal spark survived amidst the dreary stillness and corruption of death.

"Methought, as I watched those tiny rays, and while the chimes of St Martin's were striking the third quarter past eleven, my eyes rested on some dark object which came floating towards me down the river. It resembled a boat, but the extreme indistinctness of the outline, occasioned

by the deep shadow in which the surface of the river at that point lay, prevented me from distinguishing what it contained. But as it crossed the long flickering line of light, produced by one of those lamps on the other side, I saw by the momentary eclipse of the ray on the water, that some object stood erect in the boat with an oar in its hand. It did not appear to be rowing, but allowed the boat to drift, impelled by the mere sweep of the retiring tide. It came nearer and nearer, and though I could not distinguish a single feature, I saw there were many others in the boat besides the waterman, among whom a low whispering conversation, of which nothing reached my ears, appeared to be carried on. At last the boat stopped beneath the window, the waterman looked up, put his fingers to his mouth and whistled. The sound echoed loudly on the water and died away.

"Could I be deceived? It seemed as if behind me—in the very room, the signal was repeated faintly, as if the person who answered the challenge were unable to join his lips perfectly, or as if the buccinatory muscles of the cheek had not been in working condition. The sound emitted seemed like a gust of wind rushing through an imperfectly closed window. My eyes involuntarily travelled towards that part of the room from which the sound had appeared to come. The fire, refreshed by a late supply, had again revived sufficiently to enable me to see distinctly enough every object in the apartment. All was profoundly still. In the corner to which I looked, stood the lay-figure, still covered with its cloth, motionless as a statue. It seemed to be precisely in the position I had last seen it, with its arms a little elevated, though I could not distinctly trace through the superincumbent drapery, the precise situation of its hand. I felt ashamed of my momentary weakness; I turned again to the window, but the boat on the river was gone.

"Meantime, the appearance of the night had changed. The moon was down, the wind blew colder from the water, stirring up the fire in fitful gusts, and some heavy rain-drops which pattered upon my face, announcing an approaching storm, ob-

liged me to close the window. I felt somewhat uneasy at the prospect of being detained by the rain, but trusting that, from its suddenness, it would soon pass over, and that it would, in all probability, accelerate Chesterton's return, I drew my chair close to the table, and endeavoured to amuse myself during the interval in the best way I could. 'I will try my hand on an apparition scene myself,' said I—'this is the very moment for inspiration;'—so lighting the candles, and taking a portcrayon and a sheet of paper from the adjoining table, I brought out the lay-figure from its corner, placed it in the attitude I required, and began to draw.

"It was the very sketch which, a little while ago, attracted your attention. I had succeeded, as I thought, pretty fairly in catching the general outline, and had begun to mark in a little the shadows of the head, when twelve began to strike upon the great bell of St Paul's. It seemed to me as if at the first stroke the drapery of my model was a little agitated, but seeing that the wind was roaring down the chimney in sudden gusts, and filling the room at times with smoke, I attributed the movement to a passing current of air. Conceive my astonishment, however, when, as the last stroke still vibrated on the tongue of the bell, the figure laid aside the white cloth with which it was covered, hung it carefully over a screen, took down my friend's Montero cap from the top of the easel, placed it on its head, and, bowing to me with great gravity, as if apologizing for being under the necessity of interrupting my studies, walked slowly out of the door, and disappeared.

"I have some difficulty, at this distance of time, in recalling to mind the precise effect which this singular apparition produced upon me; indeed, my sensations at the moment must have been blended and confused, yet, so far as I can remember, my feelings were actually more of astonishment than of terror. My eyes dazzled as the creature rose and put on its cap; I sat petrified for an instant, while it stalked across the room, and I could hear distinctly the beating of my heart against my ribs. But this soon vanished; perhaps the wine I had drunk may

have steadied my nerves a little, perhaps the very suddenness with which the whole scene had passed before me, left me no time to be fully sensible of its terrors. But so it was. As I heard the street door close, I rose from my chair; an irresistible force seemed to impel me forth in pursuit of the figure;—I determined to see where this midnight pilgrimage was to end, and seizing my hat, which lay beside me on the table, I hurried down stairs, as if under the influence of some overpowering dream.

"When I reached the street, I could just, by the dim light, discern the figure as it strode along, about twenty yards before me. There was nobody moving in the street, save the phantom and myself, yet it stole cautiously along by the walls, with all the retiring modesty of a footpad. I was able, however, to trace its progress all along by the glauce of the lamps upon the scarlet cap as it passed, and a certain rusty and creaking sound which accompanied its movements, as if the joints did not play with all the facility it could have wished.

"It made towards the north, avoiding the more public streets, and threading the by-lanes and dark alleys with the dexterity of a hackney coachman. Occasionally some passenger, attracted by the uncouth appearance of its head-dress, would stare at it for a moment as it stalked past him; a watchman, as we turned the corner of Covent-Garden market, misled by the strange creaking and rattling of its limbs, sprung his rattle, and began to call out fire; and one of the new police of the B Division, catching a glimpse of its mask, made a blow at it as we plunged into the gloomy region of the Seven Dials. I saw him start, however, and recoil with precipitation, when he heard the sound which followed the stroke. It was exactly as if he had smashed a shelf of crockery ware in a potter's shop.

"Meantime, the figure kept on its way, still gliding closely by the eaves, and now and then eyeing, with a cautious glance, the occasional passengers whom we encountered in those nameless streets. Once, indeed, I thought,—though it may have been fancy,—that I saw the creature

plunge its hand into the pocket of a man, who came reeling along the pavement, probably returning from some haunt of vice or infamy. But it drew it out again immediately, shook its head with a melancholy gesture, and resumed its way.

"I had now lost all notion in what part of London we were, or in what direction we were steering, so dark and tempestuous grew the night, so intricate and perplexed the alleys and courts though which we dived. The lamps, with the exception here and there of one more sheltered from the wind and driving rain, were extinguished by the storm. I saw enough, however, to perceive that we were travelling the lowest haunts of depravity, the very ninth circle of the London Inferno. The sights and sounds were precisely those which the gloomy pencil of Dante has accumulated, even to the 'sound of hands together smote,' though here, to be sure, they were smote in pugilistic conflict, rather than remorse. Often from cellars, which seemed to yawn under the pavement, like so many entrances to the lower regions, would ascend the roar of drunken revelry, or obscene song, the most fearful execrations from voices, male and female, the noise of subterranean scuffles, groans, and cries for help; while, ever and anon, our path would be crossed by some loathsome victim of vice, staggering towards her home, or laying her houseless head in some doorway or passage for the night. I knew not what to make of the conduct of my skeleton guide. As he passed the door of some of those fearful recesses from whence the sounds proceeded, he would pause, look wistfully down the trap stairs which gave access to those lower deeps, as if anxious to join their inmates, then as if some secret and superior force, powerful as the New Police itself, impelled him forward, he set his joints in order, and 'moved on.'

"At length even these sad tokens of human existence and crime disappeared. The streets seemed to widen, the houses to grow larger. Through the heavy rain which still fell, I thought I could occasionally perceive vacancies in the line of houses, as if we were approaching the country. The want of the lamps,

however, rendered it impossible for me to recognise the spot on which we were. At last the roaring of the wind in the branches of a tree, which seemed to grow close to the pavement, convinced me that we must have approached the suburbs of London. The figure now appeared to be moving towards one solitary lamp a little a-head of us, which, like the last lamp of winter, stood burning alone, after the extinction of its companions. He reached it and stopped. When I came within a yard or two, I did the same.

"At that moment another whistle, which seemed the very counterpart of what I had heard from the waterman on the river, echoed shrilly as if by my side. The creature started, turned round, and making me a low bow as if to thank me for my escort, it put into my hands the Montero cap, with a gesture expressive of gratitude for the temporary accommodation it had afforded to its cranium. The signal was repeated as if with impatience; and putting its hand in a significant way round its left ear, like a man adjusting his cravat, it gave a strange gambol with its legs as if commencing a *pas seul*, and disappeared.

"A gust of wind coming howling from the west, at the same time extinguished the lamp, and left me in utter darkness. I knew not to which side I ought to turn, in order to regain my lodgings. I could not venture to stir from the spot, lest I should break my neck over some unknown obstruction, or drop 'plump down,' into some of those subterranean hells I had witnessed in passing. To my inexpressible relief, however, I saw a light approaching from the opposite side. It was the watchman.

"'Where in heaven's name am I?' said I, as the watchman, after turning the light of his lantern on my countenance, and satisfying himself that I was no thief but a true man, offered to assist me homeward. 'What strange quarter of the town is this?'

"'This?' said the watchman; 'why, this is Tyburn Turnpike, and that there stone you see under that lamp, as was blown out just as I came up, is the old place where the gallows used to stand.'

"I knew not exactly what followed. I have an indistinct recollection, as if the unnatural state of excitation, which had hitherto kept me up, failed me at this moment, and I sank down without further consciousness. When I came to myself, I was lying on Chesterton's bed, the bright beams of a morning sun in February were beginning to illuminate the apartment, and in a chair by the fireside, I saw my friend reading the *Morning Post*, and waiting seemingly with some anxiety for breakfast. I rubbed my eyes and sat up. The first thing I saw was the Montero cap, placed as it had been the evening before, on the top of the easel, and in the corner stood the lay-figure in its usual position, looking as innocent as possible of its street-walking gambols of the preceding night.

"'My dear fellow,' said Chesterton, rising and coming up to my bedside, 'I am glad to see you have come to your senses again. You must have been conspicuously drunk last night. I was very late in returning to my lodgings, and when I came in then, you were at full length on the floor. I could not think of sending you home in such a tempest; so, without taking off your clothes, I put you into bed, and you have never opened your eyes till this moment.'

"'My clothes,' said I, 'why, they must have been wet through with the rain of last night.'

"'Not a stitch of them,' said Chesterton. 'But how, pray, should they be wet? Though you moistened your clay pretty well, there was no occasion for moistening your coat too.'

"It was with some difficulty I could bring myself to communicate to Chesterton the strange adventure of the night; but seeing that he was determined to set down the whole affair to the score of intoxication, a point on which I felt a little sore, I thought I was bound, in justice to myself, to set him right in this particular. I began, and he listened at first with an incredulous smile, but his interest increased as the narrative proceeded; the smile was succeeded by an air of deep attention, till at last, as I described the disappearance of the figure and the spot where it happened, he looked at me

gravely for some time, and remained silent.

"'It is singular,' said he, after a pause, 'singular enough. Yesterday, I dined with the medical friend from whom I procured the skeleton for my lay-figure. The conversation happening to turn on anatomical subjects, I pressed him to tell me where he had got it, when at last he owned it was the skeleton of a criminal who had been executed at Tyburn many years ago, and which had for a long time ornamented the dissecting room at Grey's Hospital. It had been sold along with some other medical preparations, of which they happened to have duplicates, and had in this way fallen into his hands. The coincidence, however, with this ghastly dream of yours, for such of course it must have been, is remarkable enough.'

"I said no more on the subject. I

would fain have endeavoured to think the whole a dream; but a feeling of awe and painful recollection came over me as I looked at the figure, which even the bright and sunny morning, and the cheerful sights and sounds of day, did not enable me to overcome. I have an idea that my friend, though he did not own it, had something of the same feeling; for a few days afterwards, when I visited his apartment, I looked in vain for the companion of my midnight walk. It was gone, and from that day to this I have heard no more of the lay-figure. I had, in fact, almost forgotten the whole phantasmagoria, when that unlucky sketch, which, please Heaven, I shall burn before going to bed, recalled the scene to my recollection. But the bottle's out, I see—shall we ring for another?"

LINEs ON A THRUSH CONFINED IN A CAGE NEAR THE SEA.

BY LADY EMMELINE STUART WORTLEY.

Poor solitary—melancholy thing!
 How heavily droops thy long-unpractised wing—
 Far from the golden-fruited scented woods—
 Far from the chainless joy of founts and floods
 Exiled for ever—from thy haunts of old,
 Where gleamed the leaves from the tree's ivy-fold,
 Where thy notes pierced the richly-flowering branches—
 Sweet as the tone some breeze-swept harp-string launches
 Upon the ravish'd and bewilder'd ear!
 But here, disconsolate, joyless, captive! here
 No golden-fruited woods spread wide around—
 No coloured moss robes royally the ground—
 No violet tufts enrich the passing breeze—
 No tender shadows fall from clustering trees—
 For thee awakes no tone of kindred glee,
 No sweet companion's answering minstrelsy!
 Nought but the melancholy-sounding sea,
 The many-cadenced, ever mournful main,
 Thou hearest!—till thy once exulting strain
 Is changed and saddened with a dreamy tone,
 Wild as the sea-shells' undistinguished moan—
 As though those sea-shells, with vain mysteries fill'd,
 Had fitfully and plaintively instill'd
 Their soul of mournfulness through thy clear lay!
 That *thou*—the Child of Spring, and Light, and Day,
 Should bear the chain!—Oh, could my hand restore thee
 To that blest haunt where green leaves trembled o'er thee,
 Thou shouldst not, lingering by the cold, cold wave—
 That can but offer thee a welcome grave—
 Mourn thy sick heart away!—but once again
 Send through the echoing woods thy rapturous strain,
 Free, and forgetful of the cage and chain!

FEMALE CHARACTERS OF SCRIPTURE.

A SERIES OF SONNETS. BY MRS HEMANS.

Your tents are desolate ; your stately steps,
Of all their choral dances have not left
One trace be-side the fountains : your full cup
Of gladness, and of trembling, each alike
Is broken : Yet, amidst undying things,
The mind still keeps your loveliness, and still
All the fresh glories of the early world
Hang round you in the spirit's pictured halls,
Never to change !

INVOCATION.

As the tired voyager on stormy seas
Invokes the coming of bright birds from shore,
To waft him tidings, with the gentler breeze,
Of dim sweet woods that hear no billows roar :
So from the depth of days, when Earth yet wore
Her solemn beauty, and primeval dew,
I call you, gracious forms ! Oh ! come, restore
Awhile that holy freshness, and renew
Life's morning dreams. Come with the voice, the lyre,
Daughters of Judah ! with the timbrel rise !
Ye of the dark prophetic eastern eyes,
Imperial in their visionary fire ;
Oh ! steep my soul in that old glorious time,
When God's own whisper shook the cedars of your clime !

INVOCATION CONTINUED.

And come, ye faithful ! round Messiah seen,
With a soft harmony of tears and light
Streaming through all your spiritual mien,
As in calm clouds of pearly stillness bright
Showers weave with sunshine, and transpierce their slight
Ethereal cradle.—From *your* heart subdued
All haughty dreams of Power had wing'd their flight,
And left high place for Martyr-fortitude,
True Faith, long-suffering Love.—Come to me, come !
And, as the seas beneath your Master's tread
Fell into crystal smoothness, round him spread
Like the clear pavement of his heavenly home ;
So in your presence, let the Soul's great deep
Sink to the gentleness of infant sleep.

THE SONG OF MIRIAM.

A SONG for Israel's God !—Spear, crest, and helm,
Lay by the billows of the old Red Sea,
When Miriam's voice o'er that sepulchral realm
Sent on the blast a hymn of jubilee ;

With her lit eye, and long hair floating free,
Queen-like she stood, and glorious was the strain,
Ev'n as instinct with the tempestuous glee
Of the dark waters, tossing o'er the slain.

A song for God's own Victory !—Oh, thy lays,
Bright Poesy ! were holy in their birth :—
How hath it died, thy seraph note of praise,
In the bewildering melodies of Earth !
Return from troubling bitter founts ; return
Back to the life-springs of thy native urn !

RUTH.

The plume-like swaying of the auburn corn,
 By soft winds to a dreamy motion fann'd,
 Still brings me back thine image—Oh! forlorn,
 Yet not forsaken, Ruth!—I see thee stand
 Lone, midst the gladness of the harvest-band,—
 Lone as a wood-bird on the ocean's foam,
 Fall'n in its weariness. Thy fatherland
 Smiles far away! yet to the Sense of Home,
 That finest, purest, which can recognise
 Home in affection's glance, for ever true
 Beats thy calm heart; and if thy gentle eyes
 Glean tremulous through tears, 'tis not to rue
 Those words, immortal in their deep Love's tone,
 "*Thy people and thy God shall be mine own!*"

THE VIGIL OF RIZPAH.

"And Rizpah, the daughter of Aiah, took sackcloth, and spread it for her upon the rock, from the beginning of harvest, until water dropped upon them out of heaven; and suffered neither the birds of the air to rest on them by day, nor the beasts of the field by night."—2 Sam. xxi. 10.

Who watches on the mountain with the dead,
 Alone before the awfulness of night?
 —A Seer awaiting the deep Spirit's might?
 A Warrior guarding some dark pass of dread?

No, a lone Woman!—On her drooping head,
 Once proudly graceful, heavy beats the rain;
 She recks not,—living for the unburied slain,
 Only to scare the vulture from their bed.

So, night by night, her vigil hath she kept
 With the pale stars, and with the dews hath wept;—
 Oh! surely some bright Presence from above
 On those wild rocks the lonely one must aid!—
 E'en so; a strengthener through all storm and shade,
 Th' unconquerable Angel, mightiest Love!

THE REPLY OF THE SHUNAMITE WOMAN.

"And she answered, I dwell among mine own people."—2 Kings, iv. 13.

"I dwell among mine own,"—Oh! happy thou!
 Not for the sunny clusters of the vine,
 Nor for the olives on the mountain's brow;
 Nor the rocks wandering by the flowery line
 Of streams, that make the green land where they shine
 Laugh to the light of waters:—not for these,
 Nor the soft shadow of ancestral trees,
 Whose kindly whisper floats o'er thee and thine;
 Oh! not for *these* I call thee richly blest,
 But for the meekness of thy woman's breast,
 Where that sweet depth of still contentment lies:
 And for thy holy household love, which clings
 Unto all ancient and familiar things,
 Weaving from each some link for Home's dear Charities.

LYRICS OF THE EAST. BY MRS GODWIN.

No. V.

DYING REQUEST OF A HINDU GIRL.

KEEP, dear friends, when I am dead,
 And green moss above my head,
 Cherish with your tender care
 My fond birds and blossoms fair.
 Mother, father, sisters three,
 Cherish them for love of me.

Azla, for my spotted fawn,
 Gather leaves at early dawn :
 Anasûya, in thy breast,
 Let my playful lorie rest.
 Gently round my lonely bower,
 Train you Camalata flower.

Mora, to thy care I leave
 Flowers that shed their sweets at eve,
 And all timid birds that tune
 Melodies beneath the moon.
 Thou, sweet sister, art like them,
 Born the pensive shades to gem.

Keep, my friends, when I'm no more,
 In your hearts the looks I wore ;
 Let my memory haunt these bowers,
 Shrined in birds and fragrant flowers,—
 Mother, sisters, sire, to you
 Amra breathes a last adieu.

No. VI.

THE RUINED FOUNTAIN.

Flow on, limpid fountain, though deserts surround thee,
 Thy waters sweet melody have ;
 Though the weeds of neglect in their cold arms have bound thee,
 And birds dip their wings in thy wave.

Thy marble so bright through the dank moss betrayeth
 A gleam of thy destiny gone,
 But the clear wave hath ruin'd the urn where it playeth,
 And still in its glory rolls on.

It may be, thy music, in ages departed,
 The proud Courts of royalty cheer'd,
 While shapes of the lovely, the brave, the light-hearted,
 All glass'd in thy waters appear'd.

But now, of the grandeur that was, not a token
 Remains to adorn thy decay ;
 Like a wreath of wan vapour the breeze hath just broken,
 The vision hath melted away.

Thou only art spared, even as virtue endureth,
 When pride, wealth, and beauty decline,
 For the life that dwells deep in thy centre ensareth
 A power that for aye shall be thine.

Lone fount of the wilderness ! broken and slighted !
 Thou teem'st with adversity's lore !
 Oh ! how many like me in thy flow have delighted,
 Whose eyes may behold thee no more !

MY GRAVE.

FAR from the city's ceaseless hum,
 Hither let my relics come ;—
 Lowly and lonely be my grave,
 Fast by this streamlet's oozing wave,
 Still to the gentle angler dear,
 And heaven's fair face reflecting clear.
 No rank luxuriance from the dead
 Draw the green turf above my head,
 But cowslips, here and there, be found,
 Sweet natives of the hallowed ground,
 Diffusing Nature's incense round!
 Kindly sloping to the sun,
 When his course is nearly run,
 Let it catch his farewell beams,
 Brief and pale, as best be seems ;
 But let the melancholy yew
 (Still to the cemetery true)
 Defend it from his noonday ray,
 Debarring visitant so gay ;
 And when the robin's fitful song
 Is hush'd the darkling boughs among,
 There let the spirit of the wind
 A Heaven-rear'd tabernacle find
 To warble wild a vesper hymn,
 To soothe my shade at twilight dim !
 Seldom let feet of man be there
 Save bending towards the house of prayer ;
 Few human sounds disturb the calm,
 Save words of grace or solemn psalm !
 Yet would I not my humble tomb
 Should wear an uninviting gloom,
 As if there seem'd to hover near,
 In fancy's ken, a thing of fear ;
 And view'd with superstitious awe,
 Be duly shunn'd, and scarcely draw
 The sidelong glance of passer by,
 As haunt of sprite with blasting eye ;
 Or noted be by some sad token,
 Bearing a name in whispers spoken !
 No !—let the thoughtful schoolboy stray
 Far from his giddy mates at play,
 My secret place of rest explore,
 There pore on page of classic lore :—
 Thither let hoary men of age
 Perform a pensive pilgrimage,
 And think, as o'er my turf they bend,
 It woos them to their welcome end :
 And let the woe-worn wand'ring one,
 Blind to the rays of reason's sun,
 Thither his weary way incline,
 There catch a gleam of light divine ;
 But, chiefly, let the friend sincere
 There drop a tributary tear,
 There pause, in musing mood, and all
 Our bygone hours of bliss recall ;
 Delightful hours ! too fleetly flown !
 By the heart's pulses only known !

R****Y.

EDMUND BURKE.

PART II.

THE death of George II., in 1760, closed one of the most successful reigns of England. At home, the popularity of the Stuarts, first broken down on the field of battle, had been extinguished on the scaffold; abroad, the continental hostilities, often threatening the overthrow of British influence, had closed in a series of encounters which gave the last honours to the British military name. The capture of Calcutta by Clive, in 1757, had laid the foundations of an empire in India. The successes of Amherst and Johnson at Crown-Point and Niagara, followed by the capture of Québec in 1759, had completed the conquest of Canada, and laid, in a country almost boundless, the foundations of a western empire. To complete the picture of triumph, the victory of Hawke in Quiberon Bay, had destroyed the chief fleet of France within sight of her own shore. In the midst of all those prospects of national prosperity, the old King suddenly died, at the age of seventy-seven, after a reign of thirty-three years. The King's character had been fitted for the time. He was a firm, temperate, and sincere man, steady to the possession of his power, but unambitious of its increase; not forgetting his natural ties to the place of his birth, but honest to the obligations of his throne,—attached to Hanover, but proud of England. History has now passed sentence upon him, and it will not be reversed by time. "On whatever side," says a narrator of his reign, "we look upon the character of George II., we shall find ample matter for just and unsuspected praise. None of his predecessors enjoyed longer felicity. His subjects were still improving under him in commerce and arts; and his own economy set a prudent example to the nation, which, however, they did not follow. He was in temper sudden and violent; but this, though it influenced his private conduct, made no change in his public, which was generally guided by reason. He was plain and direct in his inten-

tions, true to his word, steady in his favour and protection to his public servants, not parting with his Ministers till compelled by the force of faction." If to this we add, that, through his whole life, he appeared to live for the cultivation rather of useful public virtues than of splendid ones, we shall have a character which might well and worthily sustain the functions of British royalty. He might not attract popular admiration, nor be a pillow for personal friendship to repose on. He might be neither an Alfred nor a Charles II. But he might, and did, conduct manfully, with integrity, and in the spirit of the Constitution, a constitutional empire. The great Minister of his latter day was Lord Chatham—a splendid innovation on the routine of ministry. A new political star, which had shot down to give new energy to the state, and throw sudden brightness over the decaying system of the Newcastle Administration. Chatham was the Premier on the accession of George III.; but his power was not of a nature to last. His personal haughtiness had grown by success until it alienated his friends, and, finally, estranged his sovereign. A division in the Cabinet on the question of a Spanish war, shewed him that his dictatorship was at an end, and arrogantly, to be less than the embodied ministry, he threw up the seals. His successor, Lord Bute, was overthrown in his turn by three causes, each of which at other times would have led the way to fortune,—the favour of his King, the favouritism of the King's mother, and his being a Scotsman. The rapid succession of ministerial changes which, subsequently, for some years left England with but the name of a government, had the disastrous effect of teaching the people to look with scorn upon ministerial ambition. When public men trafficked alternately with the necessities of the King and the passions of the people, the nation soon learned to consider office as a trade. All revolutions are tests of character;

but a perpetual revolution, in the shape of official changes, the hourly rise and fall of public men, the violent professions of this day contrasted with the violent abjurations of the next, the lofty pledges followed by the abject compliances, the claims of the reigning Ministers to confidence mingled with the complaints of the fallen Ministers of treachery, rapidly turned the people into judges of all public men, erected a tribunal of state offences in every street, and summoning the multitude to a jurisdiction to which their reason was incompetent, left Government at the mercy of their prejudices. The general result was, to degrade all public servants in the national eye; but the immediate was, to shake the supremacy of the great families in the government of the country. Chatham himself had been an intruder on the proud aristocracy of the Cabinet. But wherever his banner waved, victory must have sat upon it; his extraordinary powers were not made to be repulsed by their frigid forms. He could not enter by the gate, but he boldly scaled the walls, and made himself master of the citadel. The King, whom he could not conciliate, he kept in awe; and the Ministry, whom he could not coerce, he held in obedience by the popular voice, which followed all his enterprises. But in his fall he completely drew down with him the veil which had hitherto covered the ministerial weakness of the great families. They struggled long to regain their ancient right to dispose of the Cabinet; but the struggle constantly became more unsuccessful; until the still greater son of that great man who had first broke in upon their privilege of possession, finished the contest, by throwing open government to men of all ranks, and making public ability the ground of official distinction.

Yet no maxim is more unquestionable, than that all change in the old principles of a country is hazardous. Nothing could seem more pregnant with good than the dismissal of antiquated feebleness for young vigour; nothing more suited to infuse a new wisdom in the national councils than the extinction of those obsolete prejudices, which found their protection only in wealth, and referred for

political virtue only to the rolls of the Heralds' College; nothing more just, natural, or congenial to the improving intelligence of the empire, than that some of that vast harvest of ability and knowledge, which was hourly growing up with the growing influence of the middle orders, should be gathered for the public use; that the hourly opening mine of public genius should be worked for the benefit of the high concerns of empire.

All would have been fortunate if the operation could have stopped here. But the almost immediate result of abolishing this patent of the great families, was to create a new and singularly hazardous influence in the State. The high aristocrats, stiff with the privileges of generations, suddenly assumed the flexibility of popular canvass. The populace in their turn hailed their new allies, and rejoiced in their familiarity with the Peerage. The extremes of society met. The old Court suit, with all its royal embroidery, was thrown off for the costume of the club and the colledgehouse; the contest for power was adjourned from the Cabinet to the streets; and the men who would have frowned down, with hereditary haughtiness, the slightest approach of the order immediately below themselves, however graced by learning and genius, sprang down at once to the lowest grade, and bound themselves to the populace by a bond which will never be dissolved, but in their own ruin. On this overthrow of the ancient patentees of power, Burke was led to write his famous pamphlet, entitled "Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontents." The public clamours which assailed Lord North's Ministry, had grown at this period (1770) to a height which threatened dangerous tumult. Burke, the friend and follower of Lord Rockingham, and involved in his exclusion, naturally imputed a large share of the clamour to the loss of his ministerial councils. But it is the characteristic and the value of his writings, that the particular topic always expands into the general instruction, and that even out of the barrenness of an eulogy on Lord Rockingham, he could raise maxims for the wisdom of mankind. He thus describes the

origin of the aristocratic *caste* in statesmanship:

"At the Revolution, the Crown, deprived, for the ends of the Revolution itself, of many prerogatives, was found too weak to struggle against all the difficulties which pressed on so new and unsettled a Government. The Court was obliged to delegate a part of its powers to men of such interest as could support, and of such fidelity as would adhere to, its establishment. This connexion, necessary at first, continued long after convenient, and, properly conducted, might indeed, in all situations, be an useful instrument of Government. At the same time, through the intervention of men of popular weight and character, the people possessed a security for their just proportion of importance in the State."

Having accounted for the rise of the aristocracy to power, he accounts for their fall. In this statement, his pencil is dipt in Rockingham colours: but those colours were pure, and the outline is admirably true. He tells us, that when the Court felt itself beginning to grow strong, it began also to feel the irksomeness of dependence on its Ministers, and resolved to deal with more complying Cabinets. "The greatest weight of popular opinion and party connexion was then with the Duke of Newcastle and Mr Pitt. Neither of these held his importance by the *new tenure* of the Court; they were not, therefore, thought to be so proper as others for the services which were required by that tenure. It happened, very favourably for the *new system*, that under a forced coalition there rankled an incurable alienation and disgust between the parties which composed the administration. Mr Pitt was first attacked. Not satisfied with removing him from power, they endeavoured by various artifices to ruin his character. The other party seemed rather pleased to get rid of so oppressive a support, not perceiving that their own fall was prepared by his, and involved in it. Many other reasons prevented them from daring to look their true situation in the face. * * * * * The power of Mr Pitt was vast and merited, but it was in a great degree personal, and therefore transient.

The power of the great aristocratic families was rooted in the country. With a good deal less of popularity, they possessed a far more natural and fixed influence. Long possession of government, vast property, obligations of favours given and received, connexion of office, ties of blood, of alliance, of friendship, the name of Whig, dear to the majority of the people, the zeal, early begun and steadily continued, to the royal family, all these together formed a body of power in the nation."

Inconsistency is the favourite topic of the libellers of Burke. But the language which he held in this pamphlet is the language which he breathed from his expiring tongue; sacred honour for established institutions, hatred of worthless change, just respect for the natural influence of rank, birth, and property. The change was not in the writer, but in the men. The French Revolution was the boundary-line between the aristocrat of his first day and his last, the gulf which whoever passed left his former robes on the edge, and came out naked. He as powerfully asserts the superior claim of the first class of the nation to govern the State in 1770, as he asserted it in the full fury and tempest of 1793.

"One of the principal topics," he observes, "of the *new school*, is a terror of the growth of an aristocratic power, prejudicial to the rights of the Crown, and the balance of the Constitution. It is true, that the Peers have a great influence in the kingdom, and in every part of the public concerns. While they are men of property, it is impossible to prevent it, except by such means as must prevent all property from its natural operation, — an event not easily to be compassed, while property is power; nor by any means to be wished, while the least notion exists of the method by which the spirit of liberty acts, and of the means by which it is preserved. If any particular Peers, by their uniform, upright, constitutional conduct, by their public and their private virtues, have acquired an influence in the country, the people, on whose favour that influence depends, will never be duped into an opinion, that such greatness in a Peer is the despotism of an aristocracy, when they know

and feel it to be the pledge of their own importance.

"I am no friend to aristocracy, *in the sense*, at least, in which that word is usually understood. If it were not a bad habit to moot cases on the supposed ruin of the Constitution, I should be free to declare, that, if it must perish, I should rather, by far, see it resolved into any other form, than lost in that austere and insolent domination. But whatever my dislikes are, my fears are not from that quarter."

It is clear, that in this passage, the writer alludes to an aristocracy assuming the sole functions of Government,—not an English, but a Venetian aristocracy,—an oligarchy at once shielding itself from responsibility by its numbers, and overawing the people by its dark and sullen violence. The power to which he alludes as the object of dread, is that of a faction behind the throne. It is equally clear, that even Burke's wisdom mistook the true hazard of the Constitution, that in contemplating the power of an intriguing Court, he overlooked the tyranny of an irresponsible populace; that in guarding the Constitutional tree from the southern, sickly breezes of Court patronage, he forgot the hurricane that would shatter and root it out of the ground. But even his sagacity may be forgiven for being unable to anticipate the horrors of revolutionary rage. It is to the honour of his humanity that he was yet to learn the depths of the popular heart, when convulsed and laid open by the sense of uncontrollable power; the terrible deposits of the revolutionary volcano, when once shaken and kindled into flame.

It is also to be remembered, that during this entire discussion, the question is not of Whigs or Tories, according to their later qualities. In Burke's early day, the Whigs were but another name for the lauded interest, for the great body of family and fortune of the country; the habitual Ministers of the Crown, and claiming to be all but the hereditary governors of the empire; but little connected with any inferior class of the State, and scarcely recognising the existence of the populace; holding the highest doctrines on the subject of allegiance, priestly autho-

rity and national subordination; and no more dreaming of an appeal to the multitude for the support of their measures, than they would have dreamt of allying them with their blood; a genuine English aristocracy, doubtless bearing somewhat of the disqualifications produced by time upon all things human, perhaps too proud to be easily accessible to the public feelings, too fully satisfied with their ancient possession of prosperity to think, that while all went well with the Peerage, the nation could suffer any serious evil; and too fond of the silk and ermine of their state to be prepared to cast them off, and grapple with those new public difficulties which new times were bringing on, and which demanded the whole unembarrassed muscle and activity of the man. Still, in that class, there was a great safeguard for the Crown and the people; a nobleness more of mind than even of rank; an embodying of grave manliness, and generous and pure principle, derived from an early superiority to the motives and habits which the common exigencies of things sometimes impose on men struggling through the obscurer ways of life; a patrician dignity, which spread from the manners to the mind, and if it did not give full security against the assumption of a power beyond their right, yet prevented all the meaner abuses of the functions of government, all personal and petty tyranny, all the baser tamperings with popular corruption, and all the ignoble jealousy, livid rancour, and bloodthirsty persecution of power suddenly consigned to the hands of the multitude.

In adverting to the remedies proposed for the renovation of the State, he touches upon the two grand expedients, which are now received with such cheers, Triennial Parliaments, and the exclusion of every man holding office, from Parliament. His language on those heating topics, shews how maturely he had formed his earliest political impressions.

"If I wrote merely to please the popular palate, it would indeed be as little troublesome to me as to another, to extol those remedies so famous in speculation; but to which their greatest admirers have never

attempted seriously to resort in practice. I confess, then, I have no sort of reliance upon either a Triennial Parliament, or a Place Bill. With regard to the former, perhaps it might rather serve to counteract than to promote the ends that are promoted by it. To say nothing of the horrible disorders among the people attending frequent elections, I should be fearful of committing, every three years, the independent gentlemen of the country in a contest with the Treasury. It is easy to see which of the parties would be ruined first. Whoever has taken a careful view of public proceedings, so as to ground his speculations on his experience, must have observed how prodigiously greater the power of Ministry is in the first and last Session of a Parliament, than it is in the intermediate periods, when members sit a little firm in their seats. The evil complained of, if it exists in the present state of things, would hardly be removed by a triennial Parliament; for, unless the influence of Government in elections can be *entirely taken away*, the more frequently they return, the more they will harass private independence; the more generally will men be compelled to fly to the settled, systematic influence of Government, and to the resources of a boundless civil list. Certainly something may be done, and ought to be done, towards lessening that influence in elections. * * * *. But *nothing* can so perfectly remove the evil, as not to render such contentions, too frequently repeated, utterly ruinous, first to independence of fortune, and then to independence of spirit. With great truth, I may aver, that I never remember to have talked on this subject with any man much conversant with public business, who considered short Parliaments as a real improvement of the Constitution."

He next examines the merits of a Place Bill, a measure which unquestionably will be one of the favourite proposals, at the first convenient season, of that extravagant and angry faction, which, making its way into public influence, through the late changes of Government, and following the new Ministry in their march over the ruins of the rival Administration, are now turning, knife in

hand, upon that Ministry, and summoning the populace to a general assault of the last bulwarks of the Constitution.

"The next remedy," says he, "is a Place Bill. The same principle guides in both; I mean, that is entertained by many, of the infallibility of laws and regulations in the cure of public distempers. Without being as unreasonably doubtful, as many are unwisely confident, I will only say, that this also is a matter very well worthy of serious and mature reflection. It is not easy to foresee, what the effect would be, of disconnecting with Parliament the greater part of those who hold civil employments, and of such mighty and important bodies as the military and naval establishments. It were better, perhaps, that they should have a corrupt interest in the forms of the Constitution, than that they should *have none at all*. This is a question altogether different from the disqualification of a particular description of revenue officers from seats in Parliament, or, perhaps, of all the lower sorts of them from votes in elections. In the former case, only the few are affected; in the latter, only the inconsiderable. But a great official, a great professional, a great military and naval interest, all necessarily comprehending many people of the first weight, ability, wealth, and spirit, has been gradually formed in the kingdom. Those new interests *must* be let into a share of representation; else possibly they may be inclined to destroy those institutions of which they are not permitted to partake. * * * *. It is no inconsiderable part of wisdom, to know how much of an evil ought to be tolerated; lest by attempting a degree of purity impracticable in degenerate times and manners, instead of cutting off the subsisting ill practices, new corruptions might be produced, for the concealment and security of the old. It were better, undoubtedly, that no influence at all should affect the mind of a member of Parliament. But, of all modes of influence, in my opinion, a place under the Government is the least disgraceful to the man who holds it, and by far the most safe to the country. I would not shut out that sort of in-

fluence which is open and visible, which is connected with the dignity and the service of the State; when it is not in my power to prevent the influence of contracts, of subscriptions, of direct bribery, and of those innumerable methods of clandestine corruption, which are abundantly in the hands of the Court, and which will be applied, so long as the means of corruption, and the disposition to be corrupted, have existence among us. Our Constitution stands on a nice equipoise, with steep precipices and deep waters upon all sides of it. In removing it from a dangerous leaning towards one side, there may be a risk of oversetting it on the other. Every project of a material change in a Government so complicated as ours, combined at the same time with external circumstances still more complicated, is a *matter full of difficulties*, in which a considerate man will not be too ready to decide, a prudent man too ready to undertake, or an honest man too ready to promise."

The rashness of the Ministry had at length involved them in general quarrel, — quarrel with America, quarrel with foreign Powers, and quarrel at home. Wilkes, the printers who published the debates in Parliament, and the Mayor and Aldermen who were imprisoned for resisting the authority of the House of Commons, were the civil antagonists. In every conflict with them, the Ministry were worsted. Burke took a vigorous share in those perpetual debates, and he made continual progress in the public admiration. His speaking was a style totally new to the House and the nation. But two eminent orators had appeared in Parliament for a century: Bolingbroke, rich, dexterous, and fluent, the prince of rhetoricians: Chatham, condensed, pointed, and brilliant, irregular in his conceptions, and unequal in his efforts; but when he put forth his strength, striking with prodigious power, the weight, directness, and fire of a thunderbolt. But, like the thunderbolt, his eloquence was generated by the storm, and fit only for the storm. Burke's larger scholarship and finer philosophy produced an eloquence not less fluent than the one, or less vivid

than the other; but still more cheering, magnificent, and fruitful of noble thoughts and generous purposes. When he spoke, he seemed to be speaking, not for the time, but for the benefit of centuries to come; less for the triumph of his party, than for the wellbeing of the human race. All his speeches are profound wisdom administering to daily practice. The House, perpetually astonished by the opulent variety of his knowledge, by his sudden illustrations, gathered from every art and science, by the living splendours which he caught from every region of human research, and flashed upon the subject of debate, were yet more astonished by the practical tendency of the finest efforts of his imagination. The broadest expansion of his wings was never suffered to whirl him beyond the visible diurnal sphere. His simplest purpose was kept steadily in view. He might luxuriate and sport his powers in the realm of brilliant abstraction for a time, but his eye never wandered; he struck down instantly upon the point—and at once dazzled, delighted, and convinced. It had been said that, under Walpole's Ministry, the debates were worthy only of a club of Dutch burgomasters; Burke brought back the spirit, which should never have departed from an assembly of freemen. He gave the debates at once Attic elegance, and Attic vigour. Other times and other men followed. Violent faction disturbed the tastes of national debate. The fierceness of civil struggle, and the terrors of a war which threatened to overwhelm the empire, at length indisposed men to oratory. Pitt and Fox became the arbiters of the House. The simplicity of their style was more congenial to the severe and trying time, than the lavish grandeur and poetic magnificence of Burke. But his triumph has returned. The speeches of the great Minister and his great rival have gone down with them to the tomb. Burke's have assumed only a loftier character in the estimation of all men since his death. They are the study of every mind that thirsts to drink pure political wisdom from one of its highest human sources. Their spring has not sunk into the grave; fed by nature

and genius, it will be fresh, clear, and healthful, until the last ages of the national mind.

The fall of the Rockingham Ministry had displaced Burke; it had done more. With his delicacy of taking office, under the slightest presumption of a change of principle, it had nearly disqualified him from public service. But in this interval he possessed all the substantial gratifications of life. His seat in Parliament gave him the opportunity of exertion suitable to his studies. In general society, he was one of the leaders of all that was intellectual. His almost boundless information, his well-regulated wit, and his fine and peculiar mastery of all that was graceful or vigorous in the English language, gave him a superiority in conversation, which was rendered still more pleasing by the uniform kindness, simplicity, and good-humour of his manners. In his domestic life he was fortunate. His wife was an estimable woman, strongly attached to him, and proud of his fame. His two brothers were amiable and intelligent men, united with him in close friendship, and whom he hoped yet to advance to fortune. He had purchased with his paternal property, and by a sum raised on mortgage, which Lord Rockingham advanced, Gregories, a house with some land, in the neighbourhood of Beaconsfield. There he *farmed*, read, and wrote. In London, from which his house was but twenty-four miles distant, he mingled with the highest circles of active life, enjoyed all the concentrated animation and ability of the accomplished and opulent; and in Parliament continually indulged his genius, and enlarged his fame by an oratory, which, in its peculiar spirit, has never found a superior.

It has been remarked as a characteristic of all eminent minds, that whatever pursuit they adopt, they adopt it with peculiar vigour. Burke, at all times attached to a country life, was a farmer in the intervals of his labours as a statesman, and he gave himself up to his crops with a diligence that would have done honour to a man who had never strayed beyond the farm-yard. In one of his letters to an Irish friend, about 1771, he thus mentions his successes at the plough-tail:—"We have had

the most rainy and stormy season that has been known. I have got my wheat into the ground better than some others; that is, about four-and-twenty acres. I purposed having about ten more; but, considering the season, this is tolerable." He then proceeds to a detail of his exploits in the production of bacon; enquires to what weight hogs are capable of being fed in Ireland, and anticipates victory in giving the weight of his own; discusses the market-prices of things, and explains a new project of sowing peas, which is to save a fallow, and of course make a handsome return to the projector, &c. But he soon returned to more congenial occupations, and was seen in Parliament, standing forth the champion of common sense and the institutions of the State. His love of political quiet, his adherence to established order, and his prophetic fears of the change that might be wrought upon the spirit of the constitution, by rashly tampering even with any of its externals, were not the late prejudices of his political life, but the original principles of his moral understanding. On a petition, so early as 1772, from 250 Clergy of the Establishment against subscription to the Articles, he resisted the opinion of nearly the whole of his friends, and spoke directly against the point of petition. "I can comprehend," was the substance of his speech, "how men may decline entering a church where they are to be bound by a declaration of their opinions. Well, then, let them not enter it. But, if it is important that a church should have any settled opinions at all—and who shall deny this?—it is surely important that those opinions should be distinctly declared, and not less important that the ministers and teachers of that church should be faithful transmitters of its tenets, otherwise the church may be paying an enemy, and the people may be listening to a renegade. But while the petitioners profess to *belong to the Establishment, and profit by it*, no hardship can be implied in requiring some common bond of agreement, such as the subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles, for the fidelity, the union, and the obedience of its members."

But every trait that private life

developed in this admirable mind, bore the same stamp of habitual value for the common sense of human nature. His principle was a considerable respect for the customs of general life, and a persuasion that Time, their founder, was a wiser guide than Innovation, their overthrower. Burke's humanity had encumbered him with Barry, afterwards the well-known and eccentric painter. He had sent him to take the range of the Italian schools, and from 1765 to 1770 supported him nearly at his sole expense. Barry was the most impracticable of men. He possessed some vigour of conception in his art, but unfortunately prepared himself for perpetual failure by a perpetual miscalculation of his powers. He revenged his failure with the public, by contempt for the public taste, and cheered his arrogance, on the very verge of ruin, by pronouncing that the success of his contemporaries was the result of intrigue. His vanity and stubbornness at length totally alienated him from the good offices of his profession; his determined neglect of appearances, and intentional roughness of manner, repelled all higher patronage; and gradually exiling himself from the society in which his talents might have given him a place, and abandoning the opportunities of the profession by which he was to live, he shrank into wolfish solitude. He still lingered out some bitter years; furious at being taken at his word; furious at being suffered to relinquish the world, which he affected to despise; and furious at the professional neglect which he professed to value as the stamp of his superiority. Burke's generous friendship adhered to him to the last, supplying his wants, though often exposed to slights, and through good report and evil report, sheltering the remnants of his fame. Barry died at last, worn out by a perpetual struggle against the calamities which he summoned for his own undoing, crushed by the weight of evils which he had pulled down upon his own head. He had lived in projects, and in projects he died; leaving no memorial of his powers, but the frescoes on the walls of the Society of Arts, a fatal proof of the extravagance that mingled with his most fortunate conceptions;

dreaming of unattainable triumphs, and longing but for *another year* to throw all living excellence into eclipse, and sit down by the side of Michael Angelo.

Burke corresponded with this unfortunate man, while he was making the tour of the Italian galleries; and his letters are admirable models alternately of criticism and conduct.

In one of these he says, "With regard to your studies, you know, my dear Barry, my opinion. I do not choose to lecture you to death; but, to say all I can in a few words, it will not do for a man qualified like you, to be a connoisseur and a sketcher. You must be an *artist*; and this you cannot be, but by drawing with the last degree of noble correctness. Until you can *draw beauty*, with the *last degree of truth* and *precision*, you will not consider yourself possessed of that faculty. This power will not hinder you from passing to the 'great style' when you please, if your character should, as I imagine it will, lead you to that style in preference to the other. But no man can draw perfectly, who cannot draw *beauty*. My dear Barry, I repeat it again and again, leave off sketching. Whatever you do, *finish it*."

He next attempts to warn this unmanageable painter, of the *idle* habit of attempting every thing at once.

"At Rome, you are, I suppose, ever still so much agitated by the profusion of fine things on every side of you, that you have hardly had time to sit down to methodical and regular study. When you do, you will certainly select the *best parts* of the best things, and attach yourself to them wholly. Permit me, once more to wish you, in the beginning, at least, to contract the circle of your studies. The extent and rapidity of your mind carries you to too great a diversity of things, and to the completion of a whole before you are quite master of the parts, in a degree equal to the dignity of your ideas. This disposition arises from a generous impatience, which is a fault almost characteristic of great genius. But it is a fault nevertheless."

He still insists with the zeal of a friend, and the feelings of a true judge of the art, upon the necessity of first acquiring perfection in drawing. Barry, had, doubtless, in his

vague style, talked of composing all kinds of subjects. To temper this vanity of the idler, Burke gives him the advice which would have formed the artist. "I confess, I am not much desirous of your composing many pieces, for some time at least; composition I do not value near so highly as in general. I know none who attempt, who thus do not succeed tolerably in that part. But that exquisite, masterly drawing, which is the glory of the great school where you are, has fallen to the lot of very few, perhaps to none of the present age, in its highest perfection. If I were to indulge a conjecture, I should attribute all that is called greatness of style and manner of drawing to this exact knowledge of the parts of the human body, of anatomy and perspective. For, by knowing exactly and habitually, without the labour of particular and occasional thinking, what was to be done in every figure they designed, they naturally attained a freedom and spirit of outline; because they could be daring without being absurd. Whereas ignorance, if it be cautious, is poor and timid; if bold, it is only blindly presumptuous. This minute and thorough knowledge of anatomy, and practical as well as theoretical perspective, by which I mean to include foreshortening, is all the effect of labour and use in particular studies, and not in general compositions."

Barry, it appears, had fallen into the habit of charging the ill success of his art on the contrivances of the picture-dealers, an old and a sufficiently childish topic with all artists who are destined to obscurity. Burke, with his usual calmness of view, pointed out the weakness of this perpetual tirade.

"You have given a strong, and I fancy, a very faithful, picture of the dealers in taste with you. It is very right that you should know and remark their little arts; but, as fraud will intermeddle in every transaction of life, where we cannot oppose ourselves to it with effect, it is by no means our duty or our interest, to make ourselves uneasy, or to multiply enemies on account of it. In particular, you may be assured, that the traffic in antiquity, and all the enthusiasm, folly, or fraud that may

be in it, never did, and never can, hurt the merit of living artists. Quite the contrary, in my opinion. For I have ever observed, that whatever it be that turns the minds of men to any thing relative to the arts, even the most remotely so, brings artists more and more into credit and repute. And though, now and then, the mere broker and dealer in such things runs away with a great deal of the profit, yet, in the end, ingenious men will find themselves gainers by the dispositions which are nourished and cherished in the world by such pursuits."

The advice was thrown away. Barry's ill-manners and discontented spirit had soon brought him into collision with the artists and persons connected with the arts in Rome. Of this he complained to Burke, but seems to have intimated that his acquirements would be benefited in consequence, probably by the seclusion which he thus brought upon himself. Burke's letter is incomparable, as a manual of general advice to all who must mix among mankind. To the fanciful or the fastidious,—to those who weakly think themselves above their circle, or bitterly conceive that the neglect of their circle is to be averted only by hostility, and more peculiarly to all ranks of those irritable races, whose life must be a perpetual run under the fire of criticism. The motto of this fine document ought to be, "*Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna.*"

"Until very lately, I had never heard any thing of your proceedings from others; and when I did, it was much less than I had known from yourself;—that you had been upon ill terms with the artists and virtuosi in Rome, without much mention of cause or consequence. If you have improved those unfortunate quarrels to your advancement in your art, you have turned a very disagreeable circumstance to a very capital advantage. However you may have succeeded in this uncommon attempt, permit me to suggest to you, with that friendly liberty which you have always had the goodness to bear from me, that you cannot possibly always have the same success, with regard to either your fortune or your reputation. Depend upon it, that you will find the same competi-

tions, the same jealousies, the same arts and cabals, the same emulations of interest and fame, and the same agitations and passions here, that you have experienced in Italy. And if they have the same effect on your temper, they will have just the same effect on your interest, and, be your merit what it will, you will never be employed to paint a picture. It will be the same in London as in Rome, and the same in Paris as in London, for the world is pretty nearly alike in all its parts. Nay, though it would perhaps be a little inconvenience to me, I had a thousand times rather you should fix your residence at Rome than here, as I should not then have the mortification of seeing with my own eyes, a genius of the first rank lost to the world, himself, and his friends; as I certainly must, if you do not assume a manner of acting and thinking here, totally different from what your letters from Rome have described to me.

"That you have had just subjects of indignation always, and of anger often, I do noways doubt; who can live in the world without some trial of his patience? But believe me, my dear Barry, that the arms with which the ill dispositions of the world are to be combated, and the qualities by which it is to be reconciled to us, and we reconciled to it, are moderation, gentleness, a little indulgence to others, and a great deal of distrust of ourselves; which are not qualities of a mean spirit, as some may possibly think them; but *virtues of a great and noble kind*, and such as dignify our nature as much as they contribute to our repose and fortune. For nothing can be so unworthy of a well-composed soul, as to pass away life in bickerings and litigations, in snarling and scuffling with every one about us. Again and again, my dear Barry, we must be at peace with our species; if not for their sakes, yet very much for our own. Think what my feelings must be, from my unfeigned regard, and from my wishes that your talents might be of use; when I see what the inevitable consequences must be, of your persevering in what has hitherto been your course, ever since I knew you; and which you will permit me to trace out for you beforehand. .

"You will come here; you will observe what the artists are doing; and you will sometimes speak a disapprobation in plain words, and sometimes by a no less expressive silence. By degrees you will produce some of your own works. They will be variously criticised; you will defend them; you will abuse those who have attacked you; expostulations, discussions, letters, possibly challenges, will go forward. In the meantime, gentlemen will avoid your friendship, for fear of being engaged in your quarrels. You will fall into distresses, which will only aggravate your disposition for further quarrels. You will be obliged, for maintenance, to do any thing for anybody—your very talents will depart, for want of hope and encouragement; and you will go out of the world, fretted, disappointed, and ruined.

"Nothing but my real regard for you, could induce me to set those considerations in this light before you. Remember, we are born to serve and to adorn our country, and not to contend with our fellow-citizens; and that in particular, *your* business is to paint, and *not* to dispute." The prediction was true to the letter.

Life was still opening upon Burke. Every year urged him more into public fame. He spoke on all great occasions in the House. The vividness and power of his fancy was becoming constantly more effective, from his constant acquisition of facts; a consciousness of the stand which he took in national estimation, stimulated him to indefatigable industry; and in the course of a period which generally finds the young senator still trembling on the edge of debate, Burke had passed all his contemporaries, shorn the old leaders of party of their laurels, and by universal consent was placed at the head of Opposition.

This maturity of his powers had arrived at a memorable time. The state of the Empire required the highest ability in the Governors of the State, and gave the largest scope for all the attributes of political knowledge, wisdom, and eloquence in the Senate. If the world shall ever become virtuous enough to deserve a developement of the actual course of Providence in the affairs

of nations, a new light may be thrown on the whole aspect of history. Events remote, trivial, and obscure, may be found to have been the origin to the greatest transactions. A chain of circumstance may be traceable round the globe; and while the shortsightedness of the worldly politician deems the catastrophe complete and closed, its operation may be but more secretly extending, to envelope a still larger space, and explode with a more dazzling and tremendous ruin. The revolt of America has been attributed to the attempt to lay on taxes without representation. But a more remote, yet substantial ground for the spirit of resistance, was to be found in the French war of twenty years before. At that period the colonists were first taught their use in the field—the advantages of natives over foreigners, in the forest skirmishes—the natural strength of the swamp, the river, and the thicket—the utter helplessness of the most disciplined army of Europe to resist the famine and inclemency of the wilderness—and the utter feebleness of the most dexterous tactics before the simple activity and courage of the American hunter on his own ground. Washington had served in the British campaigns against the French masters of the chain of fortresses, extending from Quebec in a circle to the west and south, through the forests; and the lesson was not forgotten by him or his Virginian countrymen. It unquestionably rendered the population less fearful of a shock with even the mighty power of England; and the first impulse which was given to the national spirit, by the first imaginary pressure of the slightest of all national bonds, found the Americans falling back upon the memories of their successful skirmishes, and not unwilling to renew the stirring times, when the lance and the rifle would become names of terror in the hands of the woodsman once more.

Burke's rank in the House naturally induced him to take a prominent part in the debates on America. But he had an additional source of knowledge and feeling, in his personal connexion with the State of New York, for which he had been appointed agent in 1771. It is not improbable that to this connexion may be

ascribed some share of the extraordinary ardour with which he adopted the complaints of America. That his nature disdained corruption, is acknowledged; that the advocacy of a side which embarrassed the Minister, was the established service of Opposition, is a maxim which will not be disputed by the morals of Parliament; and thus this eminent person may have been blamelessly drawn in to give his support to pretensions, which his calmer reason would have discovered to be utterly untenable.

The tea-duty, of all pretexts the most trivial for a great insurrectionary movement against a protecting and parent state, was the constant topic of Ministers and Opposition. At length the question was brought to an issue, by a proposal, on the 19th of April, 1774, for the final repeal of the obnoxious duty. Burke rose in reply to a vehement speech on the Ministerial side, by Wolfran Cornwall, one of the new Lords of the Treasury. It is said that a considerable portion of this reply was the work of the moment. Of course, he had too much deference for the House, and too much regard for his own rank there, to venture so important a question altogether upon the chance impulses of the hour. But its direct allusions to the arguments of the preceding speaker, give unequivocal proof of that ready and rapid seizure of circumstances, which forms the chief talent of a debater in Parliament. This speech, too, has the distinction of being the first that has been preserved. Its effect on the House had induced several of the Members to take notes, and from those the speech was subsequently given to the public curiosity. It abounds in strong appeals, and dexterous instances of language. "For nine long years," it began, "we have been lashed round and round this circle of occasional arguments and temporary expedients. We have had them in every shape—we have looked at them in every point of view. Invention is exhausted,—reason is fatigued,—experience has given judgment, but obstinacy is not yet conquered." * * * "It is through your American trade that your East India conquests are to be prevented from crushing you with their burden. They are ponderous indeed,

and they must have that great country to lean on, or they tumble on your head. The same folly has lost you the benefit at once of the West and the East. This folly has thrown open the folding-doors to contraband. It will be the means of giving the profits of the trade of your colonies to every nation but yourselves. Never did a people suffer so much from a preamble. It is a tax of sophistry—a tax of pedantry—a tax of disputation—a tax of war and rebellion—a tax for any thing but benefit to the imposers, or satisfaction to the subject.” * * * “I pass by the use of the King’s name in a matter of supply, that sacred and reserved right of the Commons. I conceal the ridiculous figure of Parliament, hurling its thunders at the gigantic rebellion of America, and then, five days after, prostrate at the feet of those assemblies which we affected to despise; begging them, by the intervention of our Ministerial sureties, to receive our submission.”

From those keen and pointed sentences, he sometimes spreads into bold and rich amplification. “Let us,” he exclaims, “embrace some system or other, before we put an end to this session. Do you mean to tax America, and to draw a productive revenue from her? If you do, speak out,—name, fix this revenue,—settle its quantity,—define its objects,—provide for its collection, and then fight, when you have something to fight for. If you murder, rob; if you kill, take possession; but do not appear in the character of madmen as well as assassins, violent, vindictive, bloody and tyrannical, and all without an object.”

Lord Caermarthen had remarked in the course of the debate, that America was at least as much represented as Manchester, which had made no complaint of a want so imaginary, and that the Americans ought, as the children of England, to have exhibited somewhat more of the spirit of filial obedience. Burke’s forcible and brilliant remark on this charge, produced an extraordinary sensation in the whole assembly.

“The noble lord,” said he, “calls the Americans our children, and such they are. But when our children ask for bread, shall we give them a stone? When they wish to assimilate

to their parent, and to reflect with a true filial resemblance the beauteous countenance of British liberty, are we to turn to them only the deformed part of the British Constitution? Are we to give them our weakness for their strength, our opprobrium for their glory, and the slough of slavery, which we are not able to work off, to serve them for their freedom?”

Even in this speech he strikes a blow at the political metaphysics, which the later and more glorious part of his life was so vigorously employed in exposing. “Those are,” said he, “the arguments of states and kingdoms. Leave the rest to the schools. But if intemperately, unwisely, fatally, you sophisticate and poison the very source of government by urging *subtle deductions*, and consequences odious to those you govern, from the unlimited and illimitable nature of supreme sovereignty, you will teach them by these means to call that sovereignty in question. If you drive him hard, the boar will turn upon the hunters.”

This speech was one of the most signal triumphs of the orator. The debate had been long and tedious; the members had gradually thinned away to the coffee-room, and neighbourhood of the house. When it was told that Burke was on his legs, public expectation was excited, but it was only when he had thoroughly entered on his subject, that the reports of his extraordinary brilliancy on that night suddenly crowded the house. From that moment, their expressions of delight were incessant. The hearers in the galleries could be scarcely restrained from bursting out into loud applause. At one of these hidden and powerful turns with which the speech abounded, Lord John Townshend, who had been familiar with all the leaders of debate, exclaimed, “Good heavens, what a man is this! Where could he have found such transcendent powers!”

The dissolution of Parliament put an end to Burke’s representation of Wendover. But he had given proof of qualities which made his presence necessary to his party in the House; and, by the Rockingham interest, he was returned for Malton. But he was to ascend a higher step in popular distinctions. While he had

scarcely more than made his acknowledgments to the northern electors, a deputation from Bristol was announced. It had been sent by a strong body of the merchants, to propose his nomination in their city, and offered to bring him in free of all canvass or expense. So striking an evidence of the public value for his services could not be declined. He immediately took leave of Malton, and started for Bristol, where he arrived only on the sixth day of the election. There was no time to be lost; and, notwithstanding his weariness, for he had travelled forty hours without rest, he drove to the hustings. The candidates had been Lord Clare and Mr Brickdale, the late members, with Mr Cruger, a considerable merchant. On the second day of the poll, Lord Clare had given up the contest; Brickdale had rendered himself unacceptable to the merchants, and they determined to find a candidate at once master of the commercial interests of the empire, and possessing weight in the House. The deputation had immediately set out for London in search of Burke; from London they had followed him to Yorkshire, and they soon had the gratification of seeing him returned for their city.

The speech which he addressed to the electors on his arrival, a brief, but eloquent exposition of his political views, shewed at the instant how highly his friends were justified in his selection. America was now the topic upon which all others turned, and he, of course, alluded to it. But it is gratifying to have his explicit declaration that he never contemplated the rash separation, he never countenanced the unnatural rebellion, and he never justified the insolent denial of British right, which formed the head and front of American offending. "I have held," said he "and ever shall maintain, to the best of my power, unimpaired and undiminished, the just, wise, and necessary constitutional superiority of Great Britain. 'This is necessary for America, as well as for us—I never mean to depart from it. Whatever may be lost by it, I avow it. The forfeiture even of your favour, if by such a declaration I could forfeit it, never will make me disguise my sentiments on the subject. But

I have ever had a clear opinion, and have ever held a constant, correspondent conduct, that this superiority is consistent with all the liberties which a sober and spirited American ought to desire. I never mean to put any colonist, or any human being in a situation not becoming a freeman."

On the popular claims which, at that time, were echoed and re-echoed through the kingdom, he is equally bold—"The distinguishing part of our constitution is its liberty. To preserve that liberty inviolate, seems the particular duty and proper trust of a member of the House of Commons. But the liberty, the only liberty I mean, is a *liberty connected with order*, that not only exists along with order and virtue, but which *cannot exist at all without them*. It inheres in *good and steady Government*, as in its vital principle."

At the close of the poll, which was prolonged with unusual perseverance, another demand was made on his political fortitude, by that question of pledges which has fettered so many of the "independents" of our own day. Cruger had made some idle admission as to their power of binding the candidate. "I wish," said Burke in his final address, "that topic had been passed by; at a time when I have so little leisure to discuss it." He then proceeded to state his sentiments, which have, till one fatal period of change in every thing, formed the law on the subject. "It is the duty of the representative to sacrifice his repose, his pleasures, his satisfactions, to his constituents. But his unbiassed opinion, his mature judgment, his enlightened conscience, he ought not to sacrifice to you, to any man, or to any set of men living. They are a trust from Providence, for the abuse of which he is deeply answerable. Your representative owes you, not his industry only, but his judgment; and *he betrays instead of serving you, if he sacrifices it to your opinion.*" * * * * * If government were a matter of will, upon any side; yours, without question, ought to be superior. But government and legislation are matters of reason and judgment, not of inclination. And what sort of reason is that, in which the determination precedes the discussion; in which one set of men deliberate,

and another decide; and where those who form the conclusion are perhaps three hundred miles distant from those who hear the arguments?

* * * * * Authoritative instructions; mandates, which the member is bound blindly and implicitly to obey; these are things utterly unknown to the laws of this land, and which arise from a fundamental mistake of the whole order and tenor of our constitution. Parliament is not a congress of ambassadors from different states, and with hostile interests, which interests each must maintain as an agent against other agents. But Parliament is a *deliberative* assembly of *one* nation with *one* interest, that of the *whole*. You choose a member indeed; but when you have chosen him, he is *not* member for Bristol, but he is a member of Parliament."

And those words were not the bravado of a man secure of his seat. He acted up to their spirit, even when the loss of his seat was involved in the action. In 1780, he repeated his declaration—"I did not obey your instructions. No; I conformed to the instructions of truth and nature, and maintained your interests *against* your opinions, with a constancy that became me. A representative worthy of you ought to be a person of stability. I am to look indeed to your opinions. But to such opinions as you and I *must* look to, five years hence. I was not to look at the flash of the day. I knew that you chose me in my place, along with others, to be a pillar of the State, and not a weathercock on the top of the edifice, exalted for my levity and versatility; and of no use but to indicate the shifting of every popular gale."

Election jests are not always long lived. But Cruger's deficiencies, in comparison with Burke's public ability as a speaker, gave rise to a burlesque of the opulent man of trade, which is still memorable at Bristol. On the conclusion of Burke's fine address, Cruger stood up; but his fount of eloquence would not flow. At length the genius of the counting-house saved him from utter silence. "I say ditto to Mr Burke, I say ditto to Mr Burke!" he exclaimed, and rushed from the hustings, in

a general roar of laughter and applause.

Burke's definition of the duties of a member of Parliament, with which he closed his speech, shows how little he shared in the extravagances of his time or our own. It is as applicable to this hour as it was to the moment when it was first hailed by every lover of legitimate freedom. "To be a good member of Parliament, is, let me tell you, no easy task; especially at this time, when there is so strong a disposition to run into the perilous extremes of servile compliance or *wild popularity*. To unite circumspection with vigour is absolutely necessary, but it is extremely difficult. We are now members for a rich commercial city, that city is, however, but a part of a rich commercial nation, the interests of which are various, multiform, and intricate. We are members for that great nation, which itself, however, is but a part of a great empire, extended by our virtue and our fortune to the farthest limits of the east and the west. All these wide-spread interests must be considered, must be compared, must be reconciled, if possible. We are members for a free country, and surely we all know, that the machine of a free country is no simple thing; but, as intricate and as delicate as it is valuable. We are members in a great and ancient monarchy. And we must *preserve religiously* the true legal rights of the sovereign, which form the *key-stone* that binds together the noble and well-constructed arch of our empire and our Constitution."

A history of public questions might be a work worthy of some great benefactor to his country. It would show the perpetual facility with which the public mind may be fruitlessly disturbed. The guilty dexterity with which popular imposture may inflame popular passion; and the utter absurdity with which nations may be impregnated, at the moment when they are giving themselves credit for supreme wisdom; the whole forming a great legacy of political common sense for the benefit of the future. An extract from the follies of the fathers, for an antidote to the crimes of posterity.

Within the latter half of the eigh-

teenth century, the visitations of this periodic frenzy thickened. Frederic and the Seven Years' War roused every talker in England into angry elocution, and the man was pronounced an enemy to his country who could doubt the *cause* of Prussia. This absurdity had its day. The public fever cooled away, and men were astonished at their own extravagance. The Middlesex elections next discovered the organ of political frenzy in the public brain. The nation was instantly in a paroxysm. Every man was an orator, and every orator exclaimed, that all past hazards were nothing to the inevitable ruin of the hour; what was life without liberty, and what was liberty without the power of election. England saw this day pass too, and the chief miner lay aside the match which he had been so long waving at the mouth of the mine, shelter himself in an opulent sinecure, and laugh at the dupes whose clamour had been its purchase. The American question next roused the multitude. The whole host of obscure politicians were instantly awakened in their retreats, and poured forth, brandishing their rusty and uncouth weapons for the colonies. Every factions clamour from beyond the Atlantic was echoed from our shores with either a shout of applause or a groan of sympathy. Thousands and tens of thousands inflamed themselves into the conception that the hourly fate of England was hung in the balance of America. Thousands and tens of thousands imbued themselves with American politics until the English complexion had vanished from their features, and they actually saw nothing in sullen ingratitude, but generous resistance, and in a rash, unjustifiable, and godless determination to throw off all the ties of duty, kindred, and sworn allegiance, but a heroic and *English* repulsion of tyranny. We see, and we should see it with a natural alarm at the power of political illusion, the extent to which this fantastic folly usurped over the higher minds of England. We may well shrink at the strength of the whirlpool when we see it sweeping Burke and Chatham round, through every circle but the last, and those most muscular minds of the empire, barely making their escape from being ab-

sorbed and sunk in the common gulf of national perversion. Catholic Emancipation was the next crisis of the public folly. Its cry rang through the empire, until the whole tribe of loose politics, the general living discontents, the incurable bitternesses against all government, the alienations from all rule, the whole fretful accumulation of imaginary wrongs, imaginary rights, and imaginary panaceas for all the common difficulties of mankind, were marshalled at the sound of that voice of evil. Other and more disciplined forces soon joined to swell that levy. The priesthood sounded the trumpet from their altars. The armed banditti of Irish faction, long trained by mid-day insults to all authority, and midnight usurpation of all power, moved at the head of the insurrection, and Parliament was stormed. The great body of the English nation must be exonerated, in this instance, from the guilt of the act, if they shall yet be compelled to share deeply in the misfortune of its consequences. But the battle was not now fought upon the old ground. The nation was excluded from the contest, and reserved only to be delivered over in fetters to the conqueror. The battle was fought not in Parliament, but in the Cabinet. The weapons of English allegiance, virtue, and wisdom, were petition and remonstrance. The weapons of Popish ambition were open and hourly murder, pitiless conflagration, notorious bands of blood, the curses of a furious superstition, the triumphings of unpunished insurrection, insolent appeals to foreign Powers, and the traitorous menaces of national separation. The walls of the Cabinet, impregnable to the weapons of Constitutional entreaty, broke down instantly before the assaults of unconstitutional force. For this emergency there was but one resource; and it is in no tendency to undue homage, that we pronounce that resource to be *RELIATION*. If that Cabinet had but remembered that there was a Providence above them, they would never have shrunk from the fullest trial of the strength of England against the guilty fury of Popish faction, with all its allies of treason, rapine, and infidelity. Manfully, candidly, and wisely, they would have

resisted the madness of the hour, and their resistance would have been triumphant; they would have been at this moment in possession of power, if to the champions of the cause of God, the gratifications of human power are worth considering; they would have saved England from calamities, now growing on her from moment to moment, and which seem to deepen only into the bloody vista of civil war; and with the whole vast and high-minded population of the British Empire rejoicing in their authority, and supporting them with its irresistible strength, they would have wielded the affairs of England and the world until they were gathered in glory to their graves.

This illusion will pass away, like all that went before. But it will not pass away with the impunity of the past follies. It has been tinged with crime, a dash of blood and treason has been flung on the national character, which will not be bleached away by the common operation of time. There is a stain on the floor of that Cabinet which will tell, to the remotest age, the spot where the dagger was driven into the side of the Constitution. Evil days are coming, evil days have come. Who talks now of the majesty of public deliberation? Who thinks now of the dignity of halls, which once echoed to the noblest aspirations of human wisdom, philosophy, and courage? Or who thinks of their old sacredness without thinking of the Capitol taken by assault, and the Goth and the Gaul, the ferocious sons of the forest and the swamp, playing their savage gambols, plucking the Roman Senator by the beard, from his curule chair, rending the ivory sceptre from his hand?

Burke's speech on American affairs, on the 22d of March, 1775, is recorded as one of his most remarkable displays of ability. In the general resistance of the Ministry to all proposals of treating with the Colonies, and the general inefficiency of Opposition to concoct even any plausible measure, the task fell upon Burke, and he employed himself in framing the memorable "Thirteen Articles," which were to be the purchase of national tranquillity. The project belonged to party; it was of course extravagant; and the result was, of

course, failure. Rash conciliation naturally inflames the malady which it proposes to cure; America proceeded in her rebellion, only the more fortified by the knowledge that she had active partisans, and inactive repugnants, in the mother country. The topic is now unimportant, but the speech has still a high value as an example of eloquence, and as a depository of that moral wisdom, which embalms the most temporary and decaying subjects of the great orator. We shall give a few of the detached and characteristic sentences. * * * * "I have no very exalted opinion of *paper government*, nor of any politics in which the plan is to be wholly separated from the execution. * * * Public calamity is a mighty leveller; and there are occasions when any, even the slightest, chance of doing good must be laid hold on, even by the most inconsiderable person. * * * The proposition is peace. Not peace through the medium of war. Not peace to be hunted through the labyrinth of intricate and endless negotiations. Not peace to arise out of universal discord, fomented on principle in all parts of the Empire. Not peace to depend on the juridical determination of perplexing questions; or the precise marking the shadowy boundaries of a complex government. It is simple peace, sought in its natural course, and in its ordinary haunts. It is peace, sought in the spirit of peace. * * * Refined policy ever has been the parent of confusion, and ever will be, so long as the world endures. Plain good intention, which is as easily discovered at the first view as fraud is surely detected at last, is of no mean force in governing mankind. Genuine simplicity of heart is a healing and cementing principle. * * * Great and acknowledged force is not impaired in either effect or opinion by an unwillingness to exert itself. The superior power may offer peace with honour and with safety. Such an offer, from such a power, will be attributed to magnanimity. But the concessions of the weak are the concessions of fear. When such a one is disarmed, he is wholly at the mercy of his superior, and he loses for ever that time and those chances, which, as they happen

to all men, are the strength and resources of all inferior power. * * * I look on force, not only as an odious, but a feeble instrument, for preserving a people so numerous, so growing, and so spirited as this, in a profitable and subordinate connexion. First, the use of force alone is but *temporary*. It may subdue for a moment, but it does not remove the necessity of subduing again. A nation is not governed, which is perpetually to be conquered. My next objection is its *uncertainty*. Terror is not always the effect of force, and an armament is not a victory. If you do not succeed, you are without resource. For, conciliation failing, force remains; but force failing, no further hope of conciliation is left. Power and authority are sometimes bought by kindness; but they can never be begged as alms, by an impoverished and defeated violence. A further objection to force is, that you *impair the object* by your very endeavours to preserve it. The thing you fought for is not the thing which you recover; but depreciated, sunk, wasted, and consumed in the contest."

His remark on the state of society in the Southern Provinces of America, unquestionably true as it is, may give some insight into the grounds of their present dispute with the Northern, and of that original and native difference which must end in national struggle. "In Virginia and the Carolinas, they have a vast multitude of slaves. Where this is the case in any part of the world, those who are free, are by far the most proud and jealous of their freedom. Freedom to them is not only an enjoyment, but a kind of rank and privilege. Not seeing there that freedom, as in countries where it is a common blessing, and as broad and general as the air, may be united with much abject toil, with great misery, with all the exterior of servitude, Liberty looks among them, like something more noble and liberal. I do not mean to commend the superior morality of this sentiment, which has at least as much pride as virtue in it; but I cannot alter the nature of man. The fact is so; and the people of the Southern Colonies are much more strongly, and with a higher and more stubborn spirit, at-

tached to Liberty, than those to the Northward. Such were all the ancient commonwealths; such were our Gothic ancestors; such in our days were the Poles; and such will be all masters of slaves, who are not slaves themselves. In such a people, the haughtiness of domination combines with the spirit of freedom, fortifies it, and renders it invincible."

His eloquent observation on the general taste for legal studies which predominated in America, is true to fact and nature. "When great honours and great emoluments do not win over this knowledge to the service of the state, it is a formidable adversary to government. *Absent studio in mores*. This study renders men acute, inquisitive, dexterous, prompt in attack, ready in defence, full of resources. In other countries, the people, more simple and of a less mercurial cast, judge of an ill principle in government only by an actual grievance; here they anticipate the evil and judge of the pressure of the grievance by the badness of the principle. They augur misgovernment at a distance, and snuff the approach of tyranny in every tainted breeze." * * * "Three thousand miles of ocean lie between you and the colonies. No contrivance can prevent the effect of this distance in weakening government. Seas roll and months pass between the order and the execution. And the want of a speedy explanation of a single point is enough to defeat a whole system. You have indeed winged Ministers of vengeance, who carry your bolts in their pounces to the uttermost verge of the sea. But there a power steps in, which limits the arrogance of raging passions and furious elements, and says, 'So far shalt thou go, and no further!' Who are you that should fret and rage, and bite the chains of nature?"

His anticipation of the results that must yet follow from the extension of the colonies, through the western lands of America, is probably not far from its fulfilment, though the sea-shore States have abandoned their allegiance. "You cannot station garrisons in every part of those deserts. If you drive the people from one place, they will carry on their annual tillage, and remove with their flocks and herds to another.

Many of the people in the back settlements are already little attached to particular situations. Already they have topped the Apalachian mountains. Thence they behold before them an immense plain, one vast rich level meadow, a square of five hundred miles. Over this they would wander without a possibility of restraint; they would change their manners with their habits of life; would soon forget a government by which they were disowned; would become hordes of English Tartars, and pouring down upon your frontiers a fierce and irresistible cavalry, become masters of your governors and counsellors, your collectors and comptrollers, and of all the slaves that adhered to them. Such would, and in no long time must be, the effect of attempting to forbid as a crime, and to suppress as an evil, the command and blessing of Providence, increase and multiply."

Towards the close of this great performance, he lays down the principle, (so adverse to that of the enthusiasts for new constitutions,) that in all things, even in freedom, we must consider the price, and settle with ourselves how far we may be satisfied with what is attainable. "Although there are some among us who think our constitution wants many improvements to make it a complete system of liberty, perhaps none who are of that opinion would think it right to aim at such improvement by disturbing his country, and risking every thing that is dear to him. In every arduous enterprise we consider what we are to lose, as well as what we are to gain; and the more and better stake of liberty every people possess, the less they will hazard in a vain attempt to make it more. These are the *cords of a man*. Man acts from adequate motives relative to his interest, and not on metaphysical speculations. Aristotle, the great master of reasoning, cautions us, and with great weight and propriety, against this species of delusive geometrical accuracy in moral arguments, as the most fallacious of all sophistry."

In these fragments, the object has been exclusively to extract the maxims of political truth. The passages of oratorical beauty have been passed by; among the rest, that bold apos-

trophe to old Lord Bathurst on the progress of the Colonies to maturity within his lifetime, and the nervous description of the early vigour of their commercial and maritime pursuits. These are probably familiar to the lovers of English eloquence. But every portion of the speech abounds with noble illustrations, and lavish command of classic language. In allusion to the undoubted fact, that the true way to secure a revenue is to begin, not by fiscal regulations, but by making the people masters of their own wealth, he suddenly starts from the simplest form of the statement, into various and luminous figures. "What, says the financier, is peace to us, without money. Your plan gives us no revenue. Yes, but it does, for it secures to the subject the power of *refusal*, the first of all revenues. Experience is a cheat, and fact a liar, if this power in the subject of proportioning his grant, or of not granting at all, has not been found the richest mine of revenue ever discovered by the skill or the fortune of man. It does not indeed vote you any paltry, or limited sum. But it gives the strong-box itself, the fund, the bank, from which only revenues can arise among a people sensible of freedom. *Posita huiusmodi arca*. Most may be taken where most is accumulated. And what is the soil or climate where experience has not uniformly proved, that the voluntary flow of heaped up plenty, bursting from the weight of its own luxuriance, has ever run with a more copious stream of revenue, than could be squeezed from the dry husks of oppressed indigence by the straining of all the political machinery in the world?"

During this anxious period, while all the elements of public life were darkening, and the tempest which began in America threatened to make its round of the whole European horizon, Burke found leisure and buoyancy of spirit for the full enjoyment of society. He was still the universal favourite. Even Johnson, adverse as he was to him in politics, and accustomed to treat all adversaries, on all occasions, with rough contempt or angry sarcasm, smoothed down his mane, and drew in his talons in the presence of Burke. On one occasion, when Goldsmith, in his

vague style, talked of the impossibility of living in intimacy with a person having a different opinion on any prominent topic, Johnson rebuked him as usual. "Why, no, Sir. You must only shun the subject on which you disagree. For instance, I can live very well with Burke. I love his knowledge, his genius, his diffusion and affluence of conversation. But I would not talk to him of the Rockingham party."

In his reserve upon this topic, Johnson probably meant to exhibit more kindness than met the ear, for the Rockingham party had become the tender point of Burke's public feelings. That party had been originally driven to take refuge under its nominal leader, by the mere temptation of high Whig title, hereditary rank, and large fortune. But the Marquis had been found inefficient or unlucky, and his parliamentary weight diminished day by day. Burke still fought, kept actual ruin at a distance, and signalized himself by all the vigour, zeal, and enterprise of an invincible debater. But nothing could resist the force of circumstances; the party must change its leader, or give up its arms. In this emergency, the Marquis proposed a total secession from Parliament. To this proposal Burke, with due submission, gave way, but accompanied his acquiescence with a letter, in which, in stating his reasons for retreat, he so strikingly stated the reasons for the contrary, that the Marquis changed his opinion at once; and the field was retained for a new trial of fortune. Burke's impression, doubtless, was, that nothing is capable of being gained, though every thing may be lost, by giving up the contest; that nothing is sooner forgotten than the public man who is no longer before the public eye; and that, whatever the nation may discover in vigorous resistance, it will never discover courage in flight, or wisdom in despair.

His opinion on this point was touched on in a subsequent conversation with his friend Sir Joshua Reynolds. "Mr Burke, I do not mean to flatter," said Sir Joshua, "but when posterity reads one of your speeches in Parliament, it will be difficult to believe that you took so much pains, knowing with cer-

tainty that it could produce no effect—that not one vote would be gained by it."

"Waiving your compliment to me," was the reply, "I shall say, in general, that it is very well worth while for a man to take pains to speak well in Parliament. A man who has vanity speaks to display his talents. And if a man speaks well, he gradually establishes a certain reputation and consequence in the general opinion, which sooner or later will have its political reward. Besides, though not one vote is gained, a good speech has its effect. Though an act which has been ably opposed passes into a law, yet in its progress it is modelled, it is softened in such a manner, that we see plainly the Minister has been told, that the members attached to him are so sensible of its injustice or absurdity from what they have heard, that it must be altered."

He again observed,—“There are many members who generally go with the Minister, who will not go all lengths. There are many honest, well-meaning country gentlemen, who are in Parliament only to keep up the consequence of their families. Upon most of those a good speech will have influence.”

“What,” asked Sir Joshua, “would be the result, if a Minister, secure of a majority, were to resolve that there should be no speaking on his side?” Burke answered, “he must soon go out. The plan has been tried already, but it was found it would not do.”

In the midst of the more important matters of debate, his natural good humour often relieved the gravity of the House. His half-vexed, half-sportive remark on the speech of David Hartley, the member for Hull, an honest man, but a dreary orator, was long remembered. Burke had come, intending to speak to a motion on American affairs to be brought forward by the member for Hull. But that gentleman's style rapidly thinned the benches. At length, when the House was almost a desert, he called for the reading of the Riot Act, to support some of his arguments. Burke's impatience could be restrained no longer, and under the double vexation of seeing the motion ruined, and his own speech likely to be thrown away for

want of an audience, he started up, almost instinctively, exclaiming, "The Riot Act, the Riot Act! for what? does not my honourable friend see that he has dispersed the mob already?"

His exertions on the American question naturally brought him into intercourse with the principal persons connected with the subject. He corresponded with General Lee, a man of some acquirements, but of remarkable eccentricity, if not nearly insane. Lee afterwards took service in the American army, where he soon quarrelled with his superiors as much as at home; and found as little to reconcile his weak and giddy understanding and worthless heart, in republicanism as in monarchy. Some intercourse with Franklin was the natural result of his position in the House. But Franklin at that time was not the revoler that he afterwards became. He called upon Burke the day before he took his final leave of London, in 1775, and had a long interview with him. On this occasion Franklin expressed great regret for the calamities which he viewed as the consequence of the ministerial determinations; professing, that nothing could give him more pain than the separation of the colonies from the mother-country; that America had enjoyed many happy days under her rule, and that he never expected to see such again! How much of this was sincere, the character of the speaker justifies suspicion. Cold, worldly, and jealous, Franklin hated England for her prosperity. And this feeling had broken out on the most accidental occasions. One day visiting the source of the Thames, he exclaimed, "And is it this narrow stream that is to have dominion over a country that contains the Hudson and the Ohio?" On leaving the Privy-Council, where he had been examined and taken to task by Wedderburne the Attorney-General, he murmured in the bitterness of personal revenge, "For this I will make your King a little king." This was not the language of a peace-maker. His language to Burke was naturally the tale of a client to his counsel, anxious to leave a favourable impression behind him, giving the wrong the air of right, and facing

rebellion with the best colour. The Americans still pauegrise this man. His known skill makes the standing figure of those swelling and school-boy productions, the fourth of July speeches, the annual elaborate abortion of Republican eloquence. But whatever they may do with his name, they should abjure his spirit. To Franklin and to his doctrine of money-getting, his substitution of the mere business of amassing for the generous and natural uses of wealth, his turning the American into a mere calculator of profit and loss, and America into a huge counting-house, is due a vast portion of every evil belonging to the character of her people, and every convulsion that so inevitably threatens her government. The sooner they lay his maxims and his memory in the grave together, the better for the national chance of honour. The spirit of a pedlar ought not to preside over the councils of a great people. The Americans may erect his statue in their Temple of Mammon, if they will; but they must close the temple, and embrace a loftier worship, before they can be worthy of the renown of their ancestors, or be fitting trustees of the virtues to their posterity.

We once more look to Burke for wisdom. At the moment when these pages are passing through the press, the affairs of Ireland are engrossing the public attention. Among others of those *violent palliatives*, which have in them all the nature of poisons, is an absentee-tax. The proposition is not new, for the spirit is not new that makes it. It is the characteristic of Ireland, that every succeeding age of her history is a counterpart of the preceding. Other nations advance, make progress, and, leaving their follies and their prejudices behind them, push on in the great general highway of European knowledge and prosperity. But to Ireland this progress is forbidden by an influence, that the wisest and boldest of her minds has never been able to overthrow. A fierce superstition has bound the chain upon her, and she now can but range the length of its links. Every salient step, every natural impulse of health and vigour, but acts as a new memento of the fetter that checks it instantly, and the first consciousness of freedom is

made but to impress a keener consciousness of the bond. Ireland, whether weary or fresh for labour, whether exhausted by her efforts for or against legitimate government, still struggles within the same limit, still finds her foot rounding the same narrow track of thorns and blood. The evil of the land is Popery, which has been the evil of every land where it first invaded law, freedom, and religion. The Parliament of England can do nothing in the distemper. The root of the public hazard is not to be reached by the feeble handling of men accustomed only to the slight derangements of the national health on this side of the Channel. Ireland must be unhappy, convulsed, and criminal, until, by either the energy of man, or the mercy of God, Popery is extinguished in the land. Till that time comes, national peace is utterly hopeless. The labours of English Senates will be thrown away. Insubordination will be the established lord of Ireland, until England herself may begin to feel the result, in the transmission of tumults to her own shores. The pestilence will come on the tainted gale. The example of a successful defiance of authority within sight of her walls, will not be always lost on her domestic traitors. The watchwords of Popish Rebellion will find their echo among that crowd of bitter and livid sectarianism, which at this hour hates the crown as much as it does the mitre; and under cover of the smoke that comes rolling from the conflagration of the Church in Ireland, a furious and final assault may be made upon the throne.

Burke's conceptions of the utter impolicy of an absentee tax, which had been proposed by Mr Flood, then at the head of Opposition in Ireland, and was acquiesced in by the Ministry of 1773, were given in a letter to Sir Charles Bingham. From this we select a few sentences of the argument:—"I look upon this projected tax in a very evil light. I think it is not advisable;—I am sure it is not necessary. And, as it is not a mere matter of finance, but involves a political question of much importance, I consider the principle and precedent as far worse than the thing itself. * * * * * In the first place, it strikes at the power

of this country; in the end, at the union of the whole empire. I do not mean to express any thing invidious concerning the superintending authority of Great Britain. But, if it be true, that the several bodies which make up this complicated mass, are to be preserved as one empire, an authority sufficient to preserve this unity, and by its equal weight and pressure to consolidate the various parts, must reside somewhere, and that somewhere can be only in England. * * * *

A free communication by *discretionary* residence is necessary to all the other purposes of communication. * * * *

If men may be disabled from following their suits here, they may be thus taxed into a denial of justice. A tax of two shillings may not do it; but the principle implies it. They who restrain may prohibit. They who may impose two shillings in the pound, may impose ten. And those who condition the tax to six months' annual absence, may carry that condition to six weeks, or to six days, and thereby totally defeat the means which have been provided for extensive and impartial justice. * * * *

What is taxing a resort to, and residence in, any place, but declaring that your connexion with that place is a grievance? Is not such an Irish tax a virtual declaration that England is a *foreign country*; and a renunciation of the principle of *common naturalization*, which runs through the whole empire? * * * * * I can easily conceive, that a citizen of Dublin, who looks no further than his counter, may think that Ireland will be repaid for such a loss by any small diminution of taxes, or any increase in the circulation of money, that may be laid out in the purchase of claret or groceries in his corporation. But I cannot think that any educated man, any man who looks with an enlightened eye on the interests of Ireland, can believe that it is not highly for the advantage of Ireland, that this Parliament, which, whether right or wrong, will make some laws to bind Ireland, should have some persons in it, who, by connexion, by property, or by early prepossessions, are attached to the welfare of the country. * * * There is another matter in the tax

that contradicts a very great principle necessary for preserving the union of the various parts of the State; because it does, in effect, discountenance intermarriage and mutual inheritance;—things that bind countries more closely together than any laws or constitutions whatsoever. Is it right, that a woman who marries into Ireland, and perhaps well purchases her jointure or her dower there, should not, after her husband's death, have it in her choice to return to her country and her friends without being taxed for it? Or, if an Irish heiress should marry into an English family, and that great property in both countries should thereby come to be united in the common issue; shall the descendant of that marriage abandon his natural connexions, his family interests, his public and private duties, and be compelled to take up his residence in Ireland? Is there any sense or justice in it, unless you affirm that there should be no such intermarriage, and no such natural inheritance? Is there a shadow of reason, that, because a Lord Buckingham, a Duke of Devonshire, a Sir George Saville, possess property in Ireland, which has descended to them without any act of theirs, they should abandon their duty in Parliament, and spend their winters in Dublin? or, having spent the session in Westminster, must they abandon their seats, and all their family interests, in Yorkshire and Derbyshire, and pass the rest of the year in Wicklow, Cork, or Tyrone? * * *

But a man may have property in more parts of the Empire. He may have property in Jamaica, as well as in England and Ireland. I know some who have property in all of them. Suppose this poor distracted citizen of the whole Empire, providing (if the nature of the laws will admit of it,) a flying camp, and dividing his year, as well as he can, between England and Ireland, and at the charge of two town houses, and two country houses in both kingdoms. In this situation he receives an account that a law is transmitted from Jamaica to tax absentees from that province, which is impoverished by the European residence of the possessors of their lands. How is he to escape this *ricochet* of cross-firing of so ma-

ny opposite batteries of notice and regulation? If he comply, he is more likely to be a citizen of the Atlantic Ocean and the Irish Sea, than of either of the countries."

He then closely follows the argument into the case of minors sent to English schools or colleges; of law students sent to the English Inns of Court; of people forced by infirmity to change their residence; of persons of embarrassed fortunes, who retired in order to retrench, and asks, Are such fit objects of a tax? "You begin to burthen those people precisely at the time when their circumstances of health and fortune render them objects of relief and commiseration."

To those powerful reasons might be added the obvious ones. That an absentee tax would be a virtual prohibition of all English money in the purchase of lands in Ireland; for, who would buy where he was to pay an additional tax for his purchase? Thus the value of every acre in Ireland would be instantly sunk. A still more striking reason against an absentee tax would be the almost total impossibility of raising it, in any instance where the landed owner was disinclined to assist the collection. Was the tax to be contingent on a six months absence from the country? Is there to be a register of the goings in and out of every man? Or is an army of spies to be employed to trace gentlemen to their dwellings? Or is every owner of property (for the law must comprehend every man capable of absenting himself, for whatever cause,) to be compelled to make a return of his presence every six months to Government? Or is residence to imply the abiding of the whole family in the country, or of a part, or of the head of the family alone? In the former instances, who is to ascertain whether the requisite number of the family constantly reside? Or if the residence of the head of the house be satisfactory, how is the country to be a gainer by the residence of a solitary and doubtless a highly discontented resident, who sends off his rental to support the expenditure or amusements of his family in Bath or London? Or, does not the whole conception imply a scandalous, vexatious, and expensive espionage? Or if not the land-

holder but his rents are to be the object, what is to intercept the transmission of money to any part of the earth? This part of the conception would imply an impossibility. A few men of large fortunes, and constantly residing in England, a Marquis of Lansdowne, or a Duke of Devonshire, may be mulcted for the crimes of their ancestors in paying their money for Irish estates, and not being able to be in Ireland and England at the same time. But the great multitude against whom the act was especially levelled, would especially elude it. The crowd, whom in bitterness much more than impolicy the levellers would wish to fine for enjoying themselves for a year or two in any other portion of the earth than Ireland, and preferring Brighton and Cheltenham to a visit from Captain Rock, or an assassination at their own doors, would unquestionably evade the statute, and leave nothing for its advocates but fruitless declamation and expense thrown away. In 1773, though the measure had already received the sanction of Ministers, the embarrassments of its practical operation, and the probably interested and factious motives of its proposers, were so strongly suggested, that the project was suppressed.

We now draw to the close of one of the epochs of this great man's public career. He was still under the obligations of a party. The American question was fastened on him by the hands of others, and he dragged it on with a vigour that redeemed his pledge of fidelity. He persevered to the last moment, while there was a hope of reconciling the countries, and supported his repeated proposals with an enthusiasm of eloquence which held the House in perpetual astonishment. A speech in which he denounced the employment of the Indian savages, as an aggravation of the horrors of war, is said to have produced effects unequalled by any effort of modern times. Of this speech there is no record, further than its impression on the House. On its close, Colonel Barrè started up, and declared, that if it were but published, he would have it nailed up on every church-door in the kingdom, by the side of the proclamation for the General Fast. Sir George Saville pro-

nounced in all quarters, that "he who had not been present on that night, had not witnessed the greatest triumph of eloquence within memory." Governor Johnstone solemnly averred, that "it was fortunate for the Noble Lords on the Treasury Bench, North and Germain, that there were no strangers present, (the gallery having been cleared,) as their indignation would have roused the people in the streets to tear them in pieces on their way home."

But an event altogether unconnected with the labours of the British Parliament, suddenly brought the contests of party to a close. America formed an alliance with France. The war suddenly became hazardous on the only side which ever threatens the British Empire with danger. From this period success evidently became too dear for the price that it might be politic in England to pay. Opposition was probably not less startled by this event than Ministers. If party ever feels, it felt then, and regretted the work of its own hands. The declaration of Colonial independence was received by the antagonists of Administration with unequivocal surprise, perhaps with bitter regret. "We must take it," was their language; "but it is not as a matter of choice, but of hard and overpowering necessity." Burke declared, that "it made him sick at heart, that it struck him to the soul, that he felt the claim to be essentially injurious to Great Britain, and one of which she could never get rid. No, never, never, never! It was not to be thought that *he* wished for the independence of America. Far from it. He felt it a circumstance exceedingly detrimental to the fame, and exceedingly detrimental to the interests of his country." Lord Chatham was equally full of eloquent remorse: He exclaimed, that "he could never bring himself to admit the independence of the Colonies; that the hand which signed the concession might as well rend the jewels from the British Crown at once; that the sun of England would go down, never to rise again." Such is the sincerity of party, and such sometimes its punishment. Those great men had laboured for years to pull down the supremacy which they loved, to raise up a revolt to the rank of a triumph,

and give the loose and desultory efforts of popular ambition the form and consistency of Empire. But while they contemplated nothing beyond the overthrow of the Minister, they found that their weapons had passed through his shield, and struck into the bosom of their country. Yet the whole question was destined to expose the short-sightedness, not less than the passions of party. The blows struck at the grandeur of England were quickly healed. The separation of the Colonies was found to be the separation of a branch from a monarch of the forest, which soon more than recovered the loss in its statelier strength and loftier luxuriance. In a few years the growth of the Colonies would have been a fatal appendage to England; the mere patronage of their offices must have made the Minister superior to the Constitution. The two countries might have still clung together, but it would be no longer an union of strength, but a common consent in corruption. But the arrears of evil must be paid at last, and the connexion would be severed, and the crime punished by some fatal violence, some fearful explosion, which might have left of both nothing but ruins.

But those were the errors of party, not of Burke; of his noviciate, not

of his head or his heart; of his allegiance to a political superior, not of his genius, acting on his ripened knowledge of the interests of the Empire.

It is remarkable that as he gradually extricated himself from the bonds of party, he became not merely a freer, but a more enlightened statesman. While he continued in the ranks of the Rockingham party, nothing but the extraordinary merits of his public speaking could rescue him from the general cloud which gathered on the fame of Opposition. Further, in the second stage of his political career, he steered side by side with Fox; his rank as a patriot was still partially obscured, and his public services were narrowed, wasted, and humiliated by the conjunction. But his time was to come. For sincerity there is always a triumph at last. It was when he hoisted his flag alone, when he steered aloof from party, when abandoning the creeks and shallows of personal policy, he boldly followed the impulse of his own great mind, and made the cause of England his guiding star, that his true character became visible, and he achieved the whole splendour of that fame, which, from his tomb, still lightens on his country.

ON THE PICTURESQUE STYLE OF HISTORICAL ROMANCE, ILLUSTRATED BY
SOME RECENT FRENCH WORKS OF THAT DESCRIPTION.*

WE recognise, in the lively style and rich display of historical knowledge which characterise this singular work, the hand of the author of *Cinq-Mars*, although the late Revolution appears to have imparted somewhat of its disorganizing influence to his imagination. Instead of marching steadily along in the beaten track of the historical novel, he indulges himself in sundry eccentric promenades on the neutral ground which lies between philosophy and fiction; a region much trodden of late, for the benefit both of indolent writers and fastidious readers, who are apt to be appalled almost equally by the aspect of a metaphysical essay, and of a complete three-volumed novel, with its apparatus of hero, heroine, plot, and descriptions. It is, in fact, a half serious, half grotesque performance, powerfully executed in parts, but without unity of plan or of manifest purpose, so as to leave no very distinct impression on the mind of the reader. A slight chain of fanciful narrative connects the three tales, or scenes, of which it is composed; intended, as the author seems to intimate, to illustrate some determinate theory of society and mankind; but for a more full developement of these views, we must probably wait for a second consultation of the *Black Doctor*, should that redoubtable personage favour us with farther specimens of his conversation.

Stello is a young man of wealth and high connexions, a wit and a poet, and classed among those individuals whom the world terms happy, because external circumstances seem to modify themselves to his wish, as if he were the protégé of a fairy princess or a beneficent star. Yet Stello is unhappy. He is constitutionally subject to the attacks of the tormentor of men of genius, that fiend Legion whom we have recently learned to designate by the title of *Blue Devils*, and for whom,

strange to say, the French have borrowed, in modern days, the appellation of "*Le Spleen*," by which he was known to our grandmothers in the days of George the Second. His nervous fever preys upon his mind, until all its powers seem to desert him, yet without impairing his natural goodness of heart, and a sensibility rendered yet more excitable by the irritated condition of his system. It is in one of the fits of this distemper that he communicates to his friend and confidant, the *Black Doctor*, a desperate resolution which he has conceived of vanquishing the enemy by plunging into the abyss of politics, and devoting his pen to the service of a political cause. To cure him of this dangerous mania, the Doctor relates three tales, intended to shew the sufferings and neglect which are the portion of genius, when it endeavours to lean on the hollow support of political power in either of its three modern forms—Absolutism, Constitutional Monarchy, and Democracy.

With the first of these stories, the "*Histoire d'une Puce Enragée*," a Tale of the year 1780," we will not detain our readers. Under this whimsical title, we are introduced to a detailed sketch of the horrible end of Gilbert, a poet of talent, whom, for the sake of effect, our author delineates as having perished of actual want in a garret in Paris;—a somewhat exaggerated representation of a lamentable real catastrophe. It is an extravagant attempt to blend together the terrible and the ludicrous. Since the days of *Childe Harold* and *Don Juan*, too many writers appear to imagine, that the true mode to interest, or rather to astonish, the reader, is to aim at producing the most startling contrasts of circumstance, and confounding the most opposite extremes of human feeling, in the same cold and somewhat sarcastic style of narrative; as if each component part of our mixed huma-

* Stello: ou, *Les Consultations du Docteur Noir*. Par le Comte Alfred de Vigny. 12mo. Brussels and Paris, 1832.

nity was of equal value in the eyes of the calm anatomical observer. Now, although the Black Doctor represents, we are told, "the abstract idea of Analysis," and his office is to dissect the moral portion of man with as much indifference as he would operate on an actual subject in a hospital, yet the reader can scarcely partake in his impassibility. He can with difficulty pass from the awful to the ridiculous—from Paris to Versailles—without carrying away from the one a remnant of his late impression, which neutralizes the effect of the other. It requires some discretion to play the Mephistophiles; that favourite character of the present day, who, being supposed to have run through in his own person the circle of all possible passions and emotions, has acquired a thorough knowledge and contempt of all. Therefore, although somewhat tempted by our author's lively description of the leisure hours of Louis XV., and his sketch of the good old Archbishop of Paris, M. de Beaumont, we will pass on to the second picture which the physician places before the eyes of his patient, the "History of Kitty Bell," or, in other words, the death of Chatterton. The portrait of the "Naive Anglaise," who is the heroine of the tale, is amusingly drawn. The Doctor, it will be observed—whether he be an abstract idea, or a Magian, or the Wandering Jew—speaks always as the eyewitness of the scenes which he describes.

"Kitty Bell was one of those young women, of whom there are so many in England, even among the common people. Her countenance was soft, pale, and oval, her figure tall and slender, with large feet, and a certain slight awkwardness and bashfulness of manner which I found full of charms. From her elegant and noble features, her aquiline nose, and her large blue eyes, you would have taken her for one of those beautiful mistresses of Louis XIV. whose portraits on enamel you admire so much, rather than for what she was, namely, a pastry-cook. Her little shop was hard by the two Parliament Houses; and sometimes the members would alight at her door, and enter to eat a bun or a cheese-cake, while they continued their discussions on the pending 'Bill.' The husband of Kitty was one of the best saddlers in London; and so zeal-

ous in his trade, so devoted to the improvement of his bridles and stirrups, that he scarcely ever placed his foot in the shop of his pretty wife during the day. She was grave and discreet; he knew it—he relied on her, and I verily believed that he was safe in doing so. On looking at Kitty, you would have taken her for the statue of Peace. Order and repose breathed in her every gesture and action. She leaned on her counter, and rested her head in a soft attitude, looking at her two beautiful children. She crossed her arms, waited for customers with the most angelic patience, rose respectfully to receive them, answered precisely in the words that were wanted, quietly wrapped in paper the change which she handed to customers; and such, with small exception, was the whole of her daily occupation."

We will add, in the Author's own language, the following portrait of Chatterton's well-known patron, the Lord Mayor, Beckford; bearing no real resemblance, as will be immediately seen, to that popular magistrate, who ventured personally to address his sovereign with the language of opposition, but a sort of fancy sketch, in the manner of a French sentimental tourist, of the fabulous John Bull, who parades in his gilt coach, and eats imaginary custard in civic robes.

"C'était un digne 'Gentleman,' exerçant sa juridiction avec gravité et politesse, ayant son palais et ses grands dîners, ou quelquefois le Roi était invité, et où le Lord-Maire buvait prodigieusement sans perdre un instant son admirable sang-froid. Tous les soirs, après dîner, il se levait de table le premier, vers huit heures du soir, allait lui-même ouvrir la grande porte de la salle à manger aux femmes qu'il avait reçues; ensuite se rassoyait avec tous les hommes, et demeurait à boire jusqu'à minuit. Tous les vins du globe circulaient autour de la table, et passaient de main en main, emplissant, pour une seconde, des verres de toutes les dimensions, que M. Beckford vidait le premier avec une égale indifférence. Il parlait des affaires publiques avec le vieux Lord Chatham, le Duc de Grafton, le Comte de Mansfield, aussi à son aise après la trentième bouteille qu'avant la première, et son esprit strict, droit, bref, sec, et lourd, ne subissait aucune altération dans la soirée.... Il avait un ventre parresseux, dedaigneux, et gourmand, longuement emmaillotté dans une veste de brocart d'or; des joues orgueil-

leuses, satisfaites, opulentes, paternelles, pendantes largement sur la cravate; des jambes solides, monumentales, et gouteuses, qui le portaient noblement d'un pas prudent, mais ferme et honorable; une queue poudrée, qui couvrait ses rondes et larges épaules, dignes de porter, comme un monde, la charge de Lord-Mayor. 'Tout cet homme descendit de voiture lentement et péniblement.'

The third tale, longer and more complete than either of the two former, exemplifies, we are told, the fate of genius in the midst of popular violence, by the history of the brothers Chénier; of whom the greatest, the celebrated André, fell by the guillotine in the days of Terror. But it must be owned that the fable required to have the moral pointed out beforehand, as few readers would be apt to deduce this or any other general result from the series of distinct, disjointed scenes which the dramatic power of the author has placed before us in this performance. It contains a beautifully imagined developement of female character in its mixed firmness and frailty, in the portrait of Madame Saint Aignan. The dialogue between Robespierre, Saint Just, and the younger Chénier, is also powerfully conceived, and would be more interesting if it were not for the constant effort at the sarcastic and humorous, with which it is intermixed, and the short, epigrammatic, "saccadé," style, which may give piquancy to an imaginary conversation on general subjects, but which interferes very unseasonably when the mind is engrossed with the interest of a narrative. We will, however, extract no more than the following description of the last execution under the Committee of Public Safety, when the struggle had already begun in the Convention, and the destinies of France and of her tyrants yet trembled in the scale, agitated by the breath of each successive orator from the opposite sides of the Assembly.

"Lost in reflection, I gazed from my window on those Tuileries, ever royal and ever mournful; with their green chestnut trees, and the long façade on the long terrace of the Feuillans: the trees of the Champs Elisés, all white with dust; the *Place* all dark with human heads; and in the midst of it two paint-

ed wooden structures—one the statue of Liberty, the other the Guillotine.

"The evening was oppressive. As the sun slowly sank behind the trees under a heavy purple cloud, its rays fell more and more obliquely on the crowd of red caps (bonnets rouges) and black hats, reflecting gleams of light which gave to that agitated multitude the aspect of a dark sea, flecked with spots of blood. The confused hum of their voices reached my high attic chamber like the voice of its waves, and the distant roll of the thunder augmented this dreary illusion. All at once the murmur increased, and I saw every head and every arm directed towards the Boulevards, which were out of my sight. Something proceeding from that quarter excited their cries and hootings. The noise increased every moment, and a louder sound gradually approached from the other side, like the roar of cannon in the midst of musketry. A huge wave of men armed with pikes burst into the wide sea of disarmed people which occupied the *Place*; and I saw at length the cause of this ominous tumult. It was a wagon painted red, and laden with eighty living bodies. All stood upright, closely packed together. All ages and sizes were huddled together in the same mass; all were bareheaded, and there were among them grey hairs, bald heads, little flaxen-haired polls reaching to the waists of their neighbours, white gowns, labourers' frocks, and the various habiliments of officers, priests, and citizens. As I have already told you, this was called a "Fourrière." The load was so heavy that three horses could scarcely drag it. Besides, (and this occasioned the noise,) at every step the carriage was stopped by the people, with loud exclamations. The horses backed against each other, the chariot was completely besieged. Above the heads of the guards, the victims stretched out their arms towards their friends. It was like an overloaded vessel about to founder, which those on shore are striving to save. At every attempt of the gendarmes and the *sans-culottes* to move on, the people uttered a loud shout, and pressed back the percussion with all the force of their chests and arms. As each vast tide of men rolled on, the car swayed about on its wheels like a vessel at anchor, and was almost lifted into the air with its load. I was in continual hopes of seeing it overturned. My heart beat violently: I breathed no longer. My whole soul and life were in my eye. In the exaltation caused by this grand spectacle, it seemed to me as if Earth and Heaven became actors in it. From time to time, a single flash of lightning

came like a signal from the cloud. The black front of the Tuileries turned blood-red: its two great square masses of trees bent back as if in horror: then the multitude shouted, and after its mighty voice, that of the cloud recommenced its melancholy roll. I uttered unconscious cries: I invoked the people: I cried, courage! and then I looked to see if the heavens would not take part with them. I exclaimed—Yet three days! yet three days! O Providence! O Destiny! O ye unknown, ineffable powers! Thou God! ye, the Spirits! the Masters! the Eternals! if ye hear—stay them for three days more!

"The car continued its progress, slow and interrupted, but, alas! still onward. The troops thickened around it. Between the statue of Liberty and the Guillotine there gleamed a forest of bayonets. There, as it seemed, was the port which awaited the arrival of the vessel. The people, tired of bloodshed, and irritated as they were, murmured more, but resisted less than at first. My limbs trembled, my teeth chattered. . . . I heard no more shouts. The motion of the multitude had all at once become retrograde. The quays, hitherto so crowded, began to grow thinner of people. Masses dissolved into groups, groups into families, families into single figures. At the corners of the *Place* the crowds were hurrying away in the midst of a thick dust: The women covered the heads of their children with their robes. It rained!

"Whoever has seen Paris will understand this. I have seen it again, since, on critical and important occasions. All emotion was now confined to those who wished to see, or wished to escape. No one endeavoured to prevent. The executioners seized the moment. The sea was calm, and their dreadful bark completed its voyage. The guillotine raised its arm."—Pp. 330—338.

Our author has depicted the destroying ministers of the Goddess Terror, in colours opposed to the received notions, especially of historians of the school of Thiers and Mignet, as weak and irresolute men, excited to continual murders by a gnawing envy of all superiority, mixed with a constant fear for their own security from its influence, and not acting on any preconceived plan. But theirs were characters which it is not philosophical to confound and class together. When society is fairly disorganized, the weak and the wicked act in concert—the monster, who from a diseased organization delights

in destruction—the fanatic, who sacrifices life to a favourite chimera, and sheds the blood of others as recklessly as he would devote his own—the bold profligate, and the envious assassin, unite to enact murder on the same stage. Such were Marat, Saint Just, Danton, and Robespierre. The following remark is worthy of our observation:—"Every year," says our author, "many theories have been made respecting these men; but this year, as many have been made every day, because at no period have a greater number of men nourished stronger hopes, or enjoyed greater probabilities of resembling and imitating them."—P. 155.

But our present business with these Tales is not to treat them with respect to their merits as works of fiction, or as narratives of real events. We may therefore dismiss them with the remark, that it seems to be an established maxim among writers of the new and *picturesque* style of historical romance, that literal truth in matters of fact is not only to be laid aside where it might derange the plot, or disturb the philosophic unity of the conception, but that it should be violated *ad libitum* by the author, merely, like the emperors of heroic tragedy, "to shew his arbitrary power." It will be thought, we suppose, strangely hypercritical to observe, that Alderman Beckford died some time before his singular protégé, whose witty debtor and creditor account on the death of his patron is the best known anecdote in his history; that Louis XV. could not by possibility have lived and reigned in 1780, and that Gilbert died a pensioner of his grandson, Louis XVI. It is of more importance to consider the moral evidence which this and similar publications seem to afford us to the state of mind which now prevails among the literary world in France; and to consider what prognostics we may draw from thence as to the future destiny of that mighty nation—the heart of Europe, which sends forth its streams of thought and purpose, sometimes to quicken and sometimes to corrupt, to the uttermost ends of the civilized world.

We have heard much of the disorganized state into which society is said to have been thrown by the late Revolution of which France has been the theatre. Yet when a system pos-

sessed of no internal principle of stability is overthrown by violence, such a convulsion may rather be said to manifest the disunion and insecurity which previously existed, than to produce or aggravate it. A determined conservative spirit may develop itself in a nation, either where there has prevailed a long habit of obedience to the laws, or where new principles have been suddenly and vehemently adopted among a whole people. But a monarchy introduced as it were by a third party, institutions founded on foreign interference, were ill calculated to acquire ardent defenders. The only auxiliary which the Bourbons possessed in France, when foreign bayonets had been withdrawn from her soil, was the fear of revolution which prevailed among all classes raised above actual want. The cause of quiet and public order, in common times, is sure to have an influential majority enrolled in its support. And it is natural enough that the ruling powers, when thus supported, should overlook the insecurity of the foundation on which the superstructure of their authority rests, and mistake negative acquiescence for active adhesion. Thus the governments which succeeded each other during the vacillating period of the Restoration, made no effort to establish any definite principle of political action. Provided the world of France appeared satisfied that the designs of the "extreme left" were incompatible with orderly government, and that the visions of the "extreme right" could not be realized in a country where popular doctrines had once taken root—ministers felt secure as to the ultimate prospects of France, and intent only on the minor struggles of party warfare.

Then came those years of more determined conflict which preceded the late Revolution, when the *Tiers Etat* had begun to resume its strength, prostrated by successive blows from the armed hands of Napoleon and the Allies. In the excitement produced by every successive victory which the opposition obtained, sanguine minds thought they at length saw a *principe*. They imagined that political liberty and the old feeling of national honour would prove elements sufficient to

reconstitute society, when the obnoxious tokens of conquest and feudalism were removed together. Nor, on the other hand, was there any lack of confidence among the writers and thinkers on the Royalist side. They had long suffered from the suspicion and discord which naturally arise among the members of a victorious party. There were among them Ultramontanes and Jansenists, Absolutists and Liberals, men of every shade of religious and political feeling. These now possessed one common bond of union, the cause of monarchy; and, from Delamennais to Chateaubriand, they stood side by side on the defensive, and opposed a single front of resistance to the mighty host which assailed them.

The struggle was great and imposing. It was ended by the "ordonnances," which drove from the side of Royalty more than half its conscientious supporters; and by the days of the *barricades*, which terrified into neutrality half the professors of Liberalism. Then it became evident to both sides, how fallacious were those appearances of concord, under which they had so long combated together. Disunion and discontent commenced alike among the victorious and the vanquished party. And the disgust of the still united portion of the friends of liberty, was increased by the turn which affairs took immediately after the Revolution. It was seen that the men who profited by that event, were not the men who had actively concurred in it. Those who found their way to office, it was bitterly said, were for the most part taken from the old tribe of place-hunters, who find profit in every change; and their main support was the timidity of the great body of the people. This must have been foreseen by the wise; nay, it was clearly inevitable. Ministries could not be formed from among the warlike artisans of Paris, or the vehement patriots of the Polytechnic School. Nor was it possible to satisfy with place or pension, all those two or three hundred politicians who direct the ephemeral opinions of Paris, through the medium of its journals. That the excluded should attack their more successful brethren with sarcasm and abuse, was natural. But it was somewhat more

surprising to hear the general voice of the nation echoing their complaints, and adopting the established "fallacy of the outs;" that they who profit by a change, must have been insincere in their support of it. So unfounded and unreasonable a clamour proved that there existed deeper causes for general discontent. Exaggerated benefits had been expected, and instead of them followed losses. Commercial distress, domestic agitation, peril of foreign war, pressed heavily on the people. Those who had expected the most, even in extremes, now saw only despair in the future. Every system had been tried in France; all, they said, had failed, because none had realized the expected Utopia. There was nothing more to look forward to; for the patient had fairly exhausted all the pharmacopœia of the Constitution-mongers. "Nous voulons la liberté," says the Prince de Polignac, reasoning from his prison at Ham, on the aspect of affairs, "mais nous ne voulons ni de la liberté sanglante de la Convention, ni de la liberté corrompue du Directoire, ni de la liberté chimérique de l'Empire, ni de la liberté de la Restauration, qu'on prétend avoir été insuffisante: Ainsi depuis 40 ans nous nous égorgions pour, après tout, ne pas trouver ce que nous cherchons." It seemed as if the bold historical theory of the St Simonians was receiving its accomplishment. The critical or destructive character of the era was developing itself more fully than ever. It had overthrown successively all systems and all institutions. Where was the new constructive principle to be found, whose discovery, according to the above mentioned theory, was shortly to be expected? Mere political liberty, it is now an admitted maxim, is insufficient to regenerate a nation. In the meantime Doubt reigned, and still presides. A disposition to exaggerate the disorders of society, and yet to deride with the fiercest sarcasm, all the remedies which have been proposed for its relief, is one of the chief characteristics of the French writers of the present day.

The effect produced upon literature, not merely of the argumentative, but imaginative class, is one of the most lamentable results of this

state of disgust and scepticism. The Theatre and Romance are, in modern days, the two habitual resources of those who desire mental excitement. All common stimulants are now insufficient. Under the Bourbons, a covert allusion to Jesuitism or Royalty—a slight tincture of profaneness or ribaldry, was spice enough to season a theatrical piece for the vulgar palate. Now, the dose must be quintupled to produce the same effect. We see by the daily papers, that the hero and heroine, who divide public interest on the Parisian stage at this moment, are *Faust* and *Lucrezia Borgia*. The same rule holds good in the Romance. The most monstrous and refined imaginations of sensuality—modern sensuality, which differs from that of Lælos and Louvet, as Byron differs from Casti, in the robe of mystical enthusiasm in which it delights to envelope itself—characterise the most popular writings which have issued from the Parisian press since 1830. The extent of the mischief is nowhere more forcibly depicted than in a little work of Salvandi, (*de la Révolution et des Révolutionnaires*), in which that writer, one of the most influential of the Liberal class before 1830, pronounces a sort of palinode against his former coadjutors. If the public, in its appetite for excitement, has been rightly compared to the dram-drinker, that of modern Paris seems nearly to have arrived at the same enviable condition with the Turkish eater of corrosive sublimate, to whom the most violent of poisons became an ordinary stimulant.

Not that the contamination of moral scepticism has reached the higher and more meritorious class of French writers. On the contrary, there never was a period when mere materialism was less popular among them. Yet something of the "malaise" and languor incident to disbelief appears in almost all. The writer of the work from which we have made the above extracts is far too right-thinking not to respect religion and the bases of *private* morality; yet if there be any purpose in the connexion of the singular scenes which he presents to his readers, it is to show that no political or social system presents an aspect of permanency; that society is without hope of re-

newal, unless it be first subjected to an entire decomposition. Synthesis, or the habit of reasoning from assumed principles, is, we are told, the error of enthusiasts. Analysis is the weapon of the wise. His duty is elenctic:—to refute the errors of others—to prove that all general theories are at variance with some individual facts. Yet, by a natural contradiction, the disbeliever in all systems looks back with a feeling of regret to the period when systems prevailed. The Rights of Man were a fallacy; but they were conscientiously believed. The glory of “*les jours de la grande épée*” was a fallacy; but how enviable the feelings of its undoubting and exalted followers! Take the following animated passage:—

“Lorsque le drapeau blanc de la Vendée marchait au vent contre le drapeau tricolore de la Convention, tous deux étaient loyalement l’expression d’une idée: l’un voulait dire bien nettement, Monarchie, Hérité, Catholicisme; l’autre, République, Égalité, Raison Humaine: leurs plis de soie claquaient dans l’air au dessus des épées, comme au dessus des canons se faisaient entendre les chants enthousiastes des voix mâles, sortis de cours bien convaincus: Hemi Quatre, — La Marseillaise, — se heurtaient dans l’air comme les faix et les baionettes sur la terre. C’étaient là des drapeaux! O temps de dégoût et de pâlour, tu n’en as plus! N’aguère le blanc voulait dire Charte: aujourd’hui le tricolore veut dire Charte. Le blanc était devenu un peu rouge et bleu, le tricolore est devenu un peu blanc. Leur nuance est invarissable . . . Dans notre siècle, je vous le dis, l’uniforme sera un jour ridicule, comme la guerre est passée. Le soldat sera déshabillé comme le médecin l’a été par Molière, et ce sera peut-être un bien. Tout sera rangé sous un habit noir comme le mien. Les révoltes n’auront pas d’étendard. Demandez à Lyon.”

Want of faith, want of conviction, the absence of every strong element of thought and action, which might

produce unity of purpose among citizens—these are the complaints re-echoed in almost every page which issues from the pens of the more reflective class of French writers. From Voltaire downwards, the great school of Paris has applied itself perseveringly to the task of stripping life of all its illusions, (if such they were,) and striking off, by degrees, every secondary motive which could actuate the mind of man—as unprofitable and absurd—until that primary motive—self-interest—stands alone in unadorned hideousness. They have performed for social morality what the academicians of old did for philosophy, when they began by combating the dogmatic sects which preceded them, and ended by denying the certainty of all which was not evident to external sense. And now—

“Come quèi, che con lena affanata
Uscito fuor del pelago alla riva
Si volge all’acqua perigliosa, e guata”—

they look back on the wreck of their past creeds, shattered amidst the ocean of doubt which they have traversed, and despair of finding materials to construct a new one. But to enter into a discussion as to the one thing wanted in France, without which all such efforts would be of no avail, would be too grave and important a purpose for our present pages. We shall, however, have done some service, if we can direct the attention of a single reader to the manner in which this topic is treated by the Rev. Hugh Rose, in a sermon lately published, with an introduction concerning the Saint Simonians, and their views of religion and economy. It is the work of one who unites to theological learning an accomplishment much rarer among our divines—considerable knowledge of the actual spirit and habits of thought which prevail in other countries beside his own.

TRADITIONS OF THE RABBINS.

THE chief portion of the Rabbinical fantasies are derived from Indian fables; and among those the transmigration of souls seems to have made the most powerful impression. It is singular, that this doctrine, utterly unsupported as it is by any approach to evidence, should have yet prevailed among a vast multitude, or rather the great majority, of ancient mankind; and the question is still dubious, to which of the three most learned and investigating nations of antiquity the doctrine is first due. It belonged at once to India, Egypt, and Greece. Yet its origin may probably be traced to India, and there to some of those corruptions of the primal revelation, and of the second birth of mankind; the spirit transmitted from the antediluvian race into the descendants of Noah, the representative of the first man, and beginner of a new patriarchal line. The doctrine, too, served the purpose of offering an apparent explanation of that mysterious Providence by which the guilty sometimes exhibit striking examples of prosperity. It further gave some equally obscure hope of an explanation of the ills, partial sufferings, and general degradation, of the lower animal creation. The transfer of the soul of a tyrant to the body of a tiger seemed not unnatural; of the glutton's to the hog, or the robber's to the wolf, the vulture, or the hyæna; all displayed a species of natural justice which might gradually render the transmigration probable to the quick and figurative fancies of the East. Their style of expression, too, the forms and emblems by which, in the early rudeness of penmanship, they laboured to describe moral and mental qualities, tended to reinforce the doctrine. The outline of a dog expressed the persevering or the faithful, the lion characterised the bold, or the eagle gave the natural conception of lofty aspirations and indomitable ardour. For this doctrine the Rabbinical name is *Gilgul Neshameth*, (the revolving of souls.)

But the Rabbins sometimes deform the poetical part of this conception by their absurd habits of *particularizing*. In the *Nishmeth Chajim* we

are thus told, that the soul of the man who transgresses by attempting to provoke another to anger, passes inevitably into a beast. Those who were engaged in the rebellion at the building of Babel, were punished by three judgments. The best among them were punished by the confusion of tongues. The second rank, or those who attempted to set up the idol, were sent to inhabit cats and monkeys. The third, more ambitious and more impious, who attempted to scale the heavens and assault the divine throne with earthly weapons, were flung down from their height, and transformed into evil spirits, whose torment is, to be always in restless and agonizing motion. A prevailing cabalistic doctrine is the transmigration of the human spirit into earth. But this depends on the degree of guilt. "If he hath committed one sin more than the number of his good works," he must undergo transmigration. The soul of the man who thinks on his good works, is the more fortunate; for though he must undergo the degradation of passing into the form of a beast, yet it is of a clean or ruminant one. But the soul of the profligate, or the shedder of blood, passes into an unclean beast, the camel, the rabbit, or the hog. The sensualist is generally condemned to the form of a reptile.

Rabbinism has continued full of trivial observances; and the Jew of the present day is harassed with a weight of ceremonies, which exceed the heaviest burdens of the ancient law. This yoke he has laid upon himself. A rigour, worthy of the Pharisee, is exercised in minute and perpetual triflings worthy of a child. One of those ordinances, which pass through every portion of Jewish society, relates to the smoothness of their knife-blades. The knife with which the Jew puts bird or beast to death, must be without jags or notches of any kind. The *Avodath Hahodesh* assigns the important reason—"Sometimes the soul of a righteous man is found in a clean beast or fowl. The Jews are therefore commanded to have their killing-knives

without notches, to the end that they may give as little pain as possible to the souls contained therein."

The treatise *Ginek Hammelech* gives the following instance of the penal effect of the transmigration as detailed by the Rabbi Mosche Galante, chief judge of Jerusalem. "When, in the first ages of Israel, the Rabbi Isaac Lurja--blessed be his memory!--was passing through the Holy Land, he came faint and weary to a grove of olives, and there laid him down. He said to the Rabbi Mosche, 'Here let us rest;' but the Rabbi would not, for he looked round, and the place whereon they lay was a grave of the wicked. But the Rabbi Isaac, pointing to a tree above, on which sat a raven loudly croaking, said, 'There is no spirit in this grave. Dost thou not remember Nismath, the extortioner of the city?'--'I remember him well,' answered the Rabbi Mosche; 'he was the grand collector of the customs, and was cursed every day he lived for his cruelty. He robbed the rich and he trampled on the poor, the old he deprived of their property, and the young of their inheritance. May his name be black as night, and his memory be buried deep as the bottom of the sea.'--'He is sorry enough now for his oppression,' said the Rabbi Isaac Lurja. 'The King of Judgment hath sentenced his evil soul to be imprisoned in the body of that raven, and its complainings are its sorrows for its state, and its supplications to me to pray for its release.'--'And wilt thou pray for the son of evil?' asked the Rabbi Mosche.--'Sooner will I pray that this staff be the serpent of the magician,' answered Rabbi Isaac; and thereupon rising, he flung it at the raven, which, with a yell of fury, waved its wings, and shot up in agony into the bosom of the clouds."

But, even in its original state, the soul, according to the Rabbins, is under a multiform shape. They hold that the human soul has no less than five different forms or stages. "The first is the *Nephesh*, the bodily soul. The second is the *Ruach*, the spirit. The third is the *Neshama*, the more celestial soul. The fourth, the *Chaja*, the life. The fifth is the *Jechida*, the solitary. And those divisions have their appropriate occasions and uses,

every remarkable period of human existence requiring a due reinforcement of the soul, as a principle. "In the working and week days, between the new moon and the feast-day, thou must be content with having the *Nephesh*. On the Feast-day comes the *Ruach*. On the day of Atonement comes the *Neshama*. On the Sabbath comes the *Chaja*, or supernumerary soul, and in the final and future life of happiness comes the *Jechida*." The tenet, that on the Sabbath man receives an additional soul, is established among the Rabbins. But the extravagance of those conceptions is occasionally qualified among the later commentators by the explanation, that those diversities of the human spirit simply mean the gradual advance of the soul from excellence to excellence in the course of prayer, and the study of divine things.

By a singular improvement on the pagan doctrine of the metempsychosis, there is also a *reverse* change of bodies; and the spirit which had inhabited the form of a wild beast, becomes occasionally the inhabitant of the human shape. The tenet of the famous Rabbi Lurja, in the treatise *Ginek Hammelech*, is, that the violence and follies so conspicuous and unaccountable on human grounds, in certain individuals, are explained by this transmission. The vulture, the panther, the jackal, the fox, transmit their spirits into men, and thence we obviously derive the gluttonous, the rapacious, the base, the crafty, the whole train of the profligate and the mischievous of mankind; the race whom no precept can guide, no fear can restrain, and no principle can regulate; the whole lineage of the desperate and impracticable among men.

Such are the doctrines in their ruder state. But they sometimes take a finer and more fanciful shape, and rise into the boldness and imagery of Oriental fiction. "What," says the *Shaar Aikkune*, "is the fall of the guiltiest of the guilty; of those who have made themselves abominable in the sight of earth and heaven; of those who have exulted in their sins; of the man who has slain a son of Israel; of the upstart who has denied the supremacy of the religion of Israel over all other reli-

gions of the earth; of the spy who has betrayed a Jew, or a community of Jews? Shall they ascend to heaven; shall they be worthy to plant their steps in the courts of the palaces of the angels? No; the angels are their punishers; they utter the sentence of ruin against them; they drive them downward, and summon a band of evil spirits to chase them round the world. The dark tormentors rush after them, with goads and whips of fire; their chase is ceaseless; they hunt them from the plain to the mountain, from the mountain to the river, from the river to the ocean, from the ocean round the circle of the earth. Thus the tormented fly in terror, and the tormentors follow in vengeance, until the time decreed is done. Then the doomed sink into dust and ashes. Another beginning of existence, the commencement of a second trial, awaits them. They become clay, they take the nature of the stone and of the mineral; they are water, fire, air; they roll in the thunder; they float in the cloud; they rush in the whirlwind. They change again. They enter into the shapes of the vegetable tribes; they live in the shrub, the flower, and the tree. Ages on ages pass in their transformations; they wither; they are tossed by the tempest; they are trampled by man; they are smote by the axe; they are consumed by fire. Another change comes; they enter into the shape of the beast, the bird, the fish, the insect; they traverse the desert, they destroy, and are destroyed; they soar into the clouds; they shoot through the depths of the ocean; they burrow their invisible way through the recesses of the earth; they come by devouring millions in the locust; they sting in the scorpion; they crumble away the roots of vegetation in the hosts of the ant; they destroy the promise of the year in the caterpillar; they drive the flocks and herds into famine and madness in the hornet and the fly zebib. They at last are suffered to ascend into the rank of human beings once more. Yet their ascent is step by step. They are first slaves, they see their first light in the land of misery. The African or the Asiatic sun scorches them by

day; they are frozen with the dews of the night; they live in perpetual toil; their frames are lacerated with the scourge; their steps clank with the chain; their souls faint within them in hopeless misery, till they long to die. At last they die, and again commence life in a higher rank; they are now free, but they cultivate a sterile soil, they are impoverished, trampled, tortured by tyrant rulers; they are dragged to war by fierce ambition; they are pursued, starved, ruined by furious war; they are thrown into dungeons; they are banished; and above all, their souls are degraded by the darkness of superstitions bathed in blood. They are bowed down to idols which they dread, while they despise; they repeat prayers to things which they know to be the work of men's hands, stocks and stones, which yet from infancy they have taught themselves to adore; and thus drag on life in torture of mind, in shame, the twilight of truth, and the bewilderment of ignorance; they worship with their lips, yet scorn with their hearts. But their scorn breaks forth; they are grasped by power; they resist; they are dragged to the rack and the flame; they are slain. The final change is now come. They are Israelites. They have risen into the first class of mankind; they are of the chosen people; the sons of Abraham, to whom has been given the promise of universal dominion. Joy to them unspeakable, if they hold their rank; misery tenfold if they fall, for their fall now will be without redemption."

Those are the theories, and they bear evidence of that mixture of Greek philosophy and Asiatic invention, which forms the romance of the early ages. But they are sometimes embodied into narratives of singular imagination. The Thousand and One Nights are rivalled, and the Sultana Scherazade might find some of her originality thrown into the shade by those tales. The widow of Hebron is an example.

"The Rabbi Joseph, the son of Jehoshaphat, had been praying from noon until the time of the going down of the sun, when a messenger from the chief of the Synagogue of Hebron came to him, and besought

him to go forth and pray for a woman who was grievously tormented. The Rabbi, ever awake to the call of human sorrow, rose from his knees, girt his robe round him, and went forth. The messenger led him to a building deep in the forest that grew on the south side of the hill of Hebron. The building had more the look of the palace of one of the princes of Israel than of a private dwelling. But if its exterior struck the gaze of the Rabbi, its apartments excited his astonishment. He passed through a succession of halls worthy of the days of the first Herod, when Jerusalem raised her head again after the ruin of Antiochus, when her long civil wars were past, and she had become once more the most magnificent city of the eastern world. Marble columns, silken veils suspended from the capitals of the pillars, tissues wrought with the embroidery of Sidon, and coloured with the incomparable dyes of Caesarea, vases of Armenian crystal, and tables of Grecian mosaic, filled chambers, in which were trains of attendants of every climate, Ethiopian, Indian, Persian, and Greek, all habited in the richest dresses. All that met the eye wore an air of the most sumptuous and habitual magnificence. The Rabbi, however, had but a short time for wonder, before he was summoned to the chamber of the sick person. But all the costliness that he had seen before was eclipsed by the singular brilliancy of this apartment; it was small, and evidently contrived for the secluded hours of an individual; but every thing was sumptuous, all gold or pearl, amber or lapislazuli. And in the midst of this pomp, reclined, half sitting, half lying, on huge pillows of Shiraz silk, a female, whose beauty, in all the languor of pain, riveted even the ancient eye of the pious Rabbi. The sufferer was young; but the flush that from time to time broke across her countenance, and then left it to the paleness of the grave, shewed that she was on the verge of the tomb. The Rabbi was famous for his knowledge of herbs and minerals, and he offered her some of those medicaments which he had found useful in arresting the progress of decay. The dying beauty thanked him, and said

in a faint voice that she had implored his coming, not to be cured of a disease which she knew to be fatal, but to disburden her mind of a secret which had already hung heavy on her, and which must extinguish her existence before the morn. The Rabbi, on hearing this, besought her to make him the depositary of her sorrow, if he could serve her; but if he could not, forbade her to tell him what might hang darkly on the memory of a man of Israel. 'I am the daughter,' said she, 'of your friend the Rabbi Ben Bechai, whose memory be blessed, but the widow of a prince, the descendant of Ishmael. You see the riches in this house; but they are not the riches of the sons of the Desert. They were desperately gained, bitterly enjoyed, and now they are repented of when it is too late.' As the lovely being spoke, her countenance changed; she suddenly writhed and tossed with pain, and in her agony cried out words that pierced the holy man's ears with terror. He cast his eyes on the ground, and prayed, and was strengthened. But when he looked up again, an extraordinary change had come upon the woman's countenance. Its paleness was gone, her cheeks were burning, her hollow eyes were darting strange light; her lips, which had been thin and faded as the falling leaf, were full, crimson, and quivering with wild passion and magic energy. The Rabbi could not believe that he saw the dying woman by whose side he had so lately knelt, in the fierce and bold, yet still beautiful creature, that now gazed full and fearless upon him. 'You see me now,' said she, 'with surprise; but these are the common changes of my suffering. The deadly disease that is sinking me to the dust, thus varies its torment hour by hour; but I must submit and suffer.' The Rabbi knew by those words that the woman was tormented with an evil spirit. Upon this he sent for a famous unction, which had been handed down to him from his ancestor the Rabbi Joseph, who had been physician to King Herod the Great, and had exorcised the evil spirit out of the dying king. On its being brought, he anointed the forehead of the woman, her eyes, and the

tips of her fingers. He then made a fire of citron wood and cinnamon, and threw on it incense. As the smoke arose, he bowed her head gently over it, that she might imbibe the odour in her nostrils, which was an established way of expelling the evil spirit.

"The woman's countenance now changed again, it was once more pale with pain, and she cried out in her torment; at length in strong agony she uttered many words. But the Rabbi perceived, from her fixed eyes and motionless lips, that it was the spirit within her that spoke the words. It said, 'Why am I to be disturbed with anointings and incense? Why am I to hear the sound of prayer, and be smitten with the voice of the holy? Look round the chamber. Is it not full of us and our punishers? Are we not pursued for ever by the avenging angels? Do they not hold scourges of fire in their hands, and fill every wound they make with thrice distilled poison of the tree Asgard, that grows by the lake of fire? I was an Egyptian; five hundred years ago I lived at the Court of Ptolemy Philadelphus. I longed for power, and I obtained it; I longed to possess the fairest daughters of the land, and I possessed them. I longed for riches, and I practised all evil to gain them. I was at length accused before the King of sorcery. I longed for revenge on my accuser, and I enjoyed my revenge. I stabbed him as he was sleeping in his chamber. The murder was known; I was forced to fly. But I first sent a present of perfumed cakes of Da nascus to the mistress of the man who made the discovery; they feasted on them together, and together they died. The ship in which I fled was overtaken by a storm. I was charged with having brought the anger of heaven on the vessel. I was seized, and about to be slain; I drove my dagger through the captain, sprang overboard, and reached the shore. From it, in triumphant revenge, I saw the ship and all the crew perish in the waters. I was now in the Great Desert of Africa; and was starving and scorched, until I lay down to die. But at the last moment an old man came from among the tombs, and offered me bread and water. I followed him to

his dwelling in the tombs. He scoffed at my complaints of ill fortune, and swore to place me once again at the height of my wishes, if I would be ready at his call at the end of a hundred years. I could have then drunk fire and blood in my fury against mankind, and my thirst of possession. I swore to be his, and prepared to begin my hundred years of enjoyment.

"I returned to Egypt. I had been supposed to have sunk to the bottom of the waters with the wreck of the vessel. My countenance was no longer the same. No man remembered me. I began my career. I was full of wild ambition, eager desire, and matchless sagacity. I rapidly outstripped all rivalry. I rose to the first rank under the Ptolemies. I enjoyed the delight of ruining every man who had formerly thwarted me. All Egypt rang with my fame. I had secret enemies, and strange rumours of the means of my perpetual success began to be spread. But I had spies everywhere; a whisper was repaid by death. A frown was avenged like an open accusation. My name became a universal terror. But I had my followers and flatterers only the more. I trampled on mankind. I revelled in seeing the proud groveling at my feet. I corrupted the lowly, I terrified the high, I bound the strong to my basest services. I was hated and cursed, but I was feared. Daggers, poison, secret rage, and public abhorrence, all were levelled against me; I encountered them all, defied them all, challenged and triumphed over them all. I was the most successful, the most envied, and the most wretched of human beings. But my passions at length changed their colour; I had lost all sense of enjoyment, habit had worn its sense away; the feast, rank, splendour, the adulation of the great, the beauty of woman, all had grown tasteless and wearisome. Life was withering. But I had a fierce enjoyment still, and one that grew keener with the advance of years. I rejoiced in the degradation of my fellow men. I revelled in corrupting the mercenary, in hardening the ferocious, in inflaming the vindictive, in stimulating the violent. I lived, too, in an evil time of the monarchy. Desperate excesses in the court were all but

rivalled by furious vice in the people. The old age of the Greek dynasty was a sinking of the soul and body of dominion together. The deepest sensuality, the wildest waste of public wealth, the meanest extortion, the most reckless tyranny, all that could fester the memory of a nation, were the daily crimes of the decaying court of the Ptolemies. I had come at the right time. Invested with power which made the monarch a cipher, I exulted in the coming ruin—I blinded the eyes of this voluptuous tyranny to its inevitable fate—I had but little to do in urging it to new crime, but I did that little. I wove round it a web of temptation that the strength even of virtue could have scarcely broken, but into which the eager dissoluteness of the Egyptian court plunged as if it had been the most signal gift of fortune. I culled in the prospect of my accomplished task of precipitating a guilty palace and people into utter ruin; but in the fever of my exultation I had forgot that my time was measured. At a banquet in the King's chamber I saw a guest whose face struck me as having been known to me at some remote period. He was the chieftain of one of the Bactrian tribes, who now came to offer compensation for some outrages of his wild horsemen on a caravan returning from the Indus to Egypt. He was a man of marvellous age, the signs of which he bore in his visage, but of the most singular sagacity. His reputation had gone forth among the people; and all the dealers in forbidden arts, the magi, the soothsayers, and the consultants of the dead, acknowledged their skill outdone by this exhausted and decrepit barbarian. The first glance of his keen eye awoke me to strange and fearful remembrances, but his first word put an end to all doubt, and made me feel the agonies of despair. At the sound of his voice I recognised the old man of the tombs, and felt that the terrible time for his payment was come. It was true, I was to die—I was to suffer for the long banquet of life—I was to undergo the torture of the place of all torture—I was to suffer a hideous retribution for the days of my triumph. They had been many, but they now seemed to me but a moment. Days, months, years, were compressed into

a thought, and I groaned within my inmost soul at the frenzy which had bound me to a master so soon to demand the penalty to the uttermost.

"I flew from the royal chamber; my mind was a whirl of terror, shame, loathing, hatred, and remorse. I seized my sword, and was about to plunge it into my heart, and end a suspense more stinging than despair, when I found my hand arrested, and, on turning, saw the visage of the Bactrian. I indignantly attempted to wrest the sword from him, and drive it home to a heart burning with the poison of the soul. But he held it with a grasp to which my utmost strength was as a child's; I might as well have forced a rock from its base. He smiled, and said, 'I am Sammael; you should have known, that to resist me was as absurd as to expect pity from our race. I am one of the princes of evil—I reign over the south-east—I fill the Bactrian deserts with rapine, the Persian chambers with promiscuity, and am now come to fling the firebrands of civil war into this court of effeminate Asiatics, savage Africans, and treacherous Greeks. The work was nearly done without me; but Sammael must not let the wickedness of man triumph alone. He tempts, ensnares, betrays, and he must have his reward like mankind. This kingdom will soon be a deluge of blood where it is not a deluge of conflagration, and a deluge of conflagration where it is not a deluge of blood.' As he spoke his countenance grew fiery, his voice became awful, and I fell at his feet without the power to struggle or to speak. He was on the point of plunging me through the crust of the earth ten thousand times ten thousand fathoms deep, below the roots of the ocean, to abide in the region of rack and flame. He had already lifted his heel to trample me down. But he paused, and uttered a groan. I saw a burst of light that covered him from the head to the foot, and in which he writhed as if it had been a robe of venom. I looked up and saw a giant shape, one of the sons of Paradise who watch over the children of Israel, standing before the evil King. They fought for me with lances bright and swift as flashes of lightning. But Sammael was over-

thrown. He sprang from the ground, and cursing, spread his wings and flew up into a passing thunder-cloud. The son of Paradise still stood over me with a countenance of wrath, and said, "Child of guilt, why shall not vengeance be wrought upon the guilty? Why shall not the subject of the evil one be stricken with his punishment, and be chained on the burning rocks of his dungeon, that are deep as the centre of the earth, and wide as its surface spread out ten thousand times?" I clasped his knees, and bathed them with tears; I groaned, and beat my bosom in the terrors of instant death. The bright vision still held the blow suspended, and saying "that I had been preserved from ruin only by being the descendant of an Israelitish mother, but that my life had earned punishment which must be undergone;" as he spoke the words, he laid his hand upon my forehead with a weight which seemed to crush my brain.

"I shrank and sprang away in fear. I rushed wildly through the palace, through the streets, through the highways. I felt myself moving with a vigour of limb, and savage swiftness, that astonished me. On the way I overtook a troop of Alexandrian merchants going towards the desert of the Pentapolis. I felt a strange instinct to rush among them—I was hungry and parched with thirst. I sprang among a group who had sat down beside one of the wells that border the sands. They all rose up at my sight with a hideous outcry. Some fled, some threw themselves down behind the shelter of the thickets, but some seized their swords and lances, and stood to defend themselves. I glowed with unaccountable rage! The sight of their defiance doubly inflamed me, the very gleam of their steel seemed to me the last insult, and I rushed forward to make them repent of their temerity. At the same instant I felt a sudden thrill of pain; a spear, thrown by a powerful hand, was quivering in my side. I bounded resistlessly on my assailant, and in another moment saw him lying in horrid mutilation at my feet. The rest instantly lost all courage at the sight, and, flinging down their weapons, scattered in all directions, crying for help. But those dastards were not worth pur-

suit. The well was before me, I was burning with thirst and fatigue, and I stooped down to drink of its pure and smooth water. What was my astonishment when I saw a lion stooping in the mirror of the well! I distinctly saw the shaggy mane, the huge bloodshot eyes, the rough and rapidly moving lips, the pointed tusks, and all red with recent gore. I shrank in strange perturbation. I returned to the well again, stooped to drink, and again saw the same furious monster stoop to its calm, blue mirror. A horrid thought crossed my mind. I had known the old doctrine of the Egyptians and Asiatics, which denounced punishment in the shape of brutes to the guilty dead. Had I shared this hideous punishment? I again gave a glance at the water. The sight was now conviction. I no longer wondered at the wild outcry of the caravan, at the hurried defence, at the strange flight, at the ferocious joy with which I tore down my enemy, and trampled and rent him till he had lost all semblance of man. The punishment had come upon me. My fated spirit had left its human body, and had entered into the shape of the savage inhabitant of the wilderness. The thought was one of indescribable horror. I bounded away with furious speed, I tore up the sands, I darted my fangs into my own flesh, and sought for some respite from hideous thought in the violence of bodily pain. I flew along the limitless plains of the desert, from night till morning, and from morning till night, in hope to exhaust bitter memory by fatigue; all was in vain. I lay down to die, but the vast strength of my frame was proof against fatigue.

"I rushed from hill to valley with the speed of the whirlwind, and still I was but the terror of the wilderness, all whose tenants flew before me. I sought the verge of the little villages, where the natives hide their heads from the scorching sun and the deadly dews. I sought them, to perish by their arrows and lances. I was often wounded; I often carried away with me their barbed iron in my flesh. I often writhed in the agony of poisoned wounds. Still I lived. My life was the solitary existence of the wild beast. I hunted down the antelope, the boar, and the

goat, and gorged upon their blood. I then slept, until hunger, or the cry of the hunter, roused me once more, to commence the same career of flight, pursuit, watching, and wounds. This life was hideous. With the savage instincts of the wild beast, I retained the bitter recollections of my earlier nature, and every hour was felt with the keenness of a punishment allotted by a Judge too powerful to be questioned, and too stern to be propitiated. How long I endured this state of evil, I had no means of knowing. I had lost the human faculty of measuring the flight of time. I howled in rage at the light of the moon as I roamed through the wilderness; I shrank from the broad blaze of the sun, which at once parched my blood and warned my prey of my approach; I felt the tempests of the furious season which drove all the feebler animals from the face of the land to hide in caves and woods. I felt the renewed fires of the season when the sun broke through his clouds once more, and the earth, refreshed with the rains, began to be withered like the weed in the furnace. But, for all other purposes, the moon and the sun rose alike to my mind, embodied as it was in the brute, and sharing the narrowness and obscurity of the animal intellect. Months and years passed unnoted. In the remnant of understanding that was left to me in vengeance, I laboured in vain to recount the periods of my savage suffering; but the periods of my human guilt were, by some strange visitation of wrath, always and instantly ready at my call. I there saw my whole career with a distinctness which seemed beyond all human memory. I lived over every hour, every thought, every passion, every pang. Then the instincts of my degraded state would seize me again; I was again the devourer, the insatiate drinker of blood, the terror of the African, the ravager of the sheepfold, the monarch of the forest. But my life of horror seemed at length to approach its limit; I felt the gradual approach of decay. My eyes, once keen as the lightning, could no longer discern the prey on the edge of the horizon; my massive strength grew weary; my limbs, the perfection of muscular strength and

activity, became ponderous, and bore me no longer with the lightness that had given the swiftest gazelle to my grasp. I shrank within my cavern, and was to be roused only by the hunger which I bore long after it had begun to gnaw me. One day I dragged out my tardy limbs, urged by famine, to seize upon the buffaloes of a tribe passing across the desert. I sprang upon the leader of the herd, and had already dragged it to the earth, when the chieftain of the tribe rushed forward with his lance, and uttering a loud outcry, I turned from the fallen buffalo to attack the hunter. But in that glance I saw an aspect which I remembered after the lapse of so many years of misery. The countenance of the being who had crushed me out of human nature was before me. I felt the powerful pressure; a pang new to me, a sting of human feeling, pierced through my frame. I dared not rush upon this strange avenger—I cowered in the dust—I would have licked his feet. My fury, my appetite for carnage, my ruthless delight in rending and devouring the helpless creatures of the wilderness, had passed away. I doubly loathed my degradation, and if I could have uttered a human voice, I should at this moment have implored the being before me to plunge his spear into my brain, and extinguish all consciousness at once. As the thought arose, I looked on him once more; he was no longer the African; he wore the grandeur and fearful majesty of Azrael—I knew the Angel of Judgment. Again he laid his grasp upon my front. Again I felt it like the weight of a thunderbolt. I bounded in agony from the plain, fell at his feet, and the sky, the earth, and the avenger, disappeared from my eyes.

“When life returned to me again, I found that I was rushing forward with vast speed, but it was no longer the bound and spring of my sinewy limbs; I felt, too, that I was no longer treading the sands that had so long burned under my feet. I was tossed by winds; I was drenched with heavy moisture; I saw at intervals a strong glare of light bursting on me, and then suddenly obscured. My senses gradually cleared, and I became conscious that my being had undergone a new change. I glanced at my

limbs, and saw them covered with plumage; but the talons were still there. I still felt the fierce eagerness for blood, the instinctive desire of destroying life, the eagerness of pursuit, the savage spirit of loneliness. Still I was the sullen king of the forest; in every impulse of my spirit I rushed on. As far as my eye could gaze, and it now possessed a power of vision which seemed to give me the command of the earth, I saw clouds rolling in huge piles as white as snow, and wilder than the surges of an uproused sea. I saw the marble pinnacles of mountains piercing through the vapoury ocean like the points of lances; I saw the whole majesty of the kingdom of the air, with all its splendour of colouring, its gathering tempests, its boundless reservoirs of the rain, its fiery forges of the thunder. Still I rushed on, sustained by unconscious power, and filled with a fierce joy in my new strength. As I accidentally passed over a broad expanse of vapour, which lay calm and smooth under the meridian beams, I looked downwards. The speed of my shadow as it swept across the cloud, first caught my eye. But I was in another moment struck with still keener astonishment at the shape which fell there. It bore the complete outline of an eagle; I saw the broad wings, the strong form, the beak and head framed for rapine; the destruction of prey was in every movement. The truth flashed on me. My spirit had transmigrated into the king of the feathered race. My first sensations were of the deepest melancholy. I was to be a prisoner once more in the form of an inferior nature. I was still to be exiled from the communion of man. I was, for years or ages, to be a fierce and blood-devouring creature, the dweller among mountains and precipices, pursued by man, a terror to all the beings of its nature, stern, solitary, hated, and miserable. Yet I had glimpses of consolation. Though retaining the ruthless impulses of my forest state, I felt that my lot was now softened, that my fate was cast in a mould of higher capabilities of enjoyment, that I was safer from the incessant fears of pursuit, from the famine, the thirst, the wounds, and the inclemency of the life of the wilderness. I felt still a higher allevi-

ation of my destiny in the sense that the very enjoyments, few and lonely as they were, which were added to my existence, were proof that my captivity was not to be for ever. The recollections of my human career still mingled with the keen and brute impulses of my present being; but they were no longer the scorpion scourges that had once tortured me. I remembered with what eager longing I had often looked upon the clear heavens of Egypt, and envied every bird that I saw soaring in the sunshine. I remembered how often, in even the most successful hours of my ambition, I had wished to exchange existence with the ibis that I had seen sporting over the banks of the Nile, and then spreading his speckled wings, and floating onward to the Thebais, at a height inaccessible to the arrow. How often had I gazed at the eagles which I started at the head of my hunting train from the country of the Cataracts, and while I watched their flight into the highest region of the blue and lovely atmosphere, saw their plumage turned to gold and purple as they rose through the coloured light of the clouds, or poised themselves in the full radiance of the sunbeams! This delight was now fully within my possession, and I enjoyed it to the full. The more faculty of motion is an indulgence; but to possess it without restraint, to have unlimited space before me for its exercise, and to traverse it without an exertion; to be able to speed with a swiftness surpassing all human rapidity, to speed through a world, and to speed with the simple wave of a wing, was a new sense, a source of pleasure that alone might almost have soothed my calamity. The beauty of nature, the grandeur of the elemental changes, the contrasted majesty of the mountains with the living and crowded luxuriance of the plains below, were perpetually before my eye; and tardily as they impressed themselves on my spirit, and often as they were degraded and darkened by the necessities of my animal nature, they still made their impression. My better mind was beginning to revive. At length, one day as I lay on my poised pinions, basking in the sun, and wondering at the flood of radiance that from his orb illumined

earth and heaven, I lamented with almost the keenness of human regret, that I was destitute of the organs to make known to man the magnificence of the powers of creation, thus seen nigh, cloudless, and serene. In this contemplation I had forgotten that a tempest had been gathering in the horizon. It had rapidly advanced towards me. It enwrapped me before I had time to spread my pinions and escape from its overwhelming ruin. When I made the attempt, it was too late. I saw nothing before, below, or above me, but rolling volumes of vapour, which confused my vision and clogged my wings. Lightning began to shoot through the depths of the world of cloud. As I still struggled fiercely to extricate myself, I saw a shape standing in the heart of the storm. I knew the countenance. It was Azrael; still awful, but with its earlier indignation gone. My strength sunk and withered before him. My powerful pinion flagged. I waited the blow. It was mercy. I saw him stretch forth the fatal hand again. The lightning burst round me. I was enveloped in a whirlwind of fire, felt one wild pang, and felt no more.

"I awoke in the midst of a chamber filled with a crowd of wild looking men and women, who, on seeing me open my eyes, could not suppress their wonder and joy. They danced about the chamber with all the gesticulations of barbarian delight. As I gazed round with some hope or fear of seeing the mighty angel who had smote me, my gaze was mistaken for a desire to breathe the open air. I was carried towards a large casement, from which a view of the country spread before me. I was instantly, and for the first time, now sensible that another change had come upon me. Where were the vast volumes of clouds, on which I had floated in such supreme command? Where were the glittering pinnacles of the mountains, on which I had for so many years looked down from a height that made them dwindle into spear heads and arrow points? Where was that broad and golden splendour of the sun, on which I had for so many thousand days gazed, as if I drank new life from the lustre? I now saw before me only a deep and gloomy ravine, feathered with

pinces, and filled with a torrent that bounded from the marble summit of the precipice. The tops of the hills seemed to pierce the heavens, but they were a sheet of sullen forest; the sun was shut out, and but for a golden line that touched the ridge, I should have forgotten that he had an existence. I had left the region of lights and glories; I was now a wingless, powerless, earth-fixed thing, a helpless exile from the azure provinces of the sky. What I had become, I toiled in vain to discover. I was changed; I knew no more; my faculties still retained the impressions made on them by long habit; and I felt myself involuntarily attempting to spring forward, and launch again upon the bosom of the air. But I was at length to be fully acquainted with the truth.

"As the evening came on, I heard sounds of horns and wild cries, the sounds of many voices roused me, and soon after, the women whom I had seen before, rushed into the chamber, bringing a variety of ornaments and robes, which they put on me. A mirror which one of them held to my face, when all was completed, shewed me that I had transmigrated into the form of a young female. I was now the daughter of a Circassian chieftain. The being whose form I now possessed had been memorable for her beauty, was accordingly looked upon as a treasure by her parents, and destined to be sold to the most extravagant purchaser. But envy exists even in the mountains of Circassia; and a dose of opium, administered by a rival beauty, had suddenly extinguished a bargain, which had been already far advanced, with an envoy from the royal harem of Persia. My parents were inconsolable, and they had torn their garments, and vowed revenge over me for three days. On this evening the horsemen of the whole tribe were to have assembled for an incursion upon the tribe of my successful rival, and to have avenged my death by general extermination. While all was in suspense, the light had come into the eyes of the dead beauty, the colour had dawned on her cheeks, her lips had moved; and her parents, in exultation at the hope of renewing their bargain, had at once given a general feast to their

kinsmen, loaded me with their family ornaments, and invited the Persian to renew his purchase, and carry me without delay beyond the chance of future doses of opium.

“The Persian came in full gallop, and approved of me for the possession of his long-bearded lord; my parents embraced me, wept over me, protested that I was the light of their eyes, and sold me without the slightest ceremony. That night I was packed up like a bale of Curdistan cloth, was flung on a horse, and carried far from the mountains of Circassia.

“At the Persian court I lived sumptuously, and in perpetual terror; I ate off dishes of gold, and slept on beds fringed with pearl, yet I envied the slave who swept the chamber. Every thing round me was distrust, discontent, and treachery. My Persian lord was devoted to me for a month; and at the end of that time, I learned from an old female slave, that I was to be poisoned, as my place was to be supplied by a new favourite, and it was contrary to the dignity of the court that I should be sold to a subject. My old friend further told me, that the poison was to be administered in a pomegranate that night at supper, and mentioned by what mark I was to know the fatal fruit. On that night there was a banquet in the haram, the Monarch was beyond all custom courteous, and he repeatedly invited me to drink perfumed liquors, as the highest token of his regard, from his own table. At length, in a sportive tone, he ordered a dish of pomegranates from his favourite garden to be divided among the fairest of the fair of the haram. My heart sank within me, as I heard the sentence of death. But I became only the more vigilant. The dish was brought. The fruits were flung by the Monarch to his delighted guests; till at last but two remained. One of them, I saw, was the marked one. To have refused it, would have argued detection of the treachery, and must have been followed by certain death. At the moment when his hand touched it, I exclaimed that a scorpion had stung me, and fell on the floor in agony! This produced a momentary confusion. The Monarch dropped the fruit from his hand, and turned to

summon assistance. Quick as the love of life could urge me, I darted towards the table, and changed the places of the two pomegranates. The confusion soon subsided, and I received from the hand of the Sofi the one which was now next to his royal touch. I bowed to the ground in gratitude, and tasted the fruit, which I praised as the most exquisite of all productions of the earth. The Monarch, satisfied with his performance, now put the remaining one to his lips. I saw the royal epicure devour it to the last morsel, and observed the process without the least compunction; he enjoyed it prodigiously. In the consciousness that he would not enjoy it long, I packed up every jewel and coin I could gather in my chamber the moment I left the banquet, desiring the old slave to bring me the earliest intelligence of the catastrophe. My labours were scarcely completed, when an uproar in the palace told me that my pomegranate was effectual. The old slave came flying in immediately after, saying that all the physicians of the city had been ordered to come to the Sofi's chamber; that he was in agony, and that there were “strong suspicions of his having been poisoned!” The old Nubian laughed excessively as she communicated her intelligence, and at the same time recommended my taking advantage of the tumult to escape. I lost no time, and we fled together.

“But as I passed the windows of the royal chamber, I could not resist the impulse to see how his supper succeeded with him. Climbing on my old companion's shoulders, I looked in. He was surrounded by a crowd of physicians of all ranks and races, Jews and infidels, all offering their nostrums; and all answered by the most furious threats, that unless they recovered him before the night was over, the dawn should see every one of them without his head. He then raved at his own blunder, which he appeared to have found out in all points, and cursed the hour when he ate pomegranates for supper, and was outwitted by a woman. He then rolled in agony. I left him yelling, and heard him, long after I had reached the boundaries of the haram garden. He died before he had time to cut off the

physicians' heads. Before dawn he was with his forefathers.

"Through what changes of life I now ran, I remember but little more. All is confused before my eyes. I became the captive of a Bedoueen, fed his camels, moved the jealousy of the daughter of a neighbouring robber, was carried off by his wild riders in consequence, and left to perish in the heart of the Hedjaz. From this horrible fate I was rescued, after days of wandering and famine, by a caravan which had lost its way, and by straying out of the right road, came to make prize of me. The conductor of the escort seized me as his property, fed me until I was in due fulness for the slave market at Astrachan, and sold me to a travelling Indian dealer in Angora goats' hair and women. I was hurried to the borders of the Ganges, and consigned to the court of a mighty sovereign, black as ebony, and with the strongest resemblance to an overgrown baboon. I was next the Sultana of a Rajahpoot. I was then the water-carrier of a Turcoman horse-stealer; I was the slave of a Roman matron at Constantinople, who famished and flogged me to make me a convert, and when I at last owned the conversion, famished and flogged me to keep me to my duty. She died, and I was free from the scourge, the temple, and the dungeon. I have but one confession more to make. Can the ear of the holy son of Jehoshaphat, the wisest of the wise, listen to the compacts of the tempter?" The fair speaker paused; the Rabbi shrank at the words. But the dying penitent before him was no longer an object of either temptation or terror. He pressed his hands upon his bosom, bowed his head, and listened.

"The fainting beauty smiled, and taking from her locks a rich jewel, placed it on the hand of her hearer. 'My story is at an end,' said she. 'I had but one trial yet to undergo. The King of the Spirits of Evil urged me to deliver myself over to him. He promised me instant liberty, the breaking of my earthly chain, the elevation into the highest rank of earth, the enjoyment of riches beyond the treasures of kings. The temptation was powerful; the wealth which you now see round me, was

brought by hands that might have controlled the elements, but I had learned to resist all that dazzled the eye. Ambition was not for my sex, yet I might have at this hour ranked at the head of the race of woman; a spell was within my power, by the simple uttering of which, I might have sat on a throne, the noblest throne at this hour upon earth. This, too, I resisted. But the more overwhelming temptation was at hand; the King of Evil stood before me in a garb of splendour inexpressible, and offered to make me the possessor of all the secrets of magic. He raised upon the earth visions of the most bewitching beauty; he filled these halls with shapes of the most dazzling brightness; he touched my eyes, and I saw the secrets of other worlds, the people of the stars, the grandeur of the mighty regions that spread above this cloudy dwelling and prison of man. The temptation was beyond all resistance, I was on the point of yielding, when I saw the Spirit of Evil suddenly writhe as if an arrow had shot through him; his brightness instantly grew dim, his strength withered, and even while I gazed, he sank into the earth. Where he had stood, I saw nothing but a foot-print, marked as if the soil had borne fire; but another form arose. I knew Azrael; his countenance had now lost all its terrors. He told me that my trials were come to their conclusion. That guilty as I was, my last allegiance to the tempter was broken; that the decree had gone forth for my release, and that this night I was to inhabit a form of clay no more.' The Rabbi listened in holy fear to the language of the wearied spirit, and for a while was absorbed in supplication. He then repeated the prayers for the dying hours of the daughters of Israel.

"It was for this that I summoned you, son of Jehoshaphat," said the sinking form. 'It was to soothe my last hour on earth with the sounds of holy things, and to fill my dying ear with the wisdom of our fathers. So shall my chain be gently divided, and the hand of the angel of death lead me through the valley of darkness, without treading on the thorns of pain.' The Rabbi knelt, and prayed more fervently. But he was roused by the deep sigh of the suf-

ferer. 'Now, pray for me no longer,' were her words; 'pray for the peace of Jerusalem.' The Rabbi prayed for the restoration of Zion. As his prayer arose, he heard it echoed by voices of sweetness that sank into his soul. He looked upon the couch; the sufferer was dead; but the struggle of death had not disturbed a feature. She lay still lovely, and he knew that the fetter of the spirit had been loosed for ever, and that the trial had been ended in mercy. He rose to call the attendants to watch by the dead, but the halls were empty. He then turned to the porch, and pondering on the ways of destiny, set his face in awe and sorrow towards his own home. He looked back once more, but where was the porch through which he had so lately passed? Where was the stately mansion itself? All before the eye was the dim and yellow expanse of weeds that covers the foot of Hebron. He looked around him—he saw but the heathy sides of the hill, with the city on its brow; he looked below him—he saw but the endless range of fertile plain that is lost in the desert; above him, all was the blue glory of midnight. The palace was air. Had he been in a trance? Had he seen a vision? Had a warning been given to him in a dream? Who knoweth? But is it not recorded in the book of the house of Jehoshaphat; who shall tell? Go, thou who readeest, and learn wisdom. Are not all things dust and air?"

Some of the traditions allow a much more extensive transmigration. The treatise *Zohar* claims the privilege, or admits the punishment, for it may be either, of transmigrating no less than a thousand times; on these grounds:—When the great Judge causes the soul of a man to transmigrate, it is generally because it has not prospered, or done good, in its former state. It is then that the soul is torn from one existence and planted in the form of another; and this is called the "changing of the place." On the third change, it receives a new appellative, and this is called the "changing of the name." A more marked stage is the alteration to a new form, with a consequent alteration of all the objects, pursuits, and faculties; this is called

the "changing of the work." But, "how often," asks the treatise, "may those changes take place? To one thousand times," is the answer.

But this singular doctrine is urged still further, and is made to comprehend even the fallen angels. The treatise *Tuf hara'ez* declares, that, as it is not the will of Providence that any Jew should be lost; and the command of circumcision was given to Abraham; the resource of transmigration was devised for the assistance of those who might neglect that essential rite; as thus, instead of being utterly cast forth, they were to be only temporarily separated from the chosen people, being sent to transmigrate through a series of bodies, until their due purification should be accomplished. Upon the discovery of this proviso, the treatise tells us, that the fallen angels, conceiving themselves not much worse than an uncircumcised Jew, laid their claim to a similar privilege. Sammael and his seventy princes pleaded their cause, on the ground, that as they were the work of creation not less than the sons of Abraham, they, fallen as they might be, deserved the same consideration. "For what had Abraham done, that he should be preferred to beings originally so much his superiors?" The answer was, that the patriarch's merits had entitled him to this privilege; "that he had gone into the fire of the Chaldeans," to prove his zeal, which was more than Sammael and his seventy princes had ever thought of doing. The application was closed by a summary command, that it should not be repeated. "Ye have not hallowed my words; therefore speak no more, good or bad."

When we read those perversions of Scripture, which seem to be engendered of the most wilful ignorance, and the blindest infatuation, we may well account for the earnestness with which the apostolical writers warned the Christian world against the traditionary spirit of the Jews, against the "old wives' fables," the entangled genealogies, and the endless mysticism. We here have specimens of the wisdom of the proud and stubborn generation which rejected the Messiah, and, with the oracles of divine truth in their hands, actually loved the false, the extrava-

gant, and the trifling. We may well understand the force of the caution against "will worship," and prying into things of which no knowledge has been vouchsafed to man, the nature of angels, and the transactions of Heaven; we see here the fantastic humility, the uncalled-for mortification, the unauthorized homage to the living saints or the dead. It is not less palpable, that the propensity to load Scriptural truth with human inventions, has been the characteristic of the corruption of Christianity, not less than of Judaism; and that Rome may vie, at this hour, in legendary extravagance, the worshipping of angels, the prayers for those spirits who are beyond all human intervention, the homage to the saints and martyrs, the useless and frivolous miracles, and the misty, fluctuating, and irreverent doctrines suggested for their support, with the wildest and most worthless fabrications of the Rabbins.

Like all Oriental writings on theology, the Rabbinical traditions discuss largely the glories, wonders, and delights of the future state. The Sacred Scriptures, written for higher purposes than curiosity, or the indulgence of an extravagant imagination, are nearly silent on the subject, probably from the double reason, that sufficient grounds are laid down for virtue without this detail of its rewards, and that human faculties are still but feebly fitted to comprehend the developement, were it made. Yet even they are not without indications of the peculiar species of happiness reserved for the immortal spirit. They give us statements of the temper in which Paradise will be enjoyed, the combination of love, gratitude, adoration, ardour of spirit, and activity of powers, which will constitute the purified nature; and which, if it existed on earth, would make earth itself, with all its inclemencies of nature, and anxieties of circumstance, almost a Paradise. And, in those declarations, they exhibit the same wisdom, and the same sublime simplicity, which characterise the visible operations of Providence; for they give us the principle of happiness, without embarrassing us with the details: they give us an incitement to the vigorous performance of our human duty, by suggest-

ing a magnificent and various future, yet of which neither the magnificence is suffered to dazzle, nor the variety to distract, the mind.

But the famous treatise *Nishmath Chajim* settles all questions at once, according to the wisdom of the sons of Solomon. After announcing that there are seven regions, or dwellings, in the place of evil, for the punishment of the wicked, it cheers the true believer, by telling him that Paradise is similarly partitioned, and equally large. The discovery is made in the form of a commission, directed by the Rabbi Gamaliel to the Rabbi Jehoscha ben Levi, a renowned name in the legendary world, for the purpose of deciding whether any of the *Goyim* (Gentiles, or Infidels) are in Paradise, and whether any of the children of Israel are in hell. The angel of death bears the commission to the Rabbi, and the Rabbi sets out immediately on his inquisition. The result of his investigation is, that Paradise contains seven houses, or general receptacles for the blissful. The houses are unquestionably adapted for a large population; for each house is twelve times ten thousand miles long, and twelve times ten thousand miles broad, or 120,000 miles square. He then proceeds to report on their distinctions.

The first house fronts the first gate of Paradise, and is inhabited by converts from the Infidels, who have voluntarily embraced the Jewish faith. The walls are of glass, and the timbers cedar. He proposed to give accuracy to his statement, by actually measuring the extent. But the converts, probably jealous of his superior sanctity, and conceiving that he was about to eject them, began to offer opposition. Fortunately, Obadiah the prophet, their superintendent saint, happening to be on the spot, he remonstrated with them, and the measurement was suffered to go on in peace. The second house fronts the second gate of Paradise. Its walls are of silver, and its beams cedar. It is inhabited by those who have repented, and they are superintended by a penitent; Manasseh, the son of Hezekiah, is set over them. The third house is opposite to the third gate, is built of silver and gold, and is inhabited by Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, with all the Israelites who

came out of Egypt, and all that were in the desert. In this house, also, dwell David, Solomon, and all the other sons of David, with the exception of Absalom. But those do not comprehend the whole habitation of this well-stocked house. It contains, in addition, the whole succession of the kings of Judah, with the exception of Manasseh, who, as we have already seen, is occupied in governing the second house. At the head of this dwelling are Moses and Aaron. The Rabbi now, observing that this household possessed a great quantity of handsome furniture, gold and silver plate, &c., and that the chambers were provided with beds, couches, and candlesticks of pearls and diamonds, asked David the purport of this opulence. "These," said David, "are for the children of the world from whom you came." The Rabbi then enquired whether any of the Gentiles, or of the children of Esau, were there? "None," was the answer. "Whatever good they may do, is rewarded in the world; but their natural destiny is hell." But every one who is wicked among the children of Israel, is punished in his lifetime, but obtains the life to come; as it is written—"He repayeth those that hate him."

The fourth house fronts the fourth gate of Paradise, and is built, as the first man was framed, in perfection. It is built with oil-tree (olive) wood. But why is it thus built? Because the house is built for the habitation of the perfectly righteous, and their earthly days were bitter, like the oil-tree. The fifth house is built of silver, fine gold, glass, and crystal; the river Gihon flows through the midst of it. The framework is of gold and silver, with an odour far exceeding that of Lebanon wood. The couches are also more costly than those of the others; being formed of gold, silver, spice, and scarlet and blue silk, which was woven by Eve; and also crimson silk, and the finest linen, and cloth of goats' hair, which was woven by angels. In this house dwell Messiah ben David, and Elias of blessed memory; and to the chamber with pillars of silver, and carpets of scarlet, where Messiah especially dwells, with Elias perpetually declaring to him—"Be at ease; for the end is at hand, when thou art to redeem Israel," Moses, Aaron, Da-

vid, and Solomon, with the kings of Israel, and of the house of David, come on the second and fifth day of every week, and also on every Sabbath and festival, to lament with him, and comfort him, saying—"Be at ease, rely on Heaven, for the end is at hand."

But the fourth day of the week is reserved for a different assemblage. On this day, Korah and his company, with Dathan and Abiram, come to him, and ask—"When will be the end of what is wonderful; and when shall we be raised from death, and suffered to come out of the abyss of the earth?" And duly they hear the same scornful answer—"Go to your fathers, and ask them." This answer is decisive: they are overwhelmed with shame, shrink, and disappear. Two houses remain; but description has been exhausted, and they seem to be yet either inadequately finished, or inadequately filled. The sixth is for those who have rigidly walked in the path of the commandments; the seventh for those who died, whether of sorrow for the national sins, or innocent and undue victims, swept away in the times of national calamity.

But among the possessors of Paradise, independently of the great historic characters of the race of Israel, there are ranks, differing in dignity according to their merits, or the circumstances of their lives or deaths. The first order consists of those who suffered death for the honour of their Law and nation, by the hands of Infidel governments; such as the Rabbi Akkiba and his disciples, who were put to death by the Roman authorities. The second order consists of those who have been drowned at sea. The third, of the famous Rabbi Ben Sarcai and his disciples; the fourth, of those on whom the Shekinah, or glory, has descended; the fifth, of true penitents, who rank with the perfectly righteous; the sixth, of those who have never married, yet have lived a life of purity; the seventh, of those in humble life, who have constantly exercised themselves in the Bible, and the study of the Mishna, and have had an honest vocation. For each order there is a distinct abode. The highest order is that of the martyrs for the Law, the order of Akkiba and his disciples.

The decorations assigned to those

fortunate classes are various; yet as even the Rabbinical imagination can invent nothing finer than gold and jewels, the diversity is not marked with sufficient distinctness to gratify European taste. All, however, is in the true Oriental profusion. Rabbi Jehoscha, still the great authority for supramundane affairs, relates, according to the *Jolkut Schimoni*, "That at the two ruby gates of Paradise, stand sixty times ten thousand spirits ministering, and that the countenance of each of them shines like the brightness of the firmament. On the arrival of one of the righteous from Earth, these spirits surround him, receive him with due honours, strip him of his grave-clothes, and robe him in no less than eight garments of clouds of glory. They next put upon his head two crowns, one of pearls and diamonds, and the other of pure gold, and put eight myrrh branches into his hands. They then sing a chorus of praise round him, and bid him go and eat his bread in joy! They next lead him to springs of water, margined with eight hundred species of roses and myrrh, where to each of the righteous is assigned a separate canopy from the heat, or the splendour, or both. From the springs flow four rivers, of milk, wine, balsam, and honey. The canopies are crowned and lighted by pearls, each of which gives a light equal to that of the planet Venus. Under every canopy is laid a table of pearls and precious stones. And over the head of each hover a troop of angels, who say to him, "Go now and eat honey with joy, because thou hast studied the Law, and exercised thyself therein; and go and drink the wine which is preserved from the six days of the Creation."

Among the righteous, the least handsome are like Joseph and Rabbi Jochanan (who was celebrated for his beauty.) No night comes there; and there also the process of beauty and beatification is a matter of a few hours. In the time of the first watch, the righteous becomes an infant of Paradise, passes into the place where the spirits of infants are, and feels all the joyousness belonging to infancy. In the second watch, he starts into Paradisaic youth, passes into the dwelling of the youthful spirits, and enjoys their pursuits and pastimes. In the third watch, he enters into the state of

Paradisaic manhood; his perfection is complete, and he is thenceforth master of all the faculties and enjoyments of the region of happiness.

Paradise, too, retains its old supremacy over all gardens, from its abundance of trees, of which the Rabbins give it no less than eighty times ten thousand species in each of the quarters of this famous spot of celestial horticulture. Angels in abundance are also provided, either to cultivate or to admire them; for there are 600,000 in each quarter, floating about, or guarding the fruit. The tree of life stands there, with its branches covering the whole extent of Paradise, and with fruits suitable to all the various tastes of the righteous, for they have five hundred thousand several flavours. Seven clouds of glory sit above it, and at every wind which shakes it, the fragrance passes from one end of the world to the other. The disciples of the Sages are peculiarly favoured, for they have their especial seats allotted under this tree. Their merit is, to have profoundly studied, and eloquently explained the Law.

A large portion of the Rabbinical writings is filled with those descriptions of lavish and fanciful beauty, but deformed with extravagancies, which offend even against the wildness of Eastern fiction. The light which supplies the place of sun to the righteous, occupies a large space in the description. The treatise *Avodath Hakodesh*, after saying that the extent of the garden is immense, states, that there stands in the centre a vast layer, filled with dew from the highest celestial region: and in its centre stands a light incapable of being eclipsed or obscured, it being of the nature of that which was originally given for the use of Adam, and by which he was enabled to see at a glance from one end of the world to the other. But the ground in the neighbourhood of this prodigious luminary conduces partially to this result, as it is an entire pavement of precious stones, each of which gives a light brilliant as that of a burning torch; the whole forming an illumination of indescribable lustre.

It is obvious, that in their inventions, the Traditionists had no reluctance to borrow from the written letter. They seize just enough of the

facts of Scripture to form a framework for the fiction, and over this they flourish their rambling and legendary conceptions. But as they borrow largely, so they have been prodigally borrowed from. The Romish doctrines of supererogation, purgatory, and individual intercession, are not the work of Rome alone; they are as old as the Rabbins; and the only merit which the Romish adopters can claim is, that of having turned a play of imagination into a principle of practice, made a rambling tenet a profitable dogma, and fabricated dreams and visions into a source of the deepest corruption that ever violated the simplicity of religion, revolted human reason, and stained the feeble purity of the human heart. In the *Nismath Chajim*, we are told, that the Rabbi Akkiba, their great doctor, one day as he was going to be present at the burial of one of his disciples, was surprised at the sight of a being with the shape of a man, running with an enormous pile of wood on his shoulders—yet running with the speed of a horse. The compassionate Rabbi stopped his celerity, and perceiving that he was human, asked him why he was condemned to this singular labour, adding, “that he pitted him so much, that if he were a slave, and his master would be content to sell him, he himself would be the purchaser, in order to free him from this severity of toil; or, if his poverty were the cause, that he would give him some opportunity of obtaining wealth.” The man listened, but with wild impatience; he struggled to break away, but, awed by the power of the great Akkiba, he could not move from the spot. At length he burst into a passionate cry, imploring that he might be suffered to go on, and fly over the world, bearing his melancholy burden. The Rabbi was astonished, but he now began to perceive that he was conversing with a being not of this world, and sternly demanded, “Art thou man or devil?” The unfortunate being in agony exclaimed, “I have past away from earth, and now my eternal portion is to carry fuel to the *Great Fire*.” The startled Rabbi asked what act of his life could have plunged him into this dreadful calamity? The criminal answered, that he had been a collector

of the public taxes, and had abused his office, by favouring the rich and oppressing the poor. The next question was, whether he had ever heard in his place of punishment, that there was any remedy for his guilt? The condemned now began to be impatient, through fear of increasing his punishment by delaying his task, and eagerly implored the Rabbi to let him go. At length, acknowledging that he had heard of one redemption, namely, that if he had a son, who could stand forth in the congregation, and there say the prayer of the Synagogue, beginning with “Blessed be the blessed Lord,” he might be delivered from his sentence. On his being asked, whether he had a son? he answered that he did not know; that he had left his widow when she was about to have a child, but that he now could not know whether it was a son or a daughter; or, if a son, whether he was sufficiently instructed in the Law. To the further enquiry, where his family were to be found? he answered, that his own name was Akkiba, his wife’s Susmira, and his city Alduca. The man was now suffered to recommence his fearful race again. And the benevolent Rabbi began a pilgrimage from city to city, until he found the due place. There he enquired for the dwelling of the husband. But he seems to have been unpopular among his countrymen, for the general answer to the Rabbi was, “May his bones be bruised in hell.” The perplexed enquirer now attempted to ascertain the fate of the widow, but she appeared to be scarcely more fortunate than her husband; for the reply was, “Let her name be rooted out of the world.” His sole resource now was the son; and of him the answer was not much more favourable. “He was not circumcised, his parents having had no regard to the Covenant.”

But the Rabbi was not to be repelled; he discovered the boy at last, took him to his home, found him a preternatural dunce, into whom the Law could not by possibility make way; and was driven to a fast of forty days, which by divine aid at length accomplished the task of teaching him the Alphabet. After this his education advanced to the extent of reading the prayer *Shema*. (Deut. vi. 4.) The Rabbi now brought for-

ward his pupil, the prayer of spiritual liberation was recited, and in that hour the father was freed from his task. He soon after appeared to the Rabbi in a dream, saying, "May the rest of Paradise be thy portion, because thou hast rescued me from the punishment of hell." Then the Rabbi burst out into rejoicings, and repeated a holy hymn in honour of the achievement.

The only distinction between this pious performance, and the exploits of later times, is in the penance. If the Rabbi Akkiba had done his purgatorial work at Rome instead of at Jerusalem, he would have made others fast instead of mortifying himself, and he would have put a handsome sum into his purse for masses and indulgences, instead of incumbering himself with hospitality to the tardy subject of circumcision.

Some of these stories are publicly founded on the facts of the Jewish persecutions, though the historian who would take them in their present state, for authority, would tread upon slippery ground. The treatise *Sanhedrin* gives the following account of the origin of the celebrated book *Zohar*.

The Rabbis Jehuda, Isaac, and Shimeon were conversing, when Jehuda ben Gerim, a convert, came to them. On Jehuda's observing that the Romans excelled in buildings and public works, that they had erected markets, bridges, and baths, the Rabbi Shimeon contested their merit, by saying that they had done those things with selfish or corrupt objects. The convert was clearly unworthy of hearing so much wisdom, for he carried the conversation to the Imperial car, and sentence soon followed, that the Rabbi who had spoken contemptuously of the reigning power should be slain, and the Rabbi who had kept silence should be banished, while the laudatory Rabbi should be promoted. On this announcement the Rabbi Shimeon, the chief culprit, fled with his son, and they hid themselves in the school, his wife bringing them bread and water every day. But the pursuit becoming close, and Shimeon observing to his son, with more truth than gallantry, that women were somewhat light-minded, and that the Romans might tease his wife into discovering the place of their retreat,

he determined to put this casualty out of her power, by hiding in a cave. There they must however have met with a fate as evil as the Roman sword, for they were on the point of famine; when a fruit-tree and a spring were created for their support. Here, whether for comfort, concealment, or saving their clothes, they undressed themselves, sat up to the neck in sand, and spent the day in study. At the time of prayer, however, they recollected the decorums of their law, dressed themselves, performed their service, and then laid aside their clothing once more. At the end of twelve years of this life of nakedness and learning, the prophet Elias stood at the entrance of the cave, and cried aloud, "Who will tell the son of Jochai that the Emperor is dead, and his decree is come to an end?" Then went out the Rabbi Shimeon and his son. But their studies had rendered them unfit for the easy morality of the world into which they were re-entering. They saw mankind as busy as ever with their worldly affairs, ploughing and trading, pursuing wealth, passion, and pleasure. They instantly exclaimed, "Behold a race of evil! behold a people who neglect eternal things!" Their words were fearful, but their effect was more fearful still, for, whatever they denounced, or whatever object fell beneath their indignant glance, was instantly consumed with flame. But this discipline would have thinned mankind too rapidly to be suffered long. A voice came forth from the clouds. "Are ye come out only to destroy the world? Return to your cave." The hermits were not disobedient to the high admonition. They returned to their solitude, and there abode a whole year. At the end of that period, the Rabbi Shimeon lifted up his voice, and said, "Even in hell the wicked are punished but twelve months." This remonstrance was graciously listened to. The voice was heard again, commanding that they should come forth from the cave. They now came forth, restraining their wrath at the incorrigible worldliness of man, and shutting those fiery eyes whose glances consumed all that they fell upon, like flashes of lightning. They suffered the world to take its own way, they took theirs; and thenceforth lived in popularity,

ate their bread in peace, and escaped the turbulent life and thankless death of those who trouble themselves with the morals of their neighbours. But their sojourn in the cave was not unproductive; for their wise heads and industrious fingers produced the famous treatise, *Zohar*.

With those conceptions of the power of man and angels, it may be presumed that the Rabbins have not neglected the space offered to the imagination in the kingdom of darkness. There they arrange, distribute, and define all kinds of faculties, pursuits, and punishments, in the most exuberant and sometimes in the most striking style. Their legends exhibit all the characteristics of the Oriental school, and are alternately feeble and forcible, absurd and interesting, trivial and sublime. One portion of the spirits of evil they conceive to possess a kind of middle state between the worlds of nature and spirit. They are declared to resemble angels in three things, the power of flight, foresight, and passing from one end of the earth to the other with instant and angelic speed. To the humbler race of man they are linked also by three things, by feeling the necessity of food, by being increased according to human generation, and by being liable to death. Those evil spirits know no Salic law, for they have no less than four Queens, named the *Lilis*, the *Nuama*, the *Igerith*, and the *Muchalath*; each of these formidable sovereigns waving the sceptre over bands of unclean spirits, utterly beyond calculation. They are severally paramount, each presiding over a fourth of the year, but in this period reigning over nature only from the hour of sunset till midnight. Once in the year they assemble with their dark legions on the heights of Nishpa, in the centre of the mountains of the Equator. But over them all, Solomon had power. Those four are, however, the wives of one, the Prince *Sammael*, who reigns over *Esau*; to whom the Rabbins have a peculiar aversion, which they display on all occasions. The four Queens are among the inconveniences which beset the daily life of the Jew. The Christian peasantry of Europe have their unlucky day, Friday; and the Moslem are not without their day of casualty. But the Jew must be a dexterous steersman, who can make

his way through any of the seven days of the week, without running foul of misfortune regularly laid down in the Calendar. The Rabbinical caution especially lies against venturing out alone in the nights of Thursdays or the Sabbaths, for on those nights the *Igerith* is especially abroad, with an army of no less than 180,000 evil spirits, ready to pluck the truest of believers from the face of the earth at the instant of his putting his foot beyond the threshold.

But the *Lilith*, or *Lilis*, is the lady of romance. When Adam was first formed, Lilis was his wife, she was made of earth, but her earthly compound was ill suited to the perfection of the first father of mankind. She contested his right of being master of his own house, and then began that quarrel which has been so often renewed since the beginning of the world. Lilis would not recede; Adam would not concede; and the result was, as in later times, a demand for a separate maintenance. Lilis pronounced the *Shem Hamphorash*; wings started from her shoulders at the words, and she darted upward from the presence of her astonished lord, to range the kingdoms of the air. Adam appealed to authority; and three angels, *Sensi*, *Sansanoi*, and *Sammangelof*, were sent in full wing after her. A decree was issued, that if she came back voluntarily, all should be forgiven; but if she refused to come, one hundred of her children should die every day! But Lilis had already felt the charms of freedom, and she resolved to enjoy them to her utmost. The three angels supplicated in vain. She waved her plumage across the earth; they pursued. She fled across the farthest waters of the ocean. There, at length, she was overtaken. She still refused. The angels threatened to strip her of her wings, to plunge her in the waters which rolled beneath them, and bind her in chains at the bottom of the sea for ever. Still Lilis was inflexible, and she even awed them with the declaration, that she had been created with the especial power to destroy children, the males from the day of their birth to the eighth day (the day of circumcision), but the females until the tenth day. This menace rendered it only the more indispensable, that this formidable truant should be brought

back to her allegiance. They now proceeded to exert their powerful means; when Lilis offered a compromise, that whenever she saw any of the names or pictures of the angels on a *Kamea* (a slip of parchment hung round a child's neck), she would spare the child. The subsequent offspring of Lilis were evil spirits, of whom a hundred die daily, but unfortunately the produce is more rapid than the extinction. But the Doctors of the Law acknowledge the value of the agreement, and therefore write the names of the angels upon all children's necks, that Lilis may be equally true to the compact, and spare the rising generation of Israel.

Solomon, the perpetual theme of Oriental story, of course flourishes in the annals of those inexhaustible dealers in prodigies. One of the Chaldee paraphrases tells us of a feast which Solomon, the son of David, the wise and holy, gave in the days of his glory, and to which he invited all the kings of the earth, from east to west. He regaled his guests with more than royal magnificence; and in the course of the banquet, when his heart was high with wine, shewed them the wonders of his power. He first ordered the troops of minstrels trained by his father, to enter and exhibit their skill on the harp, cymbal, trumpet, and other instruments. Nothing could be more exquisite. All were astonished and delighted. But he had a more striking display in reserve. At the waving of his sceptre, and the uttering of a command to all the creatures of the earth to attend, the halls of the immense palace were instantly crowded with a concourse of all the kinds of animals, from the lion to the serpent, and from the eagle to the smallest of the birds. The terror of his kingly guests was at first excessive, but it was changed to wonder by seeing the whole crowd of animals acknowledging the power of the man of wisdom; uttering voices to him, all which he understood and answered, and displaying all their qualities and beauties, in homage to the mighty monarch. But a still more astounding spectacle was to follow. The King ordering a small cup of a single crysolite to be brought to him, poured into it a li-

quid of a dazzling brightness, till the whole cup glowed like a star; and a flame ascending from it, shot forth a thousand distinct shafts of fire to all parts of the horizon. In a short time, sounds of the most fearful kind were heard in earth and air, and the army of the demons, night-spectres, and evil spirits, submissive to his will, poured into the palace. The numbers on this public occasion may be imagined from their habits of congregating on the most private ones. The Rabbins hold that the whole system of nature is so crowded with them, that a true believer has scarcely room to turn on his heel without treading on the hoofs of some of them. The Rabbi Benjamin says, that if a man is not cautious how he opens his eye, there are some who will be sure to get between the lids. Others assert, that they stand round us as thick as the fences of a garden. The treatise *Raf Ham* gives the actual number that molest a Rabbi, an occupation in which they naturally take a peculiar pleasure; this number amounts to a thousand on his left side, and, by some curious preference of mischief, ten thousand on his right. The treatise *Rabba* proceeds to solve some of the more obvious earthly inconveniences which beset the Israelite by this perverse presence. Thus the thronging and pressing in the synagogue, which produces so much confusion and surprise, when every one seems to perceive that there is room enough for all, is really occasioned by those invisible intruders, who are so fond of hearing the discourses of the Jewish priests, that they fill the synagogue to suffocation. The whole fatigue felt in the service also proceeds from their pressure. Even the tearing and wearing of the clothes of the Israelites, a matter which they seem to feel as a peculiar grievance, proceeds from the restless movement and remorseless rubbing of their viewless associates.

But on this feast day of their mighty master, none dared to make experiments on his sufferance. All displayed themselves in their best points of view, and nothing could be more strange, more wonderful, or more dazzling, than the whole measureless muster of the hosts of the

nether world. There followed, in long march, shapes of fire ; some flashing beams, keen as lightning ; some shedding light, soft as the rainbow ; some of colossal stature, some of the smallest dwarfishness ; some in the naked and powerful proportions of the antediluvian giant ; some of the most delicate and subtle loveliness of form, clothed in silk and gold ; some wearing armour, royal robes, coronets, studded with stars, small as the eye of a mole, yet sparkling with intolerable brilliancy ; some on the wing ; some in floating chariots of metals unknown on earth, yet exceeding the gossamer in lightness, and gold in splendour ; some riding coursers of the most inconceivable strength, and stupendous magnitude, tall as the towers of a city, and beside which the elephant would have looked like a fawn ; some steering barges, entirely formed of rich jewels, through the air, and sweeping round the pillars and sculptures of the palace with infinite velocity ; some on foot, and treading on tissues of silver and scarlet, which continually spread wherever they trode, and threw up living roses at each step ; some with countenances marked with the contortions of pain and terror, but some of an exquisite and intense beauty, which at once fixed and overwhelmed the eye. All moved to the sound of an infinite number of instruments, warlike, pastoral, and choral, according to their states and powers, and all formed the most singular and wondrous sight imaginable. Yet, though all the guests confessed that they had never seen the equal of this display, they yet acknowledged that it inspired them with indescribable fear. They felt that they were in an evil presence ; and not even the charm of those allurements and temptations which still remain to fallen spirits, not even their wisdom, beauty, and knowledge of the secrets of nature, their brilliant intellect, and universal skill, could prevent the kings from praying Solomon that he would command his terrible vassals, the tribes of the world of darkness, to depart from the palace. The King, in compassion to their human weakness, complied, and taking up the cup of crysolite, poured into it a liquor of the colour of ebony. The cup suddenly grew black as night, and a

thousand shafts of darkness shot out from it to all parts of the horizon. They pierced through the ranks of the evil spirits like a flight of arrows, and instantly the whole mighty multitude broke up, and scattered in all directions through the air. Their flight was long seen like a fall of fiery meteors ; and their yells, as they flew, were heard as far as Babylon.

Wolf, the missionary, who is now rambling through Asia, and rejoicing in the perilous encounter of Rajahs, tigers, angry Israelites, and dagger-bearing Moslems, will probably soon give a new public interest to one of the most popular conceptions that ever fell into oblivion,—the existence of the lost tribes of Israel. The present object of this indefatigable Rambler is declaredly to bring to light the retreats of the famous revolvers of Jeroboam. What resources for the discovery he may find in his own possession, we must leave to time. But if he should condescend to take his wisdom from the pages of the Rabbins, he will find them ready and copious in supplying him with the most unhesitating information on every point of possible curiosity. The Rabbi Benjamin, in his work, *Massuoth Shel Rabbi Benjamin*, long since informed the wondering world, that “ from the city *Raabar*, formerly called *Pumbeditha*, on the banks of the Euphrates, it is exactly twenty-one days’ journey through the desert of *Saba*, in the direction of *Sucar*, to the frontier of the country called that of the *Rechabites*. Their capital is the city of *Tenu*, where the Prince *Chanan*, who is also a Rabbi, governs the nation. The city is of large dimensions, and the territory is worthy of the capital. It extends sixteen days’ journey between the northern mountains. The people are numerous and warlike, yet they are subject to the *Gogim*, a gentile power, which forays to a great distance, in company with some hordes of wild Arabs, who live on their northern boundary. Those Rechabite Jews plough, and keep cattle, give the tenth of their possessions to the scribes and sages, who live in the schools, and to the poorer Jews, and especially to those who mourn over Sion, and neither eat flesh nor drink wine, but who perpetually wear black garments, in sign of the sor-

rows of Jerusalem. The number of the people living in *Tema* and *Tilima*, is about 100,000. And thither come, once in the year, Prince *Solomon*, and his brother *Chanon*, of the line of David, with shattered clothing, to fast forty days, and pray for the miseries of those Jews who are in exile.

"In the country of the Prince who thus comes periodically to fast with the Rechabites, the people seem to be tolerably prosperous. He has fifty cities, two hundred villages, and an hundred fortresses. His capital is *Thenai*, remarkably strong, and fifteen miles square, containing fields, gardens, and orchards. *Tilima* is also a very strong city, seated in the mountains. From *Tilima* it is three days' journey to *Kibar*, where the people declare themselves of the tribes *Ruben*, *Gad*, and the half tribe of *Manasseh*, which *Shalvanezer*, the Assyrian, carried into captivity. They are a singularly belligerent race; they have large and strong cities. They wage constant hostilities with their neighbours, and are almost secure of impunity, by having in their frontier a desert of eighteen days' journey, utterly uninhabitable by man. The city of *Kibar* also is large, with about fifty thousand Jews among the inhabitants. They carry on frequent wars with the people of *Sinear* and the north. The other Israelites spread to the east; and the country of *Aliman* touches even the borders of India." We are in some fear that these names will not be found in the modern maps; but the detail is confident, and if the missionary should blunder in the regions between the Euxine and the Caspian, he will have the satisfaction of blundering upon high Rabbinical authority.

But it was to be presumed, that a tradition which had so long excited popular curiosity, would at some time or other be adapted for the purposes of ingenious imposture. How few instances are there of the mysterious death of a prince, or the fall of a dynasty, which have not exhibited a ready succession of dexterous pretenders; from the days of Sebastian of Portugal down to the late Dauphin, the unfortunate son of the unfortunate Louis XVI. The treatise *Shibboleth* gives a sketch of one of these

bold adventurers. In the year of the world the 1466th after the destruction of the second temple, (A.D. 1531,) there appeared in Europe, a man from a distant country, who called himself *Rabbi David*, a *Reubenite*. He went to Rome, where he had an interview with Clement VII., and was favourably received. On being questioned by the Pontiff as to himself, he said, that he was the Commander-in-Chief of the army of the King of Israel. He was of a Moorish complexion, short in stature, and about forty-five years of age. From Rome he went to Portugal, where he was received by the King; and understanding only Hebrew and Arabic, spoke generally by an interpreter. He declared that he was sent as ambassador from the Israelite Kings of *Chaluch*, *Chabar*, and the nations on the river *Gozon*, to demand assistance, and peculiarly cannon, from the European Princes, that they, the Israelites, might be enabled to make head against their infidel enemies. The Rabbi remained for a considerable time in Portugal, and converted to Judaism one of the King's private secretaries, who, though a Christian, was of Jewish parents. On this conversion, the Rabbi David left the country, and took with him his convert, who now bore the name of *Solomon Malco*. The convert was a man of ability and eloquence; and though he had previously no knowledge of the Law, and was of the uncircumcised, yet, when he came among his new brethren, he preached powerfully, especially in Italy, where his expounding both the written and the oral law, astonished the most celebrated teachers, and perplexed the people, who wondered where he could have found his singular wisdom. His own account of it was satisfactory; he had been endowed with it by an angel. *Solomon Malco* now wrote several treatises which increased his fame; he next declared himself to be one of the messengers of the Messiah. He was remarkably handsome, and his manners were high-bred and courteous. Rabbi David, too, had his share of public wonder, for he fasted for six days and nights, without suffering any thing to enter his lips,—a fact proved by accurate witnesses. But

the career of the more aspiring or more active missionary was to have an unhappy close. Rabbi Solomon ventured himself within the presence of Charles V. at Mantua. To what the actual conference amounted, has escaped history, but the result was an order that he should be delivered over to the secular arm. The unfortunate zealot was brought to the stake, *gagged*, through fear, as the Jews say, of his using some strong spell, or form of words, by which he might escape his tormentors. His life was offered to him, but he firmly rejected the offer, and died without shrieking. Rabbi David's career was extinguished at the same time, but by a less cruel catastrophe. He was sent a prisoner into Spain, where he died.

Subsequent narratives state, that the two missionaries had attempted to convert the King of Portugal, the Pope, and the Emperor—an attempt which certainly wanted nothing of the boldness of proselytism; and that the Rabbi's refusal to be converted in turn was the immediate cause of the sentence. Solomon was burned in Mantua, A. D. 1540.

But to those who desire a more detailed account of the expatriated and long-hidden nations, let the learned Rabbi *Eldad* the *Danite* supply intelligence. "There," says this faithful topographer, "is the tribe of Moses, our instructor, the just, and the servant of heaven. Those Jews are surrounded with the river *Sabbatajon*, the compass of which is as much as one can walk in three months. They live in stately houses, and have magnificent buildings and towers erected by themselves. There is no unclean thing among them; no scorpion, no serpent, no wild beast. Their flocks and herds bring forth twice a-year. They have gardens stocked with all kinds of fruits; but they neither sow nor reap. They are a people of faith, and well instructed in the *Mishna*, *Gemara*, and *Agguda*. Their Talmud is written in the Hebrew tongue. They say, our forefathers have taught us out of the mouth of Joshua, out of the mouth of Moses, and out of the mouth of God. They know nothing of the Talmudic doctrines which were in being in the time of the second tem-

ple. They lengthen their days to a hundred and twenty years. Neither sons nor daughters die in the lifetime of their parents; they advance to the third and fourth generation. A child drives their cattle many days' journey, because they have neither wild beasts, murderers, nor evil spirits to fear. Their Levites labour in the Law and the commandments. They see no man, and are seen of none, except the four tribes which dwell on the further side of the river of Ethiopia, *Dan*, *Naphthali*, *Gad*, and *Asser*. The sand of the river *Sabbatajon* is holy. In an hour-glass it runs six days of the week; but on the seventh it is immovable. The people are twice as numerous as when they left Judea."

But those narratives are endless. Though probably containing some fragments of truth, the fact is so encumbered with the fiction, that they become a mere matter of romance. But the graver consideration remains. Are such things the wisdom of the chosen people? Are the reveries of the Talmuds the study by which the learned of the Jews at this hour are to be advanced in sacred knowledge? Are those giddy and wandering inventions to be the substitute for those "Oracles," which the greatest writer of their nation, even Saul of Tarsus, pronounced to be the pre-eminent privilege of the sons of Israel? Unhappily the question cannot be answered in the negative. The Talmuds are at this hour the fount from which the immense multitude of Judaism draw all their knowledge of religion. Some learned men among them may study the learning of the Scriptures. Some holy men among them—for there are those even in the community of Israel, who have not been utterly forsaken by the light of truth—the seven thousand who have not yet bowed the knee to Baal, may love the wisdom of inspiration. But to the majority, the Talmuds are the grand obstruction to light and knowledge, the fatal source of that stubborn resistance to sacred truth, and to the severest lessons of national suffering, which, even in all the advances of later times, keeps the Jew in irremediable darkness and inexorable chains.

THE PROGRESS OF THE MOVEMENT.

INCIPIENT PLUNDER AND SUBVERSION OF THE IRISH CHURCH.

THE Irish Church is to be sacrificed! Ten of its Bishops cut off at one blow! Such is the wholesome and the moderate measure upon which the Ministers plume themselves; and which they commend to the nation as a sample of the wisdom and the justice to be expected from a Reformed Parliament! Does this not prove the progress of the Movement? Does it not give damning confirmation to all that has been asserted respecting the dominion of the mob; and evince, to demonstration, that Ministers are but the puppets of a faction, by whom they will be cast aside as soon as they have served those ulterior purposes upon which the faction are bent, and which Reform was only considered valuable, in as much as it was calculated to answer?

With the reader's leave, we will give that measure which *either is, or is about to be*, the law of the land, a quiet and dispassionate consideration. And we will, before we proceed to other matters, take the liberty of presenting it in a point of view in which it did not enter into the contemplation of the honourable House, in which it originated, to consider it. It has been called a measure of relief. Of relief to whom? Not, assuredly, to the suffering poor. And yet it is on their behalf, and for their benefit, it is said to have been enacted.

We will begin with that important part of the Bill, which proposes to lighten the country of the burden of parish cess.

Parish cess is a species of taxation which falls upon land and houses. All prudent persons, when they are about to become the renters of land, or the occupants of houses, make as accurate an estimate as they can of the various imposts to which they are subject; and, as these are high or low, the rent is low or high accordingly. Thus, if a farm of ten acres be worth three pounds an acre, but subject to a tax for parish cess of one pound an acre, a prudent farmer will not offer, and we may add, an honest landlord will not consent to

take more than two. The same with respect to houses. If a house be worth forty pounds a-year, and be liable to a tax of three pounds for parish cess, its rent will be but thirty-seven. Now, what must be the effect of abolishing parish cess? Simply, that the rent will be raised by precisely that amount. And who will be the gainers? The landlords! the gentry! the members of that honourable House who passed the Bill! Thus it is, that they consider the poor! When Judas Iscariot was about to betray the Saviour, the sufferings of the poor were on his lips,—but what was in his heart? Was it mercy? Was it charity? Or, was it covetousness and plunder? The Church is now about to be deprived of a large portion of its patrimony, upon the plea of relieving the distresses of the labouring classes. And how are they to be relieved? Simply by transferring what is thus taken to the coffers of those who do not want it!

It is true, during the currency of present leases, the middling farmers will have the benefit of the measure. But as soon as ever the leases have expired, that benefit will be transferred to the landlord; who will not be such a fool as to let the farmer have the ground for the rent with which he was satisfied while it was liable to parish cess; as it will not be more unreasonable to make him pay the increased rent, when the cess has been removed, than it would be the diminished rent, while the cess continued in existence.

Now, if this be the true view of the question, why was it not put upon this ground in Parliament? Why did not the patriots, who received it with so much joy, give it its true character? Why did they not tell the people that they rejoiced in it simply because it put so much money into their own pockets? They may have a reason for this, but scarcely an honest reason. The people were to be deceived into the belief that *they* were to be the gainers; that the parish cess was con-

ceded as a boon to *them*; that they were to be so much the richer, while the Church became so much the poorer. And nothing was farther from their thoughts than that the whole advantage of the measure would be intercepted by the framers; and that *they* were merely to be admitted in their hunger to the sight of a delicious banquet, which was procured by contributions raised for the relief of *their* wants, but devoured even in *their* presence, by the very individuals who helped to furnish it by a pathetic representation of *their* necessities!

We live in strange times. The classes who are thus abused, continue deluded; and are satisfied to furnish the excuse for, while they are denied all the profits of Church plunder! They are satisfied to have their necessities pleaded in justification of an act which strips the clergy of a large portion of their possessions, while, in the disposal of the property thus seized, their necessities are never consulted; and instead of being a measure for the relief of poverty, it turns out, in reality, to be a measure for the augmentation of wealth! And this is one of the blessings which the poor may expect from a Reformed Parliament! Kind, merciful, compassionate benefactors! In what words can we convey the feelings of gratitude with which our hearts are enlarged, *for the care you have taken of yourselves!* How literally have they chosen the proverb, "if thou doest good unto thyself, men will speak well of thee." It is true, a day of reckoning may come. But, by that time, the Habeas Corpus Act may be suspended; and woe betide those who then dare to speak ill of the dispensers of justice in the shape of robbery, and of charity, in the guise of selfish delusion, and almost fraudulent appropriation!

We would give a good fee for a view of Cobbett's face while this measure is going forward. With what malignant delight must the old leveller behold his Majesty's Ministers so earnestly intent upon doing his business! What a tumult of triumphant emotions must possess him as "he grins horrible a ghastly smile," while those, who should be the conservators of all that remain of our national institutions, are laying

the axe to the root of the monarchy of England! "Ha, ha, gentlemen! Is that the work you are at?" we think we hear the modern "Barebones," the great apostle of anti-christian legislation, say, "by and by your own turn will come, and it will be in vain that you refuse to partake of the chalice which you now commend to the lips of the clergy, and compel them to drink out the dregs. Think you that we will listen to your flimsy pretexts of vested rights and private property? You have shewn us the value you set upon them yourselves; and it will go hard with us if we do not improve upon your example." But there are ears which are dull of hearing in politics, as well as in religion; and Ministers will never believe an announcement like this, until it is uttered in a voice of thunder which will shake the isle from its propriety. Assuredly more strange things have already come to pass than that Cobbett should yet enjoy a carnival of liberalism, and live even to the millennium of his revolutionary anticipations! If he do not, it will not be because he has not had high and mighty pioneers, who did all that in them lay to prepare the way before him. They have set him a pattern, which he has only to follow, with caution and steadiness, to ensure all the results upon which his heart has been set since his last return from America. Paine's bones were the behest which he then brought to the people of this country. But they would have continued dry bones, had not Ministers breathed over them a hellish incantation, by virtue of which they have gathered sinew and flesh, and become instinct with life and energy. Instead of a little mouldering dust, which in a short time must be scattered by the winds, a frightful phantom rises before us! And Frankenstein, in all his terrors, rules the destinies of his trembling creators! Ministers, Ministers, *you* have done this! *You* have brought these evils upon us! And you will yet be amongst the first to bewail, with an unavailing bitterness, the dreadful consequences of infidel policy and Whig ambition!

The next feature of the new measure to which we invite the attention of the reader, is that which respects

the Bishops' lands. These have been always held by lay tenants under leases for one-and-twenty years, renewable for ever. They constituted a species of property regarded nearly as valuable as freehold estates; and which descended from generation to generation, with an equal facility, and almost an equal certainty, as that which attends the transmission of any other inheritance; it being always the interest of the Bishop to renew the lease upon moderate terms. But all this is now to be changed. The Government are to assume the dominion of the property, and to arrogate to themselves a power of devising it in fee to its present or other proprietors! Pause we for one moment, to consider all that is implied in this. Church property at once changes its character! It becomes, in truth, *no property at all!* Great proprietors are suddenly divested of the title-deeds of their estates; and converted into stipendiaries to be subsisted upon a pittance derived from their own possessions! We know no difference, *in principle*, between this case and the compulsory seizure of the estate of the Duke of Sutherland, or the Duke of Norfolk, and compelling these noblemen to subsist upon certain rents which might be allocated for their maintenance; those by whom their properties had been forcibly taken, assuming the dominion over the remainder! It is, in point of fact, a more violent and arbitrary act of power than Henry the Eighth was guilty of, when he got possession of the Abbey lands. For, in every instance in which he so indulged his rapacious and tyrannical humour, he had the excuse of saying that the holders of these lands were formally convicted of crimes for which they deserved to lose them. But he was not even satisfied with that. He required, moreover, a solemn, and, apparently, voluntary surrender of them; and could not feel secure in the possession, until the old proprietors stood self-divested of their rights! He never dreamt of the simple and summary process of Lord Althorp, who, not only without pretending a crime, but without assigning a cause, unhesitatingly assumes the mastery over what belonged to others, and even contrives

to confer "*a new value*" upon it, by this act of sacrilegious appropriation! And, all the while, he tells his delighted and wondering hearers, that there is no new principle advanced, nothing of innovation attempted, which should excite a scruple in the most timid alarmist!

But, the "*new value*!" Let us bestow upon that a little consideration. It is clear, in the first place, that the property is not to have any *new value* for the Church. Its old possessors are not to benefit by it. Sufficient for them if they receive their present amount of income out of the proceeds of the estates of which they will now have been stripped, in order that they may be improved by this magical concoction! The plain fact is simply this:—Those who have been, hitherto, trustees of Church property, *assume the dominion of it*, and treat it, in all respects, as their own;—and, having rendered it more productive than it was before, by some process not within the competency of its former proprietors, consider it no more than equitable that this excess of value should belong to them, and that the State and not the Church should profit by the increased proceeds of ecclesiastical property thus augmented! Was ever fiscal jugglery more manifest, or more contemptible! Would Lord Althorp act thus with respect to the property of any child, of whom he might be the guardian? Would any of the Ministers act thus with respect to the property of *any other* corporate body? No. Because common sense and common honesty would stare them in the face, and public indignation would scare them from an attempt, equally odious and reprehensible. But the Church, the poor, proscribed, insulted Church, may be seized upon, and submitted to the financial dissecting knife, even with the applauses of those, who, if the same iniquitous proceedings were adopted towards themselves, would be loud and vehement in their recriminations!

Doubtless, the Ministers will experience every facility in the application of their new principle to the property of the Church. It is a concern which no one regards, and the clergy are meek and uncomplaining. Indeed, we are very well aware

that the only complaint which the Government will hear, and from which they are likely to experience any serious embarrassment, is, that they have not gone far enough. And we are ready to give them credit for the degree in which they have abstained from exercising their power, against a body so completely at their mercy. The clergy are excluded, by positive enactment, from seats in the House of Commons, which is filled with their active and malignant enemies; who, no doubt, feel their power, and are determined to use it.

Lord Althorp tells the honourable House that any one may agree to the measure which he has proposed, without in the least committing himself by the assertion of any principle that has not been long since familiar and approved. Indeed! But that is not quite so plain a case as his Lordship supposes. Is it an approved and familiar principle that Government may take into their hands the management of private or corporate property, and trade upon it for their own advantage? Is *that* an approved and familiar principle? For that is precisely what they have done. If it be, the "terrarum domini" may well tremble for their possessions! For there is not a nobleman or gentleman in the land whose inheritance may not thus be seized upon, and converted, by a similar process, to the uses of the State, as far as it is possible that it could be so converted. It is idle to say, that it is not very likely any such thing will be done; that no Ministry dare venture thus to outrage the feelings of the people; that the very instant any such demonstration of violence was made by any British Government, the whole country would be up in arms against it; and that their power would not last a single day, when it became manifest that it was to be thus dangerously exerted. We doubt the truth of all this; but, false or true, it is nothing to the purpose. We only at present contend for the applicability of a principle, not for the precise time when, or the precise manner in which it is to be applied. Only let the principle be admitted, and it will not be long before it is practically realized. Let men be taught that it is reasonable and

proper to do so and so in *any one instance*, and they will very soon learn for themselves, that, in *similar instances*, the lesson may be repeated. It is true their instructors may intend nothing less than that their own doctrines should, ultimately, be turned against themselves. But thus it is that men are oftentimes taken "in the crafty williness which they have imagined," as it were by the special direction of a retributive Providence; thus it is, that they are compelled "to eat the bitter fruits of their own devices;" that what was unjust in the case of others, becomes, in their case, the strictest justice; and that, when the inventors and promoters of crime and robbery, thus become the victims of violence which they have themselves provoked and stimulated, all men will be ready to exclaim, "*Nec ulla lex arquiore est, quam fraudis artificum arte perire sua.*"

It is now, it seems, an approved and familiar principle, that all which the Government can make of any property more than it at present produces, belongs to themselves! That is, that the State, not the individual who is the owner of the property, may claim it. Such is the principle which is nakedly and glaringly set forth, and acted upon, to the very letter, with a most reckless hardness and impudent daring! Come, then, and let us see whether it does not apply to other cases, besides that of the property of the clergy. The Duke of Sutherland possesses an estate, through which Government finds it expedient to run a canal, or to establish a rail-road. Will not the value of that estate be vastly increased by such an improvement? And to whom does "the new value" belong? To the Duke of Sutherland? No; it is not he that has produced it. It belongs, according to the new doctrine, TO THE STATE; for it is by the State the improvement has been effected. Now, would the nobility or the gentry be losers or gainers by the assertion of a principle such as this? For, by it, they must be content to stand or fall. They cannot be permitted to blow hot and cold with the same breath. If they apply it, for their own purposes, to the clergy, they cannot refuse to have it applied, for other men's purposes, to

themselves. If it be good, inasmuch as it serves to convert the estates of the Bishops into a fund for the payment of parish cess, it must be good inasmuch as it may serve to convert the estates of the gentry into a fund for the liquidation of the National Debt! And when those whose estates may thus be converted are the very individuals who have employed their ingenuity in constructing this drag-net of Ministerial plunder, surely there are not many who can lament that, by their own artifices, they have been circumvented.

There is another point of view in which the new principle may be received; and which, with all due deference, we beg to submit to the judgment, or rather, indeed, to the conscience, of Lord Althorp. If the Government are entitled to pocket all that they may make by improving other men's property, are they not fairly liable to all the losses which may be incurred by the holders of such property, through their negligence, or maladministration? Assuredly they are. They cannot establish the right in the one case, without acknowledging the responsibility in the other. If they enter into any partnership at all, they must enter into it "for better for worse." If they lay claim to the gains, they should make good the losses. They cannot say, "head, I win; harp, you lose." They cannot say, "our contrivances have effected all this profit; therefore we must partake of it," without also coming forward to indemnify the parties aggrieved for any injuries that may have been occasioned by their culpable neglect, or gross mismanagement. Come, then, and let us see whether, while Lord Althorp brandishes his new principle, for the destruction of the Church, we may not avail ourselves of a corollary from that principle, for its preservation.

What is it that has occasioned the rapid depreciation of Church property in Ireland, during the two last years? The outrageous opposition to the collection of tithes. And what caused that to proceed to the dreadful length that set all ordinary legal remedies at defiance, and compelled his Majesty's Ministers to bring in a bill, during the operation of which the Constitution must be suspended? Manifestly, the supine-

ness of those very Ministers; their neglect of the principle "*obsta principiis*;" for had they, as they were advised, taken *prompt* and *early* measures to subdue the resistance to the payment of tithes, that resistance would never have become formidable, and the property would be as valuable as ever. If, therefore, the depreciation may be traced to their neglect, or even to an error in judgment on their part, Lord Althorp's principle makes them accountable to that amount to the holders of Church property in Ireland!

Before, therefore, he proceeds to claim the benefit to which he considers himself entitled, for the projected improvement of their estates, let him settle this little difference in the previous account which subsists between them. His Lordship has the reputation of an honest man;—and he will not, we trust, at all events, act like a sharper. He deals with honest and honourable men who have been humbled by calamities, of which his measures have been the principal causes. Let him, then, give them the advantages which flow from the application of his principle, in the one case, before he takes advantage of it in the other. Let him indemnify them for losses and injuries *already sustained*, and they will, gladly, relinquish, for the uses of the State, all that may be made of the possessions of the Church, above what they yield to their present holders.

Is not this fair;—is not this reasonable? If it be not, there is neither equity nor reason in the proposition of his Lordship. But if the character of that proposition is to be maintained,—if a Reformed Parliament, in their omnipotence, *resolve* that the proposition is wise and righteous, they can scarcely quarrel with its legitimate offspring, or deny that the other proposition, so clearly deducible from it, is wise and righteous also.

His Lordship, therefore, is not a subverter of the Church! He is not, as the Radicals boast, or the Conservatives fear, the contriver of an expedient for its overthrow; but the originator of a discovery for its security and preservation! "He came forth with an intent to curse and, lo, he hath blessed it altogether!"

We are not, however, over-sanguine. Our hopes are entirely built upon the presumption, that Ministers will abide by the proposition which they have advanced, and reason honestly from their own principles. That they will do so, as far as it may be expedient, that is, *profitable*, we can have no doubt. But we cannot calculate, that they will be carried very far by their abstract love of truth and justice, where other men's interests alone are concerned; and we very much fear that the clergy must even put up with their losses; while the advantages derivable from the new principle will be solely confined to the fortunate inventors.

Proceed we now to another feature of the Bill. The property of the Irish clergy is to be subjected to a graduated income-tax, varying according to the value of the preferment, from five to fifteen per cent! If any thing could be regarded as iniquitous towards a body whom it would seem to be the object of the Government to proscribe, assuredly this may. It is, in the first place, partial in its operation. It violates that principle, which in no other instance has any British Minister ever yet *intentionally* departed from,—namely, that taxation should be evenly distributed, and not press with any peculiar severity upon one class more than upon another. Here, where the object is one of general utility, the clergy are compelled to bear the whole of the burden!

But, perhaps, it may be said, that the keeping up a system of divine worship is *not a general object*; that the clergy are the only persons whom it particularly concerns, and that, as such, they should support it at their own charges! If this be said, and if this be insisted on, we give up the question. But let it be held in mind, the State cannot hold this language, without formally abandoning a form of national religion, without, in almost express terms, saying to the community, "You may worship God as you please, or you need not worship him at all, if you do not like it. We will give you neither instruction nor advice upon the subject; follow the bent of your own inclination, and be, as it listeth you, fanatics or atheists." Now, if this language may

not be held, the proposition, of the perfect indifferency of the State respecting matters of religion, cannot be maintained, and, therefore, the practice of taxing a particular body for the support of a system which, if maintained at all, ought to be maintained at the expense, as it is maintained for the benefit, of the community at large, is vicious in principle, and cannot be defended.

But, perhaps, the tax is imposed upon those who are exempted from other taxes? No. The clergy bear their full share of all other public taxes; from no one of the burdens rendered necessary by the exigencies of the State, do they experience the least exemption!

Perhaps, then, they are better able to bear it than others—they may have been less affected by the fluctuations of the times? Alas! alas! what bitter, what insulting mockery! Against them, and, *as yet*, against them almost alone, have those outrages been directed, which have rendered property valueless, and life insecure, in Ireland! And it is while they are the victims of a system of oppression in one country, which has driven them from their homes, and the objects of commiseration in another, in which funds have been charitably raised for the relief of their misery; it is while the hand of calamity is thus heavy upon them, and they are compelled to appear as mendicants if they would avoid starvation, that the Finance Minister comes forward, and avows his intention of compelling them to bear an enormous and a disproportioned share of the public burdens! The iniquity did not require this aggravation! Nor is there, we are persuaded, a humane or reflecting mind in the country which will not be revolted by it. Truly there is now an end to the benefit of clergy; unless it be deemed a benefit to belong to a class against whom outrage the most brutal may be perpetrated with impunity, and only be regarded as furnishing an excuse for injustice!

During the last session a bill was passed, by which a tax of fifteen per cent was imposed on all livings, for the benefit of the landlords! The gentry are thus enabled to put into their own pockets so much of the property of the Church, as a kind of

compensation for the trouble which they may have, by becoming responsible for the payment of tithes. It was, we believe, imagined by the Government, that this subduction from the incomes of the clergy would not be much more than that to which they were already exposed, from bad debts and the expenses of collection. But it does not appear that the expenses of collection are likely to be much diminished under the new system; and it is yet to be seen, whether they will not be quite as great sufferers as ever from bad debts. We have frequently heard it said, that the poor used always, before this accursed system of combination began to take effect, to pay their dues with more regularity and cheerfulness than the wealthy proprietors. But, be this as it may, their property was taxed by an act passed in the last year, fifteen per cent; and all livings over twelve hundred a-year, will be taxed by the present bill fifteen per cent more! That is, within two years, Government will have caused, with respect to one class of preferments, a depreciation of Church property, to the amount of THIRTY PER CENT! This, by positive enactments! *In addition* to that depreciation which must be the natural consequence of the insecurity to which it is exposed, and the peculiar manner in which it would seem marked out for spoliation! Now, this we believe to be perfectly unprecedented in the history of taxation! And, from what has been already said, it will be felt, that it could not have come upon the poor Irish clergy at a time when they were less prepared to meet it. They never had, at best, any thing more than a *life* interest in their little preferments. Of these they became possessed, in most instances, *late* in life; and, even if their incomes were well paid, they would have found it difficult, in addition to making a becoming appearance in the world, to lay up any provision for their families. Many of them, we believe, endeavoured to effect insurances, which would, if they had been enabled to keep them up, do something towards securing against want those whom they might leave behind them! But the state of penury to which they have been reduced has rendered it impossible

for a great majority of them to pay the premiums as they became due; so that the advantages which had been purchased, as they thought, by many privations and sacrifices, must be lost, and their wives and children exposed, in case of their death, to utter beggary, unless something be speedily done for them, more than they can do for themselves! Indeed, Lord Althorp, they are not, just at present, the individuals upon whom you should impose additional taxes. It would be more consistent with British humanity to come forward with a proposition for their benefit, and to rescue them and their children from a calamity which was not caused by any fault of theirs, than to grind them down by exorbitant exactions! Come, let your better nature prevail. Let the tax be commuted for a largess. Let the attention of Parliament be called to their deplorable condition. Let its benevolence be interested by their long suffering, their helplessness, and their destitution. And even the enemies of the Church will, for once, join in good offices towards the afflicted clergy; more especially, as you may assure them, that, whatever may be done for their immediate relief, ample care has been taken in other parts of the Bill, that their race shall soon be extinct in Ireland!

We have, hitherto, considered the operation of the new measure, not as it is likely to affect the spiritual interests of the Church, or to impair its moral efficiency, (these are topics to which we shall advert by and by,) but as it is calculated to work injury to society at large, by the principles which it involves, or the practices which it sanctions. Let us advert, with the same view, to the contemplated curtailment of the Irish Hierarchy, and see whether that curtailment is likely to be productive of good or evil.

We will consider the Bishops as so many private gentlemen subsisting upon their own estates; (putting, for a moment, their spiritual character entirely out of the question;) and, we ask, is there any good reason why *their* property should be confiscated, rather than the property of *any other* private gentlemen, to answer purposes which equally concern the rest of the community? We

can see none. They stand upon an equal footing with all other land proprietors; and their rights should be similarly protected. This is not the case of a tax, which has been levied by the Government for the payment of civil or military services; the receivers of which are considered, strictly, in the light of stipendiaries, and their remuneration regulated by a "quantum meruit" consideration of work done, or to be done. The clergy are the holders of corporate property, which is as little to be confounded with the money that goes into the Treasury, as any other private property in the Kingdom;—and the fact of their giving their services, in virtue of their spiritual calling for the moral and religious instruction of the community, no more involves them in a liability to be classed with the mere paid servants of the State, than the fact of Howard's choosing to devote himself to a life of philanthropy, would justify any one in considering his private inheritance as a salary paid him by the Government for his labour of love! Is it because they are useful in a public capacity, that their rights are not to be protected in a private? Is it because they are *more* than private gentlemen in one respect, that they should be considered *less* in another? This, truly, is strange logic, and stranger policy! A logic, which far transcends that homely thing called the wisdom of our ancestors! A policy, with which neither Bacon, nor Somers, nor Burke, nor Pitt, were acquainted!

But, perhaps, the clergy have not been as useful as other private gentlemen, according to their means; they have been more frequently absentees; less charitable; worse landlords;—will the proscription in which they are now involved be justified by any such allegations as these? We throw not; because none such could be supported. They are, notoriously, *better* landlords, *more* charitable, *less* frequently absentees, than proprietors of any other class, and deserving of praise rather than blame, for the exactness and fidelity with which they discharge all their duties as citizens and subjects.

But, we earnestly ask, what can the Government mean? Is this a season during which they ought to

diminish, *by a single one*, that portion of the aristocracy, upon which alone they can confidently calculate in the struggle which is about to ensue? The Irish clergy, and particularly the Bishops, are, in spirit, in principles, by education, by habit, from duty, devoted to a connexion with England. By it they are determined to stand;—with it they know they must fall. And yet, they are the very class selected as unworthy, any longer, the favour, or even the protection, of the British Government; and who are reputed as useless branches, fit only to be cut down, and cast into the fire! Was ever exhibited such culpable blindness to the signs of the times! Was ever political stubbornness or stupidity, more like a kind of judicial infatuation!

Let us now consider the Bishops in another, and still strictly secular point of view, as rewards for lettered men of respectable character, whose merits are their only recommendation; as so many prizes in the lottery of life, which are open to the aspirations of all ranks and conditions of the community. And we ask, what can the community at large gain by doing them away? Will any individual consider himself better off, because his son or his son-in-law, or his nephew, or some near connexion, has ten chances less than he had before of attaining through merit to rank and station? Who was the late Archbishop of Dublin? The son of an humble man. Who is the present? A respectable Oxford Professor, who is indebted together to his talents and character for his preferment. Who is the present Archbishop of Cashel? One who may be described in the same words. Who is the present Bishop of Cork? One who may be described in the same words, except that the scene of his collegiate distinction was Dublin, and not Oxford. Who is the present Bishop of Cloyne? The great astronomer, Brinkley, who is better known throughout Europe than in these countries, and who owes his preferment solely to his literary attainments. Who is the present Bishop of Limerick? The accomplished and amiable Dr Jebb, the refined and elegant author of "Sacred Literature," and other works

which will perpetuate his name long after his Bishoprick is extinguished. Who is the present Bishop of Down? Dr Mant, a man truly worthy the vocation to which he has been called, and to which he was recommended solely by his professional qualifications. Who is the present Bishop of Ferns? Dr Elrington;—the son of a stage-player, who died and left his mother an early and a friendless widow, when he was a helpless little child. She struggled hard to give him education, of which he failed not to profit; for the boy was apt, and of a vigorous and energetic character; and when his school-days were over, he very soon distinguished himself in the Dublin University, of which, we believe, he became a fellow before he was one-and-twenty years of age. From that period, his life has been one of continued prosperity, and, we may add, of indefatigable labour; and when, late in life, he attained the station which he now holds, who could not envy the feelings with which such a mother must look upon such a son,—or such a son upon such a mother. The old lady is, we believe, still alive; and if widowed cares, and early maternal solicitude, could be adequately rewarded and recompensed upon earth, that reward is hers in the palace of Ferns, where she is surrounded by the children and the grandchildren of him for whom, in loneliness and destitution, she oftentimes prayed and toiled, at a time when she could have little anticipated his present elevation!

But, my Lord Bishop of Ferns, we have not yet done with you. We are about to do you a violence, but you must bear it. The subject absolutely requires that the truth should be told. Let the reader, then, understand that this man, whose promotion we have just described, has been the stay and the support of his suffering clergy. His diocese is that in which the notorious Dr Doyle resides, by whose pastoral instructions the peasantry have been peculiarly incited to withhold their tithes; and we may very well suppose that the clergy of Ferns have not been the least sufferers at the present appalling crisis. But they are blessed in a Bishop, who seems to have consi-

dered himself but a steward, for their benefit, of his possessions; and by whom their wants have been supplied with an unsparing liberality, which commands their gratitude and admiration;—a liberality equally delicate and munificent; of which the most shrinkingly sensitive may partake, without any painful consciousness of humiliation. Let one instance suffice to exemplify the almost daily benefactions of this generous and large-hearted Prelate. The wife of one of his clergy was lately confined of her fourteenth child. She was attended by a benevolent physician, who saw the penury to which the family were reduced, and did what in him lay to relieve it. A paragraph in the newspaper, inserted by his contrivance, announcing the birth of the fourteenth child, met the eye of the Bishop of Ferns, who immediately despatched a special messenger with a letter containing an enclosure of a fifty-pound note, with his compliments for “the young stranger!” Is such a man unworthy of the rank which he holds, or the property he possesses? And he would hold *no* rank, if there were not Bishoprics in the Church;—and he possesses no other than Church property. May the blessing of God descend upon him and his, for ever and ever!

But why do we mention these things? Not for the purpose of beseeching Lord Althorp not to lay sacrilegious hands upon property thus doubly consecrated;—consecrated in its destination, and consecrated in its employment. Well we know that any such supplication must be of none effect. No. But for the purpose of *showing the laity* the advantages, even in a temporal point of view, of these Bishoprics, and the folly of supposing that *they* can be gainers by doing them away. Suppose any ten of the great estates in the kingdom, instead of being, as they are, *entailed* as family inheritances, were *thrown open* to adventurous competition, and might become the property, for life, of enterprising individuals from the humbler classes, who should be thought best deserving of them; would that be, or would it not be, an advantage? Precisely such an advantage they now possess, and they are about to

throw it away! The Bishoprics are so many estates, to the enjoyment of which they and theirs may attain, by evincing those qualifications which may prove them worthy of such a distinction. It has been shewn, without going beyond the limits of the Irish Church, or of the present time, in how many instances humble individuals have been raised to the Episcopal bench; and how largely the honours in the Church have been distributed, for the reward of merit and the encouragement of learning. Nor is the profession of a clergyman the only one that is benefited by such a system. Every distinguished individual who is thus provided for may be considered as one *withdrawn* from competition in some of the other professions, which are thus less crowded by able men, and their advantages in consequence comparatively augmented. What should have prevented Bishop Jebb from being, like his admirable brother, one of the Judges in Ireland? Or any of the other individuals whom we have enumerated, from attaining equal eminence in any other walk of life to which they might have chosen to devote themselves? Nothing. They possess the talents, the industry, and the character, which must almost certainly have commanded success; and their advancement must have been *at least* as rapid had they gone to the bar, or practised medicine, or entered the army, as it has been since they entered into holy orders. The very individuals, therefore, by whom they are at present derided and persecuted, may be wholly indebted to the rank and station which they have attained in the courses which they have severally pursued, to the absence of antagonists by whom they might have been easily distanced;—that absence having been owing to engagements which would never have been entered into if there had not been such a thing as a liberally endowed Established Church. We consider, therefore, the provision that has been made for the maintenance of the clergy, not *only* a benefit to those for whom it has been especially provided, but also a relief to those who enter into other professions, where their progress must be so much more free and un-

impeded than it would be if so large a draught of talent and energy as belongs confessedly to the class of individuals to whom we have alluded, had not been diverted into another channel, and thereby prevented from contending with them.

We come now to by far the most important consideration suggested by the new Bill,—namely, the manner in which it is likely to affect the spiritualities of the Church Establishment. In the first place, the feeling of general insecurity to which the present measure gives rise, must have a very pernicious influence; as well in causing many to decline the services of the ministry, as in embarrassing and distracting the minds of those who had previously engaged in them; who are thus prevented from giving that entire and undivided attention to the duties of their sacred calling, which may be pronounced absolutely necessary for the accomplishment of any considerable measure of clerical utility. They feel like men stationed upon a citadel that has been undermined, and who know not how soon the match may be applied and the train fired that is to bury them in ruins!

In the next place, the seizure of Church property by the Government, and the assumption of the principle, that it may be converted to the service of the State, puts the clergy into a position essentially different from that which they had previously occupied, and makes their subsistence, and therefore their existence, dependant upon the character or the circumstances of the Minister of the day. That regular supply of able and learned men, who, under Divine Providence, have made the Church of England what it is, can no longer be expected. Learning requires leisure; and leisure requires a settled competency, which can be calculated upon only as long as the property of the Church is “dovetailed and interwoven” with the mass of other private property, and thus put beyond the reach of an unprincipled Minister, or a rapacious Parliament. We may, therefore, set it down that the axe has been laid to the root of clerical utility in the Church of England. Henceforth she will be known by what she was, not by what she is. Her worthies will

no longer be recognised amongst the religious lights of the Christian world, in which, hitherto, the champions whom she furnished from the armoury of faith, have always been so highly distinguished.

In the third place, the dismantling of ten Sees must cause a frightful chasm in the Church of Ireland. In point of fact, every Irish Bishop had previously *too much* to do. In order to fill the measure of his duty, he must have been almost incessantly occupied. Those who are not conversant in such matters know but little what is implied in "the care of all the churches." Those to whom religion itself is a sinecure, may very well consider as sinecures the highest offices in the Church! The first effect of the proposed reduction in the number of the Irish Bishops must be, so to overwhelm those who are suffered to remain with a perplexing multiplicity of business, as to render it impossible that any portion of their duty could be discharged well. Where too much is imposed, but little can be expected.

The strangest feature in the conduct of his Majesty's Ministers, upon this occasion, is, *that their measure has been adopted without enquiry.* Yea, they seem to have eschewed enquiry as carefully as it would be prosecuted by almost any other men, previously to the propounding of a system which so materially affects the interests of the Church. Were they not bound to consult the Primate as to the extent of his present episcopal duties, before they proposed to saddle him, in addition, with the superintendence of the diocese of Clougher? Were they not bound to have examined the Archbishop of Dublin respecting the extent of his duties, before they resolved to super-add the superintendence of the diocese of Kildare to his present labours? We mistake much if they would not be informed, in both these instances, that the Prelates alluded to are already quite sufficiently occupied; and that the only effect of their undertaking *more*, must be that they can perform *less*.

Sir Robert Peel truly observed, that a real Church Reform ought to be something the very opposite of that which is at present about to be

adopted. It ought to consist in a *separation* of dioceses which are at present united, and a *subdivision* of such as are at present too large, rather than the contrary. And such would be the case, if there was any sincere disposition to raise the character, or to improve the circumstances of the Church; if the question which Ministers proposed to themselves was, how the present ecclesiastical property might be employed to most advantage,—not, upon how small a portion of their revenues the clergy might continue to subsist, retaining still the *name* of a Church Establishment. The *reform* proposed, therefore, is not one by which their interests are to be advanced, or their utility increased,—but, a reform by which, while their *mere existence* is scantily provided for, their property may be abstracted for the benefit of another class of his Majesty's subjects. It is, simply, an experiment to ascertain, *upon how little they can live*, while yet they may appear to go through the ordinary routine of their ministerial functions! Is it surprising, therefore, that such a reform should be hailed with delight by O'Connell, and the whole faction, who must rejoice in the destruction of the Church! No. As that demagogue said in the House of Commons, it is perhaps a *better* measure than he would have himself proposed, because it is *more plausible*; because it appears to aim at little, while yet it accomplishes much; and involves a principle which must complete the ruin that may be for a short time deferred, but cannot finally be averted!

That the reader may have an idea of how the measure must actually work, in the case of clergymen with moderate preferments, we subjoin an abstract of the incomings and outgoings of a gentleman who holds two livings, the gross value of which is £648 a-year. They are situated, the one in the diocese of Meath; the other, in the diocese of Dublin. The account stands as follows; and, to put the matter beyond all doubt, we subjoin the name of the clergyman. He is the Rev. Mr Heppenstal; one well known for his zeal and efficiency in the Church of Ireland.

Living in the diocese of Meath, -	L.192	0	0
Do. in do. of Dublin, -	456	0	0

Gross amount of both, -

L.648 0 0

Before this income becomes available, the following sums must be paid :

Quit-rent, to the Crown, -	L.13	16	11
Diocesan school-master, -	4	0	0
Visitation fees, - - -	3	0	0
Deduction by landlords, -	97	0	0
Church-cess, - - -	45	0	0
Losses and bad debts, - -	30	0	0
Two curates, - - -	180	0	0
Proportion paid, as part of the salary of a perpetual curacy, -	15	7	6

Amounting in all to -

L.388 4 5

Leaving of clear income to the Rector, -

L.259 15

Now, we ask, could Ministers, if enquiry had in this instance preceded legislation, have been guilty of this gross injustice? It is impossible! They knew not what they were about! They knew not how deeply they were about to cut into the incomes of the impoverished clergy! Mr Heppenstal has, in the above statement, made no mention of his charities, which are known to be large. He has simply stated, what may be described as bonded debts; what must be paid to others, before his income becomes available for himself. And from this, it appears, that the enormous sum of L.388, 4s. 5d., must be extracted from L.640, before a single farthing can be appropriated to the subsistence of his family! It may not yet be too late to remedy *this* iniquitous feature of the Bill. Let the representation which we have laid before the reader, be submitted to the House of Commons, and the case is one so beseechingly supplicatory of justice and mercy, that we doubt if it could be resisted even by a Reformed Parliament!

We have alluded, briefly, to the injury which the Irish Church must suffer, from the sense of general insecurity; to the manner in which its best interests must be affected by the new principle which is now so familiarly adopted, that its property is now to be regarded as the property of the State; to the serious loss of that superintendence to which it must be exposed, by the

striking off of ten of its Bishops; but this last consideration claims a more particular attention.

It is an old maxim, that as are the Bishops, so will "be the Church." A good Church may sometimes have had Bishops;—but a succession of able and virtuous Bishops can seldom have an inefficient Church! What Ulysses says of the office of a General, may be, almost literally, applied to the office of a Bishop.

"When that the *Bishop* is not like the hive,
To which the foragers shall all repair—
What honey is expected?"

We would not be thought to depart from that honest preference which we may entertain for our own form of church-government, while we regard, with complacency, that very different form that subsists at the other side of the Tweed. Both may be best suitable to the countries in which they are respectively established;—but, certain we are, that any diminution in the numbers of the hierarchy of England or Ireland, or any curtailment of their legitimate influence, must expose the churches in these countries to a want of good government, without which scarcely any other good thing can be expected. The Bishop is the adviser, the regulator, the controller of his clergy. He is the individual to whom they refer in their difficulties; by whom their zeal may be directed or restrained; by whom they are guided, exhorted, or admonished

in the discharge of their ministerial duties. He possesses the power of rewarding those who are faithful to their trust; and the power of punishing those who may prove negligent or unfaithful. It has, we believe, never happened that a Bishop cordially devoted himself to his high and holy calling, without conferring the highest degree of benefit upon the diocese over which he presided. And what must be the necessary effect of withdrawing ten Bishops from the Church of Ireland? That ten dioceses must be neglected! That, in ten dioceses, the clergy must feel "as sheep that have no shepherd!" And that, in the remaining twelve, such a degree of laxity and negligence must be introduced into the administration of Ecclesiastical affairs, (from the simple fact of *more* being required of the Bishops than they *can possibly* perform) that these, too, may be considered as deprived, in a great part, of Episcopal superintendence!

Those who believe the office of a Bishop to be of Apostolical origin, must feel, with still deeper pungency, the evils of the present system. We have regarded it, simply, as a serious injury done to the discipline of the Church; they must regard it as trenching upon spiritual authority and privileges, with which no lay-government has any business to interfere. One of the offices which a Bishop has to perform is confirmation. For this purpose, at stated periods, he finds it necessary to visit every part of his diocese; a work requiring much time and considerable labour; inso-much, that if it were increased in the manner meditated by the proposed arrangement, he could, in some instances, scarcely perform any other duty,—it must necessarily engross almost the whole of his attention! Is not this a matter that should be taken into account by those who profess an attachment to the doctrine of the Church of England? And could such a measure be proposed by any who did not secretly desire to degrade the office, as well as to diminish the number of the Bishops;—a measure which, at the same time, lessens their influence, and paralyzes their functions!

Another of the offices of a Bishop is ordination. St Paul enjoins Ti-

mothy to "lay hands suddenly on no man." And Bishops have always considered it their duty to make a strict enquiry into the lives and qualifications of those who present themselves for holy orders. This, at present, is no very easy matter; the extent of every diocese being, already, sufficiently great, to render it impossible that it could be, by any one man, more than adequately superintended. But what must be the difficulties of ascertaining all that may be necessary to be known respecting those who present themselves for ordination, when the Episcopal labour in this respect is *doubled*, and the means of becoming personally acquainted with their characters and pretensions *diminished* in the same proportion! It follows, that the Apostolical injunction cannot be complied with, in the spirit in which it was given;—and that individuals may be introduced into the ministry, from whom the Church may suffer more injury than it can reap advantage!

Nor is it to be forgotten, by Church of England Protestants, that, by another provision of the present Bill, a *Lay Board* of Commissioners is to be erected, who are to exercise very extensive powers, not merely as respects the property, but, also, as respects the spiritualities of the Church of Ireland. They are to be invested with an authority which will enable them to forbid the appointment of any clergyman to a parish, in which divine service has not been performed for a certain time; thus, making it the interest of the payers of tithe to throw difficulties in the way of such performance; and pronouncing, with what appears to us a degree of awful impiety, that, because no religious improvement has hitherto taken place, no religious improvement *shall, for the future, be permitted to take place* in such parish! That, because it had been abandoned to wickedness, it shall have no opportunity of repenting, and turning to God! A body of lay Commissioners, to watch over the lapses of ministerial duty, or the declension of parochial godliness, not that these lapses might be corrected, or that lack of godliness supplied, but that those who have been neglected may be left altogether without religious aid, and that those

who have neglected themselves may be deprived of even a chance of amendment! A goodly expedient, truly, for supplying that lack of care which must be occasioned by the withdrawal of the Bishops! Thus it is that the established religion is to be "Burked" in Ireland! The Ministers first deprive it of its natural protectors, by whose wise and well directed attention, even in its greatest weakness, it would be cherished and supported;—and it is to be handed over to unnatural guardians, who can have no professional sympathy which would lead them to take care of its interests; and who must, naturally, be more desirous of coming in for the disposal of its property, than of preserving itself! There is something in the whole scheme most monstrously and unnaturally consistent! We have called it ill digested; but, considering what may not unfairly be presumed to be its real object, it is not. At least, it wonderfully conspires with the views of those who seem bent upon pulling down the Church, and circumscribing the influence of true religion. For this purpose, Ministers did not need much enquiry. They knew that the Bishops were regarded as the pillars of the Church, which must fall if not thus supported. They could not, therefore, err in their dealing with them. And, what was thus so hopefully begun, must be completed by the appointment of the lay Commissioners! Indeed, this latter feature of the Bill seems almost a work of supererogation. When the Bishop was removed, whose duty it would be to see that certain clerical duties were performed, it could scarcely be necessary to appoint a Board of laymen, to see that they were not. All that the most decided enemies to religion could desire, must necessarily follow, and that speedily, from the defect of episcopal superintendence. The body of the clergy would be uncheered, dispirited, neglected, scattered abroad, to a degree that must render any unity or energy of operation, on their part, wholly impossible; and make them altogether unable to bear up against the formidable and well directed hostility to which Protestantism is exposed in Ireland.

What would the Church of Scot-

land, what would the people of Scotland say, if the functions of any of their Presbyteries were thus interfered with and suspended? History has already answered that question. They would indignantly resist such an encroachment upon their rights, and make the Minister feel that he could not at will abrogate their dearest privileges. What would the Methodists say if their Conference were thus assailed? What would the Moravians,—what would any other church or sect say or do, if the same arbitrary usurpation upon their acknowledged rights were attempted? We believe the whole dissenting interest of England, Ireland, and Scotland, would unite to resist it, and a force of opposition would be arrayed against his Majesty's Ministers, which would compel them either to abandon their design, or to quit their places. They could not carry into effect the same measure against any other the most insignificant of the subdivisions of dissent in the Protestant community, which they have so boldly undertaken against the Established Church!

What then remains for the Church to do? Why, to evince that she is a Church; and *not* a mere engine of State policy, to be used or abused for mere political purposes, and to be employed, or not employed, as may best suit the Ministers' convenience. Her property may be seized upon. Against that she can merely protest. When *might* prevails against *right*, her Christian duty is quite clear;—those who have taken her cloak, may have her coat also. But IT WILL BE HER OWN ACT AND DEED IF HER FUNCTIONS ARE SUSPENDED. She may be reduced to beggary by the arbitrary will of the Government; but, unless she herself be a consenting party to their iniquity, SHE CANNOT BE PARALYSED! Let her, therefore, lose no time in filling up the number of her Bishops. It is not essential that those who fill that office should always be endowed with large possessions. But those who receive the creed, and who adopt the ritual of the Church of England, must hold that the office of the Bishop is essential to the being of the Church. Whenever a vacancy occurs, therefore, let that office be supplied. Able and learned men cannot

be wanting, by whom it will be undertaken with cheerfulness, notwithstanding the privations that may accompany it; and executed with ability, notwithstanding the difficulties by which it may be surrounded. If this be done, the worst effects to be apprehended from the present measure, will be obviated. The Church may suffer in worldly estimation from the loss of its temporalities; but its spiritual functions will not cease. Its candlestick will not be removed. The fire will still continue to burn upon its altars:—and although the flame may, at first, be feeble and flickering, it will, gradually, wax stronger and brighter; and the very attempt to extinguish an enlightened religion in that benighted land, may be only the providential means of causing it to shine forth, until the whole country is irradiated with its brightness, and it is recognised, by all classes, as a source of blessedness and illumination.

If what we have proposed be not done, the contrary of all this must take place. The Established Church will appear to be a mere State religion—a mere thing created by act of Parliament! The Bishops will be consenting parties to the act by which not only its property will have been confiscated, but its functions paralysed. Nay, they will furnish the best excuse for the confiscation of its property, by tacitly consenting to the suspension of its functions! For, as it was for the efficient and dignified discharge of the latter, that the former was conferred, it does not carry the appearance of great injustice to say, that the property of a Bishop may be withdrawn, and applied to other purposes, when the functions of a Bishop are no longer needed. By the conduct of the present Episcopal Bench in Ireland, therefore, the proceedings of the Government will be either condemned or justified—condemned, if they act as we advise, and fill the office whenever a vacancy occurs, in all those cases where it is at present proposed by Ministers to be abolished. By so doing, they will record their solemn judgment, that the office ought not to be suspended, and, consequently, that the property ought not to be taken away;—justified, if they adopt a different course,

and make the wrong which they have suffered in one respect, an excuse for a neglect of duty in another. In this latter case, it would appear as if they only valued the Bishopric for the sake of the property; which would be to afford direct confirmation to the vilest calumny of their most inveterate enemies.

And here we cannot avoid recording a tribute of admiration to the conduct, in this respect, of the Church of Rome. When proscribed and persecuted, when outlawed and stigmatized, when deprived of property and consideration; and not only without worldly estimation, but covered with reproach and contumely, she never suffered the functions of her Bishops to be suspended in Ireland! Their places were always filled, although in many cases attended with danger. And, what has been the consequence? That this Church, such as it is, has been preserved—that the blessing of the Rechabites seems to have attended them, to whom, notwithstanding the grossness of their errors, the Divine Being was pleased to say, that, because they were faithful even to the feeble and imperfect light which they had, and evinced a superstitious adherence to what they believed to be their religious duty, “Jonadab, the son of Rechab, should never want a man to stand before him for ever!”

Now, shall the professors of idolatry outdo the professors of true religion, in their obedience to the Divine commands? Shall the powers of darkness be worshipped with a perseverance and devotedness which is not to be found amongst the worshippers of the powers of light? If this be so, melancholy are the anticipations which must be entertained for the moral and religious condition of Ireland! Her doom would seem to be sealed! She would appear to be given over, bound hand and foot, to the apostles of error and infidelity! But, we have better hopes. The character of their present Primate is a pledge to us that the best interests of the Church of Ireland will not thus be abandoned. There are others also to whom we look with confidence:—The Bishop of Ferns, resolute and energetic:—the Bishop of Cork, honest, straightforward and persevering:—the Bishop of Down

and Connor, the not unworthy successor of Jeremy Taylor, who has evinced, on more than one occasion, an ardent piety and a tempered zeal, characteristic of the purest days of primitive Christianity; nor will we omit the Archbishop of Dublin in this enumeration of the worthies upon whom, humanly speaking, the salvation of the Church of Ireland would seem to depend. He is a man upon whom, in an emergency like the present, we are persuaded the Church may calculate, for doing what in him lies to ward off impending destruction. And if these Prelates sedulously apply themselves to the discovery of a means for still preserving the integrity and efficiency of their order, their labours, we are sure, will not be unattended with the Divine blessing, or without the happiest effects. One thing is certain. Come what will, *they should do their duty*. The result will be in the hands of Providence. If they but make a proper use of *the means*, He will take care of *the end*; which may yet be more consolatory and more glorious than any that could have attended a career of more apparently uninterrupted prosperity. Once again, we say, *only let the Irish Bishops do their duty, and all will again be well.**

Our part has now been done. We have, at all events, not to accuse ourselves of having neglected our duty. The times are awfully full of change. Men's minds are strangely unsettled. An appetite for destruction has been excited in the people of England, which inspires them with a headlong zeal for the overthrow of all their institutions. To this the Irish Church is to be the first sacrifice; and the measures taken for ensuring its complete and utter ruin, argue a consummate and Machiavelian skill, which, while it excites our horror, provokes our admiration! By scarcely any thing short of a miracle can it be defeated. But miracles have been wrought for purposes less apparently important, and we do not yet despair. A profane intermeddling

with Divine things has seldom been unrebuked by some signal instance of the Divine displeasure. So that, unless the Church of Ireland has already become *spiritually dead*, it will yet triumph over the malice of its enemies. And if it be, we care not what becomes of it. Let it even be buried with the burial of an ass. Certain we are, that if it deserve to live, it will not be let to die; and if it deserve to die, nothing that either we or others may do, can prevent its extinction. It is only where *the carcass* is, that there the eagles will be gathered together!

We are also certain that the most strenuous efforts of the Conservative party should be made in defence of the Irish Church. If they succeed in maintaining the outwork, they can defend the citadel; but if the outwork be taken, the citadel must be abandoned. We are reminded, by the measure of his Majesty's Ministers, of the method lately fallen upon in Canada of clearing the country of timber. The settlers no longer employ themselves in cutting down, and rooting out particular trees; they are satisfied with nicking them round near the root, so as to separate the bark from the source of nutriment. This, at once, interrupts their growth, and causes them to die. From flourishing trees attached to the soil and rejoicing in the sun, they are converted into long poles merely stuck into the earth, and which the next storm will lay prostrate. Thus, by a far less tedious and more effectual process than the old one, forests are felled by wholesale in a few years, which would otherwise have resisted the labours of the axe for ages. It is just so that Ministers have proceeded with respect to the Church of Ireland. There the work of destruction has consisted rather in putting the Establishment into a condition which must occasion its fall, than in doing any thing which may cause its immediate destruction; so that Ministers may secure to themselves all the advantages of

* We are aware that the Irish Bishops could not, *themselves*, consecrate to an Irish See, without an appointment by the Crown. But if the law in this respect was not changed, (and changed we believe it would be, upon a proper representation,) their Bishops might be consecrated in Scotland, or elsewhere. If they were obliged to send into another hemisphere, they should not leave their Church unprotected.

its subversion, without, apparently, incurring the guilt by which it may be overthrown. They have done their parts well. Let the Conservatives take warning by them. Let *their* measures be as prompt and as energetic for the preservation, as those of their adversaries are for the destruction of the Church; and a blessing proportioned to the goodness of their cause may attend their patriotic labours.

The waves of popular fury may be stayed; and those who have stood forward, from a solemn sense of duty, and in the fear of God, to resist the madness of a deluded populace, may yet have the satisfaction of seeing the deceivers rebuked and confounded, and the people at length brought to a sense of their true interest, "sitting, and clothed and in their right mind."

THE FAIRY WELL. BY S. FERGUSON, ESQ.

MOURNFULLY, sing mournfully—

"O listen, Ellen, sister dear,
Is there no help at all for me,
But only ceaseless sigh and tear?
Why did not he who left me here,
With stolen hope steal memory?
O listen, Ellen, sister dear,
(Mournfully, sing mournfully)—
I'll go away to Sleamish hill,
I'll pluck the fairy hawthorn-tree,
And let the spirits work their will;
I care not if for good or ill,
So they but lay the memory
Which all my heart is haunting still!
(Mournfully, sing mournfully)—
'The Fairies are a silent race,
And pale as lily flowers to see;
I care not for a blanched face,
Nor wandering in a dreaming place,
So I but banish memory:—
I wish I were with Anna Grace!"
Mournfully, sing mournfully!

Hearken to my tale of woe—

'Twas thus to weeping Ellen Con,
Her sister said in accents low,
Her only sister, Una baun:
'Twas in their bed before the dawn,
And Ellen answer'd sad and slow,—
"Oh, Una, Una, be not drawn
(Hearken to my tale of woe)—
To this unholy grief I pray,
Which makes me sick at heart to know,
And I will help you if I may:
—The Fairy Well of Lagnanay—
Lie nearer me, I tremble so,—
Una, I've heard wise women say
(Hearken to my tale of woe)—
That if before the dews arise,
True maiden in its icy flow
With pure hand bathe her bosom thrice,
Three lady-brackens pluck likewise,
And three times round the fountain go,
She straight forgets her tears and sighs."
Hearken to my tale of woe!

III.

All alas! and wellaway!

"Oh, sister Ellen, sister sweet,
Come with me to the hill I pray,
And I will prove that blessed freet!"
They rose with soft and silent feet,
They left their mother where she lay,
Their mother and her care discreet,
(All, alas! and wellaway!)
And soon they reached the Fairy Well,
The mountain's eye, clear, cold, and gray,
Wide open in the dreary fell;
How long they stood 'twere vain to tell,
At last, upon the point of day,
Baun Una bares her bosom's swell,
(All alas! and wellaway!)
Thrice o'er her shrinking breasts she laves
The gliding glance that will not stay
Of subtly-streaming fairy waves;—
And now the charm three brackens craves,
She plucks them in their fring'd array;—
Now round the well her fate she braves.
All alas! and wellaway!

Save us all from Fairy thrall!

Ellen sees her face the rim
Twice and thrice, and that is all—
Fount and hill and maiden swim
All together melting dim!
"Una! Una!" thou mayst call,
Sister sad! but lith or limb
(Save us all from Fairy thrall!)
Never again of Una baun,
Where now she walks in dreamy hall,
Shall eye of mortal look upon!
Oh! can it be the guard was gone,
That better guard than shield or wall?
Who knows on earth save Jurlagh
Daune?
(Save us all from Fairy thrall!)
Behold the banks are green and bare;
No pit is here wherein to fall:
Aye—at the fount you well may stare;
But nought save pebbles smooth is there,
And small straws twirling one and all:
Hie thee home, and be thy pray'r,
Save us all from Fairy thrall!

MOTHERWELL'S POEMS.*

TRUE poetry never palls, any more than true beauty on the face of nature or of woman. So far from breeding contempt, familiarity breeds admiration and love. We like—we delight—we adore. In that last stage of emotion, where we “set up our rest,” in true poetry we instinctively see a thousand charms that were hidden under the veil of sense at the commencement, and during much of the progress of our blessed journey towards the shrine that stands within “the inner circle of the inspired wood.” The atmosphere grows rarer—the light more essential—the flowers exhale a sweeter odour—and every breath is music in that region, which is not of “this noisy world, but silent and divine.”

We mean simply to say, that though there be love at first hearing, of a fine poem, just as there is love at first sight, of a fine female, “increase of appetite grows with what it feeds on,” and for both there is not only enduring but still increasing affection. Passion, indeed, is subdued by perpetual and peaceful possession and perusal; but it is succeeded by a temperate vital glow, that invigorates the heart beating equably and boldly in attachment.

We fear we have not said our say so simply as we wished; but we mean no more than this, that the better you know true poetry, the better you love it, and then best of all, when you have gotten it by heart. Then it becomes part and parcel of yourself—and shutting your eyes and ears to all outward sights and sounds, you see and hear but the sunniest and the sweetest inward ones, glad to feel that they all belong to your own Being. Thus may your spirit be independent of mere material substance, and rejoice, in spite of chance, fortune, and even fate, in its own visionary, but imperturbable and indestructible world.

Even yet, not so simple have we been, we fear, as we have been desiring to be; for really we have had

no intention to utter any more recondite truth than this, that people need no more get weary or tired of poetry, than of the blue heaven and the green earth. Why should they not continue—all three—always to affect us—as our Creator designed they should—with a thoughtful joy? What means Wordsworth by saying in his address to Duty,

“Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong,
And the Eternal Heavens through Thee
are fresh and strong?”

His meanings may be many and mysterious, as they often are with him in far humbler speech; but one of them we believe is—that all the goings of Nature seem what they are—to good men—*right*. To their eyes the stars keep their courses for ever—fresh and strong now are the heavens, as on the first morn in Paradise.

Scarcely even now are we so simple as we should be; yet we feel that you understand us. Poetry can never lose its influence, till the sense of beauty, greatness, and power, by our own voluntary course of adverse thought, feeling, or action, be dulled, deadened, or destroyed within us. Then 'tis “as a picture to a blind man's eyes.” Nay, then it fares with us far worse. For in our mental—our spiritual darkness—we think has not only disappeared but died all poetry with

“Its spacious firmament on high,
And all the blue ethereal sky.”

They who complain of the dearth of genius, ought then rather to mourn over the decay or extinction of their own spiritual perceptions. In our land there is no such dearth. We live, and breathe, and have our being in the midst of its creations. Imagine one day to be centuries long—from morn to meridian—and no thoughts in your mind of night. Imagine the genius of a people that one day—its powers and faculties

* David Robertson, Glasgow; Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh; Longman and Co., London, 1833.

the spirits of the elements. What fluctuations of

"Beautiful uncertain weather,
When gloom and glow meet together!"

Dark and bright hours, that is, years, alternating! Winter, that looks as if it never would dissolve; when, lo! more sudden than in Greenland, from snow the birth of Spring!

Genius never dies till men are slaves. But we are free. Look over the world of human life, and say you not that we are the "chartered liberties" that rule even the air? We send our souls, like our ships, over the seas, to the uttermost ends of the earth, and there are none to say us—nay. Or away they waft themselves on wings unshorn towards the sun like young eagles looking from their eyries to assay their pinions in the light, or the old birds of Jove fearless in their might, even when storm-driven to distant isles, where under the lee of cliffs they alight to prey! Liberty of speech is good—liberty of action better—but liberty of thought best of all—for the worst of all shackles are those riveted into the soul.

The light of poetry is now overflowing the land. It gives "its beauty to the grass, its glory to the flower." But if your eyes are dim, so will seem all they look upon—couch but the cataract, and again dark are you "with excessive bright." Cherish the apple of your eye, as if it were the core of your heart, and the core of your heart as if it were the apple of your eye, and the spirit that is within you as if it were a dearer and a holier thing than both, and never will you mourn over the death or dearth of poetry—nor yet its departure; for should you think you hear at night the *sugh* of flying-away angelic wings, fear not that they are but in wide circle sweeping the starry sky, and ere the moon drop behind the hill, returning will you hear them through purest ether, winnowing their way over the yellow umbrage of the old woods!

Have we not living poets of inappreciable worth? Have you forgotten—ere they have become dust—the mighty dead?

So much for an introduction to our article. Nor is it inappropriate. For all poets belong to one brotherhood.

Looking abroad, we see many of the brethren. We know them by "their flashing eyes;" or by their eyes composed of quiet light, deep as wells. We know them by their foreheads—"the dome of thought, the palace of the soul." We know them by their lips, round which gathers like bees a swarm of murmuring fancies. Kenspeckle are all the sons of genius.

We called not long ago on Alfred Tennyson. We singled him out to do him honour. And thousands on thousands delighted in some of his strains, who might, but for us, never have heard their music. Maga loves to scatter wide over the world the flowers of poetry—the pearls and the diamonds. Happier is she in that vocation, than in heaping up for her husband gold, yea, much fine gold. Thus enricheth she many, without making one "poor indeed;"

"Flowers laugh before her in their beds,
And fragrance in her footing treads;"

and thus her breath is ever as the breath of violets, and hers a perpetual spring. Strong sunlight she sees falling now on another worshipper of Nature, and she beckons him to stand forward,

"And, like the murmur of a dream,
He hears her breathe his name."

A good name it is, in itself, and ennobled by the wearer—it speaks of a source of clear thoughts, and pure feelings, and fine fancies—of a perennial spring—parent of many lucid rills that sparkle their way in "green radiance" along the gladed woods. MOTHERWELL is the name—and it will continue to "shine well where it stands" at the place assigned it by nature on the roll of the poets of Scotland.

Mr Motherwell has for some years been winning his way to public favour and to fame. He has hitherto been satisfied to shew himself in miscellanies; and in several of the *Annals* his "fulgent head star-bright appeared." It has been fortunate with him that he belongs to no coterie. He is a provincial, yet has not been spoiled by praise. The adulation of a *set* has not touched or turned his brain, as would seem, from some late manifestations, to be unhappily the case with Alfred Tennyson, though

he be a metropolitan poet, the new star, no less, of Little Britain. Alfred says in an epigram, with no more tail than an ape, no more sting than a drone, that he can pardon our blame, but not our praise. 'Twould have been more magnanimous to swallow both and be thankful; for if he exclude from the circle of privileged admirers, all equally unworthy with ourselves to worship his rising genius, his audience, however "fit," will be found "few;" and like a caged lark hung out on a tree in a city-court or churchyard, he will be left to himself to "pipe solitary anguish." Alfred is a gentleman; but he forgot what was due to himself in that character, when he said untruly that he could not forgive Maga's praise, on hearing from whom it came—for he must remember the inscription on a certain presentation copy. William Motherwell, a stronger-minded man by far and away than Alfred Tennyson, and of equal genius, will estimate our praise at its real value, gladdened but not unduly elated by it, knowing, as all who know us must do, that we scorn all airs of patronage, and that our praise always flows freely from the gushing fountain of admiration and love.

We have said that he is a poet. All his perceptions are clear, for all his senses are sound; he has fine and strong sensibilities, and a powerful intellect. He has been led by the natural bent of his genius to the old haunts of inspiration, the woods and glens of his native country, and his ears delight to drink the music of her old songs. Many a beautiful ballad has blended its pensive and plaintive pathos with his day-dreams; and while reading some of his happiest effusions, we feel,

"The ancient spirit is not dead,
Old times, we say, are breathing there."

His style is simple, but in his tenderest movements, masculine; he strikes a few bold knocks at the door of the heart, which is instantly opened by the master or mistress of the house, or by son or daughter, and the welcome visitor at once becomes one of the family.

We shall shew what Motherwell can do in three departments of poetry—in spirit-stirring war song;—in the pathetic strain that breathes

some elementary feeling, such as simple human grief, pity, or love;—in the description of Nature, where every image has its emotion, and we reap

"The harvest of a quiet eye
That broods and sleeps on its own heart."

There are three fine poems belonging to the first of these classes—The Flag of Sigurd, The Wooing Song of Jarl Egill Skallagrim, and The Sword Chant of Thorstein Raudi,—which are intended—says our Scald (in his affectionate dedication to his ingenious friend Kennedy, the author of that elegant poem, "The Arrow and the Rose,") "to be a faint [read vivid] shadowing forth of something like the form and spirit of Norse poetry, but all that is historical about them is contained in the proper names. The first, 'Sigurd's Battle Flag,' does not follow the story as given in the Northern Sagas, but only adopts the incident of the Magic Standard, which carried victory to the party by whom it was displayed, but certain death to its bearer. 'Jarl Egill Skallagrim's Wooing Song,' is entirely a creation, and nothing of it is purely historical, save the preserving of the name of that warrior and Scald. From the memorials, however, he has left us of himself, I think he could not well have wooed in a different fashion from that which I have chosen to describe. As for 'Thorstein Raudi,' or the Red, that is a name which occurs in Northern history; but, as may well be supposed, he never said so much in all his life about his sword or himself, as I have taken the fancy of putting into his mouth. The allusions made to Northern Mythology are, or should be, familiar to almost every one."

We shall quote two of those trumpet-tongued, drum-breasted poems. They "raise our corruption" in these "piping times of peace." Our Scald, while conceiving them, must have been "an ugly customer." They shew the bone and muscle of the old Norsemen. They breathe and burn with that lust of fight, which blended with all other fierce passions in the hearts of those Sea-kings, who fiercely ploughed the bloody plains as their ships the foaming seas. The imagery is

not various; 'tis the poetry of passion rather than of imagination; and passion dwells on what it heaps up, rejoicing as it accumulates, even as in battle the hero piles up slaughter, but notes them not curiously, though eyeing grim all the ghastly wounds. On the voyage, we hear the flapping of canvass—the straining of cordage—the creaking of bulkheads—the quivering of planks—the groaning of knee-timbers—

“ The shouting and the jolly cheers,
The bustle of the mariners,
In stillness and in storm.”

And high overhead, like a lurid meteor that will not forsake the troubled atmosphere in which the ship rejoices, “*Sigurd's Battle Flag*,” tinging the black aspect of the sea with blood.

THE BATTLE-FLAG OF SIGURD.

The eagle hearts of all the North
Have left their stormy strand;
The warriors of the world are forth
To choose another land!
Again, their long keels sheer the
wave,

Their broad sheets court the breeze;
Again, the reckless and the brave,
Ride lords of weltering seas.
Nor swifter from the well-bent bow
Can leathern shaft be sped,
Than o'er the ocean's flood of snow
Their snoring galleys tread.
Then lift the can to bearded lip,
And smite each sounding shield,
Wassail! to every dark-ribbed ship,
To every battle-field!

So proudly the Scalds raise their voices
of triumph,
As the Northmen ride over the broad-
bosom'd billow.

Aloft, Sigurd's battle-flag
Streams onward to the land,
Well may the taint of slaughter lag
On yonder glorious strand.
The waters of the mighty deep,
The wild birds of the sky,
Hear it like vengeance shoreward
sweep,

Where moody men must die.
The waves wax wroth beneath our
keel—

The clouds above us lower,
They know the battle-sign, and feel
All its resistless power!
Who now uprears Sigurd's flag,
Nor shuns an early tomb?
Who shoreward through the swelling
surge,

Shall bear the scroll of doom?
So shout the Scalds, as the long ships
are nearing
The low-lying shores of a beautiful land.

Silent the Self-devoted stood
Beside the massive tree;
His image mirror'd in the flood
Was terrible to see!
As leaning on his gleaming axe,
And gazing on the wave,
His fearless soul was churning up
The death-rune of the brave.
Upheaving then his giant form
Upon the brown bark's prow,
And tossing back the yellow storm
Of hair from his broad brow;
The lips of song burst open, and
The words of fire rushed out,
And thundering through that martial
crew

Pealed Harald's battle shout;—
It is Harald the Dauntless that lifteth his
great voice,
As the Northmen roll on with the Doom-
written banner.

“ I bear Sigurd's battle-flag
Through sunshine, or through gloom;
Through swelling surge on bloody
strand

I plant the scroll of doom!
On Scandia's loneliest, bleakest waste,
Beneath a starless sky,
The Shadowy Three like meteors
passed,

And bad young Harald die;—
They sang the war-deeds of his sires,
And pointed to their tomb;
They told him that this glory-flag
Was his by right of doom.
Since then, where hath young Harald
been,

But where Jarl's son should be?
'Mid war and waves—the combat keen
That raged on land or sea.”

So sings the fierce Harald, the thirster for
glory,
As his hand bears aloft the dark death-
laden banner.

“ Mine own death's in this clenched
hand!

I know the noble trust;
These limbs must rot on yonder
strand—

'These lips must lick its dust;
But shall this dusky standard quail
In the red slaughter day,
Or shall this heart its purpose fail—
This arm forget to slay?
I trample down such idle doubt;
Harald's high blood hath sprung
From sires whose hands in martial bout
Have ne'er belied their tongue;

Nor keener from their castled rock
 Rush eagles on their prey,
 Than, panting for the battle-shock,
 Young Harald leads the way."
**It is thus that tall Harald, in terrible
 beauty,**
 Pours forth his big soul to the joyance
 of heroes.

"The ship-borne warriors of the
 North,
 The sons of Woden's race,
 To battle as to feast go forth,
 With stern, and changeless face;
 And I the last of a great line—
 The Self-devoted, long
 To lift on high the Runic sign
 Which gives my name to song.
 In battle-field young Harald falls
 Amid a slaughtered foe,
 But backward never bears this flag,
 While streams to ocean flow;—
 On, on above the crowded dead
 This Runic scroll shall flare,
 And round it shall the lightnings
 spread,
 From swords that never spare."
 So rush the hero-words from the Death-
 doomed one,
 While Scalds harp aloud the renown of
 his fathers.

"Flag! from your folds, and fiercely
 wake
 War-music on the wind,
 Lest tenderest thoughts should rise to
 shake
 The sternness of my mind;
 Brynhilda, maiden meek and fair,
 Pale watcher by the sea,
 I hear thy wailings on the air,
 Thy heart's dirge sung for me;—
 In vain thy milk-white hands are wrung
 Above the salt sea foam;
 The wave that bears me from thy bower,
 Shall never bear me home;
 Brynhilda! seek another love,
 But ne'er wed one like me,—
 Who death-foredoomed from above,
 Joys in his destiny."
 Thus mourned young Harald as he thought
 on Brynhilda,
 While his eyes filled with tears which
 glittered, but fell not.

"On sweeps Sigurd's battle-flag,
 The scourge of far frem shore;
 It dashes through the seething foam,
 But I return no more!
 Wedded unto a fatal bride—
 Boune for a bloody bed—
 And battling for her, side by side,
 Young Harald's doom is sped!

**In starkest light, where kemp on kemp
 Reel headlong to the grave,
 There Harald's axe shall ponderous
 ring,
 There Sigurd's flag shall wave;—
 Yes, underneath this standard tall,
 Beside this fateful scroll,
 Down shall the tower-like prison fall
 Of Harald's haughty soul."**
 So sings the Death-seeker, while nearer
 and nearer
 The fleet of the Northmen bears down to
 the shore.

"Green lie those thickly timbered
 shores
 Fair sloping to the sea;
 They're cumbered with the harvest
 stores
 That wave but for the free;
 Our sickle is the gleaming sword,
 Our garner the broad shield—
 Let peasants sow, but still he's lord
 Who's master of the field;
 Let them come on, the bastard-born,
 Each soil-stain'd churl!—**clack!**
 What gain they but a spilt skull,
 A sod for their base back?
 They sow for us these goodly lands,
 We reap them in our night,
 Scorning all title but the brands
 That triumph in the fight."
 It was thus the land-winners of old gained
 their glory,
 And greystones voiced their praise in the
 bays of far isles.

"The rivers of yon island low,
 Glance redly in the sun,
 But ruddier still they're doom'd to
 glow,
 And deeper shall they run;
 The torrent of proud life shall swell
 Each river to the brim,
 And in that spate of blood, how well
 The headless corpse will swim!
 The smoke of many a shepherd's cot
 Curls from each peopled glen;
 And, hark! the song of maidens mild,
 The shout of joyous men!
 But one may hew the oaken tree,
 The other shape the shroud:
 As the LANDEYDA o'er the sea
 Sweeps like a tempest cloud!"
 So shouteth fierce Harald—so echo the
 Northmen,
 As shoreward their ships like mad steeds
 are careering.

"Sigurd's battle-flag is spread
 Abroad to the blue sky,
 And spectral visions of the dead
 Are trooping grimly by;

The spirit heralds rush before
Harald's destroying brand,
They hover o'er yon fated shore
And death-devoted band.
Marshal, stout Jarls, your battle fast!
And fire each beacon height,
Our galleys anchor in the sound,
Our banner heaves in sight!
And through the surge and arrowy
shower

'That rains on this broad shield,
Harald uplifts the sign of power
Which rules the battle-field!"
So cries the Death-doomed on the red
strand of slaughter,
While the helmets of heroes like anvils
are ringing.

On rolled the Northmen's war, above
The Raven Standard flew,
Nor tide nor tempest ever strove
With vengeance half so true.
'Tis Harald—'tis the Sire-bereaved—
Who goads the dread career,
And high amid the flashing storm
The flag of Doom doth rear.

"On, on," the tall Death-seeker cries,
"These earth-worms soil our heel,
Their spear-points crash like crisping
ice,

On ribs of stubborn steel!"
Hurra! hurra! their whirlwinds sweep,
And Harald's fate is sped;
Bear on the flag—he goes to sleep
With the life-scorning dead.

Thus fell the young Harald, as of old fell
his sires,
And the bright hall of heroes bade hail to
his spirit!

That—we say—is first-rate fighting.
Cutting and thrusting—stabbing
and splitting—hewing and
cleaving—and all in a spirit of boisterous
revelry, love of fame freedom and
females, pride of land the birth-place,
and of sea the cradle of heroes, and to
make its passion thick and "slab" as it
overboils, the lust of blood.

Now for the "Sword Song," already
not a little famous—for we have heard
it chanted by one who troubles not his
head about poetry, but who clove skull-cap
and skull of more than one cuirassier at
Waterloo.

THE SWORD-CHANT OF THORSTEIN RAUDI.

'Tis not the grey hawk's flight
O'er mountain and mere;
'Tis not the fleet hound's course
Tracking the deer;
'Tis not the light hoof print

Of black steed or grey,
Though sweltering it gallop
A long summer's day;
Which mete forth the lordships
I challenge as mine;
Ha! ha! 'tis the good brand
I clutch in my strong hand,
That can their broad marches
And numbers define.
LAND GIVER! I kiss thee.

Dull builders of houses,
Base tillers of earth,
Gaping, ask me what lordships
I own'd at my birth;
But the pale fools wax mute
When I point with my sword
East, west, north, and south,
Shouting, "There am I Lord!"
Wold and waste, town and tower,
Hill, valley, and stream,
Trembling, bow to my sway
In the fierce battle fray,
When the star that rules Fate, is
This falchion's red gleam.
MIGHT GIVER! I kiss thee.

I've heard great harps sounding,
In brave bower and hall,
I've drunk the sweet music
That bright lips let fall,
I've hunted in greenwood,
And heard small birds sing;
But away with this idle
And cold jargon;
The music I love, is
The shout of the brave,
The yell of the dying,
The scream of the flying,
When this arm wield's Death's sickle,
And garners the grave.
JOY GIVER! I kiss thee.

Far isles of the ocean
Thy lightning have known,
And wide o'er the main land
Thy horrors have shone.
Great sword of my father,
Stern joy of his hand,
Thou hast carved his name deep on
The stranger's red strand,
And won him the glory
Of undying song.
Keen cleaver of gay crests,
Sharp piercer of broad breasts,
Grim slayer of heroes,
And courage of the strong.
FAME GIVER! I kiss thee.

In a love more abiding
Than that the heart knows,
For maiden more lovely
Than summer's first rose,
My heart's knit to thine,
And lives but for thee;

In dreamings of gladness,
Thou'rt dancing with me,
Brave measures of madness
In some battle-field,
Where armour is ringing,
And noble blood springing,
And cloven, yawn helmet,
Stout hauberk and shield.
DEATH GIVER! I kiss thee.

The smile of a maiden's eye
Soon may depart;
And light is the faith of
Fair woman's heart;
Changeful as light clouds,
And wayward as wind,
Be the passions that govern
Weak woman's mind.
But thy metal's as true
As its polish is bright;
When ill's wax in number,
Thy love will not slumber,
But, starlike, burns fiercer,
The darker the night.
HEART GLADENER! I kiss thee.

My kindred have perish'd
By war or by wave—
Now, childless and sireless,
I long for the grave.
When the path of our glory
Is shadow'd in death,
With me thou wilt slumber
Below the brown heath;
Thou wilt rest on my bosom
And with it decay—
While harps shall be ringing,
And Scalds shall be singing
The deeds we have done in
Our old fearless day.
SONG GIVER! I kiss thee.

The transition is pleasant from storm to calm—so turn we now to the Pathetic—another kind of poetry in which Motherwell excels. Yea—excels. Wordsworth speaks of “old songs that are the music of the heart,” and they overflow Scotland. Some are mirthful—but more are melancholy—and many so sad—airs and all—that a sobbing will at times interrupt the voice of the maiden at her wheel, singing to herself

“Of sorrows suffer'd long ago.”

Motherwell has imbibed the very soul of such strains as these—nor is he here inferior—we say it advisedly—to Burns. Has either the Shepherd or Allan Cuninghame, in their happiest veins, surpassed Motherwell in his “Jeanie Morrison?”

JEANNIE MORRISON.

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
Through mony a weary way:
But never, never can forget
The luve o' life's young day!
The fire that's blawn on Beltane e'en,
May weel be black gin Yule;
But blacker fa' awaits the heart
Where first fond luve grows cule.

O dear, dear Jeannie Morrison,
The thochts o' bygone years
Still tinge their shadows ower my path,
And blind my een wi' tears:
They blind my een wi' saut saut tears,
And sair and sick I pine,
As memory idly summons up
The blithe blinks o' lang-syne.

'Twas then we luvit ilk ither weel,
'Twas then we twa did part;
Sweet time—sad time! twa bairns at
scule,
Twa bairns, and but ae heart!
'Twas then we sat on ae laigh bink,
To leir ilk ither leir;
And tones, and looks, and smiles were
shed,
Remember'd evermair.

I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet,
When sitting on that bink,
Cheek touchin' cheek, loof lock'd in
loof,
What our wee heads could think?
When baith bent down ower ae braid
page,
Wi' ne buik on our knee,
Thy lips were on thy lesson, but
My lesson was in thee.

Oh, mind ye how we hung our heads,
How cheeks brent red wi' shame,
Whene'er the scule-weans laughin said,
We cleek'd thegither hame?
And mind ye o' the Saturdays,
(The scule then skail't at noon),
When we ran aff to speel the braes—
The broomy bryes o' June?

My head rins round and round about,
My heart flows like a sea,
As aye by aye the thochts rush back
O' scule-time and o' thee.
Oh, mornin' life! oh, mornin' luve!
Oh lightsome days and lang,
When hinnied hopes around our hearts
Like simmer blossoms sprang!

Oh mind ye, luve, how aft we left
The deavin' dinsome toun,
To wander by the green burnside,
And hear its water's croon?

The simmer leaves hung ower our heads
The flowers burst round our feet,
And in the gloamin o' the wood,
The throssil whusslit sweet ;

The throssil whusslit in the wood,
The burn sang to the trees,
And we with Nature's heart in tune,
Concerted harmonies ;
And on the kno-we-abane the burn,
For hours the gither sat
In the silentness o' joy, till baith
W' very gladness gat.

Ay, ay, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Tears trickled down your cheek,
Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nae
Had ony power to speak !
That was a time, a blessed time,
When hearts were fresh and young,
When freely gush'd all feelings forth,
Unsullied—uneung !

I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,
Gin I hae been to thee
As closely twined wi' earliest thoughts,
As ye hae been to me ?
Oh ! tell me gin their mairie fills
Thine ear as it does mine ;
Oh ! say gin e'er your heart grows gait
Wi' dreamings o' lang-syne ?

I've wander'd east, I've wander'd west,
I've borne a vairy lot ;
But in my wanderings, far or near,
Ye never were forgot.
The fount that first burst frae this heart,
Stal travels on its way ;
And channels deeper as it flows,
The lave o' life's young day.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Since we were sinder young,
I've never seen your face, nor heard
The music o' your tongue ;
But I could hug all wretchedness,
And happy could I die,
Did I but ken your heart still dream'd
O' by-gane days and me !"

Nor are the lines which follow less touching ; indeed their sadness is more profound—and it would be almost painful, but for the exquisite simplicity of the language, in which there is a charm that softens the "pathos too severe." 'Tis an old story ;

"Familiar matter of to-day,
Which has been and will be again ;

but never before told more affecting-ly, or so as to waken more overflowingly from their deepest fount all our

tenderest human sympathies for the Christiansufferer. Love stronger than life, and unchanged while life is dimly fading away, possesses the bosom of the poor forgiving girl, along with pity for *his* sake almost overcoming sorrow for her own, with keen self-reproach and humble penitence for the guilt into which they two had been betrayed—once too happy in their innocence. 'Tis not the voice of complaint but of contrition ; and through her trouble there are glimpses of peace. In that anguish we hear the breathings of a pure spirit—pure though frail—and delicate though fallen—and feel in such ruin how fatal indeed is sin. It is utterly mournful.

MY HEID IS LIKE TO REND, WILLIE,
My heid is like to rend, Willie,
My heart is like to break—
I'm weavin' a' my feet, Willie,
I'm dyin' for your sake !
Oh lay your cheek to mine, Willie,
Your hand on my brierst-bane—
Oh say ye'll think on me, Willie,
When I am daid and gane !

It's vain to comfort me, Willie,
Sair griet maun ha'e its will—
But let me rest upon your brierst,
To sab and greet my fill.
Let me sit on your knee, Willie,
Let me shed by your hair,
And look into the face, Willie,
I never sall see mair !

I'm sittin' on your knee, Willie,
For the last time in my life—
A pair heart-broken thing, Willie,
A nither, yet nae wife.
Ay, press your hand upon my heart,
And press it mair and mair—
Or it will burst the silken twine,
Sae strang is its despair !

Oh wae's me for the hour, Willie,
When we thegither met—
Oh wae's me for the time, Willie,
That our first tryst was set !
Oh wae's me for the loanin' green
Where we were wont to gae—
And wae's me for the destinie,
That gart me luvè thee sae !

Oh ! dinna mind my words, Willie,
I downa seek to blame—
But oh ! it's hard to live, Willie,
And dree a warld's shame !
Het tears are hailin' ower your cheek,
And hailin' ower your chin ;
Why weep ye sae for worthlessness,
For sorrow and for sin ?

I'm weary o' this warld, Willie,
 And sick wi' a' I see—
 I canna live as I ha'e lived,
 Or be as I should be.
 But fauld unto your heart, Willie,
 The heart that still is thine—
 And kiss ance mair the white, white
 cheek,
 Ye said was red langsyne.

A stoun' gaes through my heid, Willie,
 A sair stoun' through my heart—
 Oh! hand me up, and let me kiss
 Thy brow ere we twa part.
 Anither, and anither yet!—
 How fast my life-strings break!—
 Fareweel! fareweel! through yon kirk-
 yaird
 Step lichtly for my sake!

The lav'rock in the lift, Willie,
 That hils far ower our heid,
 Will sing the morn as merrilie
 Abune the clay-cauld deid;
 And this green turf we're sittin' on,
 Wi' dew-drops shimmerin' sheen,
 Will hap the heart that luvit thee
 As warld has seldom seen.

But oh! remember me, Willie,
 On land where'er ye be—
 And oh! think on the leal, leal heart
 That ne'er luvit ane but thee!
 And oh! think on the cauld, cauld mools,
 That file my yellow hair—
 That kiss the cheek, and kiss the chin.
 Ye never sall kiss mair!

The poems are partly narrative and partly lyrical, and among the lyrical are thirty songs. Some of them are of a kindred spirit with the lines we have now been quoting; others of a gay and lively tone; and the rest of that mixed character of feeling and fancy, when the heart takes pleasure in what may be called moonlight moods, when the shadow seems itself a softened light, and melancholy melts away into mirth—and mirth soon relapses into melancholy. We quote one sad—and one happy song—from which you may guess the rest.

THE PARTING.

On! is it thus we part,
 And thus we say farewell,
 As if in neither heart
 Affection e'er did dwell?
 And is it thus we sunder
 Without or sigh or tear,
 As if it were a wonder
 We e'er held other dear?

We part upon the spot,
 With cold and clouded brow,
 Where first it was our lot
 To breathe the love's fondest vow!
 The vow both then did tender
 Within this hallowed shade—
 That vow, we now surrender,
 Heart-bankrupts both are made!

Thy hand is cold as mine,
 As lustreless thine eye;
 Thy bosom gives no sign
 That it could ever sigh!
 Well, well! adieu's soon spoken,
 'Tis but a parting phrase,
 Yet said, I fear, heart-broken
 We'll live our after days!

Thine eye no tear will shed,
 Mine is as proudly dry;
 But many an aching head
 Is ours before we die!
 From pride we both can borrow—
 To part we both may dare—
 But the heart-break of to-morrow,
 Nor you nor I can bear!

When shadows o'er the landscape creep,
 And twinkling stars pale vigils keep;
 When flower-cups all with dew-drops
 gleam,
 And moonshine floweth like a stream,
 Then is the hour
 That hearts which love no longer dream—
 Then is the hour
 That the voice of love is a spell of power!

When shamelaced moonbeams kiss the
 lake,
 And amorous leaves sweet music wake;
 When slumber steals o'er every eye,
 And Dian's self shines drowsily;
 Then is the hour
 That hearts with high love with rapture sigh—
 Then is the hour
 That the voice of love is a spell of power!

When surly mastiffs stint their howl,
 And swathed in moonshine nod the owl;
 When cottage-hearths are glimmering low,
 And warden cocks forget to crow;
 Then is the hour
 That hearts feel passion's overflow—
 Then is the hour
 That the voice of love is a spell of power!

When stillly night seems earth's vast grave,
 Nor murmur comes from wood or wave;
 When land and sea, in wedlock bound
 By silence, sleep in bliss profound;
 Then is the hour
 That hearts like living well-springs
 sound—
 Then is the hour
 That the voice of love is a spell of power!

'Tis no easy thing to write a song. If you doubt it, try. A song is something like a sonnet. There must be one pervading *Feeling* in a song; and so too, for the most part, in a sonnet—but often in a sonnet it is rather a pervading *Thought*, which of course has its own feeling, as an accompaniment. The one pervading *Feeling* expands itself during a song, like a wild-flower in the breath and dew of morning, which before was but a bud, and we are touched with a sweet sense of beauty, at the full disclosure. As a song should always be simple—the flower we liken it to is the lily or the violet. The leaves of the lily are white, but 'tis not a monotonous whiteness—the leaves of the violet, sometimes dim as “the lids of Cytherea's eyes”—for Shakspeare has said so—are, when well and happy, blue as her eyes themselves, white they looked languishingly on Adonis. Yet the exquisite colour seems of different shades in its rarest richness; and even so as lily or violet, shiningly the same, should be a song, in its simplicity, variously tinged with fine distinctions of the one colour of that pervading *Feeling*, now brighter now dimmer, as open and shut the valves of that mystery—the heart!

It will not do to indite stanza after stanza, each with a pretty and perhaps unreal image of its own, or a flourish; to drop a feeling here and there; or 't in suddenly a few rays or a larger light;—and calling *that* a song, get it set to music, and placed before a young lady at her harpsichord that she may warble you into marriage, by a spell to which you have yourself given more than half the charm, as you may imagine. It is no song. And if the divertisement be “No Song no Supper,” you go hungry to bed.

A song is a composition. But it is composed, unconsciously as near as may be, as far as there is art; and all that the Maker's heart has to do, is to keep true to the inspiration that prompted it to breathe a song, and true it will keep, if strong be the delight. Some songs are of affection—some of passion—and some of both—and these last, when perfect, seem self-existent—as if they had written themselves—and had afterwards had the name of some poet

attached to them, say Burns. Is it not so with that beautiful and blessed song of his,

“O’ a’ the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly lo’e the west;
For there the bonny lassie leaves,
The lass that I lo’e best!”

But we must return, if possible, to the Book; and shall quote a few fine things from the third class of poetry, to which we adverted above, namely, description of Nature, imbued with sentiment. There are a thousand ways of dealing in description with Nature, so as to make her poetical; but sentiment there always must be, else you have but prose—and very poor prose, too, we fear—a multiplication of vain words. You may infuse the sentiment by a single touch—by a ray of light no thicker, nor one thousandth part so thick, as the finest needle ever silk-threaded by a lady's finger; or you may dance it in with a flutter of sunbeams; or you may splash it in as with a gorgeous cloud-stain stolen from sunset; or you may bathe it in with a shred of the rainbow. Perhaps the highest power of all possessed by the sons of song, is, to breathe it in with the breath, to let it slip in with the light, of the common day!

Then some poets there are, who shew you a scene all of a sudden, by means of a few magical words—just as if you opened your eyes at their bidding—and in place of a blank, lo! a world. Others, again, as good and as great, create their world, gradually, before your eyes, for the delight of your soul that loves to gaze on the growing glory; but delight is lost in wonder, and you know that they, too, are warlocks. Some heap image upon image, piles of imagery on piles of imagery, as if they were ransacking and robbing and red-reaving earth, sea, and sky; yet all things there are consentaneous with one grand design, which, when consummated, is a whole that seems to typify the universe. Others give you but fragments—but such as awaken imaginations of beauty and of power transcendent, like that famous Torso. And some show you Nature glimmering beneath a veil, which, unlike, she has religiously taken; and, oh! call not Nature ideal only,

in that holy twilight, for then it is that she is spiritual, and we who belong to her feel that we shall live for ever!

Thus—and in other wondrous ways—the great poets are the great painters, and so are they the great musicians. But how they are so, some other time may we tell; suffice it now to say, that as we listen to the mighty masters—"sole or responsive to each other's voice"—

"Now 'tis like all instruments,
Now like a lonely lute;
And now 'tis like an angel's song
That bids the heavens be mute!"

Then, oh! why will so many myriads of men and women, denied by nature "the vision and the faculty divine," persist in the delusion that they are poetizing, while they are but versifying, "this bright and breathing world?" They have not learned even the use of their very eyes. They truly see not so much as the outward objects of sight. But of all the rare affinities and relationships in Nature, visible or audible to Fine-ear-and-Far-Eye the Poet, not a whisper—not a glimpse have they ever heard or seen, any more than had they been born deaf-blind!

They paint a landscape, but nothing "prates of their whereabouts," while they were sitting on a tripod, with their paper on their knees, drawing—their breath. For, in the front ground, is a castle, against which, if you offer to stir a step, you infallibly break your head, unless providentially stopped by that extraordinary vegetable-looking substance, perhaps a tree, growing bolt upright, out of an intermediate stone, that has wedged itself in long after there had ceased to be even standing room in that strange theatre of nature. But down from "the swelling instep of a mountain's foot," that has protruded itself through a wood, while the body of the mountain prudently remains in the extreme distance, descends on you, ere you have recovered from your unexpected encounter with the old Roman cement, an unconscionable cataract. There stands a deer or goat, or, at least, some beast with horns, "strictly anonymous," placed for effect contrary to all cause, in a place where it seems as uncertain how he got in

as it is certain that he never can get out till he becomes a hippogriff.

But we really must return to our esteemed friend, Motherwell. *He* learned early in life,

"To muse on Nature with a poet's eye;"
and now when he lets down the lids, he sees her still, just as well, perhaps better than when they were up; for in that deep, earnest, inward gaze the fluctuating sea of scenery subsides into a settled calm, where all is harmony as well as beauty—order as well as peace. What though the poet have been fated, through youth and manhood, to dwell in city smoke? His childhood—his boyhood—were overhung with trees, and through its heart went the murmur of waters. Then it is, we verily believe, that in all poets, is filled with images up to the brim, Imagination's treasury. Genius, growing, and grown up to maturity, is still a prodigal. But he draws on the Bank of Youth. His bills, whether at a short or long date, are never dishonoured; nay, made payable at sight, they are good as gold. Nor cares that Bank for a run, made even in a panic, for, besides, bars and billets, and wedges and blocks of gold, there are, unappreciable beyond the riches which, against a time of trouble,

"The Sultan hides in his ancestral
tombs,"
jewels and diamonds sufficient

"To ransom great kings from captivity."

We sometimes think that the power of painting Nature to the life, whether in her real or ideal beauty (both have *life*), is seldom evolved to its utmost, until the mind possessing it is withdrawn in the body from all rural *environment*. It has not been so with Wordsworth, but it was so with Milton. The descriptive poetry in *Comus* is indeed rich as rich may be, but certainly not so great, perhaps not so beautiful, as that in *Paradise Lost*.

It would seem to be so with all of us, small as well as great; and were *we*—Christopher North—to compose a poem on Loch Skene, two thousand feet or so above the level of the sea, and some miles from a house, we should desire to do so in a metropolitan cellar. Desire springs from separation. The spirit seeks to

unite itself to the beauty it loves, the grandeur it admires, the sublimity it almost fears; and all these being o'er the hills and far away, or on the hills, but cloud-hidden, why it—the spirit—makes itself wings—or rather they grow up of themselves in its passion, and nature-wards it flies like a dove or an eagle. People looking at us believe us present, but they never were so far mistaken in their lives, for in the Seamew are we sailing with the tide through the moonshine on Loch Elive; or hanging o'er that gulph of peril on the bosom of Skyroura. Motherwell has, manifestly, communed with Nature, not so much among mountains, as among gentle slopes and swells, hedgerowed fields of laughing labour, “green silent pastures,” and the “bosoms, nooks, and bays” of such rivers as the Cart and the Clyde, crowned with such castles as Cruikstone and Bothwell, and winding their way, when wearied of sunshine, through the woods. There he hears the hymns of the mavis and the thrush—there he sees the silent worship of the primrose and the violet, and with them holds Sabbath.

A SABBATH SUMMER NOON.

Full calmness of this noontide hour,
The shadow of this wood,
The fragrance of each wilding flower,
Are marvellously good;
Oh, here crazed spirits breathe the balm
Of nature's solitude!

It is a most delicious calm
That resteth everywhere—
The holiness of soul sung psalm,
Of felt but voiceless prayer!
With hearts too full to speak their bliss,
God's creatures silent are.

They silent are; but not the less,
In this most tranquil hour
Of deep unbroken dreaminess,
They own that Love and Power
Which, like the softest sunshine, rests
On every leaf and flower.

How silent are the song-filled nests
That crowd this drowsy tree—
How mute is every feathered breast
That swelled with melody!
And yet bright bead-like eyes declare
This hour is ecstasy.

Heart forth! as uncaged bird through
air,
And mingle in the tide
Of blessed things that, lacking care,
Now full of beauty glide
Around thee, in their angel hues
Of joy and sinless pride.

Here, on this green bank that o'er-views
The far retreating glen,
Beneath the spreading beech-tree muse,
On all within thy ken;
For lovelier scene shall never break
On thy dimmed sight again.

Slow stealing from the tangled brake
That skirts the distant hill,
With noiseless hoof two bright fawns
make
For yonder lapsing rill;
Meek children of the forest gloom,
Drink on, and fear no ill!

And buried in the yellow broom
That crowns the neighbouring height,
Conches a loutish shepherd groom,
With all his flocks in sight;
Which dot the green braes gloriously
With spots of living light.

It is a sight that filleth me
With meditative joy,
To mark these dumb things curiously,
Crowd round their guardian boy;
As if they felt this Sabbath hour
Of bliss lacked all alloy.

I bend me towards the tiny flower,
That underneath this tree
Opens its little breast of sweets
In meekest modesty,
And breathes the eloquence of love
In muteness, Lord! to thee.

There is no breath of wind to move
The flag-like leaves, that spread
Their grateful shadow far above
This turf-supported head;
All sounds are gone—all murmurings
With living nature wed.

The babbling of the clear well-springs,
The whisperings of the trees,
And all the cheerful jargonings
Of feathered hearts at ease,
That whilome filled the vocal wood,
Have hushed their minstrelries.

The silentness of night doth brood
O'er this bright summer noon;
And nature, in her holiest mood,
Doth all things well attune
To joy, in the religious dreams
Of green and leafy June.

Far down the glen in distance gleams
 The hamlet's tapering spire,
 And glittering in meridian beams,
 Its vane is tongued with fire;
 And hark how sweet its silvery bell—
 And hark the rustic choir!

The holy sounds float up the dell
 To fill my ravished ear,
 And now the glorious anthems swell
 Of worshippers sincere—
 Of hearts bowed in the dust, that shed
 Faith's penitential tear.

Dear Lord! thy shadow is forth spread
 On all mine eye can see;
 And filled at the pure fountain-head
 Of deepest piety,
 My heart loves all created things,
 And travels home to thee.

Around me while the sunshine fl
 A flood of mocky gold,
 My chastened spirit once more sings
 As it was wont of old,
 That lay of gratitude which burst
 From young heart uncontrolled.

When, in the midst of nature nursed,
 Sweet influences fell
 On childly hearts that were athirst,
 Like soft dews in the bell
 Of tender flowers that bowed their heads,
 And breathed a fresher smell.

So, even now this hour hath sped
 In rapturous thought o'er me,
 Feeling myself with nature wed—
 A holy mystery—
 A part of earth, a part of heaven,
 A part, great God! of Thee.

That is very soft, very sweet, and
 very Scottish—breathing a lowland
 spirit of Sabbath repose and rest.
 Simple, serene, and fervent is the
 piety that shrouds the scene in pen-
 sive beauty, as by some sacred spell;
 revealed as well as natural religion is
 there; the love and the awe confess
 the Being who saved, as well as Him
 who made us; 'tis the poem of a
 Christian.

Reluctantly we leave so sweet and
 solemn a strain; but the name of the
 following little poem is delightful;
 and the poem itself full of the dew
 of "primy nature." Sure it is, that

"All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
 Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
 All are but ministers of love,
 And feed his sacred flame."

And on May-morn, all the most
 innocent "ministers of love" are
 floating in the air, inspiring youthful
 bosoms that begin to beat then, for
 the first time, with pulsations that,
 ere the full June moon looks down
 on the yellow couch spread aloft by
 the midsummer woods, will have
 ripened into panting passion, desirous
 in vain of the bliss for which, whe-
 ther it be life-in-death or death-in-
 life, so many millions of beautiful
 insects, men, women, and butterflies,
 go careering together up into the
 sunny air of existence, but to drop
 down into dust.

But this joyous little poem has
 nothing to do with dust, but with the
 "morn and liquid dew of youth,"
 when, though "contagious blast-
 ments be most imminent, the sweet-
 est flowers do yet escape them
 wholly," and live to die with gradual
 decay of beauty, in almost unper-
 ceived—almost unfelt decay.

MAY MORN SONG.

THE grass is wet with shining dews,
 Their silver bells hang on each tree,
 While opening flower and bursting bud
 Breathe incense forth unceasingly;
 The mavis pipes in greenwood shaw,
 The thrush glads the spreading thorn,
 And cheerily the blythesome lark
 Salutes the rosy face of morn.
 'Tis early prime;
 And hark! hark! hark!
 His merry chime
 Chirrup! the lark
 Chirrup! chirrup! he heralds in
 The jolly sun with matin hymn.

Come, come, my love! and May-dews
 shake
 In pailfuls from each drooping bough,
 They'll give fresh lustre to the bloom
 That breaks upon thy young cheek now.
 O'er hill and dale, o'er waste and wood,
 Aurora's smiles are streaming free;
 With earth it seems brave holiday,
 In heaven it looks high jubilee.
 And it is right,
 For mark, love, mark!
 How bathed in light
 Chirrup! the lark:
 Chirrup! he upward flies,
 Like holy thoughts to cloudless skies.

They lack all heart who cannot feel
 The voice of heaven within them thrill,
 In summer morn, when mounting high,
 This merry minstrel sings his fill.

Now let us seek yon bosky dell
 Where brightest wild-flowers choose
 to be,
 And where its clear stream murmurs on,
 Meet type of our love's purity ;
 No witness there,
 And o'er us, hark !
 High in the air
 Chirrup the lark :
 Chirrup ! chirrup ! away soars he,
 Bearing to heaven my vows to thee !

It is a many long—long ages ago
 since we were in love—but we re-
 member, if not so distinctly, at least
 far more indistinctly than it it had
 been yesterday, our emotions, one
 May-morning, while walking through
 a hill-side wood, and sometimes
 sitting, with a maiden of the sweet
 name of Mary. Years afterwards
 she took a consumption—so we heard
 when at a great distance—and died—

and where she was buried we never
 knew—but it was somewhere, we
 had reason to believe, among the
 upland parishes of the Lowlands,
 where they melt away into the West-
 ern Highlands. Thoughts that had
 vanished from our hearts, like young
 birds that fly away from their nest and
 return never more, came fluttering
 about it in the hush that ensued on
 the pleasant perusal of these lively
 lines, and for a moment we saw a
 face, the face of a Phantom smiling
 upon us, with eyes lifelike as if they
 had never been shut but in sleep !

'Tis one of the functions of the
 Poet to awaken such reminiscences ;
 but with some beautiful verses of a
 different mood, we bid Mr Mother-
 well and his delightful volume fare-
 well.

THEY COME ! THE MERRY SUMMER MONTHS

They come ! the merry summer months of Beauty, Song, and Flowers ;
 They come ! the glad some months that bring thick leafiness to bowers.
 Up, up, my heart ! and walk abroad, fling care and care aside,
 Seek silent hills, or rest thyself where peaceful waters glide ;
 Or, underneath the shadow vast of patriarchal tree,
 Sean through its leaves the cloudless sky in rapt tranquillity.

The grass is soft, its velvet touch is grateful to the hand.
 And, like the kiss of maiden love, the breeze is sweet and bland ;
 The daisy and the buttercup are nodding courteously,
 It stirs their blood, with kindest love, to bless and welcome thee ;
 And mark how with thine own thin locks—they now are silvery grey—
 That blissful breeze is wantoning, and whispering “ Be gay ! ”

There is no cloud that sails along the ocean of yon sky,
 But hath its own winged mariners to give it melody :
 Thou see'st their glittering fans outspread all gleaming like red gold,
 And hark ! with shrill pipe musical, their merry course they hold.
 God bless them all, these little ones, who far above this earth,
 Can make a scoff of its mean joys, and vent a nobler mirth.

But soft ! mine ear upcaught a sound, from yonder wood it came ;
 The spirit of the dim green glade did breathe his own glad name ;—
 Yes, it is he ! the hermit bird, that apart from all his kind,
 Slow spells his beads monotonous to the soft western wind ;
 Cuckoo ! Cuckoo ! he sings again—his notes are void of art,
 But simplest strains do soonest sound the deep founts of the heart !

Good Lord ! it is a gracious boon for thought-crazed wight like me,
 To smel again these summer flowers beneath this summer tree !
 To suck once more in every breath their little souls away,
 And feed my fancy with fond dreams of youth's bright summer day,
 When, rushing forth like untamed colt, the reckless truant boy,
 Wandered through green woods all day long, a mighty heart of joy !

I'm sadder now, I have had cause ; but oh ! I'm proud to think
 That each pure joy-fount loved of yore, I yet delight to drink ; —
 Leaf, blossom, blade, hill, valley, stream, the calm unclouded sky,
 Still mingle music with my dreams, as in the days gone by.
 When summer's loveliness and light fall round me dark and cold,
 I'll bear indeed life's heaviest curse—a heart that hath waxed old !

THE SKETCHER.

No. I.

"*Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?*" What region is not witness to my toils? Sketching tourists, antiquarians, geologists, and travellers by profession, complacently smiling over their portfolios, their coins, and their cotton-bedded fragments of Ichthyosauri, or large-margined quartos, in their conceit of their labours often think, if they do not utter, these words, of the cold-hearted Phrygian, in Queen Dido's picture gallery. I have been a Sketching Tourist; but it would be more becoming modesty, were I, as an ingenious friend thus commenced the catalogue of his library—a list of books I have not got—to put down where I have not been, that the motto in the end bring no shame. Imprimis, I have not even seen Scotland, and have therefore little reason, in the eyes of Maga and the world, to boast of my search after the picturesque. But after a few years more of improvement, and why not further improvement?—for an old man of my village has told me that his constitution is just beginning to get strong, having been of the weakest in his youth, and he is 83—and Cato learned Greek at I know not what age. It is then no presumption to hope for improvement. Cato expected to talk with Homer, and Hesiod, and Pindar, in the other world, and therefore learned their language, and why may we not fondly hope, that every improvement we make will advance our position elsewhere, that taste is with us and immortal? Has heaven no music, no poetry? Perhaps we have here given us but the smallest atom of the great whole, of which our souls may be made capacious, and that the greatest gift of human genius is but the minutest particle from the infinite celestial storehouse. While he thinks of this, the enthusiast is more ardent in his pursuit. At least, it makes me thankful in my pleasures—and this gratitude to the Giver, heightened by prospective views, sanctifies amusement; I can walk the hills and the vallies with a step elastic with the dignity of duty—why should not I then seek improvement, till I can say with Corregio, "*Anche io son Pit-*

tore?" And then I shall visit Scotland, its lakes, mountains, neither as Piscator nor Geologist, to whip the one, or tomahawk the other, but as Sketcher; and besides, there is another point of ambition—When in the Queenom of Maga, I may be admitted at court, and be one of the elected at a Noctes. There is a scope to aim at! "*The most accomplished Christopher*" is awful, and I am determined not to open my portfolio before Tickler, though my performances have often been thought very pretty by ladies, even when looked at upside down. After this great defect in my title, it may be allowed me to say what are my pretensions to make any remarks upon nature and art, as I intend doing. I have visited the lakes of Cumberland, more than once pedestrianised Wales, been refused admittance to an inn "*that did not take in trampers,*" been questioned as a pedlar by mountain lasses, eyeing my large portfolio, if I had laces to sell; have run through the wild frish and escaped, penetrated Wicklow, stood on McGilly Cuddy's Reeks, and threaded the Lakes of Killarney, and dropped a pencil into the Devil's Punchbowl. These and sundry other places in our Island might entitle me to be a member of the Stainers' Company. But the pilgrim's staff has taken me further. My portfolio has been opened on the blue Leman; can with accuracy that requires no oath, illustrate poem, or ornament Annual, with minute views of Vevay, Castle of Chillon, and Rousseau's romantic Meillerie. I have crossed the Alps winter and summer, and, like Hannibal, besieged nature in her strongholds, though "*opposuit natura Alpemque nivemque,*" descended into Italy and mapped Tivoli, and sought inspiration in Neptune's Grotto and the Sybil's Temple, conversed with Horace in his own Villa—have dared the thundering cataracts of Terni—taken castles and villages with and without fortifications—" *Urbes montibus impositas*"—nearly lost my life by stepping over the top wall of the Coliseum, and leaving the saints within unworshipped—" *Egressum magna me accepit Aricia Roma,*" and thence

brought away the tomb of the Horatii and Curiatii. In the service of the arts, have run the gauntlet among robbers, between Rome and Naples, extinguished the smoke of Vesuvius with my foot, and been stripped to the very skin by banditti in Calabria, yet even after that, replenished my box (Smith and Warner) with lake and vermilion for the double roses of Paestum, trampled on by herds of hideous reforming buffaloes; for all Hesperides have their monsters. But oh! the infinity of Nature, how wide her domain, to be looked at with both ends of the telescope! here comes the humiliation, though in the portfolios there be stores laid up for many years; yet to suppose that from any of these places, the numerous, untranslatable riches and beauties have been brought away, would argue the conceit of a Political Reformer, Economist, and Utilitarian, who think they have surveyed the whole fabric of a constitution, when they have only discovered a mousehole in the edifice, or that they know the whole will of heaven by their superintendence of a parish register.

Perhaps my next confession will be deemed a disqualification—a whole generation of artists will scorn my presumption—I have not visited that great mart of intellect, and depot of excellence, London, these ten years; and consequently cannot talk learnedly of any exhibitions, oil or water colours, nor of public nor private collections. I would have been Ignoramus, but that the name has been adopted by one who knows more than most of us. If within these dozen years or so, any great artist has started into existence, he will not want my praise, and will pardon my silence after this confession. I know little of modern actual performances of art, and only judge of a part, and such as I can see in Animals, and engravings in the shop windows of a country town; and some of these things are astonishing enough, too astonishing, much too astonishing, and beyond the taste of common intellect, whose hobbling pace has not marched up to them. Are there any landscape painters yet living in the world? He of Nineveh and Babylon is great; but “*Flumina amem sylvas inglorius.*” Thunder, lightning, hail, and rain, death and

destruction; metamorphoses of elements, cloud into solid rock, and earth into air, and water into fire, confusion and chaos, powerful as the genius is that has there been dealing with them, satisfy not me but in certain imaginative moods that are not permanent, and like vapours pass away. I would be of Hamlet’s advice to the players, “in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness.” I like nature in her placid smiling or evenly dignified mood, not in convulsions, hysterics, and in her parturition of monsters. I had rather see the earth peopled with Pan and Sylvanus, with the accompaniment of wood nymphs, be they not spoiled of their fair proportions, than giants and dwarfs. Ovid himself keeps some measure, and brings, artfully enough, his beautiful extravagancies within the scope of human probabilities,—and therefore is delightful. Apollo was a better shepherd than Polyphemus, and more became the pastoral. Poetry, poetry, poetry, if it be not in the soul of a painter, let him advertise to paint signs; but even then, let him never attempt above a red lion, or, in his ecstatic moments, a jolly Bacchus astride a tun. But a picture of contortions, or of vulgarities, landscape or figures, is like moral vice, and would be punishable with death in the justice hall of Queen Maga.

In sketching then from nature, your eyes must see what is before them, but the mind’s eye must be in the middle of your forehead, to command the wanderings of the other two, and to select and reject; hence may taste be termed *bon goût*, the new eye—new sense—new perception. Poetry of nature, what is it? All nature is poetry, is full of it, yet may you not have the power to extract an atom, any more than you can extract sunbeams from cucumbers. Question yourself well on this point, and if it be so, you are not of the art divine. When you sketch from nature, if you find, on examining your portfolio, you have brought back nothing but views, and that it is a remembrancer of localities, as your almanack is of dates, there is so little dignity in your employment,

it will not be amiss if you quit it. So, if you paint, and do no more than manufacture views, you are only fit to ornament musical snuff-boxes, and beautify albums. If you can see no poetry in nature beyond what is on the retina of your eye, you want the mind's eye to constitute the painter; you must be the poet, or discard the whole concern; you must have a convertible power, and have enjoyed visions of Fairy-Land; and you must people your pastoral, or your romantic, or your poetical, with beings that are not on the poor's books;—you must remove, as it were, the curse from the earth, and from man, for whose sake it was under it—separate the free beauties from detestable toil and labour, and from all idea of the dire punishment and necessity of “eating our bread by the sweat of our brows.” Give your scenes the charm of the ‘*dolce far niente*,’ let the verdure be fit for the gentle feet of Astræa, still blessing humanity with her intercourse. Nay, let your almost aerial mountain-perch'd towns and villages, be in a sweet repose as under her divine government, and your figures shall be of them, and you shall see that they have homes and all social affections, and lead lives of delightful leisure, unconscious of the fatal curse, that some see alone dominant on the earth. Take not your Chaucery suit into your sylvan nooks, mar them not with bailiff, beadle, culprit, insensible clown, or workers of spinning jennies,—all are of the curse. Disturb not your latitat with a power of attorney. Yet I would not limit your genius; it is impossible to say what new paths genius may wander into, and what delightful wonders yet bring home from its own unexplored lands. Yet, pause awhile to ask what you are about;—how many landscape painters have there been in the world as yet, not counting what this *Annus Mirabilis* may produce? A painter of docks and thistles is not one far less of barns and pigsties; such artificers should all be put in the stocks, and have their kindred grunting swine rub their fellowship against them. And always remember that repose is the beauty of landscape. The scene should be a poetical shelter from the world, and if in any thing partaking of it, it should be only so much so

as would shew it to be a part and parcel of the “debateable land” that lies between Fairy Land and the cold Utilitarian world. As it is to be a shelter, remember repose, and let not the glorious sun himself act the impertinent intruder, and stare you ever in the face like a Polyphemus, stationed in mid heaven, hid with a cerulean curtain, all but his eye.

There are modern pictures that would make you long for a parasol, and put you in fear of the yellow fever, and into a suspicion of the jaundice; scenes pretending too to be Fairy Land that are hot as capsicum, terribly tropical, “*sub curru Linum propinqui solis*,”—where an Undine would be dried and withered, and you would long more for an icicle than Lalage, and would cry out for the shades of Erebus to hide you in. Horace says, “place me under the chariot of the too near sun, in a land unblest of houses.” Yet do artists in defiance build their structures under the blaze of the sweltering orb, and then perhaps give you a river, where even a Niobe could not squeeze out the moisture of a tear. Then are you astonished at the skill of the artist, and detest his work, and require a green shade over your eyes for a week, and dread an ophthalmia. The true worship of nature is a greater mystery; the idol demands not the cauldron and the fiery furnace; would she were the Mater Cybele to unyoke the lion from her car, and drive the mad recusant back into the woods. You cannot open an Annual without the glaring sun in the middle of the page; all imitate the wonder. We are tired of quietness of repose, we must be revolutionizing every thing, this green earth must be new peppered and devided, and Phorbis re-dosed with brimstone and cayenne. We must be astonished, not pleased. Paganini has kicked simple Pan out of the woods, as if extravagances, that with Johnson one would wish impossible, were the only “*didicisse fideliter artes ingenuas*.” We have no blessed medium of repose, soft light, and refreshing shade. We must plunge in the thrice sooty Acheron, or dance in the furnace; and where is the divine Poesy of Painting all this while? She has withdrawn, and refused to be dragged on the excursion into Chaos, and hides her-

self in abhorrence of conflagration. The old masters of landscape never painted extraordinary effects; they aimed more at permanent and general nature, than accidental and evanescent beauties. Rubens indeed painted rainbows, but was only a colourist in landscape. Claude and Poussin never, that I am aware of, attempted it, and their pictures bear looking at the longer. You are not waiting and wondering that the aerial beauty does not depart, and from being mailed, as it were, to the canvass, the delusion is over; and besides, these effects by their attraction tend to destroy the character of the scenery. You no longer think how delightful it must be to wander in the paths, or recline on banks and in secluded nooks, but you stand agape, and the picture is a peculiarity, not the sentiment of the whole. Performances of this kind you see once with surprise, but you cannot be for ever surprised. Repetition weakens the charm, till your eye is weary of the attempt, and becomes suspicious of a cheat.

It may be said in reply, that Claude did dare even to represent the body of the sun in the mid sky. True, he did so sometimes, but still subdued tones prevail, and successful attempts are not in his *landscapes*, but in his marine pieces. And there lay his peculiar forte. Nothing can exceed the beauties of his marine pieces. His buildings, his figures, sea and sky, all are in exquisite accordance. All is poetical history. The grandest perhaps of this class is the Embarkation of St Ursula; and I have one in my recollection, I know not to whom belonging, the Burning of the Trojan Ships. These pictures are really magnificent. They make vulgarity stand dumb. But they do not, strictly speaking, belong to landscape. In that department, though there is with him always a certain cast of elegance, and pastoral elegance, it is of an age far posterior to the golden. If not actual everyday nature, there is but a slight aim above it; nor is there much knowledge of composition, the artificial composition of lines. In this he, and all other artists perhaps that ever existed, must yield the palm to Gaspar Poussin. Gaspar is indeed the only truly pastoral painter. Whatever his pencil touches has an air of freedom; there

is all the unrestrained beauty of nature. His foliage lies, or waves, as Anacreon would have his mistress's locks, *as they grow*—And who ever better understood the placid stream, the deep turn or mountain river in its life and motion, from the first gushing, through all its course and rests? So his figures are all dis-engaged and free, are beings of leisure, they are of robust growth, natural vigour of limb and understanding, of a race sprung from the very woods and rocks, untamed and unmeable to the treadle and spinning jenny—of no artificial elegance, the very reverse of the stinking, piping, cocked hat, and flowered shepherds of French crockery, (now the artist must have detested them!) but all of the simple elegance of pastoral freedom and leisure, a pat with and influenced by the whole scenery—not as if they commanded it, or could command it, or would twist aside the streams, or eat a twig in all their food. Even the peculiarity of undress is entirely appropriate. It makes them of the pastoral cast, and such as never can belong to any other. Like their fraternal trees, they are not ashamed to shew their rind. They live in no dressed paradise; all that is of the formal cast, as belonging to another beauty, the poetical painter rejects. All his pictures are, therefore, a just whole. Though he saw the beauty, as one who could be insensible to it, of the solemn cypress and pine, he would not overawe the simple youth and freedom of his foliage by their forbidding dictatorial cast. And it is remarkable that all his trees are in, or rather under than past, their vigorous growth. They are of youth and freshness, like the fabled wood-Nymph and Faun that never grow old. Scarce any have attained the girt of timber to invite the axe, that the most avaricious eye shall never calculate their top and op. They have the life of pastoral poetry in themselves, and are therefore eternal in undying youth and vigour. And to make this his natural ideal perfect, nothing is introduced to disturb this serene life, unless, indeed, he paints a storm, and then who ever tossed his foliage about like him, as if he were familiar with the winds, and knew all their ways, and played with and limited their power?

for you still see, that there is but an occasional irruption of violence, that will pass away, to uproot and tear away perhaps some discordant objects, and that gentle Peace had but retired to the shelter of the shepherd's homes, and would again soon walk forth in unimpaired beauty.

But in the whole landscape, no too rugged form, and no awful sublimity, is introduced, to mar, as it may be termed, the natural ideal. Accessibility is a striking character in all his compositions. There is not a height or a depth unapproachable; and this accessibility is marked throughout, or carefully indicated, by path, or road, or building, or figure. The whole terrene is for the inhabitants, and the inhabitants for the terrene, and all are free "to wander where they will." The accessibility is perfect, and it is of a home character, for all the lines tend into the scene, none out. The paths entice you within, where you may eat of the lotus, and never dream of departure. Then, again, his architecture, since termed Poussinesque, is of the same free character, and which is, in fact, the great charm of Italian architecture; (query, are the Italians indebted to the painters for it?) all the lines, however varied, are in admirable consent, assisting each other, apparently unconfin'd by rule. Part seems added to part, not the one to match its opposite, but where utility may have directed; and hence the eye is presented with great variety, the horizontal and perpendicular lines of themselves being a sufficient contrast to the looser lines of foliage and rock; and from this very variety, the more falling into, and forming a part of the ground on which the buildings are raised; and which union the formality of architecture would otherwise forbid, and thus the very buildings, of no domineering pretensions, are appropriate to the land and its inhabitants, that land of recognised peace, that lies between Fairy Land and our common working world. Poussinesque buildings are the very perfection of landscape architecture. The lines are simple, and do not, by a thousand windings and turnings, vie with the undulations of the external scenery about it. And for this reason, painters who affect the Gothic in their landscape miserably

fail; it never does amid rock and wood. If the propriety of Gothic in landscape, or in the country, for it is nearly the same thing, can be questioned, it must be in flat scenery, where the building may perhaps be the principal, and not the accessory; where tower and pinnacle may be allowed, with a solemn majesty to burst from the level into the sky. In such a situation, even the wood with its tall trees that surround, make a part rise with, and do not form a contrast to the building. And what is all the tracery and intricacy of ornament of Gothic architecture amid the profuse entanglement and garniture of nature, shrub and foliage, where pride and vanity would be ashamed to exhibit their festoons, their lace, and furniture?—Gothic architecture in its pride is not for external nature. They will not associate, and in such situations can only there look well, where it completes the sentiment, by giving the triumph to nature, and weaving the garland of her victory around it in ruins. This is, however, quite another thing in towns; there it is always beautiful. It throws a sanctity, a religious protection over the lower buildings; it presents a refuge from the known cares and turmoils, disgusting sin, and iniquities of cities; it subdues man's turbulence to the Divine will—in some degree sanctifies humanity, and shows that the greater labour of man's hands has been applied in gratitude to raise a temple to the Giver of all good, without whose keep of the city "the watchmen waketh but in vain."

But to return to Gaspar Poussin. Even the admissible circumstance of ruin would not suit his free, fresh, and youthful ideal. You see not, therefore, with him even the magnificent temples in decay which Claude occasionally delights in. Poussin may sometimes exhibit the Sybil's temple, but it is subordinate and distant. He delights not in the past; he would not let you conjecture the scene was ever better; it is of its best days. Maudlin melancholy and retrospection shun his placid scenes. His reclining figures are in ease and happiness, they will neither hang nor drown. They are not Virgil's *Fortunati*, with an *O* and an *if*, "*sua si bona norint*." They know well all their blessings, and the brawling of the demagogue;

and a lying press have not introduced among them the craving for reform, that would set all their towers, and villages, and woods, and every verdant thing in conflagration. When Thomson speaks of learned Poussin, I very much suspect he means his brother-in-law Nicholas, whose name he took; but, in fact, speaking only with respect to landscape, Gaspar was by far the most learned of the two.

I doubt if ever there was an artist that understood the art and mystery of composition in any degree as he did; many have indeed apparently, from some feeling, hit upon propriety of lines, but Gaspar studied it as an art, worked upon it as a principle. I once heard a person object to Gaspar Poussin, that there was too much in his pictures; yet this person had not an eye for the whole, in the forming of which the artist is so admirable. Yet I understand what he meant. Gaspar, by his knowledge of the art of composition, was perfect master of all parts of his landscape, could make the most of them, and all tell upon any given space, hence he could introduce a great deal, the point objected to, as I observed. He could raise or lower, as he pleased, by the simplest operation of his hand. Now this principle of his working I think I have discovered—my, I am certain of it, and thus it happened. I was etching one of his pictures. Perhaps the reader may have seen it. (I etched from a copy painted by myself of the size of the original.) It was once in the possession of Mr Reckford, and, I believe, came to this country with the Altieri Chudes, and with these two is now in the fine collection of P. J. Miles, Esq. of Leigh Court. The picture is an upright, a truly beautiful scene, mountainous, rocky, and well covered with foliage, refreshing water gushing out from the rocks, and flowing in profusion throughout, terminating in a clear yet shallow stream, that runs into the foreground, where are two reclining figures, and to the corner of the picture. On a rocky height in the second distance are some beautiful buildings, behind which is a ravine, whose depth is hid by the buildings, and by the adjacent ground, which winds round, connecting it-

self with a further distance, and that again by a rising rock, with the more distant range of woody hills, on the first slope of whose summit is a small town. This more distant range of hills running nearly across the picture, being only interrupted by the foliage of a tree rising from the foreground, was the first object I etched; and when I had the outline of it on the wax, with some adjacent parts, I could scarcely trust to the correctness of my hand, and thought it necessary to examine and compare my work with the picture. That which in the original appeared so elevated, and of so large consequence on the canvass, appeared quite insignificant; nor could I rest satisfied, until I had discovered by what means he had effected the charm. When I had put in all my lines, and carefully studied them, with such as were formed solely by shade, where the form could not bend to his purpose, the secret was out—the mystery cleared. On examining other compositions of the same master, I almost invariably saw the application of the same principle or rule. But I will endeavour to describe it as it was in this picture, and regret only that imperative Maga will not allow me to exhibit the matter more clearly, by an outline of the picture, and references to its parts.

I found the highest part of the mountain to be immediately above its lowest depth, to which the adjacent lines subtended—so the clouds likewise fall, so as to let the summit rise; and this was attended to in the minor parts, whatever was the direction of the objects as forming a whole; and a more precipitous line was formed by a shadow, than the bare outline of the mountain could have admitted; and by this management the greater part of the sky and more distant part of the mountains fall into each other, forming one mass, as the shady and near part of the hills did another. As the mountain lowered in the picture, the other objects rose; and where the mountains were lowest, the rock and buildings of the middle distance elevated themselves, and acquired a consequence which they could not have gained had they been placed where lines would have risen above them. In the foreground stands a high tree

in shade, reaching nearly to the top of the picture, and as much as it is short of the top, so is it interrupted at the bottom by the introduction of a stone and some leaves; and this is the highest object in the piece. The next is the summit of the mountain; the point then under it to which the eye is to be directed is the second depth, of course somewhat higher in the picture, as the summit is lower than the top of the tree; but to direct the eye to this point, so that it should measure, as it were, the height, was a difficulty, as the space was occupied by a running stream, whose lines of course ran still downwards, and in a contrary direction; to manage this, however, the painter bestows but little work on that part of the water, which is not very distinguishable; and by running a light directly across the water, and obliquely, as if at an angle that would meet the falling line of the mountain at a central horizontal line, and therefore in apparent relation to it; and by a sharper light just at the point, you cannot but connect the elevation above with it. Then, again, the line clouds over the summits of the range of hills, such as:

"Rode rapidly about the sky,

A grand and glorious thing,

As it were Nature's holiday.

And all were proud and fine,"

run up towards the foliage of the tree, in a direction opposing the line of shadow above mentioned; and on the other side of the summit, where the lines fall, the clouds proportionally rise, and this is so artificially managed, that where the lowering line of the hill is broken by a town, a building of which is a little elevated though in accordance with the general fall of lines of the hill, and those of the clouds rise, yet is a notch made in them, that the building should have its corresponding lowering object. View the picture laterally, the same principle prevails; whatever recedes, and whatever projects, has its opposite receding and projecting objects and lines to meet or retire from thence. Yet this end is not always, though commonly attained by the forms and outlines of the objects themselves, but by touches of light or of shadow, which may direct the eye as the principle may require—and by this means, the art, which

were it invariably in outline of objects would be too conspicuous, is concealed for the artist forgets not the golden rule, "*Ars est celare artem.*" As in the circle, while one way the parts continually approach each other, the opposites are most distant; so it is in the composition of the picture, leaving thereby the greatest space for whatever the painter may be inclined to introduce. And thus it is that it has been said, Gaspar has so much in his pictures, for he had the greatest power over a given space. Without knowing the principle on which this great painter worked; were you to sketch your recollection of his pictures, (this one I am sure of,) you would raise your mountains higher than they are, and leave no room for the clouds, which with him find ample space to sport in, and are so consonant to the beauty of the whole. And his foliage that so hangs over, bough meeting bough and receding hollow having its correspondent receding hollow, giving the greater character, and almost sentiment to the, as it were, instinctively meeting branches, not only are great natural beauties, but most essentially benefit the painter in his composition. I have dwelt so long on this admirable painter, that I can now make no remark on any other; I hope I have made myself intelligible—if so, let the painter, amateur, or professional, examine his pictures, and if they see in them the principle of composition, he will find he has discovered a great assistance to his genius, I shall be amply repaid, and he will not despise information, though it come from one far inferior to Ignoramus, and remember the homely remonstrance of the poor servant, to the Lord Abbot of Canterbury.

"Did you never hear yet,
That a fool might teach a wise man wit."

I purposed to enter more largely in this paper into the art and mystery of sketching, but my admiration of the great Painter of landscape has led me somewhat from my purpose; and yet scarcely so, for what is more to the purpose of sketching, than to discover the principle on which such a painter built his undying fame? And thus I conclude for the present—"To-morrow to fresh fields and pastures new."

DEVONSHIRE AND CORNWALL ILLUSTRATED.

No. I.

DEVONSHIRE is one of the most delightful—some would say the most delightful of all the delightful countries of the most delightful country in the whole world—merry England. The Bristol and English Channels skirt it on the north and south, so far inland, though you may be, in some season of calm weather ascend some natural watch-tower, and you see fleets or squadrons or single ships, or perhaps

"One ship on some calm day,
In sunshine sailing far away;
Some glittering ship that bath the plain
Of ocean for her own domain!"

On the west it is bounded, and almost separated from Cornwall, a pleasant land, by the beautiful-banked river Tamar, with its rocky woods. On the east it is flanked by Somersetshire and Dorsetshire, themselves paragon; and there you have a circumference of some three hundred miles, upwards of a million and a half acres, nearly three hundred parishes, and forty market towns, with half a million of inhabitants, the brightest and holiest of the sons and daughters of liberty. Are you a Painter or a Poet? There may you feast on the beautiful, the picturesque, and the romantic. Are you an antiquary? Many are the remains. A geologist? Lo! the Tors. A Freeman? Plant your foot on Plymouth Breakwater, and sing

"Britannia needs no bulwark;
No tower along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain wave,
Her home is on the deep!"

Devonshire may be said to be divided into three great districts. The central part of the western, extending from the Vale of Exeter to the Banks of the Tamar, consists chiefly of that barren and uncultivated tract of land, called Dartmoor. It includes Dartmoor Forest, a mighty waste of some three hundred thousand acres—a stern and savage solitude; yet even there "Beauty pitches her tents before us," and holds her court in the streamy wilderness. The north-centre division,

or the Vale of Exeter, contains an area of two hundred square miles, and is bounded by undulating hills, gentle eminences, or mountainous ridges, itself rejoicing in richest cultivation beautifying the bosom of nature. Bounded on the north by Dartmoor and the Heights of Chudleigh; on the west by the river Plym and Plymouth Sound; on the east by Torbay; and on the south by the English Channel—comprising an area of two hundred and fifty square miles, including the valleys of the Dart, the Teign, the Avon, and the Earn, and abounding in all kinds of the richest scenery, and likewise in the wildest of the wild, and cultivated to the utmost perfection, there lies South Hams, the glorious garden of England. West Devonshire is that large tract of land comprised between the Dartmoor mountains, the rivers Tamar and Plym, and the Plymouth Sound; and illustrious for the number, narrowness, and depth of the larger valleys, whose banks generally rise into a flat ascent from the banks of the dividing streams, and for many downlike swells, and many strangely-fractured hills, you may know how dear this district was to us, last time we wandered through its delights, when we tell you that we often forgot where we were wandering, and believed that we were holidaying it in one of the half-low-land half-highland regions, among the blue bonnets of Auld Scotland.

Let us drop down—from our balcony—on Dartmoor; we have nothing like it in Scotland. Our moor of Rannoch is a vast flat. In its bogs might sink millions of armies—a burial-place wide enough for the whole world. But Dartmoor is no flat. It is indeed an elevated table-land; but its undulations are endless; there are no separate single masses, nor can it be called mountainous; but it is as if a huge mountain had been squeezed down, and in the process had split asunder, till the whole was one hilly wilderness, shewing ever and anon strange half-buried shapes striving to uplift them-

selves towards the sky. These they call Tors; but their character is various; and it is well described in one of the notes to Carrington's fine Poem, now in our pocket,—“Some rising like pillars or turrets, others composed of blocks piled together, others divided into horizontal or perpendicular strata, and others so symmetrically arranged as to resemble the ruins of ancient castles. Innumerable masses of stone, more or less rounded and smoothed, lie scattered over the general surface. To a person standing on some lofty point of the moor, it wears the appearance of an irregular broken waste, which may be best assimilated to the long rolling waves of a tempestuous ocean, fixed into solidity by some instantaneous and powerful impulse.” Not a tree, nay, not a shrub—and that can hardly be a house; no, 'tis a stone. For, though a hundred streams have here their birth, not one of them all opens its lips. In drought they are dumb. Ears are superfluous in such utter stillness; and we wish that bee would murmur. What is the creature doing here? In the brown and dark peat no flower in its senses would attempt to grow. Aye, Dartmoor-forest-bees can hum after their own fashion; but never heard we any thing so feeble; nor for such an honey-bag as his must be, would we ensue his life home to his hive. It is not a bee, but a speck, and imagination made the murmur. No brown burdie hops about—frogs there are none—and this is no soil for that sleek miner the mole. In all other air but this—at midsummer mid-day hour—one sees insects, the glancing dance of loving and dying ephemerals. Butterflies are here rare as birds of Paradise. Stamp—but runs away no spider.

Let us see what kind of a Poem Carrington has contrived to compose on this oppressive latitude. Soul and sense are sinking under the circumambient, and superincumbent, stillness; and to relieve the pressure, suppose we spout. Here it goes—

“Lovely Devon! land of flowers and songs!”

O, dear! what could induce us to let out gas when floating over

Dartmoor! We are growing into a Tor.

“Be mine to taste

The freshness of the moorland gale; 'tis life

To breathe it, though it bears not on its wing

Hyblean sweets, nor cheers the grateful brow,

With the warm, fragrant, and luxurious kiss

Of the soft zephyrs in the vale!”

Hyblean sweets! land of flowers and songs! Oh! that we were in the South Hams! Oh! for a few gallons of cider! Why, there is going to be thunder. Big drops fall heavily—“like the first of a thunder shower”—as Byron says of the dying gladiator. They are beads of sweat from the brows of a dying editor, as big as marbles. But we have more geological science than to shelter ourselves from heat under that stone. He is a *primitive*-looking old gentleman, and as hot himself as that place which is never mentioned before ears polite—so we smoke him, and cry “*Old Hunches tu Romane caveat!*” But some more Carrington—

“Dartmoor! thou wert to me in childhood's hour,

A wild and wondrous region. Day by day.

Arose upon my youthful eyes thy belt
Of hills mysterious, shadowy, clasping all
The green and cheerful landscape sweetly spread

Around my home, and with a stern delight

I gazed on Thee! How often on the speech

Of the half-savage peasant have I hung,
To hear of rock-crown'd heights, on which the clouds

For ever rest; and wild, stupendous, swept

By mightiest storms; of glen, and gorge, and cliff

Terrific, beetling o'er the stone-strewn vale;

And giant masses by the midnight flash
Struck from the mountain's hissing brow, and hurled

Into the foaming torrent. And of forms
That rose amid the desert, rudely shaped

By superstitious hands when time was young;

And of the dead, the warrior-dead who sleep

Beneath the hallowed cairn!”

These are very passable lines—so we let them pass. The moor has many minstrelsies, we perceive the Poet tells us, for those who trace its hundred brooks to their mountain-source. Away they go to fructify far-off fields—

“ Whilst thou
The source of half the beauty, wearest still
Through centuries, upon thy blasted brow.
The curse of barrenness.”

In this region, now seeming as “ Arabian drought,” there are not fewer than five principal rivers—twenty-four secondary rivers, fifteen brooks, with names, and several anonymous contributors, two lakes, and seven heads—or, altogether, fifty-three streams! The most fertilizing of deserts. And almost within arm’s-length there is a well—Fice’s well. What a strange little edifice! Interior and sides of granite—inscription (which must be a lie,) 1168, built doubtless in gratitude to the Naird, to guard her from rape by Apollo.

“ Dartmoor silent desert?” is not all silent.

“ Through the rock
Chasms, hills abrupt, and caverns deep,
The railway leads its mazy track. The

Of science guides its vast meanders on,
From Plym’s broad union with the ocean
wave,
To Dartmoor’s silent forest; and the
depths

Of solitude primeval now resound
With the glad voice of man. The daunt-
less grasp

Of Industry assails you mighty Tors
Of the dread wilderness, and soon they
lift

Their awful heads no more. Ye rose
sublime,

Ye monuments of the past world, ye rose
Sublimely on the view, but fate has struck
The inexorable hour, and ye that bore,
Wild and unshatter’d as ye are, unmoved,
The brunts of many thousand stormy years,
And awed the mind by your majestic
forms,

And told strange tales of the departed
times,

Must bend your hoary brows, and strew
the hills

With venerable ruin!

Lo! along the iron way
The rocks gigantic slide! The peasant
views

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Amazed, the masses of the wild moor
move
Swift to the destined port. The busy
pier
Groans ‘neath the giant spoil; the future

Is there, the portal vast, the column tall,
The tower, the temple, and the mighty
arch

That yet shall span the torrent.”

That is almost—if not quite—it is poetry. Carrington goes on prophesying that the wilderness, no longer rock-strewed, shall blossom like the rose -- that a thousand cots, fair-spinkled over the sward, shall delight the eye, where the old desert howled—high-cultured fields smile all around—flower-fringed streams flow with melodies—merry woodlands wake their varied lays enchanting—

“ While the voice
Of man is heard amid the general burst
Of soul-in-piping sounds.”

This is midsummer madness. The railway was a noble undertaking, the total length of line being twenty-five miles from King Tor to Sutton Pool, Plymouth, and much lime, coals, timber, &c. were at one time conveyed up, (how is it now?) and granite, &c. brought down; but Dartmoor is still Dartmoor, and will be till Dooms-day.

“ Al! Thou alone
Dartmoor! in this fair land, where all
beside
Is life and beauty, sleep the sleep of death,
And shroud the Map of England.”

Perhaps it serves, as it is, the gracious purposes of Providence. The Poet has already called it “ the source of half the beauty” of Devon’s austral plains; and we see his annotator says, and truly, “ that such a superabundance of water—upwards of fifty streams—arises from the morasses or bogs so extensive on the moor, the spongy soil of which retains the rains, or rather torrents, when they fall, until gradually dealt out in rivulets, brooks, and rivers, to the fertilization and ornament of the surrounding and distant country.” Drain Dartmoor, and you dry up the Dart and the Teign, and heaven knows how many other fair flowings, that now

Scatter plenty o’er a smiling land.”

Besides it would never pay. Nor is that an unpoetical view of the matter, for poetry can have no pleasure in beholding human labour vainly wasted even to increase human happiness. All good poets are good Political Economists—and they never fight against nature—though they exult to see her tamed from her pristine wildness, and subservient, in her own brighter lustre, to the necessities and the enjoyments of man.

Why, here is expression given to the feeling of this still lonesomeness as good as our own—perhaps better—and the versification is very musical.

“Devonia’s dreary Alps! and now I feel
The influence of that impressive calm
That rests upon them. Nothing that has
life

Is visible: *no solitary flock,
At wide will ranging through the silent
moors,*

Breaks the deep-felt monotony, and all
Is motionless, save where the giant shades
Flung by the passing cloud, glide slowly
o’er

The grey and gloomy wild. With pen-
sive step,
Delayed full oft to mark thy lovely mead,
Northampton, I ascend the toiling hill,
And now upon thy wind-swept ridge I
stand:

The south, the west, with all their mil-
lion fields,

In sweet confusion mingled, lie below.
Above me frowns the Tor.”

That is poetry. Nothing can be better than the image in italics. The expression is perfect. It brings to our mind two lines of Walter Savage Landor, which are wonderfully fine. Speaking of the Egyptian Desert, near the Pyramids, he says—

“And hoofless camels, in long single line,
Troop on, with foreheads level to the
sky.”

Nor is the effect injured, but increased, by Carrington, when looking at and seeing in his solitary awe, “Above me hangs the Tor,” he asks—

“Art not thou old
As the aged sun, and did not his first
beams
Glance on thy new-formed forehead; or
art thou
But born of the Deluge, mighty one? Thy
birth
Is blended with the unfathomable past.”

But what sees he now? Another Tor, far off;—North-Brent Tor—not far from the beautiful Tavistock. Why, we remember, many long years ago, seeing it through a telescope seven leagues out at sea in our schooner, with its church at the top. And it forms, we have been told, a useful guide to mariners for entering Plymouth Sound. It looks like, and we believe is, an extinct volcano. For its shape is conical, and the rock is porous—used in the walls of Lidford Castle. The church and surrounding yard, in which there is hardly earth sufficient for burying of the dead, nearly occupy the apex. The tradition is, that a merchant, exposed to a violent storm, vowed to build a church to St Michael, if his life was spared, and this Tor having been the means of directing the steersman into harbour, the vow was duly performed, by the erection of this structure. Thus—

“From yon plain
Brent Tor uprises. Even now, when all
Is light, and life, and joy on Tamar’s bank,
Even now that solitary mass is dark,
Dark in the glorious sunshine. But when
night

With raven wing broods o’er it, and the
storm

Of winter sweeps the moor, such sounds
are heard

Around that lonely rock, as village seers
Almost unearthly deem. In truth it wears
A joyless aspect; yet the very brow
Uplifts a chapel; and Devotion breathes
Oft, in the region of the cloud, her hymn
Of touching melody. Impressive spot
For fair Religion’s dome! and sure, if
aught

Can prompt to holiest feeling, and give
wings

To disembodied thought, it is to bend
The knee where erst the daring eagle
perched;

And while, with all its grossness, all its
care,

Earth waits, far, far below, to worship
there,

There, on the wild van of the wildest
rock

That Dartmoor lifts on high.”

One ought not to be too hasty in judging either of men’s or moor’s characters. How often do dismally dull men, as we had disposed of them at first introduction, after familiar intercourse, break, brighten, or burst out into something absolutely

little short of genius! One, who was so shy and silent, that you could neither extract nor pump out of him a dissyllable, shews in the tail of his eye a lurking sly humour, and by and by begins to prate in an intermitting slow fever of fun that makes you restless till you have positively ascertained that the man has wit. The truth is, that he has been long known as a *geny*. And much amusement had he been giving to his own choice set by his kiteats of yourself spiritedly drawn, and coloured to the life, with a certain droll kind of irresistible dry humour. Another, who merely nodded or shook his head in apparent acquiescence or dubiety, while you were moulthing it away in monologue, like a Lake Poet in a parlour, before the end of the week grasps the earliest opportunity of getting your head into a cloven stick, perhaps on the question of mediate or immediate emancipation of the blacks, and like a Borthwick belabouring a Thompson, or vice versa, with blow on blow

“Redoubled and redoubled, a wild scene
Of mirth and jocund din,”

he does so bother your brains, that you begin to doubt your personal identity, and to believe yourself some block-head half-beaten to death in Blackwood's Magazine. A third, who has night after night not only seconded the motion made by the lady of the house, for a song from you, the mellifluous, the melodious, and the harmonious, but likened you at the fall of “The Storm” to Lucledon, confessing to a good ear and a passion for music, but denying all voice, like a martyr at the stake, some evening, when the drawing-room is full of the flowers of the field and the forest and the square and the court, the moment after you have, in your usual style, murdered Auld Robin Gray, volunteers—or perhaps 'tis at a beck from Beckie—an air! And to your discomfiture and despair, to a man of your sensibility a thousand degrees worse than death, while the audience are hushed in admiration and delight, he keeps warbling one of Scotia's most heavenly melodies, as if he were a linnet, a lark, a mavis, and a nightingale all in one, or almost a Thomas McGill, who certainly is the sweetest singer in Scotland. A fourth impostor

(for what else can you call him) looks over your shoulder as you take away all likeness from a glen,—which making a sudden wheel with all its old woods, crowned with a castle old as themselves, and almost of the same colour—shews you what is called we believe a Vista, that is, a long glimmering gloomy glory of wood, rock, and waterfall, as the river keeps leaping like a madman from mountain to sea, rock-bound as in chains, but free, in spite of bondage which he breaks, or hurries howling and roaring on to the clank of his chains echoing through chasms in the cliffs, as if in many a mad-house replied the lunatics,—he looks smilingly over your shoulder we say, and on your asking him, in all the conscious pride of art, “if he does any thing *in that way*,” replies, “Not at all—not the least in the world”—but waiting till you are done, and the vista done for, he slowly extracts from the inside pocket of his jacket, on the left side of his breast, which seemed to contain but a bandana, a “wee bit byuckie,” about eight inches long, six broad, and one thick, page after page rich with the magic powers of pen and pencil, containing within those brass clasps seemingly all that is worth looking at in Scotland,—and ere you have recovered from your astonishment and shame, he outs carelessly with another duodecimo delineating half of the North of Italy and all Switzerland.

We apply our illustration to Dartmoor. We abused it in good set terms a little ago, for being barren; nor could we believe that “you” was a bee. But Carrington corrects us; and looking about, we see many bees, and some birds, and birds too of the right sort, and butterflies too, likewise, and also, not in mere ones or twos, or threes, but of the smaller and smallest size, in numbers without number numberless—call them mid-day moths if you choose—and of the larger, if not the largest size, as many as can reasonably be expected, and more in a moor—and confound us if that one be not very like the Emperor of Morocco.

We give our palinode in the words of the poet.

“There Spring leaves not
Her emerald mantle on the vales, her
breath

Upon the breeze, but all the seasons pass
In sad procession o'er the changeless earth;
The hills arise monotonous; from one
Dark hue, one dreary hue is on them all;
And through the faithless dark morass
below

The sluggish waters creep. Yet even here
The voice of joy resounds. The moorland
lark,

Sole bird that breaks the unnatural repose,
Springs from the heathery wilds and
pours a song

Inspiring; and though o'er his breeze-
swept nest

There bends no cheerful grass, nor in the
gale

Of Summer strips the golden corn, he
owns

The influence of the vernal hour, and
makes

Heaven's concave echo with a lovelier
song

Than swells above the flowery mead. Be-
hold

How swiftly up the aerial way he climbs,
Nor intermits his strains, but sings and
mounts,

Untired, till love recall him to the breast
Of the dark moor. O dear to him that
moor

Beyond the most luxuriant spot which
earth

Boasts in her ample round; for there his
mate,

Listening his lay, expectant sits, and there,
From morn to eve incessant, claiming
food,

In mossy circles swathed, his nurslings
rest.

Bird, bee, and butterfly, the fairest three
That meet us ever on the Summer path!
And what, with all their forms and hues
divine,

Could Summer be without them? Though
the skies

Were blue, and blue the streams, and
fresh the fields,

And beautiful, as now, the waving woods,
And exquisite the flowers; and though
the sun

Roamed from his cloudless throne from
day to day,

And, with the haze and shower, more
loveliness

Shed o'er this lovely world; yet all would
want

A charm, if those sweet denizens of earth
And air, made not the great creation teem
With beauty, grace, and motion! Who
would bless

The landscape, if upon his morning walk,
He greeted not the feathery nations,
perched

For love or song amid the dancing leaves;

Or wantoning in flight from bough to
bough,

From field to field; ah! who would bless
thee, June,

If silent, songless, were the groves, un-
heard

The lark in heaven? And he who meets
the bee

Riffling the bloom, and listless hears his
hum,

Incessant singing through the glowing
day;

Or loves not the gay butterfly which
swims

Before him in the ardent noon, arrayed
In crimson, azure, emerald, and gold;

With more magnificence upon his wing,
His little wing, than ever graced the robe

Gorgeous of royalty; like the kine
That wanders 'mid the flowers which gem

our meads,
Unconscious of their beauty."

There is much beauty here; and
we begin to wish we had a cottage
in this very Dartmoor Forest. Dark
as it is, it has many a dell green
enough "in the season of the year;"
and we dare say flowers are to be
had for the seeking—"sweet flowers
whose home is everywhere,"—and
we might even try a few exotics—
in rivalry with the natives of the
wild. At our time of life, we could
not hope to walk; but we might hope
to sit, or, at the least, to lie under
trees of our own planting—say a few
pines. We know there are here and
there pretty little gardens round
about, or before or behind the cott-
ages of the moor-men—and ours should
soon be the prettiest of them all,
with its bee-hives murmuring in
the honey-sun—in the honey-moon
silent—and sugar-fed after the death
of the heather-bells. We shall bring
a large wicker-cage to Tor-cot, with
a blackbird and a mavis, who will
hop in and out at their "own sweet
will," nor ever wish to venture away
into the wilds. The site of our pigmy
palace shall be among the deepest
heather—

"For though the unsparing cultivator's
hand

Crushes the lowly flowerets of the moor,
There many a vagrant wing light waves
around

Thy purple bells, Erica! 'Tis from thee
The hermit-birds, that love the desert,
find

Shelter and food."

Rover and Fang must be inmates;
and they may go by themselves after

the flappers on the plashy moors, or
flash a stray woodcock in the half
dead "Wood of Wistman."

"How heavily

That old wood sleeps in the sunshine;
not a leaf

Is twinkling, not a wing is seen to move
Within it; but below, a mountain stream,
Conflicting with the rocks, is ever heard,
Cheering the drowsy noon. Thy guardian
oaks,

My country, are thy boast,—a giant race,
And undegenerate still; but of this grove,
The pigmy grove,—not one has climb'd
the air

So emulously that its loftiest branch
May reach the hawthorn's brow. The
twisted roots

Have clasp'd, in want of nourishment,
the rocks,

And straggled wide, and pierced the stony
soil

In vain; denied maternal summer, here
A dwarfish race has risen. Round the
boughs

Hoary and feeble, and around the trunks,
With grasp destructive, feeding on the life
That lingers yet, the ivy winds, and moss
Of growth enormous. E'en the dark vile
weed

Has fix'd itself upon the very crown
Of many an ancient oak; and thus, re-
fused

By kindly nature's aid, dishonoured, old,
Dreary in aspect, silently decays
The lonely *Wood of Wistman*."

Tor-Cot must command such a
view as we see here, poring on this
page; as we see there, gazing on the
original of the poetic picture,

"How strangely on yon silent slopes the
rocks

Are piled; and as I musing stray, they
take

Successive forms deceptive. Sun and
shower,

And breeze, and storm, and haply an-
cient thrones

Of this our mother earth have moulded
them

To shapes of beauty and of grandeur;
thus,

And fancy, all creative, musters up
Apt semblances. Upon the very edge

Of yonder cliff, seem frowning o'er the
vale,

Time-hallow'd battlements with rugged
chasms

Fearfully yawning; and upon the brow
Of yonder dreary hill are towers subli

Lifted as by the lightning stroke, or
struck

By war's resistless bolts. The mouldering
arch,

The long-withdrawing aisle, the shat-
ter'd shrine,

The altar gray with age, the sainted
niche,

The choir, breeze swept, where once the
solemn hymn

Upswell'd, the tottering column, pile on
pile

Fantastic, the imagination shapes
Around their breasts enormous. But

'tis o'er—

The dream is o'er, and reason dissipates
The fair illusions. Yet in truth ye wear,

Rocks of the desert, forms that on the
eye

In column and mysterious grandeur rise!
And even now, though near the mountain
seems

Strew'd with innumerable fragments, as
when fate

Mysterious, in some unexpected hour,
Inexorably cast, at one fell blow,

Fenced cities into ruinous heap. O'er
all,

The rude but many-colour'd lichen
creeps;

And on the airy summit of yon hill,
Clasping the Tor's majestic brow, is seen

The dark funereal ivy, cheerless plant!
While Death and Desolation breathe

around

Their haggard brows for ever."

And we must take with us to Tor-
Cot a wife—for here in winter the
nights will be bitter cold—and no
additional number of blankets will
ever be found of themselves to pro-
duce the desired effect—as long as
you continue a chaste bachelor. Why,
here in our breeches' pocket is an
"Essay on Woman, in three parts,
by Nicholas Michell, author of the
Siege of Constantinople." Perhaps
it may assist us in our choice of a
couch-companion for life. We are
a bold man on so vital an affair to
consult Old Nick.

"Hail, Woman! bane and blessing
here below!

From thee what ills, what streams of rap-
ture, flow!

Virtue and love, in lands where Man is
free,

Form the fair throne of thy ascendancy.

O'er strength prevails each finer mental
charm,

Thy smile can win, thy sorrow can dis-
arm;

Thy warm caress bids Man's cold reason
yield,

And e'en thy weakness guards thee like a
shield."

"What streams of rapture flow!" a picturesque image. "Thy warm caress bids Man's cold reason *yield*." We are not so sure of the meaning of that. To what had he been objecting? Not surely to give her a kiss? Man's coldest reason could never have found fault with that—nor indeed allowed the lady to put herself to the trouble of a "warm caress." But the fact is, that reason is not cold. Reason is of a warm—we had almost said—an amorous temperament. Thus, as it is universally admitted, that there is "reason in the roasting of eggs," so is there reason in marrying rather than in burning; but reason in neither case *yields*, but in both "rules the roast." Yet, making all due allowance for these, and a few other imperfections, the passage is pretty, and meets with our most unqualified approbation—with the farther exception of "Hail, woman! *bane* and blessing," which is not gallant. No gentleman, however philosophically disposed, ought on any account whatever to use such language to a lady. Woman never is "*bane* here below"—and if we had her "*here above*," we should tell her so, and prove it, in spite of Old Nick.

"Anger, Self-love, Ambition, thirst of Praise,
Perturb Man's soul and darken half his days;
Envy and Slander, Jealousy and Pride,
On Woman wait, foul spectres by her side;
Yet these, Oh Virtues! bid you beam more bright,
As stars shine fairest on the darkest night."

Whew! whew! whew! That is silly about the stars. The simile is of the kind Canning exemplified in the following lines—

"As Sampson lost his strength by cutting off his hair,
So I regain my strength—by breathing Hampstead air."

On beauty Nicholas writes well, informing us, that

"Beauty of love's fair fabric *forms the base*."

Now "love's fair fabric" is woman. Her *base*, therefore, is beauty—and much is the bustle made about it in these days. Beauty has laws, but no certain code.

"But Beauty's laws how vague and undefined!
Taste ever varying, Custom ever blind:
What pleases one offends another eye,
What this thinks grace that deems deformity;
In Grecian Isles doth Beauty's standard shine?
Spain answers—No! whilst England cries—'Tis mine!
The swarthy Negro and the white-haired Swede,
Tall Patagonian, pigmy Samoyede;
Each clasps his own dear image in his arms,
And thinks the sun beholds no heavenlier charms."

We see nothing strange in all this—nothing that requires Old Nick to solve it. "Custom ever blind" is a mysterious line. Does it mean that a man gets so accustomed to ugliness that he thinks it beauty, and vice versa? But we must not be hypercritical;—and here is a passage that may safely bid criticism defiance. We recommend it to the especial admiration of Tom Cringle, Captain Marryatt, and Captain Chamier. It beats their best hits hollow.

"On love's wild wave, no compass and no chart,
When long hath tost the vessel of the heart;
By Hope's fair gale now swiftly onward borne,
Now lock'd within the ice of fancied Scorn;
While oft black Doubt hangs clouds along the sky,
And flash thy lightnings, withering jealousy!
How sweet, each trial o'er, each peril past,
To enter Wedlock's tranquil port at last."

"In wedlock's tranquil port," we find "Hymen's Bower," inhabited, some say—but falsely—by the "serpent discord." Nicholas then brings forward a "convent maid," to prove, by her confession of the woes of single blessedness, that there is no blessing in this life like a husband.

"Alas!" she sighs, "on me must never more
Affection *smile*, or these cold eyes adore.
No *cherub babe* will e'er my fondness claim,
Smile in my arms, and lisp a mother's name;

But here in barren sorrow must I dwell,
My couch cold stone, my world a dreary
cell."

What a contrast to this other picture!

"Girt by a silent Hymeneal band,
Before the altar Clare and Ivor stand;
He looks to heav'n, and now, in joy and
pride,
Surveys the dazzling beauties of his
bride.

Her eyes, like violets, droop in timid
grace,

Her modest thoughts send crimson to
her face;

How softly-sweet she breathes her vows
of love

Angels might stoop and listen from
above;

He scarce can hear or feel, so lost in
bliss;

But now her hand of snow reclines in
his—

The rites conclude midst smiles and rap-
turous tears!

Prosperous their lot, and happy be their
years!"

Old Nick—we offer to bet a pound
—is like Old Kit—a Benedick. He
knows nothing of the feelings of a
Bridegroom on his wedding-day.

"He scarce can hear or feel, so lost in
bliss."

We maintain that he can hear the
slightest whisper. We maintain that
he hears every syllable of the mar-
riage service—and at some parts can
scarcely hold down the beating in
his breast. The Bride hears too—
his and her own heart knocking—or
if that be too strong an expression—
going pit-a-pat. We have often been
"lost in bliss," and as often been
found again, without having been
advertised in the *Hue and Cry*; but
never so as "scarce to feel." We
shrewdly suspect that the *feeling* is
the marrow of the bliss—and that
to be lost in bliss without feeling it,
seems incompatible with the laws of
our constitution.

We perceive that one of the prin-
cipal pleasures of a married man is
to sit of an evening in a woodbine
bower with his wife, and play the
flute. A simpleton never looks so
silly and so sweet, as when puffing
away on that instrument—more es-
pecially when double-tonguing in
the florid style. And now, we be-
lieve, we have extracted for our own
instruction and delight in the Moor,

all the wisdom and wit in this
"Essay on Woman." The subject
would scarcely seem to be exhausted;
and we think we shall try our own
hand on it one of these days—imme-
diately after the adjournment, or
prorogation, or dissolution of Par-
liament.

But here is a sonnet on Winder-
mere,—

"Thy calm, romantic beauty who can see,
The woods of green that slope to kiss
thy tide,

Thy bowery isles that smile in verdure's
pride,

Not glow enamoured, lovely lake, of
thee?

At dewy dawn to roam the mountains
o'er,

That gird thee round like gloomy sen-
tinels,

Whilst far beneath thy purple bosom
swells

At sultry noon to seek thy cavern'd
shore,

There woo the freshness of the perturbed
gale,

List the wild cascade murmuring
down thy rocks,

The hum of bees and bleat of sportive
flocks:

At eve to skim thy wave with noiseless
sail,

And watch Day's dying radiance fire thy
breast

Thus, thus to live, were surely to be
blest."

We think we should know Win-
dermere well, having lived on its
banks weeks together, on visits to
the Professor at Elleray. In spite
again of Old Nick, we deny that
Windermere is girded round with
mountains; we deny, that at dewy
dawn, the mountains are "*gloomy*
sentinels;" we deny, that there are
as many as one cavern in her "*ca-
vern'd shore*;" we deny that so many
as one cascade murmurs down her
rocks; and we affirm, that Old Nick,
when there, must, like the bride-
groom he describes at the halter,
have been so "lost in bliss," as
"scarce to hear or feel," or see;
though we daresay that, neverthe-
less, after "skimming at even the
wave with noiseless sail," he played
such a knife and fork as had seldom,
if ever, been seen in that village, to
the astonishment even of the Bow-
ness Bass-kites.

But Old Nick, like Old Kitt, loves

the desert; and here is his picture of one,—

"Give me the Desert, limitless and lone,
Eternity outfigured to the eye;
Where Grandeur rears her undivided
throne,
And silence listens to the eagle's cry;
Where the vast hills seem pillars of the
sky.
Shrine of sublimity! no bounds control,
Meet for the worship of the Deity,
When their loud hymn the solemn thun-
ders roll,
And lightnings speak His power, and lift
the awe-struck soul."

We defy a desert to outfigure
eternity. Space is not time—as the
poet knew when he cried,

"Ye gods! annihilate but space and time,
And make two lovers happy."

Having asked for a desert "limit-
less," you should not add, "no
bounds control;" for nature abhors
a vacuum in the heads of her tauto-
logical children. Why has grandeur
a "throne," and sublimity only a
"shrine?" It will puzzle Old Nick
to give "the reason why." Is a
desert, in thunder and lightning,
more "meet for the worship of the
Deity," than in calm? No; and what
soul, when "awe-struck," was ever
"lifted" by what laid it prostrate?

But what is this hard in our other
breeches'-pocket? "Lyric Leaves,
by Cornelius Webbe." The little
volume opens of its own accord, at
Summer Morning. Ho! ho! we see
at a glance that he is a very differ-
ent person; that he has feeling and
fancy—an eye and a heart for nature.
It is pleasant, here in this lone high
rude moor, to peruse poetry breath-
ing the spirit of the lonely cultivated
lowlands, as they are sleeping in the
unlabouring and leisureful hour of
noon. It sinks "like music on our
heart."

Mr Webbe has *studied* Cowper and
Wordsworth. And he not only un-
derstands their spirit, but has learn-
ed, in his worship, to make it his
own, and on it to look at the same
nature that gave them their inspira-
tion. He borrows no words from
them—yet his language is coloured
by the breath of theirs; he borrows
no images from them, yet his descrip-
tions are interfused with the same
feelings as theirs; he borrows no

subjects from them, but looking with
his own eyes over external being,
and into the "moods of his own mind,"
he selects the same or similar things
and thoughts as theirs; and this it
is, rationally speaking, to belong to
the same school as theirs—he being
a docile, apt, and loving pupil, they
being learned, wise, and humane
masters. Nor is Cornelius the less
original, because he is taught of such
teachers. They, too, had theirs—
Milton, and Shakspeare, and Spenser,
and the other illustrious sons of im-
mortal song. And these had also
theirs—for high and low all belong
to one school—the school of nature
—a Sabbath as well as week-day
school—and the Teachers are the
gracious Muses.

We shall be happy when we have
built it to see Mr Webbe at Tor Cot-
tage—should he visit Scotland before
then, at Buchanan Lodge. We be-
lieve he lives in "city or suburban,"
and we have been rather uncivilly
told, that some dozen years ago we
called him Cockney. We have no
recollection of that most grievous of-
fence; but this we know, though it
may appear both paradoxical and
heterodox, that among Cockneys are
many thousands of excellent men,
women, and children. Almost all
people wax Cockneyish as they get
old; and we freely confess here,
where there are none to overhear us
but these Tors, and they will be
mum, that we are conscious of a
creeping Cockneyfication over our
character. Yes, Christopher North
—hear it, ye Heavens! and give ear,
thou Earth! is a Cockney! We shall
return Mr Webbe's visit; and hope
it will be at the house-warming of
"Fancy's Home." At present it is
a very pretty poem.

"FANCY'S HOME.

"My cot should stand in some lone dale;
Its windows, brightening with the East,
Should hear the wakeful Nightingale
When every song but her's has ceased.
And there should he, to hear it too,
A heart all tenderness and truth,
And eyes that shine like morning-dew,
And lips of love, and looks of youth.

"My cot should have a garden bower,
With fruit and flowers, for bud and bee,
To balm and freshen evening's hour,
And fill the air with fragrantcy;—

And there my Mary's harp should ring
Sweet tones that make the pulses thrill,
The heart unconsciously to sing,
And as unconsciously to still.

"A little lake, nor loud nor deep,
Should from my door to distance spread,
Where we might hear the light fish leap,
Or see them nestle in their bed ; —
And it should sleep between two hills,
Shut from the sweeping storm's career,
Calm as the heart when laughter stills,
And bright as joy's delicious tear.

"And there my little white-sailed boat,
Should lie in golden-sanded cove,
Or on the silver waters float,
Freighted by Beauty and glad Love,
And thus might we laugh, sing, and play,
And let the months like minutes wing ;
And life be all a summer's day,
And death a dark, but dreadless thing !"

What has become—we wonder—
of Dartmoor Prison? During that
long war its huge and hideous bulk
was filled with Frenchmen—aye—
"Men of all climes—attached to none—
were there ;"

—a desperate race—robbers and
reavers, and ruffians and rapers,
and pirates and murderers—mingled
with the heroes who, fired by
freedom, had fought for the land
of lilies, with its vine-vales and
"hills of sweet myrtle"—doomed to
die in captivity, immured in that
doleful mansion on this sullen moor.
There thousands pined and wore
away and wasted, when at last "hope,
that comes to all," came not to them
—and when not another groan re-
mained within the bones of their
breasts, they gave up the ghost. Young
heroes prematurely old in baffled
passions—life's best and strongest
passions that scorned to go to sleep
but in the sleep of death. These
died in their golden prime. With
them went down into unpitied and
unhonoured graves—for pity and
honour dwell not in houses so haunted
—veterans in their iron age—some
self-smitten with ghastly wounds
that let life finally bubble out of si-
newy neck or shaggy bosom—or the
poison-bowl convulsed their giant
limbs into unquivering rest. Yet
there you saw a wild strange tumult
of troubled happiness—which, as
you looked into its heart, was trans-
figured into misery. There volatile
spirits fluttered in their cage, like

birds that seem not to hate nor to
be unhappy in confinement, but hang-
ing by beak or claws, to be often
playing with the glittering wires
—to be amusing themselves, so it
seems, with drawing up, by small
enginery, their food and drink, which
soon sickens, however, on their
stomachs, till, with ruffled plumage,
they are often found in the morning
lying on their backs, with clenched
feet, and neck bent as if twisted, on the
scribbled sand, stone-dead. There
you saw pale youths, boys almost
like girls, so delicate looked they in
that hot infected air, which, ventilate
it as you will, is never felt to breathe
on the face like the fresh air of li-
berty,—once bold and bright mid-
shipmen in frigate or first-rater, and
saved by being picked up by the
boats of the ship that had sunk her by
one double-shotted broadside, or sent
her in one explosion splintering into
the sky, and splashing into the sea, in
less than a minute the thunder silent,
and the fiery shower over and gone,
—there you saw such lads as these,
who used almost to weep if they got
not duly the dear-desired letter from
sister or sweetheart, and when they
did duly get it, opened it with trem-
bling fingers, and even then let drop
some natural tears—there, we say,
you saw them leaping and dancing
with gross gesticulations and horrid
oaths obscene, with grim outcasts
from nature, whose moustachio'd
months were rank with sin and pol-
lution—monsters for whom hell was
yawning—their mortal mire already
possessed with a demon. There,
wretched, woe-begone, and wearied
out with recklessness and desperation,
many wooed Chance and Fortune,
who they hoped might yet listen to
their prayers—and kept rattling the
dice—damning them that gave the
indulgence—even in their cells of
punishment for disobedience or mu-
tiny. There you saw some, who, in
the crowded courts, "sat apart re-
tired,"—bringing the practised skill
that once supported, or the native
genius that once adorned life, to bear
on beautiful contrivances and fan-
cies elaborately executed with
meanest instruments, till they ri-
valled or outdid the work of art as-
sisted by all the ministries of science.
And thus won they a poor pittance
wherewithal to purchase some little

comfort or luxury, or ornament to their persons; for vanity had not forsaken some in their rusty squalor, and they sought to please her their mistress or their bride. There you saw accomplished men conjuring before their eyes, on the paper or the canvass, to feed the longings of their souls, the lights and the shadows of the dear days that far away were beautifying some sacred spot of "*la belle France*,"—perhaps some festal scene, for love in sorrow is still true to remembered joy, where once with youths and maidens,

"They led the dance beside the murmuring Loire."

There you heard—and hushed then was all the hubbub—some clear silver voice, sweet almost as woman's, yet full of manhood in its depths, singing to the gay guitar, touched, though the musician was of the best and noblest blood of France, with a master's hand, "*La belle Gabrielle!*" And there might be seen in the solitude of their own abstractions, men with minds that had sounded the profounds of science, and seemingly undisturbed by all that clamour, pursuing the mysteries of lines and numbers—conversing with the harmonious and lofty stars of heaven, deaf to all the discord and despair of earth. Or religious still ever more than they, for those were mental, these spiritual, you beheld there men, whose heads before their time were becoming grey, meditating on their own souls, and in holy hope and humble trust in their Redeemer, if not yet prepared, perpetually preparing themselves for the world to come!

Here is a lament for young Augustin.

"Farewell, France!

The captive sigh'd, as for the gentle breeze
Of balmy Provence, loudly round him howl'd
The chill, moist gale of Dartmoor. Where
are now
The blushing bowers, the groves with
fruitage hung
Voluptuous, the music of the bough
From birds that love bright climes, the
perfumed morri,
The golden day, the visionary eve,
The walk, the interchange of soul, too
well,

Too well remembered? Exile! think no
more,
There's madness in the cup that memory
holds
To thy inebriate lip!

Yet rise they will,
Dear visions of thy home! The birds will
sing,
The streams will flow, the grass will wave,
the flowers
Will bloom, and through the leafage of the
wood
The blue smoke curl; thy cot is there,
thy cot,
Poor Exile! and the secret mighty power,
The Local Love, that o'er the wide-
spread earth
Binds man to one dear, cherished, sacred
spot,

His home, is with thy spirit, and will oft
Throw round its dear enchantments, and
awake,
For distant scenes beloved the deep felt
sigh,
And prompt th' unbidden tear.

Oh! who that drags
A captive's chain, would feel his soul re-
fresh'd,
Though scenes like those of Eden should
arise
Around his hated cage! But here green
youth
Lost all its freshness, manhood all its
prime,
And age sank to the tomb, ere Peace her
trump
Exulting blew; and still upon the eye,
In dead monotony, at morn, noon, eve,
Arose the Moor, the Moon!
But now terrific rumours reach'd his ear
Of fierce commotions, insurrection, deeds
Intestine, making home *Arabiana*.

Men became
Brutal, infuriate; from the scaffold thul'd
The female shriek, and (O eternal shame
To France!) within the deep and gully
wave

They sank, all wildly mix'd, the son, the
sire,
The mother, and the gentle virgin, all
In one dark watery grave!

And she was one,
The hapless Genevieve, on whom the
surge
Had thus untimely closed! Her lover
heard,
Silently, sternly, heard the blasting tale,
And wept not; never more refreshing
tears
Moisten'd his eyelids, and with desperate
zeal
He nourish'd his despair, till on his heart
The vulture of consumption gnaw'd!
He sleeps
Beneath yon hillock; not a stone records

Where poor Augustin rests; yet there is

Who knows the spot, and often turns aside
Lone wandering o'er the bleak and silent
Moor,
To view the stranger's grave!"

Is that Crockern Tor? It is. Much have many antiquaries written about it, though but few have seen it, and here in a note is some account of the grey antiquity. We see it more distinctly in the vignette—for 'tis within an inch of our nose—than glimmering yonder in the blue hazy distance, an undistinguishable cairn-like heap. The President's, or Judge's chair, part of the bench for the jurors, and three irregular steps, are still partially visible, but 'tis in a sad state of delapidation. 'Tis indeed one of the most interesting relics extant of old British manners—memorial of the Saxon Witenagemot, which, like the Stannary Parliament, was held in the open air.

"Nor waving ps, nor leaf, nor flowers
 adorn

Thy side, des I Crockern! Over thee
The wind ha er held dominion; thou
Art still thei ritage, and fierce they
 sweep

Thy solitary hill, what time th storm
Howl o'er the shrinking oor. The
 scowling gales

Th' moment slumber, and dre calm
Prevails, the calm of death stless
 eye

'Turns from thy utter loneliness Yet
 man,

In days long flown, upon the mount's
 high crest

Has braved the highland gale, and made
 the rocks

Re-echo with his voice. Not always thus
Has hover'd, Crockern, o'er thy leafless
 scalp.

The silence and the solitude that now
Oppresses the crush'd spirit; for I stand,
Where once the Fathers of the Forest held
(An iron race) the Parliament that gave
The forest law. Ye legislators, nursed
In lap of modern luxury, reverse
The venerable spot, where, simply clad,
And breathing mountain breezes, sternly
 sat

The hardy mountain council. O'er them
 bent

No other dome but that in which the
 cloud

Sails, the blue dome of heaven. The ivy
 hung

Its festoons round the Tor, and at the
 foot

Of that rude fabric piled by nature,
 bloom'd

Th heath-flower. Still the naked hill
 uprears

Sublime its granite pyramid, and while
The statue, and the column, and the fane
Superb, the boast of man, in fairer climes,
Crockern, than thine, have strew'd the
 groaning earth

With beauteous ruin, the enduring Tor,
Baffling the elements and fate, remains,
Claiming our reverence, that proudly
 lower'd

Of old, above the Senate of the Moor."

That Dartmoor and its borders were once rather thickly inhabited, agrees with tradition, and is obvious from the many remains of rude houses, standing singly, but more or less near each other, generally on the sides of the hills, built of unwrought stones placed upon each other, in the simplest manner, without cement, having entrances, but now no roof, and varying in diameter, the largest being about twelve feet. Fosbrook, in his Architectural Antiquities, gives the representation of a dwelling of the ancient Britons, which corresponds with the remains on the moor. We agree with the annotator on this poem, (is it the author or his ingenious son?) that it is absurd to suppose as some have supposed, that these small and inconvenient houses were used for penning sheep, and preserving them during the night from wild beasts. We believe with him that they were the residences of shepherd men. The Britons retiring before the Romans who evidently had permanent footing both in Devon and Cornwall, found a place of shelter in Dartmoor. And there are many erect stones, some inscribed, and some not, on and near the moor, which he conjectures plausibly might have been erected to perpetuate the memory of Athelstane's victorious advance when he assumed the title of King of all Britain, after having driven the natives across the Tamar, at a time when Cornwall and Anglo-Cornubia, (under the heptarchy,) comprehended half of the city of Exeter, Totness, and all westward.

Many an old remain would lose ninety-nine parts of its hundred Druid power over us, did we know for certain that a Druid had ever brained there a human victim on the stone of sacrifice. 'Tis right to write all sorts of things about all sorts of ruins. No fear of ascertaining the truth. They are enveloped in glimmerings, if not in

glooms; and therefore are they haunted. All the thin ghosts of buried generations would go, if they thought we knew in what age they had dropped the dust. They inhabit oblivion; and to them it is oblivion, when the Past mocks the living with the faint Apparition of Time who is now their Monarch, having succeeded, nobody knows when, to Death. But the Poet peoples those huts on the moor—those roofless huts, with their feeble walls, solitary, and decayed amid the silent flight of ages—he peoples them with the fierce *Dæmonii*—giving the phantoms both—"local habitation and a name."

"With filial awe

I stand, where erst my brave forefathers stood,

Where now they sleep. Ye thoughts of other days!

How swiftly do you crowd upon my soul. Those silent vales have swarm'd with human life,

Those hills have echoed to the hunter's voice.

When rang the chase, the battle burn'd, the notes

Of silvan joy at high festivities Awoke the soul to gladness. Dear to him

His native hill, in simple garb attired, The mountaineer here roam'd, and oft attend

That hale and happy age, which blesses still

His vigorous descendants, scattered round

The moor's cold edge Detested be the hand,

The sacrilegious hand, that would destroy These mouldering huts, which time has kindly spared

To this late hour; and long from fierce assaults

Of the loud wintry storm, from whelming rush

Of mountain-torrent, chief from human grasp

Rapacious be each sacred pile preserved; To bless his wanderings who delights to steal

From yonder world, and in the deepening noon

Wind o'er the noiseless moor his thoughtless way."

Hush! we do, indeed, hear the voice of streams. Is it of streams? A faint, far, multitudinous murmur, very spiritual, as if the air between the moon and the mountainous clouds were a living existence, and awaking from his mid-day sleep, were breathing a grateful

hymn of inarticulate joy wide over the whole wilderness! But intensely listening, we perceive that it has fine modulations in its melody; for it is the voice of streams, and each is singing, with a somewhat different voice, the same serene tune, accompanied with a "stilly sound" even more ethereal, which can be nothing else, surely, than one echo composed of many echoes, some of them wild and sweet, from the mystery of the Tors. We can dream down each desert-born from source to sea.

Not one of them all trips it more deftly, "on light fantastic toe," while yet in his childish glee among the moorlands, than the *TIGES*; not one of them all sooner flows into a statelier beauty—among wooded hills—or bare granite rocks—till at High Bridge, near Drewsteignton antiquities, it finds its way between mountainous ridges—and ere long we behold—

"The heavy Cromlech wildly raised Above the nameless dead."

Tradition generally magnifies what it mystifies; but this Cromlech is called the Spinster's Rock. It was believed that three spinsters, or unmarried women, erected it one morning before breakfast for their amusement. Perhaps they were the Fates—

"And near the edge Of the loud howling stream a *Loovv* stand,

Haply self-poised, for Nature loves to work

Such miracles as these amid the depths Of forest solitudes. Her magic hand With silent chisel fashion'd the rough rock,

And placed the central weight so tenderly, That almost to the passing breeze it yields

Submissive motion."

Many auxiliar brooks soon swell thee, Teign! into no un noble river, and many a merry mansion laughs towards thee on thy silvan course, from lawn bedropt with trees, "each in itself a grove." And we see thee passing that pleasant picture of a town, glad, but not impatient to bear dancing on thy back or bosom, with twinkling oar or red-dyed sail, a flock of fishing,—or are they all pleasure-boats?—in among the billows of the bay that in its homefelt quietude hardly seems belonging to the sea.

Is it from the Urn of Cranmere, the urn that lies guarded from the

hill-ponies leaping like roes, by many quaking bogs, which to venturous footsteps send up a long low muttering groan, as if to say,—

“Procul, procul, este profani!”

that thou, sweet DART! dost in
truth draw thy mysterious birth?
The Mere of Cranes! with its earth-
quake-planted pillar, tall as Gog or
Magog!—Well dost thou deserve
thy name; for while the desert above
thee lifts his Tors, thou art

“ Swift as an arrow from the Tartar’s
bow.”

But after a mad conflict of cataracts with cliffs, sometimes in the open air, and sometimes in the gloom of woods, thou seem'st to take breath among the lovely enclosures near Holne Chase, and flowing apparently slow, but really swift, through Ashburton's charming valley, softening as if thou fain would'st linger there, Totness rejoices in thy margin: so beautifully fringed with woods, and thence, varying thy character with a gay inconstancy, sinuous and insinuating as a serpent, thou expandest thyself gradually into grandeur, and with a good offing between Berry-Head and the Start in squally weather the ship-boy sees thee from the giddy mast ending thy career in the lee-shore foam.

Oh! that we had been born many centuries ago, and had been a monk of Tavistock. To our ears, by that Abbey's mouldering walls, seems now the silver Tavy to be complainingly flowing on: but ere long

“ In bays indenting all the bowery shore,”

he gathers gladness from mead-mingled woods, till he clasps the "Virtuous Lady" in his arms, and then, as if afraid of her frowns, lays himself down wimpling at her haughty feet. But lo! the Walkham,

“ Swollen by fresh brooklets from the
deep-seam'd hills,”

in twilight gloom is mingling with
his clearer waters, and we pause

“ In yonder dome,

Above whose aged tower the leafy elm
Lifts its tall head, the hand of genius
graves

The deathless name of ELLIOT. For the
brave

Demand our homage, and with pensive
step,

As slow we follow where the devious
flood

Allures, with reverence mark the spot—
spot

Where erst, all danger past, in silvan
scene,

Reposed immortal DRAKE."

Buckland Abbey! A square massive tower, a turret in the court-yard, and a few trifling vestiges—all that remains of the old structure! wildly wreathed with the funeral ivy—the richest we ever saw—mosses and lichens in which ages are softly imbedded—a dream of old undisturbed and undisturbable among the newnesses, not ungraceful, of the modern day!

Son of the Brave! thyself as brave!
wilt thou, when sailing in thy ship
along the Indian seas, (Hyacinth on
hyacinth,) sometimes remember the
day we wandered, each following his
own fancies, but seldom far apart,
among the sweet seceracies of those
many-coloured woods! Here are
some lines that might almost seem to
have been written for or by ourselves;
except that the fits of melancholy
and our mirth were almost imper-
ceptible, as the faint shadows of the
fleecy clouds on the sunshine that
kept dancing round our feet, as thou,
in the pride of youthful manhood,
and the stately strength of thy prime,
we "somewhat declined, yet that not
much," (oh! say it not, "into the vale
of years!") like a young and an old
stag bounded together, along long
high green Walkham Common, nor
sought the shelter of that crowning
grove, though lured thither by tempta-
tion that hath drawn many men of
all ages from the safe high-way of
love and fealty to the image that in
their souls they adored!

“ Few months have passed,
 Francisco, since I wander'd here with
 thee,

In converse sweet, through all the summer-day;

How brief that day! The bird was on the bough,

The butterfly was kissing every flower,
The bee was wandering by with lulling
hum,

And eve almost unnoticed, came, as still
We traced the Tavey's course. The fare-
well song

Of grove and sky arose ; and, while those strains

Swell'd on the ear, the river lifted his
Her voice responsive. Soon the lotty
bank

Refreshed magnificently, tree on tree
Ascending emulously to the brow,
One noble sheet of leaf, save where the
rock

Shew'd its grey naked scalp. But swift
on all

Fall evening's anxious shade; and ere we
stood

Where Maristowe o'er Tamar throws the
glance

To hills Cornubian, on the western steep
Hover'd the sinking orb; and, as the
groves

Of Warleigh glitter'd with his last fond
smile,

He dyed with thousand tints the mingling
floods,

And threw supernal glories on the scene."

Dartmoor! Thou art the Father
of Plymouth—for thou art the Father
of Plym. We hear thee rushing by
Sheepstore's Dark-browed rock—
Sheepstore, where is a cavern, so be-
lieve the rural dwellers, the Palace
of the Pixies—the Devonshire Fairies.
Seats like those of art, but to our
eyes liker those of nature—and a
spring of purest water! The imagi-
native dark-eyed daughters of Devon
never visit it, with their sweethearts
on a holyday, without leaving some
offering of moss or eatables for the
"Silent People." Beneath the Tor
lies the village of the same name—
with its fine foamy cascade. Then
comes the Meavy from that part of
the Moor where once stood Siward's
Cross, and with its tributaries takes
the name of Plym. There stands
the Dead-alive Meavy Oak! Now
he is hollow-hearted—for Time with
his scythe has scooped a cavity that
once accommodated nine persons at
a dinner party, but is now used as a
turf-house. Wide enough to shelter
a flock of sheep is the canopy of the
lower and living branches—but the
top is singed, and blasted, and bald,
and black, save where the outer part
of the wood has mouldered off in the
stormy rains, and left a preternatural
whiteness, which, when seen glim-
mering against the back ground of a
serene evening sky, has a melancholy
aspect, like the ghost of a giant.
Comes now the ever-howling Cad, to
join the Plym "near thy bridge, ro-
mantic Shaugh!" nor far from De-
werstone, with its hawks and ravens
—a rock-mountain split by thunder-
bolts—yet beautiful, in his terrors,
with a passionate profusion of crasp-
ing ivy, and a loving flush of flowers
happy in the crevices of the cliffs.
We have a vision, the Lara Bridge,
and hear the billowy surge broken

against the Breakwater, within
which the little waves, like so
many lambs, lay themselves down

"Upon the anchor'd vessel's side."

But that vision will rise again, at
our bidding, in all its magnificence
—and now we turn to take farewell
of the Moor. And it shall be in the
words of Carrington, whom, in gra-
titude, we pronounce a Poet—

"On the very edge

Of the vast moorland, startling every eye,
A shape enormous rises! High it towers
Above the hill's bold brow, and seen
from far,
Assumes the human form; a Granite
God!

To whom, in days long flown, the sup-
pliant knee

In trembling homage bow'd. The ham-
lets near

Have legends rude connected with the
spot,

(Wild swept by every wind,) on which he
stands,

The giant of the Moor. Unnumbered
shapes

By nature strangely form'd, fantastic,
vast,

The silent desert throng. 'Tis said that
here

The Druid wander'd. Haply have those
hills

With shouts ferocious, and the mingled
shriek

Re-ounded, when to Jupiter upflamed

The human catacomb. The frantic Seer
There built his sacred circle; for he loved

To worship on the mountain's breast su-
blime,

The earth his altar, and the bending
heaven

His canopy magnificent. The rocks

That crest the grove-crowned hill he
scooped to hold

The lastral waters; and to wondering
crowds

And ignorant, with fearful hand he
rock'd

The yielding Logan. Practised to de-
ceive,

Himself deceived, he swayed the fear-
struck throng

By craftiest stratagems; and (falsely deem-
ed

The minister of heaven) with bloodiest
rites

He awed the prostrate isle, and held the
mind

From age to age with superstition's
spells."

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A LETTER TO THE KING ON THE IRISH CHURCH BILL.

SIRE—I approach your Majesty with all the deference due to the possessor of the throne, and to the rightful head of the Church of England. No subject of your Majesty can feel a deeper veneration for your rank as the Sovereign, or a more loyal and unshaken zeal for the support of all your royal privileges. If I now presume to address your Majesty in person, as the third estate and final voice in the decisions of the Legislature, it is only from an earnest desire to see those privileges retained in their full exercise, your constitutional power still standing forth, as of old, the sure refuge to your people, and your throne guarded from assaults, which no honourable or religious mind can contemplate without the strongest abhorrence and indignation.

A Bill has been brought forward in Parliament, enacting a series of changes in that branch of the British Protestant Church which yet exists in Ireland. The Bill has been brought in by your Majesty's Ministers. I make no charge against those Ministers. They are men of character, some of distinguished name, all of much popularity. In those they have great materials of public good and evil. Their intentions are in their own breasts. They may be unconscious of the extent of their Bill.

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But I shall tell your Majesty, that the simple announcement of the measure has raised a tumult of congratulation through the lowest depths of Jacobinism in the land. That the whole faction of the hostile to Government, the rapacious for plunder, and the malignant against religion, have rejoiced throughout all their borders. That the enemies of your Majesty's line have heard it as the sound of a trumpet to awake them from their sleep, to put them in array for the day of revolt, and march to the assault of every great protecting institution of the Empire.

Those men are wise in their generation. They speculate at a distance upon their effect. They do not strike in the first instance at those things which rouse national alarm. They leave the warehouses of the merchant yet untouched. They have yet but half avowed their determination against the lands of the Nobles. They have not gone much beyond a sneer at the throne; but they dig into the foundations of the Church. There they lay their combustibles. They call the people to look on and applaud their labours in preparing the fall, of what they pronounce the cumberer of the land. When all is ready then will come the explosion; the Church will sink into the gulf, and the whole loosened fabric of

3 A

society will follow it, from the pinnacle to the foundation.

By this faction has the Bill been received with shouts of exultation and revenge, as if over the corpse of an enemy. It has been instantly hailed by the whole body of traitors to your Majesty and the State. It forms the triumphant theme of those Political Unions which are already the tyrants of the multitude, and of more than the multitude. The Irish assassin, reeking from the murder of his countrymen, receives it as a boon; the Irish Jacobin, insulting the British Legislature, receives it as a boon; the grim Atheist in his closet, the furious agitator in the streets, every avowed hater of order, joins in a common shout of victory. They regard the measure as only a preliminary, a promise of fiercer innovation, sure and soon to come; in their own jargon, it is but a "means to an end." Their "All hail," but the first welcome to a shape of blood and ruin, a prediction of its consummated career in the highest places of the land.

The question of the uses of an Established Church is perfectly clear. When the nation already has a Church, and has to choose a government, it naturally chooses a Government friendly to its opinions. Where it has a Government, and has to choose a Church, that duty, like all the other leading duties, devolves on the Government. The State chooses the Church fittest for the support of society, which is the first purpose of all Government. And that Church it sustains by its bounty, by its patronage, and by its power. If the nation have not already possessed a religion, the most necessary act of Government is to give it one; for without a religion no Government can be secure. Fear may produce a temporary submission. But the only solid foundation of obedience to Kings is homage to the Deity. This homage the State must take upon itself, for it cannot be left to the waywardness of the human heart. The forms of this homage must be prescribed, the support of these forms must be provided for, a class of fitting Ministers must be appointed for the service of the altar, and the instruction of the people. In other words, there must be an Established

Church: For what part of this provision can be left to the wandering impulses of the multitude; to the profligate, who deny all religion; to the penurious, who refuse all contribution; to the thoughtless, who shrink from all memory of the graver duties of life; or to the Jacobin, who, on system, rejoices in the general blackening of all its obligations? Leave the support of religion to the caprice of the crowd, and it is either perverted by furious fanaticism, or lost by frigid neglect; it becomes the reflection of ignorant, presumptuous, and erratic minds, or it is banished out of the land. But place it under the protection of the State; give it the solidity of that public pledge to its continuance; give the community the assurance, that their sons, destined for the service of the altar, will not be cast loose on the precarious charity of the people; that the doctrines which they honour as the truth, will not be suddenly exchanged for the ravings of fanaticism, or the sullen sophisms of infidelity, and you will have a succession of educated men, prepared by their knowledge, by their principles, and by the example of their predecessors, for the religious teaching of the people. You will have a great Institute, to which the pious look up with reverence for its sacredness, and the poor with gratitude for its beneficence, a noble rectifier of the wanderings of human opinion, by continually presenting to man a standard of the highest of all truth; and a noble safeguard of all Government, by consecrating the state, spirit, and body to Heaven.

With an Established Church, England has risen from a feeble and distracted country into the full vigour of empire; has passed from darkness into light; has made the most magnificent accumulations of wealth, European influence, commanding literature, unalloyed liberty, and pure religion. In polity, she has risen from a field of civil blood into the solid security of a legitimate and balanced government. In learning, from a rude borrower of the elements of knowledge from foreigners, into the foremost possessor of all that bears the name of intellectual distinction; and, in religion, she has torn the sullen robe of Rome from

her limbs, and stands forth the champion of Christianity to the world.

America is governed without an Established Church. But are we to compare the ancient and massive fabric of the British government with the fluctuating and fugitive shelter under which American legislation thrust its head? or the prescriptive majesty of our national worship with the rambling sectarianism of religion in a country where the pulpit is only the more foul and furious conduit of every absurdity of the brain, or paroxysm of the passions; the land of camp-meetings and *convulsionnaires*, of corruption under the name of conversion, and of political raving under the name of Scriptural illumination? We might as well compare the forest wigwam with the palace, or its tenant with the sages and statesmen of Europe.

But what is the actual object of the faction? Is it the purification of the Church? This they scorn to assert. They have the candour of the full sense of power. They have found no such word in their Gallic code as renovation. Their object, open and declared, is to destroy the Church. They have a further object,—partially withheld, but on which their determination is fully formed. The outcry against the Church is only the covering of their warfare against the Constitution. They will use the ruins of the Establishment to fill up the ditch, and having broken through the grand outwork, they will have nothing more to do than to sit down before the citadel. Upon your Majesty's decision may depend interests that will dispose of the empire.

I shall not enter into the details of the Bill. My business is with its spirit. It is a twofold seizure of Church property;—the one a perpetual tax on the clergy, from five to fifteen per cent; the other a perpetual alienation of the Bishops' lauds;—the former, a burden galling the neck of the clergy from year to year for ever; the other a sweeping spoil, a seizure of property given for the exclusive support of the Church, holding by a title as sacred as that of your Majesty's crown, and much more ancient;—both confiscation, without the shadow of a crime; property torn away which was consecrated to God, and totally incapable of being converted

to the secular purposes of individuals or the State, without bringing down the heavy curse of God. This I shall prove as I proceed.

The question is disengaged from all difficulty by the open nature of its provisions. There might be some speciousness in the proposal of changes of form in the Church, of more or fewer dignities, or of the equalization of incomes. On all these points a wise legislator, aware of the hazards of all changes in ancient things, would feel himself bound to pause before he fairly planted his foot on the perilous ground of public innovation. But the fondest enthusiast for the golden age of change cannot be deceived now. If he tread, it is at his peril. The pitfall lies open before him. Those two clauses are sufficient to lay bare the whole transaction. They are a declared *seizure of property*, which no legislature can have a right to touch, except under those circumstances of public extremity which subvert all rights alike. In the utter famine of the State, men may eat the bread from the altar. In the final battle of the State, they may turn the ruins of the Church into a rampart for their bodies. But those hours of terrible paroxysm are not more remote from the healthful and peaceful existence of empire, than those fierce rights of despair from the present plunder of the old and legitimate institutions of the empire.

On this point I demand, where is the public necessity? Where is ruinous defeat and the national bankruptcy, or even the failing harvest? Where any one of those public calamities that might serve as a pretext for public plunder? I see none. I look round the horizon, even to the extremities of Europe—all is quiet. I hear your Majesty's speech pronouncing that you are on friendly terms with all nations. I see commerce as usual pushing its branches through all the channels of enterprise in the world. I see England covered daily with canals, railways, and all the fine inventions that imply at once individual capital and public spirit. The bounty of Heaven has given us the most exuberant harvest within memory. And it is at this time, when the country is hourly congratulated by men in authority

on her increasing strength, that we are called on to consummate an act which could be justified by nothing but the worst sufferings of the worst times, which, even in those times, could be safely done, only with a solemn determination to restore the sacred things the moment that the necessity had passed by, and render unto God the things that are God's. I can see nothing in the natural impulses of your Majesty's Ministers, to account for an act which must revolt their feelings as gentlemen, regretting the privations of gentlemen like themselves. I can see nothing but the one fierce and bitter faction which has grown into fatal power in the State; which, contemptible in its individual members, has been suffered to become formidable as a mass; and which now by a system of perpetual scorn of the law, perpetual defiance of principle, and perpetual appeal to all the bad passions, carries the rabble with them, and floods the land with revolution.

This faction began with Ireland. There they found the soil prepared by a giddy Government, and a profligate superstition; they sowed the seeds of bloodshed, and left them to the natural care of those sure influences. The crop has duly followed; and Ireland, at this hour, presents a scene of misgovernment and misery, unequalled in the globe. The sanguinary despotism of Turkey has nothing like it; the barbarism of Russia is civilized to it. The roving Arabs exhibit a more reverent respect for life and property. The dweller in an Indian forest, or a Tartar wilderness, is safer in his house, than the Irish landlord, living under the safeguard of the British laws; and even fortified within a circle of British bayonets. That faction has been imported among us. The pilots who steered that vessel of ill-omen, are now loudest in their remorse, for a service, at once the basest, the most disastrous, and the most marked by retributive justice on their own heads, of any act within record. They now resist, and point to the coming ruin. But they have stripped themselves of the alliance of all honest men, and they declaim to the winds. The Cassandras, who part with their virtue for their knowledge, will find that they have purchased

nothing but prophecies that all men disregard; and that their only distinction is to be more conspicuously spurned.

This faction, the representative of the ignorance of Ireland, comes over with it to confound the wisdom of England; rouses Ireland to madness, to make the madness a charge against England; covers Ireland with civil war, and then bids England turn her ear to the sound; points to the conflagration, lighted by its own hands, in a country of superstition, barbarism, and revolt; and then bids us see, in the reddening horizon, the example of our "own funeral pyre." Can it be a question, whether we are to resist or to yield? Are we to commit the criminal absurdity of protecting our civil existence, by joining in a conspiracy against all civil right; or attempting to save Protestantism in England, by throwing Irish Protestantism to be mangled and trampled in their advance to national ruin?

Your Majesty is not ignorant that this faction hates you,—hates your name,—your principles,—and your house;—is stung with the most furious malice at your Sovereignty;—hates you and yours as a Protestant, as a Brunswick, as a man, and as a King. That it has sworn on its altars never to rest, until it rooted the last branch of the House of Hanover out of the Empire; and that, for this purpose, it is resolved to compass heaven and earth. That it will swear to all parties, or betray all; lick the feet of all Ministers, or menace them; lean down to the follies of all gatherings of the rabble, or stir their passions into frenzy; if it can but carry its point,—and that point the downfall of the Protestantism of England;—and as its preliminary, the expulsion of the Protestant line from the English throne. That it will be totally indifferent whether this be accomplished by force or fraud; and whether its results be to send your dynasty across the Channel, or through the grave.

At this moment it is exulting in the snare which it had laid for entrapping your Majesty's Ministers into acts, which, if suffered to succeed, it boasts, must strip authority instantly of its whole strength in Ireland, startle every Protestant in Eng-

land, make loyal men examine the grounds of their attachment to the Throne, make religious men shrink from a cause which seems voluntarily to abandon the path of all that they have hitherto honoured; and even, in the most worldly point of view, must unsettle every feeling that belongs to reliance on ancient right, acknowledged property, blameless conduct, and legitimate possession.

The question narrows itself to the single point of plunder. The Church may be a fit subject of regulation, like every thing else; but regulation is for improvement; robbery is for weakness, confusion, extinction. This is beyond the power of law, for no law can authorize injustice, as no scheme of improvement can succeed by ruin. The rule is the simplest of all principles. Purify as we will, cut off excrescences, but do this only to return the sap of the tree to the trunk;—do not lay the axe to the root. A wise legislator, instead of beginning his change by the rash operation of extinguishing the Irish Bench, would have considered what he could do for the increase of Christian knowledge among the people; he would have tried what was to be done by some more fitting distribution. His last expedient would be the destruction of any thing. He would have considered, whether, in a land, overrun by her hideous crimes, and impurities, and Popery, it was not a matter of Christian wisdom to strengthen and multiply the outposts of Protestantism; to fix as many able men, with means and authority in their hands, as he could find; for the express purpose of maintaining the religion of truth and loyalty, he would discover, in the depth of that Pagan darkness, a reason, not for extinguishing his lamps, but for enlarging and extending their illumination.

The State has the power of reforming the Church, but not of destroying. The rapacity which alienates the property of the Church to the uses of the State, will be brought to a bitter account for its crime. This is the testimony of history in all lands and all times. I shall look only to the annals of England: Henry VIII. seized the Church revenues, and divided large portions

of them between the Crown and the nobles. The Church which he had overthrown was impure. He had done a great act of national good in its overthrow. But his rapine sullied the whole merit of his reform.—Cranmer, and the leading clergy of the Protestants, supplicated to leave for the works of God what had been consecrated to God. It had been given originally by holy men for holy purposes. Its abuse by monks and Romish priests, could not justify its alienation from the works of mercy, knowledge, and virtue. But the courtiers were craving, the ministers were worthless, and the King was rapacious. Passion and prodigality rioted in the spoil; and the noblest of all opportunities was thrown away,—the opportunity of spreading religious knowledge to every corner of the realm. The offence was soon and terribly avenged. From 1513 to 1547, Henry had continued his system of confiscation. Yet it was not total. He had given up a part of his plunder, from time to time, for the uses of the purified Church; he had even established six new Bishoprics; added Deaneries and Chapters to eight already existing; endowed Professorships in both the Universities; and erected Christ's Church and Trinity Colleges in Oxford and Cambridge. But he had alienated a vast portion; his nobles had grown rich by the poverty of the Church. The same system was pursued under the Protector Somerset, in the minority of Edward VI. Somerset himself seized on a Deanery, with four Prebendal stalls. In 1553, the punishment began.

Nations must be punished in this world, for they have no future. The Reformation was suddenly stopped. The whole career of vigour, personal freedom, and public prosperity, to which every man in England looked forward, was covered with clouds. The fires of persecution, which seemed to have been extinguished for ever, were suddenly lighted. The old religion returned in ferocious triumph; every step that it trode, was in the heart's-blood of England. Nine thousand of the clergy were deprived of their benefices; eleven bishops were degraded; crowds of the most learned men of England were driven into exile; and, by Lord Clarendon's

account, nearly eight hundred people, of all ranks and professions, suffered martyrdom. The Reformation was thus vitiated by the crimes of its founder, and the participation of his people. Its career from that hour was a struggle for fifty years. The poverty of the Church deprived it of the power of being a public benefactor. Education languished. The people, left by the scanty revenues of the Church to the chance liberality of the country, lost the knowledge which the Church would have rejoiced to give, had it been enabled to more than exist. Even the princely spirit of Elizabeth was forced to seek in severity an expedient against the evils that followed the confiscation of the Church Estates and the Establishment. Instead of being the great support of the poor, the founder of hospitals, the munificent mother of the whole system of national charity was stricken into pauperism.

The punishment was not yet complete. Out of the pauperism of the Church grew Puritanism. The Established clergy, ground to the dust by the difficulties of life, were unable to overthrow this new and violent incursion, alike on the Church and the Government, and the new republicanism of religion prevailed. If the ancient revenues had been left, England, three hundred years ago, would have been the most learned, intelligent, and powerful nation that the earth has seen. The Church would have planted a college in every county, would have endowed foundations for the support of learning in its earlier stages, and have made provision for the continued support of those learned men, who have been for the last three hundred years driven to perish in obscure heart-breaking labours for their daily bread. Germany at this hour owes almost the entire of her literary distinctions to those numerous little annuities and provisions attached to her courts and cathedrals for learned men; provisions totally wanting in England, except in the Fellowships of her Colleges, scanty and few as they are. The Establishment, undespoiled, would have built a place of worship in every parish, with a residence which would ensure the presence of a clergyman. All that is evil in pluralities would have been

at an end, for pluralities have grown out of the want of habitation for the clergy. The people would not have had to traverse miles across the country to find a place of worship, or not worship at all. They would have had a church at their doors. We should not have seen an Establishment, in which three-fourths of the clergy are little above the peasants round them, or four thousand livings under a hundred pounds a-year, with deductions for taxes and fees, diminishing even that pittance by a fourth. We should not see a crowd of the orphans of those gentlemen daily driven to find their common education in public charities, and scattered through the most obscure and menial employments of the most obscure trades, instead of emulating the attainments of the class in which they were born, and giving the contribution of their hereditary learning and piety to the nation.

The Puritans appealed to the popular passions. The King, in his extremity, appealed to the Established clergy. They were loyal, but they were now powerless. As Mary had been raised to scourge the Reformation, Cromwell was raised to crush the throne.

In all lands, the confiscator has been punished. The scourge may have been laid on by different hands, but the blood has alike followed the blow. Fifty years ago, Joseph the Second of Austria confiscated the lands of some of the monasteries in the Austrian Netherlands; the revenues were applied to the service of the state. The monasteries may have been useless, indolent, or even impure, but their wealth was not criminal; and its first and last designation should have been to the service of Heaven, by giving knowledge and teaching virtue. It went to clerks and secretaries, to squadrons of horse, and battalions of infantry. The crime was instantly smitten. Politicians, in their shortsightedness, can see nothing but what lies on the ground at their feet. To other men, the Heaven is spread above their heads, and they see in its signs the shapes of vengeance for the guilt of men. A furious insurrection arose in the Netherlands; not a monkish tumult for monkish injuries, but a Jacobin determination to abjure all

authority. The Emperor found himself suddenly plunged into war, and war with his own subjects, whose victory and defeat were equally and hourly draining the national blood. But a new enemy soon rushed into the field. Republican France threw her sword into the scale; and the Netherlands, the appanage of Austria for almost three centuries, were cut away from her for ever.

Another memorable instance stands before the eyes of Europe, to teach her sovereigns wisdom. The first act of the French Revolution was to seize upon the property of the Church. Are we to follow her example, at the risk of her punishment? Is England prepared to undergo the long agonies of France? Are her nobles ready for exile, her people for her chains and the conscription; her palaces for the revelry of her Mob, and her Churches for the pollutions of Jacobinism? The form of her vengeance may be different, but justice will not sleep, and if England lay but a finger on the consecrated property, heavy will be her visitation, and the heavier for her warning, for her experience, and for her consciousness of the guilt of the sacrilege. If the Irish Church is given over to the plunder of its enemies, the punishment will come, and woe be to the nation that abets the guilt and shares the spoil.

The history of the Reformation in Ireland is full of the same moral. It shows us the noblest effort ever made to introduce light and religion into the body of a nation frustrated by the spirit of spoil. It shows us the punishment inflicted in retribution, and it assigns the cause why Ireland has been for the last three centuries a source of toil, anxiety, waste, and weakness to England, if she is not finally destined to be her ruin. The Reformation fixed its foot in Ireland about nine years before the death of Henry the Eighth. It made way rapidly through the country. The Romish superstitions disappeared before it. The power of the Pope was trampled under its step. It went on like the original revelation, strong in its simplicity, more highly adorned in its nakedness than the pompous and embroidered superstition that it came to displace or to purify. It went on

with the nation following in its train, till it took possession of the temple, and signalized at once its spirit and its power, by driving out the money-changers, the old hereditary monopoly that had used holiness only as a cover for usurpation. The house of God was a den of thieves no more. A few years would have spread the Reformation from end to end of the island, but its progress was suddenly stopped by royal rapacity. The king laid his hands on the revenues of the Church. Henry had a right to overthrow the Romish hierarchy as a corruption of religion; he had no right to alienate its property from the service of all religion. The Romish priesthood had been corrupt stewards, and they deserved to be stripped of their stewardship. But the guilt of the servants could not criminate the estate. It was given for the purposes of God, it had been abused to the purposes of the priest; and now, instead of being restored to its original sacredness, it was abused to the purposes of the king. The rapacity which had broken short the strength of the Reformation in England proceeded the greater lengths of power, safe from public scrutiny, in an island little regarded by the English Parliaments or people. One-half of the entire revenue of the converted Church was seized. The crown *confiscated* to its own use, or that of its dependents, five hundred and sixty-two rectories, with one hundred and eighteen additional parishes, in all, *six hundred and eighty parishes!* The great nobles, their relatives, every man who commanded influence with the Government, rushed to this general distribution of sacrilege. The tithes, alienated to laymen, amounted to *three hundred thousand pounds a-year!* But rapacity did not stop here. A fresh seizure was made of the glebe lands. They were still able to furnish a meal for those wholesale devourers. They seized upon *fourteen hundred and eighty glebes!* A curse fell instantly upon the transaction. The Reformation suddenly stopped—it was all but strangled in the birth. The Protestant clergy, the stronghold of English allegiance, decayed out of the land, or struggled for a meagre and failing subsistence. The churches fell into ruin; vast dis-

tricts were left without education, without protection, without a knowledge of the simplest rudiments of religion. English feelings died; furious animosities rose up in their place. The English language was again superseded by the dialect of the country. The Romish superstitions again flooded the land, perverting all its admirable powers into the materials of national ruin; degrading its courage into ferocity, its feelings into savage revenge; its allegiance into a wild clanship of blood and plunder; its ability into the subtleties and stratagems of obscure, but perpetual and sanguinary rebellion. The whole tempest fell upon the unhappy victims of royal rapacity with a weight of ruin unexampled in the records of Europe. The Reformation, the cause of truth and England, perished under the knife. Massacre was the retribution on the Government and the nation, which had rioted in the spoils of the Church of Ireland. The immediate sufferers were the Protestants of Ireland; but the blow fell deepest upon England. The pangs of the murdered were soon done. But the lasting vengeance was on that Government, and that country to which Ireland, from that hour to this, has been a source of restless anxiety; a refuge for every desperate principle, the fortress of a religion hostile to her belief, and to her allegiance; a port for the sails of every enemy; an open province for the career of every fierce passion and envenomed conspiracy; disaffection growing with its growth, until we reckon the levies of rebellion by millions, and hear from two thousand darkened altars the cry of "Down with England!"

Or let us look to a single instance in this long history of wretchedness, the results of a single crime; a single feature in the physiognomy where all is convulsion. In the middle of the last century, the Irish Parliament committed a new act of spoliation in the Irish Church. In the lapse of years the chief part of the land had fallen into pasture. The great landholders now determined to seize upon the tithes of this pasture, thus depriving the impoverished clergy of nearly the whole of that portion of their income, paid by the nobles and

gentry of the land. Their argument for this atrocious robbery was the argument which we hear at this hour. "The clergy are few; the country is naked of religious teachers; the Churches are in ruins; and *therefore* we must despoil." It was in vain urged upon the legislature, that the remedy for the national evils was *not* to despoil, but to restore. To build Churches, to enable the churchmen to reside; to give back the sacred property, without which, knowledge, loyalty, and religion must perish. These were the arguments of truth and sound policy. The arguments of power and peculation were mightier, and they prevailed. The unresisting church was plundered. An act of Parliament declared that the "title of agistment" was claimable no longer, and, with that last contemptuous violation of right, which acknowledges that it acts in scorn of law, Parliament actually prohibited all Barristers from pleading in any action for the title of pasture land. Thus the Church was not simply robbed, but commanded to abstain from exclaiming against the robbery; not simply stripped of its chief possession, but laid under ban for seeking the common defence of the beggar against his injurer.

But let us look to the sequel. The Church was unresisting, and the act had its full sweep. The great landholders in Parliament rejoiced in their plunder of a feeble opponent. But they soon had another enemy to deal with. A furious peasant insurrection arose in those pasture provinces. The lives and properties of the landlords were suddenly at the mercy of the pike and the firebrand. Whiteboyism, the concentration of the revenge, the avarice, the riot, and the superstition of the multitude, tore and ravaged the whole south of Ireland. The clergy suffered in the common war against all property. But the national devastation amounted to millions in money, and more than millions in the check of commerce and civilisation, in the renewed barbarism of the popular mind, in the degradation of the national character, and the utter disgrace of government. This insurrection lasted fifty years! Nominally a war against tithes, it was a furious revolt against all law, for the plunder of all pro-

party. During this fatal period, Ireland was held in perpetual terror. All the activity of a repentant legislature was useless against a form of hostility that perpetually defied its grasp; that was visible only in its havoc; that made its voice heard only in the arteries of the country which it convulsed and tore. Law followed it, marking every step with blood—but followed it, only to see fresh ravages starting up hourly in its track. Armies followed it, and they might as well have chased the clouds on the ridges of the hills, where the peasant avengers of a cause, of which they knew nothing, stood scoffing at the hopelessness of pursuit. Misery overspread the most fertile portion of Ireland. The prisons were freighted with the Insurgents; the jails were crowded, the scaffold groaned; but the Insurgency was not put down. It even spread under the pressure of government. From the south, it flowed into the centre and the north of Ireland. Banditti, under various names, carried fire and sword through the estates of the nobles, until the time was ripe for the catastrophe. A new material was then thrown in to rouse the popular combustion to a flame. The French Revolution was the summoner of the new spirit of evil. Political folly and atheist fury were flung blazing into the heap which had been smouldering for fifty years. The peasant passions were roused by French partisanship. The hatred of the Church and the landlord were swelled into hatred of all that bore the name of authority. A republican Directory was now arrayed against the Crown. A rebel army stood in the field against the King's troops; battles were fought, towns were sacked, prisoners *burned alive*, five provinces were desolated, a million of money was wasted in the suppression of the rebellion; the banishment of multitudes, the utter impoverishment of multitudes; and the bones of *ten thousand* of the unfortunate peasantry mingled with those of many a gallant soldier of the King's troops, bleaching on fields of obscure but bloody encounters, were the consummation of an act of Government, that, like its predecessor a century before, began in rapine and was punished in massacre.

But the enemies of the Church and of your Majesty have pronounced that an Establishment, above beggary, is injurious to nations, and hostile to Religion. The argument is the logic of party for the purposes of gain,—against nature, against history,—the perversion of fact for the perversion of the understanding,—a vulgar and insolent sophism. It confounds the superfluity of the individual with the opulence of the whole; finds the virtues of the Church guilty of the vices of the priest, and brands with the same accusation the piety of the altar and the luxury of the servant who defrauds the altar.

But by whom was founded the most magnificent Establishment that the world has ever seen? By whom was that worship ordained, to which every *individual* of the nation, or of the blood of the nation, far or near, gave his yearly tribute;—to whose service a *twelfth tribe* of the nation was devoted, with more than a tenth part of the *whole income* of the land? The Jewish Establishment was the express work of inspiration, the offspring, *not* of the fears and vanities of kings or priests, but of the direct command of the Creator. But the proportion is stronger still. The tribe of Levi, to which was appropriated, by the Divine command, a tenth of the whole produce of Judea,—animals of pasture, corn, oil, wine, and fruits,—was not even a twelfth part of the population. In the most populous period of the Jewish government, under its Kings, the males of the Tribe, from thirty years old, were calculated at no more than thirty-eight thousand, in a population of about six millions; or, allowing for women, children, and the aged, scarcely a fortieth of the male population of Israel. The priests, a class chosen from among the Levites, and sharing in their income, received, in addition, offerings of first fruits, and contributions of other provision for their peculiar use. And of this *no part* was given for the poor, an additional tithe of the produce of the land being allotted for their subsistence. Thirty-eight thousand men devoted to the temple service in a population not the *third* of Great Britain. And by whom was this appointed? The same autho-

rity which has given Revelation to man.

The outcry now is against *Tithes*. They are declaimed against by all the orators of the clubs, as a public plunder. They are written against by all the political economists, those philosophers of confusion, and pronounced to be, by the very nature of things, ruinous to the growth of property, and especially fatal to agriculture. But by what authority was the *whole income* of the Jewish nation placed under *tithe*? Was it by an authority ignorant of the working of its own principles, or desirous to break down the nation which it had rescued? While we are told that *tithe* is the very bane of all industry, the utter enemy of all improvement, especially in the cultivation of the ground; what are the facts? The whole property of Judea was agricultural. She had neither mines nor manufactures of any moment, neither colony nor commerce of any extent. Yet it was on this agricultural country that a *universal system of tithe* was laid, and laid by the command of that Power which supremely willed the happiness of the Land; which, knowing what was worst and best for the nation, enacted a system of contribution to its church, more extensive, unremitted, and munificent, than ever was seen on Earth, before or since, and which exhibited the soundness of the principle, and the safety of the measure, in the most singular productiveness and splendid luxuriance of a soil owing so little to nature, that it owed nearly all to industry.

Such is the true answer to the half-witted oratory of the popular declaimer, and to the solemn ignorance of the dreaming philosopher. The first example of a church was by the express will of the Deity, declared amid the thunderings and lightnings of Sinai. That church was appointed an *Established Church*, a great Religious Institute, conjoined with the *Government of the State*, each sustaining and influencing the other; the Church consecrating the State, the State defending the civil rights of the Church. That *Established Church* was appointed to derive its support from *tithes*, and those *tithes* were laid exclusively upon the produce of the soil. Can

demonstration go further? or can it be possible to doubt that the Great Author of this code was not master of resources innumerable for the support of his worship, *without* this system, if it had been injurious in its nature? Or is it a contradiction to the nature of things, that, under the most exact and universal system of *tithe* ever seen, Judea was, for three hundred years, the happiest country of the earth; that her hills and valleys were a proverb for abundance; and that it was not till she held back her hand from the support of her national church, and shared its property with the worship of the heathen, that she felt the first symptom of national downfall.

The British clergy do not claim their property in right of the Jewish code. They claim it on the same right by which the King of England sits on his throne—the law, and by possession older than the sanction of any lay property in England, or in Europe. In point of right, they separate themselves altogether from any fancied inheritance of the privileges of the Jewish church. But they appeal to the history of that church, as unanswerable proof, that the system on which they depend is neither hostile to nature, nor injurious to man; they appeal to its origin, as the appointment of the Divine Wisdom, and to its results, as the evidence that it is consistent with the wellbeing of industry, the comforts of the people, and the wealth of nations.

Your Majesty's Coronation Oath is your answer, and the answer of the Church, to all who demand that *you* should sanction the general spoil. You have sworn to the nation that you will preserve all rights and privileges of the Church as by law established. Your Majesty's enemies call on you to rob the Church which you have sworn to defend, and tell you that this robbery is according to law. They have the audacity to tell you, in defiance of the common meaning of the English tongue, that protection implies the power, and the power implies the right of plunder. With the pistol of the highwayman at the breast, such language might be heard, and must be complied with. But for such theory, and such practice, the lawyer of the high-

way would be hanged. Are we to be told, that "as established by law," leaves an opening for *all changes* to be made by the Legislature? And must not this miserable perversion of truth and reason be answered by the question—Does an oath to preserve mean a permission to break down? Was this the intention of the framers of the oath?

But to come still closer to the point. Was it the belief of any man, among the thousands who rejoiced in seeing a constitutional King take the great constitutional pledge, and bind himself, by all his hopes here and hereafter, to fidelity to the people, their rights, and institutions?—Or was it the belief of any of those high functionaries who administered the oath, that they were then dictating a formula for the seizure of the revenues of the Irish Church, to the amount of nearly one half of her total revenues? that they were then discarding one half of her Bishops, and finally and for ever confiscating the whole of the lands appointed for the support of the whole Episcopal order of Ireland?—That your Majesty took the Coronation Oath in perfect sincerity, I unequivocally believe. That you never even contemplated the possibility of the sweeping embezzlement now urged upon you by your enemies, I as unequivocally believe; and that, if it had been proposed to you in that solemn hour, when you pledged yourself to the utmost defence of every privilege of the Constitution, and, by especial name, of the privileges of the Church of the Empire, you would have spurned the proposer with the astonishment natural to a man of honour and integrity, insulted by a proposal of the deepest injury to his conscience.

Let the phrase, "as by law established," once be suffered to imply, "as by the will" of every predominant party, and every change of opinion in the Legislature, and the whole frame of society is unhinged. What contract can stand, if its firmness depends on the vote of a popular assembly? What pledge between man and man—what between King and people? The throne is "established by law;" a vote of the House of Commons may declare the throne useless, as it has declared in times covered with blood. Are we to be

told, that the extinction of the British throne was contemplated in the phrase, "as established by law?" If this could be the case, we ought to shape our language to the fact. Let the oath of allegiance be subject to this construction, and it may be the pretext for rebellion to-morrow. Let its sacred promise of fidelity to the King be open to the colouring which may be thrown on it by the vote of a popular body, and the oath may be conspiracy, or nothing. But what man ever heard of a contingent oath of allegiance, or allowed the obligation contracted to his King in the presence of God, to be dissolved at the caprice of any assembly, while the King is true to his bond? But no chicanery of language can make a pledge to preserve the Church in all her rights, according to law, imply a possibility of every kind of wrong, "according to law," the seizure of half her income, "according to law." Push the principle to its natural length, and the oath to the preservation of the Church will cover her total destruction; for the right is as much violated in the half as in the whole. Change may be made, but it must be for improvement. The plunder of half the revenues of the Church cannot be for improvement; and it is therefore totally indefensible. Revenues, under cover of the phrase, "according to law," might be distorted into the justification of the wildest caprice of rabble folly, or the blackest deed of rabble crime. Charles I. died by a vote of the Legislature—Louis XVI. died by a vote of the Legislature. That covering of all iniquity, in the mouths of the English Roundhead and the French Jacobin, "according to law," wrapped the regicide. But the common indignation of mankind refused to suffer this insult to its reason—stripped the robe from his forehead, and sent him branded to his grave.

But what is the actual state of the Irish Church? As if for the express purpose of proving the utter baseness of the cry of Reform, where the voice is the voice of rapine, the Irish Church never was so free from all stain of inefficiency as at this hour. Never was there a holier spirit of energy infused through its entire system—never a more vigorous prosecution of all the objects that make

a Church a blessing to a people. Extensive charities—unwearied efforts for education—the general erection of churches, schoolhouses, and hospitals—an extraordinary diffusion of religious and moral influence throughout the whole portion of the country where the Protestant clergy are not yet put out of the protection of the law.

The state of the Irish Church forms one of the most curious fragments of ecclesiastical history in later times. During the whole of the last century it laboured under the double burden of extreme poverty and English politics. The benefices, poor as they were, almost totally passed into the possession of individuals whose chief merits were their connexions. Parliament and the country were governed by patronage; the inevitable consequence of a separate legislature, incapable of being controlled, but willing to be corrupted. Thus the Church, first beggared, was next disgraced. The churchman, first the creature of patronage, was next consigned to poverty, and coming without the zeal which alone could have rendered even opulence effective, was fixed in a penury which must have reduced all zeal to empty wishes. The union of the Legislatures in the year 1800 produced a sudden and surprising change. The burden of Parliamentary patronage was taken off the Church, and it rapidly acquired the port and vigour of its original freedom. Character took the place of connexion, and a race of active, intelligent, and Scriptural labourers in their sacred function superseded the ancient encumbrances of the Establishment. That those men had ever hung heavy upon the character of the Church was the fault, *not* of the Establishment, but of the Parliament which demanded the patronage, and of the Cabinet which stooped to the purchase. Its poverty continued, or was but slightly and partially diminished. But from what that Church has done under all its narrowness of income, we may estimate what would have been the extent of its services with means adequate to its zeal. By authentic reports, furnished in the years 1800 and 1803, it was proved, that of the whole population of Ireland, not *one-third* had hitherto been taught

even to read. The schoolmasters were peasants, wandering from village to village, keeping school in the first barn they came to; and, in general, doing much more evil than good by their itinerancy. They were the chief disseminators of rebellion among the people, the scribblers of threatening letters and seditious songs, and, in many instances, the secretaries and emissaries of associations of direct treason. The Scriptures were almost totally unknown, even when they were not suppressed by that fatal religious mandate, which has for ages exercised so unrelaxing a tyranny over the mind of the lower Irish population. A few years before this period, a Protestant society, entitled "The Association for discountenancing Vice, and promoting Religion and Virtue," had commenced its labours. Its first resolution was, "To make effectual provision that no cabin, or house in the whole kingdom in which there is a single person who can read, shall live destitute of the Holy Scriptures." In the spirit of this wise, philanthropic, and hallowed determination, the members immediately commenced their plan. Their objects were declared to be, 1. The distribution of the Scriptures at reduced prices. 2. The establishment of schools in the more uninstructed districts. 3. The donation of premiums for good conduct and activity to the country schoolmasters. 4. The establishment of a seminary for schoolmasters and parish clerks. 5. The enforcing the stricter observance of the Lord's day. 6. The translation of the Scriptures into the Irish language. 7. A house of reform for the criminal poor. 8. The institution of Sunday schools. 9. The distribution of tracts having no controversial tendency. 10. The establishment of spinning schools. 11. Catechetical examinations of the children throughout Ireland in the Scriptures.

This noble design was carried into rapid and vigorous execution. It comprehended the whole remedial extent of Christian charity. It was the first great invasion of the realm of barbarism, superstition, and ignorance in Ireland; and the banners that it planted within the empire of darkness have never retrograded. This Association numbered among

its most zealous members, and most active agents, the body of the Irish clergy. Before thirty years had passed, it had in its superintendence and connexion schools containing upwards of thirty thousand children! But this was not all. The Sunday schools had been formed by the Protestant clergy. Four years ago, the number of children attending them was nearly two hundred thousand! The numbers in the schools connected with the Kildare Place Society were upwards of one hundred thousand! In those great works of national renovation many pious laymen took a strong interest; but the chief guidance, the sustaining spirit, and the general origin, was with the clergy of the feeble and impoverished Church of Ireland.

The labours of the clergy in the general supply of the means of public worship, and of religious teaching, were on a scale which deserves the admiration of all who knew the difficulties under which these effects were accomplished. One direct result of the early poverty of the Irish Establishment was the paucity of the clergy. In the reign of George the First, the average number of beneficed clergy in each diocese was but twenty-four. In 1726, there were but one hundred and forty-one glebe-houses. In 1800, there were but 295, after nearly a century, with a resident Parliament, and a considerable increase in the trade and general wealth of the country.

But in 1820 the number of glebe-houses were increased by 473! making, in the whole, 768. In the ten years to 1829, 250 glebe-houses in addition had been built. In the same period 200 churches had been built. The number of resident beneficed clergy in 1806, were 693, with 560 curates. In 1830, the number of residents was nearly doubled, it amounting to upwards of 1200, with about 750 curates, making, in the whole, nearly 2000 clergy of the Established Church. And this is the Church, thus labouring to spread good through its country, and actually laying on it every hour the foundations of English connexion and loyalty, at the same time with

religious knowledge, that it is proposed to meet with a tax of £70,000 a-year, on an income (at the very largest estimate) of £300,000; an impost of upwards of a sixth of the gross income of the clergy, supposing that income to be paid regularly and in full. It is even declared, that this tax, with the rates previously laid on, would amount to forty-two per cent. In addition to this injury, the bishop's lands are to be totally alienated from all the uses of religion, charity, manly literature, fitting hospitality, and the general adornment, protection, and popular acceptance of the Church. Again, we demand, what state necessity exists for this spoliation? Is the nation invaded? is the nation bankrupt? has the Legislature any stronger ground for this monstrous act, than the ground of the National Convention of France, that the plunder is convenient, and that the convenience justifies the seizure?

But the orators tell us of "bloat-ed bishops" and luxurious clergymen. If men, unsuited to their functions, are suffered to possess the high stations of the Church, the patronage of the bishops is in the hands of the Crown; let the next choice be more carefully looked to; let men of virtue and learning be appointed, and the evil is at an end. But are we to be told that Protestantism ought to be reduced in Ireland, on account of the Popish majority. This is the great argument for cashiering the Irish clergy! This, which should be the great argument for increasing their numbers, for increasing their means, for protecting their efforts to spread the Gospel! The country is overrun with superstition, therefore extinguish knowledge;—it is weighed down with barbarian prejudices against the government, constitution, and religion of England, therefore cease from all attempts to lighten the yoke. The land is dark, therefore extinguish the light in your hand. Or, are we to be told, that the religion of the majority should be submitted to, whatever it may be? Then let us pronounce that all attempts to convert the heathen are criminal,—that we should not de-

sire to plant Christianity in Hindostan, while we are outnumbered by the millions of Mussulmans and idolaters,—that we should not send the Bible to the African or the South Sea islander. On this principle, Europe should have been left to this hour worshipping Thor and Woden. On this absurd and criminal principle, Christianity should never have stepped beyond the boundaries of Palestine.

There is one argument more—the argument, not of logic, but of intimidation, indolence, and folly. The measure will be carried whether we like it or not, therefore let us yield. The tide is pronounced to be irresistible, then let us give up oar and rudder, and go with the stream. What is this but the argument in a circle? They first take the irresistibility for granted, and then ground their result upon it, as if it were solid as a rock. They fabricate their own premises, and then counsel us to abide by their conclusion. Yet what is this but an appeal to the baser portion of our nature, not to our understanding, but to our fears. On such a principle, what limit could be set to the justification of guilt? The robbery will be done, whether we join in it or not, therefore let us be accomplices. The knife will be plunged in the heart, let us protest as we may, therefore let us abandon

our protest, and take our share of the crime. On this reasoning, all the manliness of resisting oppression is at an end. It may be virtue to resist it when it is weak, but it is virtue no more when it is strong. In this view fear is wisdom, and fortitude folly. The ways of fraud, subtlety, and tergiversation, are the ways in which nations ought to tread, the ways of principle, turning neither to the right nor the left, bright as the light, and open as the Heaven, are to be shunned as the paths of enthusiasm. We are to do evil that good may come; to gather grapes of thorns and figs of thistles; to despoil a church to please a faction, and stoop a throne to the dust in order to conciliate a grim and furious spirit of hate, that would rejoice to see, and yet hopes to see, that throne scattered to the winds in ashes and flame. If the Irish Church be now flung under the feet of the combined atheist and idolater, the jacobin and the rebel, it will not be the last victim. The chariot-wheel, dipt in the blood of parricide, will not be checked by this crime. It will be urged on only with more furious velocity, until revenge has no more to trample, cupidity to wish for, or usurpation to enjoy, degrade, and ruin.

* * * *

TOM CRINGLE'S LOG.

CHAP. XXI.

THE SECOND CRUISE OF THE WAVE.

"I longed to see the isles that gem
 Old ocean's purple domain;
 I sought by turns, and saw them all."
The Boat of A

SHORTLY after we made the land about Nassau, the breeze died away, and it fell nearly calm.

"I say, Thomas," quoth Aaron, "for this night at least we must still be your guests, and lumber you on board of your seventy-four. No chance, so far as I see, of getting into port to-night; at least if we do, it will be too late to go on shore."

He said truly, and we therefore made up our minds to sit down once more to our rough and round dinner, in the small, hot, choky cabin of the Wave. As it happened, we were all in high glee. I flattered myself that my conduct in the late affair would hoist me up a step or two on the roaster for promotion, and my excellent friends were delighted at the idea of getting on shore.

After the cloth had been drawn, Mr Bang opened his fire. "Tom, my boy, I respect your service, but I have no great ambition to belong to it. I am sure no bribe that I am aware of could ever tempt me to make 'my home upon the deep,'—and I really am not sure that it is a very gentlemanly calling after all.—Nay, don't look glum;—what I meant was, the egregious weariness of spirit you must all undergo from consorting with the same men day after day, hearing the same jokes repeated for the hundredth time, and, whichever way you turn, seeing the same faces morning, noon, and night, and listening to the same voices. Oh! I should die in a year's time were I to become a sailor."

"But," rejoined I, "you have your land bores, in the same way that we have our sea bores; and we have this advantage over you, that if the devil should stand at the door, we can always escape from them sooner or later, and can buoy up our souls with the certainty that we can so escape from them at the end of

the cruise at the farthest; whereas if you happen to have taken root amidst a colony of bores on shore, why *you* never can escape, unless you sacrifice all your temporalities for that purpose; ergo, my dear sir, *our* life has its advantages, and *yours* has its disadvantages."

"Too true—too true," rejoined Mr Bang. "In fact, judging from my own small experience, *Borism* is fast attaining a head it never reached before. Speechifying is the crying and prominent vice of the age. Why will the ganders not recollect that eloquence is the gift of heaven, Thomas? A man may improve it unquestionably, but the Promethean fire, the electrical spark, must be from on high. No mental perseverance or education could ever have made a Demosthenes, or a Cicero, in the ages long past; nor an Edmund Burke"——

"Nor an Aaron Bang in times present," said I.

"Hide my roseate blushes, Thomas," quoth Aaron, as he continued—"Would that men would speak according to their gifts, study Shakespeare and Don Quixote, and learn of me; and that the real blockhead would content himself with speaking when he is spoken to, drinking when he is *drucken* to, and ganging to the kirk when the bell rings. You never can go into a party nowadays, that you don't meet with some shallow, prosing, pestilent ass of a fellow, who thinks that empty sound is conversation; and not unfrequently there is a spice of malignity in the blockhead's composition; but a creature of this calibre you can wither, for it is not worth crushing, by withholding the sunshine of your countenance from it, or by leaving it to drive on, until the utter contempt of the whole company claps—to change the figure—

a wet night-cap as an extinguisher on it, and its small stinking flame flickers and goes out of itself. Then there is your sentimental water-fly, who *blares* in the *hugs* of the women, and elips the King's English, and your high-flying dominie body, who *whumbles* them outright. I speak figuratively. But all these are as dust in the balance to the wearisome man of ponderous acquirements, the solemn blockhead who usurps the *pas*, and if he happens to be rich, fancies himself entitled to prose and palaver away, as if he were Sir Oracle, or as if the pence in his purse could ever fructify the *cauld parritch* in his pate into pregnant brain.—There is a plateful of P's for you at any rate, Tom. Beautiful exemplification of the art alliterative—ain't it?

'Oh that Heaven the gift would give us,
To see ourselves as others see us.'

My dear boy, speechifying has extinguished conversation. Public meetings, God knows, are rife enough, and why will the muskulls not confine their infernal dulness to them? why not be satisfied with splitting the ears of the groundlings there? why will they not consider that convivial conversation should be lively as the sparkle of musketry, brilliant, sharp, and sprightly, and not like the thundering of heavy cannon, or heavier *bombs*.—But no—you shall ask one of the Drawley's across the table to take wine. 'Ah,' says he—and how he makes out the contentation, God only knows.—'This puts me in mind, Mr Thingumbob, of what happened when I was chairman of the county club, on such a day. Alarming times these were, and deneedly nervous I was when I got up to return thanks. My friends, said I, this unexpected and most unlooked for honour—this!—Here blowing all your breeding to the winds, you fire a question across his bows into the fat pleasant fellow, who speaks for society beyond him, and expect to find that the dull sailer has hauled his wind, or dropped astern—(do you twig how nautical I have become in my lingo under Tail-tackle's tuition, 'Tom?—but, alas! no sooner has the sparkle of our fat friend's wit lit up the whole worshipful society, than down comes Draw-

ley again upon you, like a heavy-sterned Dutch dogger, right before the wind.—'As I was saying—this unexpected and most unlooked for honour!—and there you are pinned to the stake, and compelled to stand the fire of all his blunt bird-bolts for half an hour on end. At length his mud has all dribbled from him, and you hug yourself.—'Ah,—come, here is a talking man opening his fire, so we shall have some conversation at last.' But alas and adack a day! *Pro-say* the second chimes in, and works away, and hems and haws, and hawks up some old scraps of schoolboy Latin and Greek, which are all Hebrew to you, honest man, until at length he finishes off by some solemn twaddle about fossil turnips and vitrified brickbats; and thus concludes *Pozzy* No. 2. Oh, shade of Edie Ochiltree! that we should stand in the taunt of such unmerciful spend-thrifts of our time on earth! Besides, the devil of it is, that whatever may be said of the flippant *palaverers*, the heavy bores are generally most excellent and amiable men, so that one can't abuse the *samples* with any thing like a quiet conscience?

"Come," said I, "my dear sir, you are growing satirical."

"Quarter less three," rung out the leadsmen in the chains.

We were now running in past the end of Hog Island to the port of Nassau, where the lights were sparkling brightly. We anchored, but it was too late to go on shore that evening, so after a parting glass of swizzle, we all turned in for the night.

To be near the wharf, for the convenience of refitting, I had run the schooner close in, being aware of the complete security of the harbour, so that in the night I could feel the little vessel gently take the ground. This awoke me and several of the crew, for accustomed as sailors are to the smooth bounding motion of a buoyant vessel, rising and falling on the heaving bosom of the ocean, the least touch on the solid ground, or against any hard floating substance, thrills to their hearts with electrical quickness. Through the thin bulkhead I could hear the officers speaking to each other.—"We are touching the ground," said

one.—“And if we be, there is no sea here—all smooth—landlocked entirely,” quoth another. So all hands of us, except the watch on deck, snoozed away once more into the land of deep forgetfulness. We had all for some days previously been over-worked, and over-fatigued; indeed, ever since the action had caused the duty of the little vessel to devolve on one half of her original crew, those who had escaped had been subjected to great privations, and were nearly worn out.

It might have been four bells in the middle watch, when I was awakened by the *discontinuation* of Mr Swob's heavy sleep over head; but judging that the poor fellow might have toppled over into a slight temporary snooze, I thought little of it, persuaded as I was that the vessel was lying in the most perfect safety. In this belief I was falling over once more, when I heard a short startled grunt from one of the men in the steerage, which was separated from us by a very slight bulkhead—then a sudden sharp exclamation from another—a louder exclamation or surprise from a third—and presently Mr Wagtail, who was sleeping on a mattress spread on the locker below us, gave a spurt ring cough. A heavy splash followed, and, simultaneously, several of the men forward shouted out “Ship full of water—water up to our hammocks;” while Wagzy, who had roned on his narrow couch, sang out at the top of his pipe, “I be drowned, bang. Tom Cringle, my dear—Godd, I am drowned—we are all drowned—the ship is at the bottom of the sea, and we shall have eels enough here, if we had none at Biggleswade. Oh! murder! murder!”

“Sound the bell,” I could hear Tailtackle, who had run on deck, sing out.

“No use in that,” I called out, as I splashed out of my wana cot, up to my knees in water. “Bring a light, Mr Tailtackle; a bottom plank must have started, or a butt, or a hidden-end. The schooner is full of water beyond doubt, and as the tide is still making, stand by to hoist out the boats, and get the wounded into them. But don't be alarmed, men; the schooner is on the ground, and it is near high

water. So be cool and quiet. Don't bother now—don't!”

By the time I had finished my extempore speech I was on deck, where I soon found that, in very truth, there was no use in sounding the bell, or manning the pumps either, as some wounded plank had been crushed out bodily by the pressure of the vessel when she took the ground; and there she lay— the tidy little Wave—regularly bilged, with the tide flowing into her.

Every one of the crew was now on the alert. Bedding and bags and some provisions were placed in the boats of the schooner; and several craft from the shore, hearing the alarm, were now alongside; so danger there was none, except that of catching cold, and I therefore bethought me of looking in on my guests in the cabin. I descended, and waded into our late dormitory with a candle in my hand, and the water nearly up to my waist. I there found my steward, also with a light, splashing about in the water, catching a stray hat here, and fishing up a spare coat there, and anchoring a chair, with a piece of open yarn, to the pillar of the small side berth on the starboard side; while our friend Massa Aaron was coolly lying in his cot on the larboard, the bottom of which was by this time within an inch of the surface of the water, and bestirring himself in an attempt to get his trowsers on, which by some lucky chance he had stowed away under his pillow overnight, and there he was sticking up first one peg and then another, until by sidling and shifting in his narrow lair, he contrived to rig himself in his nether garments. “But, steward, my good man,” he was saying when I entered, “where is my coat, eh?” The man groped for a moment down in the water, which his nose dipped into, with his shirt-sleeves tucked up to his arm-pits, and then held up some dark object, that to me at least looked like a piece of black cloth hooked out of a dyer's vat. Alas! this was Massa Aaron's coat; and while the hats were bobbing at each other in the other corner like seventy-fours, with a squadron of shoes in their wakes, and Wagtail was sitting in the side-berth with his wet night-gown drawn about him, his muscu-

lar developement in high relief through the clinging drapery, and bemoaning his fate in the most pathetic manner that can be conceived, our ally Aaron exclaimed, "I say, Tom, how do you like the cut of my Sunday coat, eh?" while our friend Paul Gelid, who it seems had slept through the whole row, was at length startled out of his sleep, and sticking one of his long shanks over the side of his cot in act to descend, immersed it in the cold salt brine.

"Lord! Wagtail," he exclaimed, "my dear fellow, the cabin is full of water—we are sinking—ah! Deucedly annoying to be drowned in this hole, amidst dirty water, like a tubful of ill-washed potatoes—ah."

"Tom—Tom 'Cringle," shouted Mr Bang at this juncture, while he looked over the edge of his cot on the *stramash* below, "saw ever any man the like of that? Why, see there—there, just under your candle, Tom—a bird's nest floating about with a *maris* in it, as I am a gentleman."

"D—n your bird's nest and *maris* too, whatever that may be," roared little Mr Pepperpot. "By Jupiter, it is my wig, with a live rat in it."

"Confound your wig!—ah," quoth Paul, as the steward fished up what I took at first for a pair of brimfall water-stoups. "Zounds! look at my boots."

"And confound both the wig and boots, say I," sung out Mr Bang. "Look at my Sunday coat. Why, who set the ship on fire, Tom?"

Here his eye caught mine, and a few words sufficed to explain how we were situated, and then the only bother was how to get ashore, and where we were to sojourn, so as to have our clothes dried, as nothing could now be done until daylight. I therefore got our friends safely into a Nassau boat alongside, with their wet trunks and portmanteaus in charge of their black servants, and left them to fish their way to their lodging-house as they best could. By this, the wounded and the sound part of the crew had been placed on board of two merchant brigs, that lay close to us; and the masters of them proving accommodating men, I got them alongside, as the tide flowed, one on the starboard, the other on the larboard side, right over the Wave; and

next forenoon, when they took the ground, we rigged two spare topmasts from one midship port to another, and making the main and fore-rigging of the schooner fast to them, as the tide once more made, we weighed her, and floated her alongside of the sheer-hulk, against which we were enabled to heave her out, so as to get at the leak, and then by rigging bilge-pumps, we contrived to free her and keep her dry. The damaged plank was soon removed; and, being in a fair way to surmount all my difficulties, about half-past five in the evening I equipped myself in dry clothes, and proceeded on shore to call on our friends at their new domicile. When I entered, I was shown into the dining-hall by my ally, Pegtop.

"Massa will be here presently, sir."

"Oh—tell him he need not hurry himself:—But how is Mr Bang and his friends?"

"Oh, dem all wery so so, only Massa Wagtail hab take such a terrible cold, dat him tink he is going to dead; him wery sorry for himself, for true, massa."

"But where are the gentlemen, Pegtop?"

"All, every one on dem is in him bed. Wet clothes have been drying all day."

"And when do they mean to dine?"

Here Pegtop doubled himself up, and laughed like to split himself.

"Dem is all dining in bed, Massa. Shall I shew you to dem?"

"I shall be obliged; but don't let me intrude. Give my compliments, and say I have looked in simply to enquire after their health."

Here Mr Wagtail shouted from the inner apartment.

"Hillo! Tom, my boy! Tom 'Cringle!—here, my lad, here!"

I was shewn into the room from whence the voice proceeded, which happened to be Massa Aaron's bedroom: and there were my three friends stretched on sofas, in their night-clothes, with a blanket, sheet, and counterpane over each, forming three sides of a square round a long table, on which a most capital dinner was smoking, with wines of several kinds, and a perfect galaxy of wax

candles, with their sable valets, in nice clean attire, and smart livery coats, waiting on them.

"Ah, Tom," quoth Massa Paul, "delighted to see you;—come, *you* seem to have dry clothes on, so take the head of the table."

I did so; and broke ground forthwith with great zeal.

"Tom, a glass of wine, my dear," said Aaron. "Don't you admire us—classical, eh? Wagtail's head-dress, and Paul's night-cap—oh, the comforts of a woollen one! Ah, Tom, Tom, the Greeks had no Kilmarnock—none."

We all carried on cheerily, and Bang began to sparkle.

"Well, now since you have *weighed* the schooner and *found not much wanting*, I feel my spirits rising again.—A glass of champagne, Tom,—Your health, boy.—The dip the old hooker has got must have surprised the rats and cockroaches. Do you know, Tom, I really have an idea of writing a history of the cruise: only I am deterred from the melancholy consciousness that every blockhead now-a-days fancies he can write."

"Why, my dear sir, are you not coquetting for a compliment? Don't we all know, that many of the crack articles in *Ebony's Mag*?"

"Bah," clapping his hand on my mouth; "hold your tongue; all wrong in that!"

"Well, if it be not you then, I scarcely know to whom to attribute them.—Until lately, I only knew you as the warm-hearted West Indian gentleman; but now I am certain I am to!"

"Tom, hold your tongue, my beautiful little man. For, although I must plead guilty to having mixed a little in literary society in my younger days—'Alas! my heart, those days are *gane*'—"

"Ah, Mr Swop," as the master was ushered into the room, continued Mr Bang. "Plate and glasses for Mr Swop."

The sailor bowed, perched himself on the very edge of his chair, scarcely within long arm's length of the table, and sitting bolt upright, as if he had swallowed a spare studying-sail boom, drank our healths, and smoothed down his hair on his brow.

"Captain, I come to report the schooner ready to!"

"Poo," rattled out Mr Bang; "time for your tale by and by;—help yourself to some of that capital beef, Peter,—S!"

"Yes, my love," continued our friend, resuming his *garn*. "I once coped even with John Wilson himself. Yea, in the fulness of my powers, I feared not even the Professor."

"Indeed!" said I.

"True as I am a gentleman. Why, I once, in a public trial of skill, beat him, even *h-m*, by eighteen measured inches, from heel to toe."

I stared.

"I was the slighter man of the two, certainly. Still, in a flying leap, I always had the best of it, until he astonished the world with the *Isle of Palms*. From that day forth, my springyness and elasticity left me. 'Fallen was my muscles' brawny vaunt.' I quailed. My genius stood rebuked before him. Nevertheless, at *hop-step-and-pump* I was his match still. When out came the *City of the Plague*! From that hour, the Great Ostrich could not hold the candle to the flying philosopher. And now, heaven help me! I can scarcely cover nineteen feet, with every advantage of ground for the run. It is true, the Professor was always in condition, and never required training; now, unless I had time for my hard food, I was seldom in wind."

Mr Peter Swop, emboldened and brightened by the wine he had so industriously swilled, and willing to contribute his quota of conversation, having previously jumbled in his noddle what Mr Bang had said about an ostrich, and hard food, asked, across the table—

"Do you believe ostriches eat iron, Mr Bang?"

Mr Bang slowly put down his glass, and looking with the most imperturbable seriousness the innocent master right in the face, exclaimed—

"Ostriches eat iron!—Do I believe ostriches eat iron, did you say, Mr Swop? Will you have the great kindness to tell me if this glass of Madeira be poison, Mr Swop? Why, when Captain Cringle there was in the *Bight of Benin*, from which

' One comes out
Where a hundred ;'

on board of the—what-d'ye-call-her? I forget her name—they had a tame ostrich, which was the wonder of the whole squadron. At the first go-off it had plenty of food, but at length they had to put it on short allowance of a Winchester bushel of tuppenny nails and a pump-bolt a day; but their supplies failing, they had even to reduce this quantity, whereby the poor bird, after unavailing endeavours to get at the iron ballast, was driven to pick out the iron bolts of the ship in the clear moonlight nights, when no one was thinking of it; so that the craft would soon have been a perfect wreck. And as the commodore would not hear of the creature being killed, Tom there undertook to keep it on copper bolts and sheathing until we reached Cape Coast. But it would not do; the copper soured on its stomach, and it died. Believe an ostrich eats iron, quotha! But to return to the training for the jump—I used to stick to beef-steaks and a thimbleful of Burton ale; and again I tried the dried knuckle parts of legs of five-year-old black-faced muttons; but, latterly, I trained best, so far as wind was concerned, on birsled pease and whisky——

"On what?" shouted I, in great astonishment. "On what?"

"Yes, my boys; parched pease and whisky. Charge properly with birsled pease, and if you take a caulker just as you begin your run, there is the livestock to the gun for you, and away you fly through the air on the self-propelling principle of the Congreve Rocket. Well might that amiable, and venerable, and most learned Theban, Cockibus Bungo, who always held the stakes on these great occasions, exclaim, in his astonishment to *Cheesey*, the Janitor of many days,

' Like fire from flint I glanced away,
disdaining the laws of gravitation——

' Εγασσευ τι τινος
Ηίδος, τίνος περ-αυτου ;'

By Mercury, I swear,—yea, by his winged heel, I shall have at the Professor yet, if I live, and whisky and birsled pease fail me not."

Here Paul and I laughed, like to die; but Mr Wagtail appeared out

of sorts, somehow; and Swop looked first at one, and then at another, with a look of the most ludicrous uncertainty as to whether Mr Bang was quizzing him, or telling a verity.

"Why, Wagtail," said Gelid, "what ails you, my boy?"

I looked towards our little amiable fat friend. His face was much flushed, although I learned that he had been unusually abstemious, and he appeared heated and restless, and had evidently feverish symptoms about him.

"Who's there?" said Wagtail, looking towards the door with a *raised* look.

It was Taitackle, with two of the boys carrying a litter, followed by Peter Mangrove, as if he had been chief mourner at a funeral. Out of the litter a black paw, with *fishes* or splints whipped round it by a band of spunyarn, protruded, and kept swaying about like a pendulum.

"What have you got there, Mr Taitackle?"

The gammer turned round.

"Oh, it is a vagary of Peter Mangrove's, sir. Not contented with getting the Doctor to set Sneezer's starboard fore-leg, he insists on bringing him away from amongst the people at the capstan-house."

"True, Massa—Massa Taitackle say true; de poor dumb dog never shall cure him leg none at all, 'mong de men dere; dey all love him so mosh, and make of him so mosh, and stuff him wid salt wittal so mosh, til him blood inflammation like a hel, and den him so good temper, and so gratify wid dere attention, dat I believe him will eat till him kickeriboo of sonefut, [surfeit, I presumed;] and, beside, I know de dog healt will instantly mend if him see you. Oh, Massa Aaron, [our friend was smiling;] it not like you to make fun of poor black fellow, when him is take de part of soch old friend as poor Sneezer. De Captain dere cannot laugh, dat is if him will only tink on dat fearful cove at Puerto Escondido, and what Sneezer did for bote of we dere."

"Well, well, Mangrove, my man," said Mr Bang, "I will ask leave of my friends here to have the dog bestowed in a corner of the piazza, so let the boys lay him down there, and here is a glass of grog for you—so.—

Now go back again," as the poor fellow had drunk our healths.

Here Sneezer, who had been still as a mouse all this while, put his black snout out of the hammock, and began to cheep and whine in his gladness at seeing his master, while the large tears ran down his coal black muzzle as he licked my hand, while every now and then he gave a short fondling bark, as if he had said, "Ah, master, I thought you had forgotten me altogether, ever since the action where I got my leg broke by a grape-shot, but I find I am mistaken."

"Now, Tailtackle, what say you?"

"We may ease off the tackles to-morrow afternoon," said the gunner, "and right the schooner, sir; we have put in a dozen Cashaw knees, as tough as leather, and bolted the planks tight and fast. You saw these heavy quarters did us no good, sir; I hope you will beautify her again, now since the Spaniard's shot has pretty well demolished them already. I hope you won't replace them, sir. I hope Captain N—— may see her as she should be, as she was when your honour had your first pleasure cruise in her." Here—but I may have dreamed it—I thought the quid in the honest fellow's cheek stuck out in higher relief than usual for a short space.

"We shall see, we shall see," said I.

"I say, Don Timotheus," quoth Bang, "you don't mean to be off without drinking our healths?" as he tipped him a tumbler of brandy grog of very dangerous strength.

The warrant officer drank it, and vanished, and presently Mr Gelid's brother, who had just returned from one of the *out* islands, made his appearance, and after the greeting between the brothers was over, the stranger advanced, and with much grace invited us *en masse* to his house. But by this time Mr Wagtail was so ill, that we could not move that night, our chief concern now being to see him properly bestowed; and very soon I was convinced that his disease was a violent bilious fever.

The old brown landlady, like all her caste, was a most excellent nurse; and after the most approved and skilful surgeon of the town had seen him, and prescribed what was

thought right, we all turned in. Next morning, before any of us were up, a whole plateful of cards were handed to us, and during the forenoon these were followed by as many invitations to dinner. We had difficulty in making our election, but that day I remember we dined at the beautiful Mrs C——, and in the evening adjourned to a ball—a very gay affair; and I do freely avow, that I never saw so many pretty women in a community of the same size before.

Oh! it was a little paradise, and not without its Eve. But such an Eve! I scarcely think the old Serpent himself could have found it in his heart to have beguiled her.

"I say Tom, my dear boy," said Mr Bang, "do you see that darling? Oh, who can picture to himself without a tear, that such a creature of light, that such an ethereal-looking thing, whose step 'would ne'er wear out the everlasting flint,' that floating gossamer on the thin air, shall one day become an anxious-looking, sharp-featured, pale-faced, loud-tongued, thin-bosomed, broad-hipped wife!"

The next day, or rather in the same night, his Majesty's ship *Rabon* arrived, and the first tidings we had of it next morning were communicated by Captain Quevedechat himself, an honest, uproarious sailor. He chose to begin, as many a worthy ends, by driving up to the door of the lodging in a cart.

"Is the Captain of the small schooner that was swamped, here?" he asked of Massa Pegtop.

"Yes, sir, Captain Cringle is here, but him no get up yet."

"Oh, never mind, tell him not to hurry himself; but where is the table laid for breakfast?"

"Here, sir," said Pegtop, as he shewed him into the piazza.

"Ah, that will do—so give me the newspaper,—*tol de rol*," and he began reading and singing, in all the buoyancy of mind consequent on escaping from shipboard after a three months' cruise.

I dressed and came to him as soon as I could; and the gallant Captain, whom I had figured to myself a fine light gossamer lad of twenty-two, stared me in the face as a fat elderly cock of forty at the fewest; and as to bulk, I would not have

guaranteed that eighteen stone could have made him kick the beam. However, he was an excellent fellow, and that day he and his crew were of most essential service in assisting me in refitting the Wave, for which I shall always be grateful. I had spent the greater part of the forenoon in my professional duty, but about two o'clock I had knocked off, in order to make a few calls on the families to whom I had introductions, and who were afterwards so signally kind to me. I then returned to our lodgings in order to dress for dinner, before I sallied forth to worthy old Mr N——'s, where we were all to dine, when I met Aaron.

"No chance of our removing to Peter Gelid's this evening."

"Why?" I asked.

"Oh, poor Pepperpot Wagtail is become alarmingly ill; inflammatory symptoms have appeared, and"—Here the colloquy was cut short by the entrance of Mrs Peter Gelid—a pretty woman enough. She had come to learn herself from our landlady, how Mr Wagtail was, and with the kindness of the country, she volunteered to visit poor little Waggy in his sick-bed. I did not go into the room with her; but when she returned, she startled us all a good deal, by stating her opinion that the worthy man was really very ill, in which she was corroborated by the Doctor who now arrived. So soon as the *medico* saw him, he bled him, and after prescribing a lot of effervescent draughts, and various febrifuge mixtures, he left a large blister with the old brown landlady, to be applied over his stomach if the wavering and flightiness did not leave him before morning. As I knew Gelid was expected at his brother's, to meet a large assemblage of kindred, and as the night was rainy and tempestuous, I persuaded him to trust the watch to me; and as our brown landlady had been up nearly the whole of the previous night, I sent for Taitackle to spell me, while the black valets acted with great assiduity in their capacity of surgeon's mates. About two in the morning Mr Wagtail became delirious, and it was all that I could do, aided by my sable assistants, and an old black nurse to hold him down in his bed. Now was the time to clap on the blister, but he repeatedly tore

it off, so that at length we had to give it up for an impracticable job; and Taitackle, whom I had called up from his pullet, where he had gone to lie down for an hour, placed the *caustico*, as the Spaniards call it, at the side of the bed.

"No use in trying this any more at present," said I; "we must wait until he gets quieter, Mr Taitackle; so go to your bed, and I shall lie down on this sofa here, where Marie Paparoche—(this was our old landlady)—has spread sheets, I see, and made all comfortable. And send Mr Bang's servant, will you?—[friend Aaron had ridden into the country that morning to visit a friend, and the storm, as I conjectured, had kept him there]—he is fresh, and will call me in case I be wanted, or Mr Wagtail gets worse."

I lay down, and soon fell fast asleep, and I remembered nothing, until I awoke about eleven o'clock next morning, and heard Mr Bang speaking to Wagtail, at whose bedside he was standing.

"Pepperpot, my dear, be thankful—you are quite cool—a fine moisture on your skin this morning—be thankful, my little man—how did your blister rise?"

"My good friend," quoth Wagtail, in a thin weak voice, "I can't tell—I don't know; but this I perceive, that I am unable to rise, whether it has risen or no."

"Ah—weak," quoth Gelid, who had now entered the room.

"Nay," said Pepperpot, "not so weak as deucedly sore, and on a very unromantic spot, my dears."

"Why," said Aaron, "the pit of the stomach is not a very genteel department, nor the abdomen neither."

"Why," said Wagtail, "I have no blister on either of those places, but if it were possible to dream of such a thing, I would say it had been clapped on"—

Here his innate propriety tongue-tied him.

"Eh?" said Aaron; "what—has the *caustico* that was intended for the *frontiers* of Belgium been clapped by mistake on the broad *Pays Bas*?"

And so in very truth it turned out; for while we slept, the patient had risen, and sat down on the blister that lay, as already mentioned, on

a chair at his bedside, and again toppling into bed had fallen into a sound sleep, from which he had but a few moments before the time I writ of, awoke.

"Why, now," continued Aaron, to the Doctor of the Wave who had just entered—"why here is a discovery, my dear Doctor. You clap a hot blister on a poor fellow's head to cool it, but Doctor Cringle there has cooled Master Wagtail's brain, by blistering his stern—eh?—Make notes, and mind you report this to the College of Surgeons."*

I cleared myself of these imputations. Wagtail recovered; our refitting was completed; our wood, and water, and provisions, replenished; and, after spending one of the happiest fortnights of my life, in one continued round of gaiety, I prepared to leave—with tears in my eyes I will confess—the clear waters, bright blue skies, glorious climate, and warm-hearted community of Nassau, New Providence. Well might that old villain Blackbeard have made this sweet spot his favourite *rendezvous*. By the way, this same John Teach or Blackbeard had fourteen wives in this lovely island; and I am not sure but I could have picked out some-

thing approximating to the aforesaid number myself, with time and opportunity, from among such a galaxy of loveliness as then shone and sparkled in this dear little town. Speaking of the pirate Blackbeard, I ought to have related, that the morning before this, when I was at breakfast at Mrs C—'s, the amiable, and beautiful, and innocent girl-matron—ay, you supercilious son of a sea-cook, you may turn up your nose at the expression, but if you could have seen the burthen of my song† as I saw her, and felt the elegancies of her manner and conversation as I felt them—but let us stick to Blackbeard, if you please. We were all comfortably seated at breakfast; I had finished my sixth egg, had concealed a beautiful dried snapper, before whom even a *rizzard* haddock sank into insignificance, and was bethinking me of finishing off with a slice of Scotch mutton-ban, when in slid Mr Bang. He was received with all possible cordiality, and commenced operations very vigorously.

He was an amazing favourite of our hostess, (as where was he not a favourite?) so that it was some time before he even looked my way. We were in the midst of a discussion regarding the beauty of New Provi-

* In the manuscript Log forwarded to us by Mr Bang, who kindly undertakes to correct the proofs during his friend Cringle's absence in the North Sea, there is a leaf watered in here, with the following in Mr Aaron's own handwriting—

"Master Tommy has allowed his fancy some small poetical licences in this his Log. First of all, in Chapter XVI. he lays me out on the table, and makes theorpion sting me in the night, at Don Ricardo Campana's, whereas the villain himself was the hero of the story, and the man on whom N—— played off his tricks. But not content with this, he makes a bad pun, when speaking of Francesca Cangejo, which he puts into my mouth, to wit, as if I had not sins enough of my own to answer for, and then attains the climax of his evil-doing by killing me outright. And, secondly, in the present Chapter, he was in very truth the real King of the Netherlands, the integrity of whose low countries was violated, and not poor Wagtail—Squire Pepperpot, in his delirium, irritated by the part that Cringle had good-naturedly taken in endeavouring to clap the blister on his stomach, had watched his opportunity, and when all hands had fallen into a sound sleep, he got up and approached the sofa, where the *nautical* was snoozing. Tom, honest fellow, dreaming no harm, was luxuriating in the genial climate, and sleeping very much as we are given to believe little pigs do, as described in the old song, so that Pepperpot had no difficulty in applying the argument *a posteriori*, and having covered up the sleeping man-of-war, with the *caustico* adhering to his latter end like bird-lime, he retired noiseless as a cat to his own quarters. Time ran on, and when the blister should have risen next morning on Wagtail's stomach, Captain Cringle could not rise, and the jest went round; but Thomas nevertheless went about as usual, and was the gayest of the gay, dancing and singing; but whenever he dined out, he always carried a *breccium* with him.—This I vouch for. A. B.

† *Burthen*.—Tom was right here; she was within a week of her confinement.—A. B.

dence, and the West India Islands in general; and I was just remarking that nature had been liberal, that the scenery was unquestionably magnificent in the larger islands, and beautiful in the smaller; but there were none of those heart-stirring reminiscences, none of those thrilling electrical associations, which vibrate to the heart at visiting scenes in Europe famous in antiquity—famous as the spot in which recent victories had been achieved—famous even for the very freebooters, who once held unlawful sway in the neighbourhood. Why, there never has flourished hereabouts, for instance, even one thoroughly melo-dramatic thief. Massa Aaron let me go on, until he had nearly finished his breakfast. At length he fired a shot at me.

"I say, Tom, you are expatiating, I see. Nothing heart-stirring, say you? In new countries it would bother you to have *old* associations certainly; and you have had your Rob Roy, I grant you, and the old country has had her Robin Hood. But has not Jamaica had her Three-fingered Jack? Ay, a more gentlemanlike scoundrel than either of the former. When did Jack refuse a piece of yam, and a cordial from his horn, to the wayworn man, white or black? When did he injure a woman? When did Jack refuse food and a draught of cold water, the greatest boon, in our ardent climate that he could offer, to a wearied child? Oh, there was much poetry in the poor fellow! And here had they not that most melo-dramatic (as you choose to word it) of thieves, *Blackbeard*, before whom *Bluebeard* must for ever hide his diminished head? Why, *Bluebeard* had only one wife at a time, although he murdered five of them, whereas *Blackbeard* had seldom fewer than a dozen, and he was never known to murder above three. But I have fallen in with such a treasure! Oh, such a discovery! I have been communing with Noah himself—with an old negro, who remembers this very *Blackbeard*—the pirate *Blackbeard*."

"The deuce," said I; "impossible!"

"But it is true. Why it is only ninety-four years ago since the scoundrel flourished, and this old cock is one hundred and ten. Why, I have

jotted it down worth a hundred pounds. Read, my adorable Mrs (—, read."

"But, my dear Mr Bang," said she, "had you not better read it yourself?"

"You, if you please," quoth Aaron, who forthwith set himself to make the best use of his time.

MEMOIR OF JOHN TEACH, ESQUIRE,
VULGARLY CALLED BLACKBEARD, BY
AARON BANG, ESQUIRE, I.R.S.

— "He was the mildest manner'd man

That ever scuttled ship, or cut a throat.
With such true breeding of a gentleman,
You never could discern his real thought.
Pity he loved adventurous life's variety,
He was so great a loss to good society."

John Teach, or Blackbeard, was a very eminent man—a very handsome man, and a very devil amongst the ladies.

He was a Welshman, and introduced the leek into Nassau about the year 1718, and was a very remarkable personage, although, from some singular imperfection in his moral constitution, he never could distinguish clearly between *meum* and *tuum*.

He found his patrimony was not sufficient to support him; and as he disliked agricultural pursuits as much as mercantile, he got together forty or fifty fine young men one day, and borrowed a vessel from some merchants that was lying at the Nore, and set sail for the Bahamas. On his way he fell in with several West India-men, and, sending a boat on board of each, he asked them for the loan of provisions and wine, and all their gold, and silver, and clothes, which request was in every instance but one civilly acceded to, whereupon, drinking their good healths, he returned to his ship. In the instance where he had been uncivilly treated, to shew his forbearance, he saluted them with twenty-one guns on returning to his ship; but by some accident the shot had not been withdrawn, so that unfortunately the contumacious ill-bred craft sank, and as Blackbeard's own vessel was very crowded, he was unable to save any of the crew. He was a great admirer of fine air, and accordingly established himself on

the island of New Providence, and invited a number of elegant young men, who were fond of pleasure cruises, to visit him, so that presently he found it necessary to launch forth in order to *borrow* more provisions.

At this period he was a great dandy; and amongst other vagaries, he allowed his beard to grow a foot long at the shortest, and then plaited it into three strands, indicating that he was a bashaw of no common dimensions. He wore red breeches, but no stockings, and sandals of bullock's hide. He was a perfect Egyptian in his curiouslyness in fine linen, and his shirt was always white as the driven snow *when* it was clean, which was the first Sunday of every month. In waistcoats he was especially select; but the cut of them very much depended on the fashion in favour with the last gentleman he had *borrowed* any thing from. He never wore any thing but a full dress purple velvet coat, under which bristled three brace of pistols, and two raked stilettoes, only eighteen inches long, and he had generally a lighted match *fizzling* in the bow of his corked scraper, whereat he lighted his pipe, or fired off a cannon, as pleased him.

One of his favourite amusements when he got half slewed, was to adjourn to the hold with his compotators, and kindling some brimstone matches, to dance and roar, as if he had been the devil himself, until his allies were nearly suffocated. At another time he would blow out the candles in the cabin, and blaze away with his loaded pistols at random, right and left, whereby he severely wounded the feelings of some of his intimates by the poignancy of his wit, all of which he considered a most excellent joke. But he was kind to his fourteen wives so long as he was sober, as it is known that he never murdered above three of them. His borrowing, however, gave offence to our government, no one can tell how; and at length two of our frigates, the *Lime* and *Pearl*, then cruising off the American coast, after driving him from his stronghold, hunted him down in an inlet in North Carolina, where, in an eight-gun schooner, with thirty desperate fellows, he made a defence worthy of his honourable life, and fought so furiously that he killed and wounded more men of

the attacking party than his own crew consisted of; and following up his success, he, like a hero as he was, boarded, sword in hand, the headmost of the two armed sloops, which had been detached by the frigates, with ninety men on board, to capture him; and being followed by twelve men and his trusty lieutenant, he would have carried her out and out, *maugre* the disparity of force, had he not fainted from loss of blood, and, falling on his back, died where he fell, like a hero—

“His face to the sky, and his feet to the
10”

leaving eleven forlorn widows, being the fourteen wives, *minus* the three that he had throttled.

“No chivalrous associations indeed! Match me such a character as this.”

We all applauded to the echo. But I must end my song, for I should never tire in dwelling on the happy days we spent in this most enchanting little island. The lovely blithe girls, and the hospitable kindhearted men, and the children! I never saw such cherubs, with all the sprightliness of the little pale-faced creoles of the West Indies, while the healthy bloom of Old England blossomed on their cheeks.

“I say, Tom,” said Massa Aaron, on one occasion when I was rather tedious on the subject, “all those little *cherubs*, as you call them, at least the most of them, are the offspring of the cotton bales captured in the American war.”

“The what?” said I.

“The children of the American war—and I will prove it thus—taking the time from no less an authority than Hamlet, when he chose to follow the great Dictator, Julius Cæsar himself, through all the corruption of our physical nature, until he found him stopping a beer barrel—(only imagine the froth of one of our *disinterested* friend Buxton's beer barrels, savouring of quassia, not hop, fizzing through the clay of Julius Cæsar the Roman!)—as thus: If there had been no Yankee war, there would have been no prize cargoes of cotton sent into Nassau; if there had been no prize cargoes sent into Nassau, there would have been little

money made; if there had been little money made, there would have been fewer marriages; if there had been fewer marriages, there would have been fewer cherubs. There is logic for you, my darling."

"Your last is a *non sequitur*, my dear sir," said I, laughing. "But, in the main, Parson Malthus is right, out of Ireland that is, after all."

That evening I got into a small scrape, by impressing three apprentices out of a Scotch brig, and if Mr Bang had not stood my friend, I might have got into a very serious scrape. Thanks to him, the affair was soldered.

When on the eve of sailing, my excellent friends, Messrs Bang, Gelid, and Wagtail, determined, in consequence of letters which they had received from Jamaica, to return home in a beautiful armed brig that was to sail in a few days, laden with flour. I cannot well describe how much this moved me. Young and enthusiastic as I was, I had grappled myself with hooks of steel to Mr Bang; and now, when he unexpectedly communicated his intention of leaving me, I felt more forlorn and deserted than I was willing to plead to.

"My dear boy," said he, "make my peace with N——. If urgent business had not pressed me, I would not have broken my promise to rejoin him; but I am imperiously called for in Jamaica, where I hope soon to see you." He continued with a slight tremor in his voice, which thrilled to my heart, as it vouched for the strength of his regard. "If ever I am where you may come, Tom, and you don't make *my* house *your* home, provided you have not a better of your own, I will never forgive you." He paused. "You young fellows sometimes spend faster than you should do, and quarterly bills are long of coming round. I have drawn for more money than I want. I wish you would let me be your banker for a hundred pounds, Tom."

I squeezed his hand. "No, no—many, many thanks, my dear sir—but I never outrun the constable. Good-by, God bless you. Farewell, Mr Wagtail—Mr Gelid, adieu." I tumbled into the boat and pulled on board. The first thing I did was to send the wine and sea stock, a most exuberant assortment unquestion-

ably, belonging to my Jamaica friends, ashore: but to my surprise the boat was sent back, with Mr Bang's card, on which was written in pencil, "Don't affront us, *Captain Cringle*." Thereupon I got the schooner under weigh, and no event worth narrating turned up until we anchored close to the post-office at Crooked Island, two days after.

We found the Firebrand there, and the post-office mail-boat, with her red flag and white horse in it, and I went on board the corvette to deliver my official letter, detailing the incidents of the cruise, and was most graciously received by my Captain.

There was a sail in sight when we anchored, which at first we took for the Jamaica packet; but it turned out to be the Tinker, friend Bang's flour-loaded brig; and by five in the evening our friends were all three once more restored to us, but, alas! so far as regarded two of them, only for a moment. Messrs Gelid and Wagtail had, on second thoughts, it seems, hauled their wind to lay in a stock of turtle at Crooked Island, and I went ashore with them, and assisted in the selection from the turtle crawls filled with beautiful clear water, and lots of fine lively fresh-caught fish, the postmaster being the turtle-merchant.

"I say, Paul, happier in the fish-way here than you were at Biggleswade—eh?" said Aaron.

After we completed our purchases, our friends went on board the corvette, and I was invited to meet them at dinner, where the aforesaid postmaster, a stout *conch*, with a square-cut coat and red cape and cuffs, was also a guest.

He must have had but a dull time of it, as there were no other white inhabitants, that I saw, on the island besides himself; his wife having gone to Nassau, which he looked on as the prime city of the world, to be confined, as he told us. Bang said, that she must rather have gone to be *delivered* from *confinement*, and, in truth, Crooked Island was a most desolate domicile for a lady; our friend the postmaster's family, and a few negroes employed in catching turtle, and making salt, and dressing some scrubby cotton-trees, composing the whole population. In the evening the packet did arrive, how-

ever, and Captain N—— received his orders.

"Captain N——, my boy," quoth Bang towards evening, "the best of friends must part—we must move—good-night—we shall be off to-night—good-by"—and he held out his hand.

"Devil a bit," said N——; "Bang, you shall not go, neither you nor your friends. You promised, in fact shipped with me for the cruise, and Lady—— has my word and honour that you shall be restored to her longing eye, sound and safe—so you must all remain, and send down the flour brig to say you are coming."

To make a long story short, Massa Aaron was boned, but his friends were obdurate, so we all weighed that night; the Tinker bearing up for Jamaica, while we kept by the wind, steering for Gomaves in St Domingo.

The third day we were off Cape St Nicholas, and getting a slant of wind from the westward, we ran up the Bight of Leogane all that night, but towards morning it fell calm; we were close in under the high-land, about two miles from the shore, and the night was the darkest I ever was out in any where. There were neither moon nor stars to be seen, and the dark clouds settled down, until they appeared to rest upon our mast-heads, compressing, as it were, the hot steamy air down upon us until it became too dense for breathing. In the early part of the night it had rained in heavy showers now and then, and there were one or two faint flashes of lightning, and some heavy peals of thunder, which rolled amongst the distant hills in loud shaking reverberations, which gradually became fainter and fainter, until they grumbled away in the distance in hoarse murmurs, like the low notes of an organ in one of our old Cathedrals; but now there was neither rain nor wind—all nature seemed fearfully hushed; for where we lay, in the smooth *Bight*, there was no swell, not even a ripple on the glass-like sea; the sound of the shifting of a handspike, or the tread of the men, as they ran to haul on a rope, or the creaking of the rudder, sounded loud and distinct. The sea in our neighbourhood was strongly phosphorescent, so that the smallest

chip thrown overboard struck fire from the water, as if it had been a piece of iron cast on flint; and when you looked over the quarter, as I delight to do, and tried to penetrate into the dark clear profound beneath, you every now and then saw a burst of pale light, like a halo far down in the depths of the green sea, caused by the motion of some fish, or of what Jack, no great natural philosopher, usually calls *blubbers*; and when the dolphin or skip-jack leapt into the air, they sparkled out from the still bosom of the deep, dark water like rockets, until they fell again into their element in a flash of fire. This evening the corvette had shewed no lights, and although I conjectured she was not far from us, still I could not with any certainty indicate her whereabouts. It might now be about three o'clock, and I was standing on the aftermost gun on the star-board side, peering into the imperious darkness over the taffrel, with my dear old dog Sneezer by my side, nuzzling and fondling after his affectionate fashion, while the pilot, Peter Mangrove, stood within handspike length of me. The dog had been growling, but all in fun, and snapping at me, when in a moment he hauled off, planted his paws on the rail, looked forth into the night, and gave a short anxious bark, like the solitary pop of the sentry's musket, to alarm the main-guard in outpost work.

Peter Mangrove advanced, and put his arm round the dog's neck. "What you see, my shield?" said the black pilot.

Sneezer uplifted his voice, and gave a long continuous bark.

"Ah!" said Mangrove sharply, "Massa Captain, something near we—never doubt dat—de dog yeerie something we can't yeerie, and see something we can't see."

I had lived long enough never to despise any caution from what quarter soever it proceeded. So I listened still as a stone. Presently I thought I heard the distant splash of oars. I placed my hand behind my ear, and listened with breathless attention. Presently I saw the sparkling dip of them in the calm black water, as if a boat, and a large one, was pulling very fast towards us. "Look out—hail that boat," said I. "Boat ahoy," sung out the man. No answer.

"Coming here?" reiterated the seaman. No better success. The boat or canoe, or whatever it might be, was by this time close aboard of us, within pistol-shot at the farthest—no time to be lost, so I hailed myself, and this time the challenge did produce an answer.

"*Shore boat—frail and wretched.*"

"Shore boat, with fruit and vegetables, at this time of night—I don't like it," said I. "Boatswain's mate, call the boarders. Cutlasses, men—quick, a piratical row-boat is close to." And verily we had little time to lose, when a large canoe or row-boat, pulling twelve oars at the fewest, and carrying twenty firemen, or thereabouts, swept upon our larboard quarter, hooked on, and the next moment upwards of twenty unlooked for visitors scrambled up our shallow side, and jumped on board.

All this took place so suddenly that there were not ten of my people ready to receive them, but those ten were the prime men of the ship. "Surrender, you scoundrels—surrender. You have boarded a man-of-war. Down with your arms, or we shall murder you to a man."

But they either did not understand me, or did not believe me, for the answer was a blow from a cutlass, which, if I had not parried with my night glass, which it broke in pieces, might have effectually stopped my promotion. "Cut them down, boarders, down with them—they are pirates," shouted I; "heave cold shot into their boat alongside—all hands, boatswain's mate—call all hands." We closed. The assailants had no firearms, but they were armed with swords and long knives, and as they fought with desperation, several of our people were cruelly haggled; and after the first charge, the combatants on both sides became so blended, that it was impossible to strike a blow, without running the risk of cutting down a friend. By this time all hands were on deck; the boat alongside had been swamped by the cold shot that had been hove crashing through her bottom, when down came a shower from the surcharged clouds, or waterspout—call it which you will—that absolutely deluged the decks, the scuppers being utterly unable to carry off the water. So long as the pirates fought in a body, I had

no fears, as, dark as it was, our men, who held together, knew where to strike and thrust; but when the torrent of rain descended in buckets-full, the former broke away, and were pursued singly into various corners about the deck, all escape being cut off from the swamping of their boat. Still they were not vanquished, and I ran aft to the binnacle, where a blue light was stowed away,—one of several that we had got on deck to burn that night, in order to point out our whereabouts to the Firebrand. I fired it, and rushing forward cutlass-in-hand, we set on the gang of black desperadoes with such fury, that after killing two of them outright, and wounding and taking prisoners seven, we drove the rest overboard into the sea, where the small-armed men, who by this time had tackled to their muskets, made short work of them, guided as they were by the sparkling of the dark water, as they struck out and swam for their lives. The blue light was immediately answered by another from the corvette, which lay about a mile off; but before her boats, two of which were immediately armed and manned, could reach us, we had defeated our antagonists, and the rain had increased to such a degree, that the heavy drops, as they fell with a strong rushing noise into the sea, flashed it up into one entire sheet of fire.

We secured our prisoners, all blacks and mulattoes, the most villainous-looking scoundrels I had ever seen, and presently it came on to thunder and lighten, as if heaven and earth had been falling together. A most vivid flash—it almost blinded me. Presently the Firebrand burnt another blue light, whereby we saw that her maintopmast was gone close by the cap, with the topsail, and upper spars, and yards, and gear, all hanging down in a lumbering mass of confused wreck; she had been struck by the levin brand, which had killed four men, and stunned several more. By this time the cold grey streaks of morning appeared in the eastern horizon, and presently the day broke, and by two o'clock in the afternoon, both corvette and schooner were at anchor at Gonaives. The village, for town it could not be called, stood on a low hot plain, as if

the washings of the mountains on the left hand side as we stood in had been carried out into the sea, and formed into a white plateau of sand; all was hot, and stunted, and scrubby. We brought up inside of the corvette, in three fathoms of water. My superior officer had made the private signal to come on board and dine, which, in the assumed intimacy in which we were now linked, could not on any plea be declined. I dressed, and the boat was lowered down, and we pulled for the corvette, but our course lay under the stern of the two English ships that were lying there loading cargoes of coffee.

"Pray, sir," said a decent-looking man, who leant on the taffrail of one of them — "Pray, sir, are you going on board of the *Commodore*?"

"I am," I answered.

"I am invited there too, sir; will you have the address to say I will be there presently?"

"Certainly — five way, in a."

Presently we were alongside the corvette, a little old woman, we stood on her deck, half-stained white and clean, with my staunch friend Captain N—— and his officers, all in full dress, waiting to and fro under the awning, a most magnificent naval barge, being thirty-five feet — at the gangway, and extending fifty feet or more aft, until it narrowed to twenty at the taffrail. We were all, the two masters of the merchantmen, decent respectable men in their way, included, graciously received, and sat down to an excellent dinner, Mr Bang taking the lead as usual in all the fun; and we were just on the verge of cigars and cold grog, when the first lieutenant came down and said that the Captain of the port had come off, and was then on board.

"Shew him in," said Captain N——, and a tall, vulgar-looking blackamoor, dressed apparently in the cast-off coat of a French grenadier officer, entered the cabin with his chapeau in his hand, and a Madras handkerchief tied round his woolly skull. He made his bow, and remained standing near the door.

"You are the Captain of the port?" said Captain N——, in French. The man nodded. "Why, then, take a chair, sir, if you please."

He begged to be excused, and after

tipping off his bumper of claret, and receiving the Captain's report, he made his bow and departed.

I returned to the *Wave*, and next morning I breakfasted on board of the *Commodore*, and afterwards we all proceeded on shore to Monsieur B——'s, to whom Massa Aaron was known. The town, if I may call it so, had certainly a very desolate appearance. There was nothing stirring; and although a group of idlers, amounting to about twenty or thirty, did collect about us on the end of the wharf, which, by the by, was terribly out of repair, yet they all appeared ill clad, and in no way so well furnished as the blackies in Jamaica; and when we marched up through a hot, sandy, unpaved street into the town, the low, one-story, shabby-looking houses were falling into decay, and the streets more resembled river-courses than thoroughfares, while the large carrion crows were picking garbage on the very crown of the causeway, without apparently entertaining the least fear of us, or of the negro children who were playing close to them, so near, in fact, that every now and then one of the mechanics would aim a blow at one of the obscene birds, when it would give a loud discordant croak, and jump a pace or two, with outspread wings, but without taking wing. Still many of the women, who were sitting under the small piazzas, or projecting eaves of the houses, with their little stalls, filled with pullicate handkerchiefs, and pieces of muslin, and gingham for sale, were healthy-looking, and appeared comfortable and happy. As we advanced into the town, almost every male we met was a soldier, all rigged and well dressed, too, in the French uniform; in fact, the remarkable man, King Henry, or Christophe, took care to have his troops well fed and clothed in every case. On our way we had to pass by the Commandant, Baron B——'s house, when it occurred to Captain N—— that we ought to stop and pay our respects; but Mr Bang being bound by no such *etiquette*, bore up for his friend Monsieur B——'s. As we approached the house — a long, low, one-story building, with a narrow piazza, and a range of unglazed windows, staring open, with their wooden shutters, like ports in a

ship's side, towards the street—we found a sentry at the door, who, when we announced ourselves, carried arms all in regular style. Presently a very good-looking negro, in a handsome aide-de-camp's uniform, appeared, and, hat in hand, with all the grace in the world, ushered us into the presence of the Baron, who was lounging in a Spanish chair half asleep, but on hearing us announced he rose, and received us with great amenity. He was a fat elderly negro, so far as I could judge, about sixty years of age, and was dressed in very wide jean trowsers, over which a pair of well-polished Hessian boots were drawn, which, by adhering close to his legs, gave him, in contrast with the wide pulling of his garments above, the appearance of being underlimbed, which he by no means was, as he was a stout old Turk.

After a profusion of bows and fine speeches, and superabundant assurances of the esteem in which his master King Henry held our master King George, we made our bows and repaid to Monsieur B——'s, where I was engaged to dine. As for Captain N——, he went on board that evening to superintend the repairs of the ship.

There was no one to meet us but Monsieur B—— and his daughter, a tall and very elegant brown girl, who had been educated in France, and did the honours incomparably well. We sat down, Massa Aaron whispering in my *log*, that in Jamaica it was not quite the thing to introduce brown ladies at dinner; but, as he said, "Why not? Neither you nor I are high caste Creoles—so *en avant*." Dinner was nearly over, when Baron B——'s aide-de-camp slid into the room. Monsieur B—— rose. "Captain Latour, you are welcome—he seated. I hope you have not dined?"

"Why, no," said the negro officer, as he drew a chair, while he exchanged glances with the beautiful Eugenie, and sat himself down close to *El Señor* Bang.

"Hillo, Quashie! Whereaway, my lad? a little above the salt, an't you?" ejaculated our *Antigo*; while Pegtop, who had just come on shore, and was standing behind his master, stared and gaped in the greatest wonderment. But Mr Bang's natural good breeding, and knowledge of the

world, instantly recalled him to time and circumstances; and when the young officer looked at him, and regarded him with some surprise, he bowed, and invited him, in the best French he could muster, to drink wine. The aide-de-camp was, as I have said, jet-black as the ace of spades, but he was, notwithstanding, so far as figure went, a very handsome man—tall and well framed, especially about the shoulders, which were beautifully formed, and, in the estimation of a statuary, would probably have balanced the cucumber curve of the shin; his face, however, was regular negro—flat nose, heavy lips, fine eyes, and beautiful teeth, and he wore two immense gold earrings. His woolly head was bound round with a pullicate handkerchief, which we had not noticed until he took off his laced cocked hat. His coat was the exact pattern of the French staff uniform at the time—plain blue, without lace, except at the cape and cuffs, which were of scarlet cloth, covered with rich embroidery. He wore a very handsome straight sword with steel scabbard, and the white trowsers, and long Hessian boots, already described as part of the costume of his general.

Mr Bang, as I have said, had rallied by this time, and with the tact of a gentleman, appeared to have forgotten whether his new ally was black, blue, or green, while the claret, stimulating him into self-possession, was evaporating in broken French. But his man Pegtop had been pushed off his balance altogether; his equanimity was utterly gone. When the young officer brushed past him, at the first go off, while he was rinsing some glasses in the passage, his sword banged against Pegtop's *derrière* as he stooped down over his work. He started and looked round, and merely exclaimed—"Eigh, Massa Niger wurra dat!" But now, when, standing behind his master's chair, he saw the aide-de-camp consorting with him whom he looked upon as the greatest man in existence, on terms of equality, all his faculties were paralysed. "Pegtop," said I, "hand me some yam, if you please." He looked at me all agape, as if he had been half strangled.

"Pegtop, you scoundrel," quoth

Massa Aaron, "don't you hear what Captain Cringle says, sir?"

"Oh yes, Massa;" and thereupon the sable valet brought me a bottle of fish sauce, which he endeavoured to pour into my wine-glass. All this while Eugenie and the aide-de-camp were playing the agreeable—and in very good taste, too, let me tell you.

I had just drank wine with mine host, when I cast my eye along the passage that led out of the room, and there was Pegtop dancing, and jumping, and smiting his thigh, in an ecstasy of laughter, as he doubled himself up, with the tears welling over his cheeks.

"Oh, Lord! Oh!—Massa Bang bow, and make face, and drink wine, and do every ting shivil, to one dam black rascail niger!—Oh, blackee more worse dan me, Gabriel Pegtop—Oh, Lard!—ha! ha! ha!"—Thereupon he threw himself down in the piazza, amongst plates and dishes, and shouted and laughed in a perfect frenzy, until Mr Bang got up, and thrust the poor fellow out of doors, in a pelting shower, which soon so far quelled the hysterical passion, that he came in again, grave as a judge, and took his place behind his master's chair once more, and every thing went on smoothly. The aide-de-camp, who appeared quite unconscious that he was the cause of the poor fellow's mirth, renewed his attentions to Eugenie; and Mr Bang, M. B—, and myself, were again engaged in conversation, and our friend Pegtop was in the act of handing a slice of melon to the black officer, when a file of soldiers, with fixed bayonets, stepped into the piazza, and ordered arms, one taking up his station on each side of the door. Presently another aide-de-camp, booted and spurred, dashed after them; and as soon as he crossed the threshold, sung out, "*Place, pour Monsieur le Baron.*"

The electrical nerve was again touched—"Oh!—oh!—oh! Garamighty! here comes anoder on dem," roared Pegtop, sticking the slice of melon, which was intended for *Mademoiselle Eugenie*, into his own mouth, to quell the paroxysm, if possible, (while he fractured the plate on the black aide's skull,) and immediately blew it out again, with an explosion, and a scattering of the

fragments, as if it had been the blasting of a stone quarry.

"Zounds, this is too much,"—exclaimed Bang, as he rose and kicked the poor fellow out again, with such vehemence, that his skull, encountering the paunch of our friend the Baron, who was entering from the street at that instant, capsized him outright, and away rolled his Excellency the *Général de Division*, *Commandant de l'Arrondissement*, &c. &c., digging his spurs into poor Pegtop's transom, and *scurrying* furiously, while the black servant roared as if he had been harpooned by the very devil. The aides started to their feet—and one of them looked at Mr Bang, and touched the hilt of his sword, grinding the word "*satisfaction*" between his teeth, while the other ordered the sentries to run the poor fellow, whose mirth had been so uproarious, through. However he got off with one or two *proques* in a very safe place; and when Monsieur B— explained how matters stood, and that the "*pauvre diable*," as the black Baron coolly called him, was a mere servant, and an uncultivated creature, and that no insult was meant, we had all a hearty laugh, and every thing rolled right again. At length the Baron and his black tail rose to wish us a good evening, and we were thinking of finishing off with a cigar and a glass of cold grog, when Monsieur B—'s daughter returned into the piazza, very pale, and evidently much frightened. "*Mon père*," said she—while her voice quavered from excessive agitation—"My father—why do the soldiers remain?"

We all peered into the dark passage, and there, true enough, were the black sentries at their posts beside the doorway, still and motionless as statues. Mounseieur B—, poor fellow, fell back in his chair at the sight as if he had been shot through the heart.

"My fate is sealed—I am lost—oh, Eugenie!" were the only words he could utter.

"No no," exclaimed the weeping girl, "God forbid—the Baron is a kind-hearted man—King Henry cannot—no, no—he knows you are not disaffected, he will not injure you."

Here one of the black aides-de-camp suddenly returned. It was the poor

fellow who had been making love to Eugenie during the entertainment. He looked absolutely blue with dismay; his voice shook, and his knees knocked together as he approached our host.

He tried to speak, but could not. "Oh, Pierre, Pierre," moaned, or rather gasped Eugenie—"what have you come to communicate? what dreadful news are you the bearer of?" He held out an open letter to poor B——, who, unable to read it from excessive agitation, handed it to me. It ran thus:—

"MONSIEUR LE BARON,

"Monsieur —— has been arrested here this morning; he is a white Frenchman, and there are strong suspicions against him. Place his partner M. B—— under the surveillance of the police instantly. You are made answerable for his safe custody.

"Witness his Majesty's hand and seal, at Sans Souci, this . . .

"The Count ——."

"Then I am doomed," groaned poor Mr B——. His daughter fainted, the black officer wept, and having laid his senseless mistress on a sofa, he approached and wrung B——'s hand. "Alas, my dear sir—how my heart bleeds! But cheer up—King Henry is just—all may be right—all may still be right; and so far as my duty to him will allow, you may count on nothing being done here that is not absolutely necessary for holding ourselves blameless with the Government."

Enough and to spare of this. We slept on shore that night, and a very neat catastrophe was likely to have ensued thereupon. Captain N——, intending to go on board ship at day-break, had got up and dressed himself, and opened the door into the street to let himself out, when he stumbled unwittingly against the black sentry, who must have been half asleep, for he immediately stepped several paces back, and presenting his musket, the clear barrel glancing in the moonlight, snapped it at him. Fortunately it missed fire, which gave the skipper time to explain that it was not Mr B—— attempting to escape; but that day week poor B—— was marched to the prison of *La Force*, near Cape

Henry, where his partner had been previously lodged; and *from that hour to this, neither of them were ever heard of*. Next evening I again went ashore, but I was denied admittance to Mr B——; and as my orders were imperative not to interfere in any way, I had to return on board with a heavy heart.

Next day Captain N—— and myself paid a formal visit to the black Baron, in order to leave no stone unturned to obtain poor B——'s release if we could. Mr Bang accompanied us. We found the sable dignitary lounging in a grass hammock, (slung from corner to corner of a very comfortable room, for the floor was tiled, the windows were unglazed, and there was no furniture whatsoever but an old-fashioned mahogany sideboard, and three wicker chairs,) apparently half-asleep, or *ruminating* after his breakfast. On our being announced by a half-naked negro servant who aroused him, he got up and received us very kindly—I beg his lordship's pardon, I should write graciously—and made us take wine and biscuit, and talked and rattled; but I saw he carefully avoided the subject which he evidently knew was the object of our visit. At length, finding it would be impossible for him to parry it much longer single-handed, with tact worthy of a man of fashion, he called out "Marie! Marie!" Our eyes followed his, and we saw a young and very handsome brown *lady* rise, whom we had perceived seated at her work when we first entered, in a small dark back porch, and advance after curtsying to us *seriatim*, with great elegance, as the old fat *niger* introduced her to us as "Madame la Baronne."

"His wife?" whispered Aaron; "the old rank goat!"

Her brown ladyship did the honours of the wine-cellar with the perfect quietude and ease of a well-bred woman. She was a most lovely clear-skinned quadroon girl. She could not have been twenty; tall and beautifully shaped. Her long coal-black tresses were dressed high on her head, which was bound round with the everlasting Madras handkerchief, in which pale blue was the prevailing colour; but it was elegantly adjusted, and did not come down far enough to shade the fine develop-

ment of her majestic forehead—Pasta's, in *Semiramide*, was not more commanding. Her eyebrows were delicately arched and sharply defined, and her eyes of jet were large and swimming; her nose had not utterly abjured its African origin, neither had her lips, but, notwithstanding, her countenance shone with all the beauty of expression so conspicuous in the Egyptian sphinx—Abyssinian, but most sweet—while her teeth were as the finest ivory, and her chin and throat, and bosom, as if her bust had been an antique statue of the rarest workmanship. The only ornaments she wore were two large virgin gold earrings, massive yellow hoops without any carving, but so heavy that they seemed to weigh down the small thin transparent ears which they perforated; and a broad black velvet band round her neck, to which was appended a large massive crucifix of the same metal. She also wore two broad bracelets of black velvet clasped with gold. Her beautifully moulded form was scarcely veiled by a cambric *chemise*, with exceedingly short sleeves, over which she wore a rose coloured silk petticoat, short enough to display a finely formed foot and ankle, with a well-selected pearl-white silk stocking, and a neat low-cut French black kid shoe. As for gown she had none. She wore a large sparkling diamond ring on her marriage finger, and we were all bowing before the deity, when our attention was arrested by a cloud of dust at the top of the street, and presently a solitary black dragoon sparked out from it, his accoutrements and headpiece blazing in the sun, then three more abreast, and immediately a troop of five-and-twenty cavaliers, at the fewest, came thundering down the street. They formed opposite the Baron's house, and I will say I never saw a better appointed troop of horse anywhere. Presently an aide-de-camp scampered up; and having arrived opposite the door, dismounted, and entering, exclaimed, "*Les Comtes de Lemonade et Marmalade*."—"The who?" said Mr Bang; but presently two very handsome young men of colour, in splendid uniforms, rode up, followed by a glittering staff, of at least twenty mounted officers. They alighted,

and entering, made their bow to Baron B—. The youngest, the Count Lemonade, spoke very decent English, and what between Mr Bang's and my bad, and Captain N—'s very good French, we all made ourselves agreeable. I may state here, that *Lemonade* and *Marmalade* are two districts of the island of St Domingo, which had been pitched on by Christophe to give titles to two of his fire-new nobility. The grantees had come on a survey of the district, and although we did not fail to press the matter of poor B—'s release, yet they either had no authority to interfere in the matter, or they would not acknowledge that they had, so we reluctantly took leave and went on shipboard.

"Tom, you villain," said Mr Bang, as we stepped into the boat, "if my eye had caught yours when these *noblemen* made their *entrée*, I should have exploded with laughter, and most likely have had my throat cut for my pains. Pray, did his Highness of *Lemonade* carry a punch-ladle in his hand? I am sure I expected he of *Marmalade* to have carried a jelly-ban. Oh, Tom, at the moment I heard them announced, my dear old mother lifted before my mind's eye, with the bright, well-scoured, large brass pans in the background, as she superintended her handmaids in their annual *preservations*." After the fruitless interview we weighed, and sailed for Port-au-Prince, where we arrived the following evening.

I had heard much of the magnificence of the scenery in the Bight of Leogane, but the reality far surpassed what I had pictured to myself.

The breeze, towards noon of the following day, had come up in a gentle air from the westward, and we were gliding along before it like a spread eagle, with all our light sails abroad to catch the sweet zephyr, which was not even strong enough to ruffle the silver surface of the landlocked sea, that glowed beneath the blazing mid-day sun, with a dolphin here and there cleaving the shining surface with an arrowy ripple, and a brown-skinned shark glaring on us, far down in the deep, clear, green profound, like a water fiend, and a slow-sailing peli-

can overhead, after a long sweep on poised wing, dropping into the sea like lead, and flashing up the water like the bursting of a shell, while we sailed up into a glorious amphitheatre of stupendous mountains, that rose gradually from the hot sandy plains that skirted the shore, covered with one eternal forest; while what had once been smiling fields, and rich sugar plantations, in the long misty level districts at their bases, were now covered with brushwood, fast rising up into one impervious thicket; and as the Island of Gonave closed in the view behind us to seaward, the sun sank beyond it, amidst rolling masses of golden and blood-red clouds, giving token of a goodly day to-morrow, and gilding the outline of the rocky islet (as if to a certain depth it had been transparent) with a golden halo, gradually deepening into imperial purple. Beyond the shadow of the tree-covered islet, on the left hand, rose the town of *Port-au-Prince*, with its long streets rising like terraces on the gently swelling shore, while the mountains behind it, still gold-tipped in the declining sunbeams, seemed to impend frowningly over it, and the shipping in the roadstead at anchor off the town were just beginning to fade from our sight in the gradually increasing darkness, and a solitary light began to sparkle in a cabin window and then disappear, and to twinkle for a moment in the piazzas of the houses on shore like a will-of-the-wisp, and the chirping buzz of myriads of insects and reptiles was coming off from the island astern of us, borne on the wings of the light wind, and charged with rich odours from the closing flowers, "like the sweet south, soft breathing o'er a bed of violets," when a sudden flash and a jet of white smoke pulled out from the hill-fort above the town, the report thundering amongst the everlasting hills, and gradually rumbling itself away into the distant ravines and valleys, like a lion growling itself to sleep, and the shades of night fell on the dead face of nature like a pall, and all was undistinguishable.—When I had written thus far—it was at *Port-au-Prince*, at Mr S——'s—Mr Bang entered—"Ah! Tom—at the log, polishing—using the *plane*—shaping

out something for *Ebony*—let me see."

Here our friend read the preceding paragraphs. They did not please him. "Don't like it, Tom."

"No? Pray, why, my dear sir?—I have tried to"—

"Hold your tongue, my good boy.

'Cease, rude Boreas, blustering railer,
List old ladies o'er your tea,
At description Tom's a tailor,
When he is compared to me.
'Tooral looral loo.'

Attend—brevity is the soul of wit,—ahem. Listen how I shall crush all your lengthy yarn into an eggshell. 'The Bight of Leogane is a horse-shoe—Cape St Nicholas is the caulker on the northern heel—Cape Tiburoon, the ditto on the left—Port-au-Prince is the tip at the toe towards the east—*Gonaives*, *Leogane*, *Petit Trouve*, &c. &c. &c. are the nails, and the Island of *Gonave* is the frog.' Now every human being who knows that a horse has four legs and a tail—of course this includes all the human race, excepting tailors and sailors—must understand this at once; it is palpable and plain, although no man could have put it so perspicuously, excepting my friend William Cobbett or myself. By the way, speaking of horses, that blood thing of the old Baron's nearly gave you your *quintus* t'other day, Tom. Why will you always pass the flank of a horse in place of going a-head of him, to use your own phrase. Never ride near a led horse on passing when you can help it; give him a wide berth, or clap the groom's *corpus* between you and his heels; and never, never go near the croup of any quadruped bigger than a cat, for even a cow's is inconvenient, when you can by any possible help it."

I laughed—"Well, well, my dear sir—but you undervalue my equestrian capability somewhat too, for I do pretend to know that a horse has four legs and a tail." There was no pleasing Aaron this morning, I saw. "Then *Tummas*, my man, you know a deuced deal more than I do. As for the tail, *conceditur*—but devilish few horses have four legs nowadays, take my word for it. However, here comes N——; I am off to have a lounge with him, and I will finish

the veterinary lecture at some more convenient season. Tol lol de rol."—*Exit* singing.

The morning after this I went ashore at daylight, and, guided by the sound of military music, proceeded to the *Place R publicain*, or square before President Petion's palace, where I found eight regiments of foot under arms, with their bands playing, and in the act of defiling before General Boyer, who commanded the *arrondissement*. This was the garrison of Port-au-Prince, but neither the personal appearance of the troops, nor their appointments, were at all equal to those of King Henry's well-dressed and well-drilled cohorts that we saw at Gonaives.

The President's guards were certainly fine men, and a squadron of dismounted cavalry, in splendid blue uniforms, with scarlet trousers richly laced, might have vied with the * lite* of Nap's own, barring the black faces. But the *mat riel* of the other regiments was not *superfine*, as M. Boyer, before whom they were defiling, might have said. I went to breakfast with Mr S., one of the English merchants of the place, a kind and most hospitable man; and under his guidance, the captain, Mr Bang, and myself, proceeded afterwards to call on Petion himself. Christophe, or King Henry, had just retired from the siege of Port-au-Prince, and we found the town in a very miserable state. Many of the houses were injured from shot; the President's palace for instance was perforated in several places, which had not been repaired. In the antechamber you could see the blue heavens through the shot-holes in the roof.—"Next time I come to court, Tom," said Mr Bang, "I will bring an umbrella." However, let me tell my story in my own way. Turning out of the parade, we passed through a rickety, unpainted open gate, in a wall about six feet high; the space beyond was an open green or grass-plot, parched and burned up by the sun, with a common fowl here and there fluttering and *hatching* in the hole she had scratched in the arid soil; but there was neither sentry nor servant to be seen, nor any of the usual pomp and circumstance about a great man's dwelling. Presently we were in front of a long, low, one-story build-

ing, with a flight of steps leading up into an entrance-hall, furnished with several gaudy sofas, and half a dozen chairs—with a plain wooden floor, on which a slight approach to the usual West India polish had been attempted, but mightily behind the elegant domiciles of my Kingston friends in this respect. In the centre of this room stood three young officers, fair mulattoes, with their plumed cocked-hats in their hands, and dressed very handsomely in French uniforms; and it always struck me as curious, that men who hated the very name of Frenchman, as the devil hates holy water, should copy all the customs and manners of the detested people so closely. It struck me also, and I may mention it here once for all, that Petion's officers, who, generally speaking, were all men of colour, and not negroes, were as much superior in education, and I fear I must say in intellect, they certainly were in personal appearance, to the black officers of King Henry, as *his* soldiery were superior to those of the neighbouring black republic.

"Ah, Monsieur S., *comment vous portez-vous*? Je suis bien aise de vous voir," said one of the young officers; "how are you, how have you been?"

"*Vous devenez tout- fait rare*," quoth a second. "*Le Pr sident* will be delighted to see you. Why, he says he thought you must have been dead, and *les Messieurs la*!"—

"Who?—Introduce us."

It was done in due form—the Honourable Captain N—, Captain Cringle of his Britannic Majesty's schooner *Wave*, and Aaron Bang, Esquire. And presently we were all as thick as pickpockets.

"But come, the President will be delighted to see you." We followed the officer who spoke, as he marshalled us along, and in an inner chamber, wherein there were also several large holes in the ceiling through which the sun shone, we found President Petion, the black Washington, sitting on a very old ragged sofa, amidst a confused mass of papers, dressed in a blue military undress frock, white trousers, and the everlasting Madras handkerchief bound round his brows. He was much darker than I expected to have seen him, darker than one usually sees a mulatto, or the direct

cross between the negro and the white, yet his features were in no way akin to those of an African. His nose was as high, sharp, and well defined as that of any Hindoo I ever saw in the Hoogly, and his hair was fine and silky. In fact, dark as he was, he was at least three removes from the African; and when I mention that he had been long in Europe—he was even for a short space acting adjutant-general of the army of Italy with Napoleon—his general manner, which was extremely good, kind and affable, was not matter of so much surprise.

He rose to receive us with much grace, and entered into conversation with all the ease and polish of a gentleman—" *Je me porte assez bien aujourd'hui*; but I have been very unwell, M. S. —, so tell me the news." Early as it was, he immediately ordered in coffee; it was brought by two black servants, followed by a most sylph-like girl, about twelve years of age, the President's natural daughter; she was fairer than her father, and acquitted herself very gracefully. She was rigged, pin for pin, like a little woman, with a perfect turret of artificial flowers twined amongst the braids of her beautiful hair; and although her neck was rather overloaded with ornaments, and her poor little ears were stretching under the weight of the heavy gold and emerald ear-rings, while her bracelets were like manacles, yet I had never seen a more lovely little girl. She wore a little frock of green Chinese crape, beneath which appeared the prettiest little feet in the world.

We were invited to attend a ball in the evening, given in honour of the President's birthday, and after a sumptuous dinner at our friend Mr S.'s, we all adjourned to the gay scene.

There was a company of grenadiers of the President's guard, with their band, on duty in front of the palace, as a guard of honour; they carried arms as we passed, all in good style; and at the door we met two aide-de-camps in full dress, one of whom ushered us into an ante-room, where a crowd of brown, with a sprinkling of black ladies, and a whole host of brown and black officers, with a white foreign merchant

here and there, were drinking coffee, and taking refreshments of one kind or another. The ladies were dressed in the very height of the newest Parisian fashion of the day—bats and feathers, and jewellery, real or fictitious, short sleeves, and shorter petticoats—fine silks, and broad blonde trimmings and flounces, and low-cut *corsages*. Some of them even venturing on rouge, which gave them the appearance of purple dahlias; but as to manner, all lady-like and proper; while the men, most of them *militaires*, were as gay as gold and silver lace, and gay uniforms, and dress-swords could make them—and all was blaze, and sparkle, and jingle; but the black officers, in general, covered their woolly pates with Madras handkerchiefs, as if ashamed to shew them, the brown officers alone venturing to shew their own hair. Presently a military band struck up with a sudden crash in the inner-room, and the large folding doors being thrown open, the ball-room lay before us, in the centre of which stood the President, surrounded by his very splendid staff, with his daughter on his arm. He was dressed in a plain blue uniform, with gold epaulets, and acquitted himself with all the ease of a polished gentleman, conversing freely on European politics, and giving his remarks with great shrewdness, and a very peculiar *naïveté*. As for his daughter, however much she might appear to have been overdressed in the morning, she was now simple in her attire as a little shepherdess—a plain white muslin frock, white sash, white shoes, white gloves, pearl earrings and necklace, and a simple, but most beautiful, *camilla japonica* in her hair. Dancing now commenced, and all that I shall say is, that before I had been an hour in the room, I had forgotten whether the faces around me were black, brown, or white; every thing was conducted with such decorum. However, I could see that the fine jet was not altogether the approved style of beauty, and that many a very handsome woolly-headed *belle* was destined to ornament the walls, until a few of the young white merchants made a dash amongst them, more for the fun of the thing, as it struck me, than any thing else, which piqued

some of the brown officers, and for the rest of the evening *blackee* had it hollow. And there was friend Aaron waltzing with a very splendid woman, elegantly dressed, but black as a coal, with long kid gloves, between which and the sleeve of her gown, a space of two inches of the black skin, like an ebony armlet, was visible; while her white dress, and rich white satin hat, and a lofty plume of feathers, with a pearl necklace and diamond ear-rings, set off her loveliness most conspicuously. At every wheel round Mr Bang slewed his head a little on one side, and peeped in at one of her bright eyes, and then tossing his cranium on t'other side, took a squint in at the other, and then cast his eyes towards the roof, and muttered with his lips as if he had been shot all of a heap by the blind boy's but-shaft; but every now and then as we passed, the rogue would stick his tongue in his cheek, yet so slightly as to be perceptible to no one but myself. After this heat, Massa Aaron and myself were perambulating the ball-room, quite satisfied with our own prowess, and I was *churning* to myself, "*Voulez vous dansez, Mademoiselle*"—"Do tout mon cœur," said a buxom brown dame, about eighteen stone by the coffee-mill in St James's Street. That devil Aaron gave me a look that I swore I would pay him for, the villain; as the extensive *Mademoiselle*, suiting the action to the word, started up, and hooked on, and as a cotillion had been called, there I was, figuring away most emphatically, to Bang and N——'s great entertainment. At length the dance was at an end, and a waltz was once more called, and having done my duty, I thought I might slip out between the acts; so I offered to hand my solid armful to her seat—"Certainement vous pouvez bien restez encore un moment." The devil confound you and Aaron Bang, thought I—but waltz I must, and away we whirled until the room spun round faster than we did, and when I was at length emancipated, my dark fair and fat one whispered, in a regular die-away, "*J'espère vous revoir bientôt*." All this while there was a heavy firing of champagne and other corks, and the fun grew so fast and furious, that I re-

membered very little more of the matter, until the morning breeze whistled through my muslin curtains, or musquito net, about noon on the following day.

I arose, and found mine host setting out to bathe at Madame Le Clerc's bath, at Marquesan. I rode with him; and after a cool dip we breakfasted with President Petion, at his country-house there, and met with great kindness. About the house itself there was nothing particularly to distinguish it from many others in the neighbourhood; but the little statues, and fragments of marble steps, and detached portions of old-fashioned wrought-iron railing, which had been grouped together, so as to form an ornamental terrace below it, facing the sea, shewed that it had been a compilation from the ruins of the houses of the rich French planters which were now blackening in the sun on the plain of Leogane. A couple of Buenos Ayrean privateers were riding at anchor in the Bight just below the windows, manned, as I afterwards found, by Americans. The President, in his quiet way, after contemplating them through his glass, said, "*Ces pavillons sont bien neufs*."

The next morning, as we were pulling in my gig, no less a man than Massa Aaron steering, on board the *Arethusa*, one of the merchantmen lying at anchor off the town, we were nearly run down by getting athwart the bows of an American schooner standing in for the port. As it was, her cut-water gave us so smart a crack that I thought we were done for; but our *Palinurus*, finding he could not clear her, with his inherent self-possession put his helm to port, and kept away on the same course as the schooner, so that we got off with the loss of our two larboard oars, which were snapped off like parsnips, and a good heavy bump that nearly drove us into staves.

"Never mind, my dear sir, never mind," said I; "but hereafter listen to the old song—

"Steer clear of the stem of a sailing ship."——

Massa Aaron was down on me like lightning—

"Or the stern of a kicking horse, Tom."

While I continued—

" ' Or you a wet jacket may catch, and a dip.'

He again cleverly clipped the word out of my mouth,—

" Or a kick on the croup, which worse, Tom."

" Why, my dear sir, you are an *improvisatore* of the first quality."

We rowed ashore, and nothing particular happened that day, until we sat down to dinner at Mr S's.

We had a very agreeable party. Captain N—— and Mr Bang were, as usual, the very life of the party; and it was verging towards eight o'clock in the evening, when an English sailor, apparently belonging to the merchant service, came into the piazza, and planted himself opposite to the window where I sat.

He made various nautical salaams, until he had attracted my attention. "Excuse me," I said to Mr S., "there is some one in the piazza wanting me." I rose.

"Are you Captain N——?" said the man.

"No, I am not. There is the Captain; do you want him?"

"If you please, sir," said the man.

I called my superior officer into the narrow dark piazza.

"Well, my man," said N——, "what want you with me?"

"I am sent, sir, to you from the Captain of the Haytian ship, the E——, to request a visit from you, and to ask for a prayer-book."

"A what?" said N——.

"A prayer-book, sir. I suppose you know that he and the Captain of that other Haytian ship, the P——, are condemned to be shot to-morrow morning."

"I know nothing of all this," said N——. "Do you, Cringle?"

"No, sir," said I.

"Then let us adjourn to the dining-room again; or, stop, ask Mr S. and Mr Bang to step here for a moment."

They appeared; and when N—— explained the affair, so far as consisted with his knowledge, Mr S. told us, that the two unfortunates in question were, one of them, a Guernsey man, and the other a man of colour, a native of St Vincent's, whom the President had promoted to the command of two Haytian ships that had been employed in carrying coffee to England; but on their last return voyage, they had introduced a quantity

of base Birmingham coin into the Republic; which fact having been proved on their trial, they had been convicted of treason against the state, condemned, and were now under sentence of death; and the government being purely military, they were to be shot to-morrow morning. A boat was immediately sent on board, and the messenger returned with a prayer-book; and we prepared to visit the miserable men.

Mr Bang insisted on joining us, ever first where misery was to be relieved; and we proceeded towards the prison. Following the sailor, who was the mate of one of the ships, presently we arrived before the door of the place where the unfortunate men were confined. We were speedily admitted; but the house where they were confined had none of the common appurtenances of a prison. There were neither long galleries, nor strong iron-bound and clamped doors, to pass through; nor jailors with rusty keys jingling; nor fetters clanking; for we had not made two steps past the black grenadiers who guarded the door, when a serjeant shewed us into a long ill-lighted room, about thirty feet by twelve—in truth, it was more like a gallery than a room—with the windows into the street open, and no precautions taken, apparently at least, to prevent the escape of the condemned. In truth, if they had broken forth, I imagine the kind-hearted President would not have made any very serious enquiry as to the *how*.

There was a small rickety old card-table, covered with tattered green cloth, standing in the middle of the floor, which was composed of dirty unpolished pitch pine planks, and on this table glimmered two brown wax candles, in old-fashioned brass candlesticks. Between us and the table, forming a sort of line across the floor, stood four black soldiers, with their muskets at their shoulders, while beyond them sat, in old-fashioned arm-chairs, three figures, whose appearance I never can forget.

The man fronting us rose on our entrance. He was an uncommon handsome elderly personage; his age I should guess to have been about fifty. He was dressed in white trousers and shirt, and wore no coat;

his head was very bald, but he had large and very dark whiskers and eyebrows, above which towered a most splendid forehead, white, massive, and spreading. His eyes were deep-set and sparkling, but he was pale, very pale, and his fine features were sharp and pinched. He sat with his hands clasped together, and resting on the table, his fingers twitching to and fro convulsively, while his under jaw had dropped a little, and from the constant motion of his head, and the heaving of his chest, it was clear that he was breathing quick and painfully.

The man on his right hand was altogether a more vulgar-looking personage. He was a man of colour, his caste being indicated by his short curly black hair, while his African descent was vouched for by his obtuse features, but he was composed and steady in his bearing. He was dressed in white trowsers and waistcoat, and a blue surtout; and on our entrance he also rose, and remained standing. But the figure on the elder prisoner's left hand, riveted my attention more than either of the other two. She was a respectable-looking, little, thin woman, but dressed with great neatness, in a plain black silk gown. Her sharp features were high and well formed; her eyes and mouth were not particularly noticeable, but her hair was most beautiful—her long shining auburn hair—although she must have been forty at the youngest, and her skin was like the driven snow. When we entered, she was seated on the left hand of the eldest prisoner, and was lying back on her chair, with her arms crossed on her bosom, her eyes wide open, and staring upwards towards the roof, with the tears coursing each other down over her cheeks, while her lower jaw had fallen down, as if she had been dead—her breathing was scarcely perceptible—her bosom remaining still as a frozen sea, for the space of a minute, when she would draw a long breath, with a low moaning noise, and then succeeded a convulsive crowing gasp, like a child in the whooping cough, and all would be still again.

At length Captain N—— addressed the elder prisoner. "You have sent for us Mr * * *; what can

we do for you—in accordance with our duty as English officers?"

The poor man looked at us with a vacant stare—but his fellow-sufferer instantly spoke. "Gentlemen, this is kind—very kind. I sent my mate to borrow a prayer-book from you, for our consolation now must flow from above—man cannot comfort us." The female—who was the elder prisoner's wife, suddenly leant forward in her chair, and peered instantly into Mr Bang's face—"Prayer-book," said she—"prayer-book—why, I have a prayer-book—I will go for my prayer-book"—and she rose quickly from her seat. "*Reste z*"—quoth the black sergeant—the word recalled her senses—she laid her head on her hands, on the table, and sobbed out, as if her heart was bursting—"Oh, God! oh, God! is it come to this—is it come to this?" the frail table trembling beneath her, with her heart-crushing emotion. His wife's misery now seemed to recall the elder prisoner to himself. He made a strong effort, and in a great degree recovered his composure.

"Captain N——," said he—"I believe you know our story. That we have been justly condemned I admit, but it is a fearful thing to die, Captain, in a strange country, and by the hands of these barbarians, and to leave my own dear —." Here his voice altogether failed him—presently he resumed. "The Government have sealed up my papers and packages, and I have neither Bible nor prayer-book—will you spare us the use of one, or both, for this night, sir?" The captain said, he had brought a prayer-book, and did all he could to comfort the poor fellows. But alas, their grief "knew not consolation's name."

Captain N—— read prayers, which were listened to by both of the miserable men with the greatest devotion, while all the while, the poor woman never moved a muscle, every faculty appearing to be frozen up by grief and misery. At length, the elder prisoner again spoke. "I know I have no claim on you, gentlemen; but I am an Englishman—at least, I hope, I may call myself an Englishman, and my wife there is an English woman—when I am gone—oh,

gentlemen, what is to become of her?—If I were but sure that she would be cared for, and enabled to return to her friends, the bitterness of death would be past." Here the poor woman threw herself round her husband's neck, and gave a shrill sharp cry, and relaxing her hold, fell down across his knees, with her head hanging back, and her face towards the roof, in a dead faint. For a minute or two, the poor man's sole concern seemed to be the condition of his wife. "I will undertake that your wife shall be sent safe to England, my good man"—said Mr Bang. The felon looked at him—drew one hand across his eyes, which were misty with tears, held down his head, and again looked up—at length he found his tongue. "That God who rewardeth good deeds here, that God whom I have offended, before whom I must answer for my sins by daybreak to-morrow, will reward you—I can only thank you." He seized Mr Bang's hand, and kissed it. With heavy hearts we left the miserable group, and I may mention here, that Mr Bang was as good as his word, and paid the poor woman's passage home, and so far as I know, she is now restored to her family.

We slept that night at Mr S——'s, and as the morning dawned we mounted our horses, which our worthy host had kindly desired to be ready, in order to enable us to take our exercise in the cool of the morning. As we rode past the *Place d'Armes*, or open space in front of the President's palace, we heard sounds of military music, and asked the first chance passenger what was going on. "*Execution militaire*, or rather," said the man, "the two sea captains, who introduced the base money, are to be shot this morning—there against the rampart." Of the fact we were aware, but we did not dream that we had ridden so near the whereabouts. "Ay, indeed"—said Mr Bang. He looked towards the Captain. "My dear N——, I have no wish to witness so horrible a sight, but still—what say you—shall we pull up, or ride on?" The truth was that Captain N—— and myself were both of us desirous of seeing the execution—from what impelling motive, let learned blockheads, who have never gloated over a hanging,

determine; and quickly it was determined that we should wait and witness it.

First advanced a whole regiment of the President's guards, then a battalion of infantry of the line, close to which followed a whole bevy of priests clad in white, which contrasted conspicuously with their brown and black faces. After them, marched two firing parties of twelve men each, drafted indiscriminately, as it would appear, from the whole garrison; for the grenadier cap was there intermingled with the glazed shako of the battalion company, and the light morion of the dismounted dragoon. Then came the prisoners. The elder culprit, respectfully clothed in white shirt, waistcoat, and trousers, and blue coat, with an Indian silk yellow handkerchief bound round his head. His lips were compressed together with an unnatural firmness, and his features were sharpened like those of a corpse. His complexion was ashy blue. His eyes were half shut, but every now and then he opened them wide, and gave a startling rapid glance about him, and occasionally he staggered a little in his gait. As he approached the place of execution, his eyelids fell, his under-jaw dropped, his arms hung dangling by his side like empty sleeves; still he walked steadily on, mechanically keeping time, like an automaton, to the measured tread of the soldiery. His fellow-sufferer followed him. His eye was bright, his complexion healthy, his step firm, and he immediately recognised us in the throng, made a bow to Captain N——, and held out his hand to Mr Bang, who was nearest to him, and shook it cordially. The procession moved on. The troops formed into three sides of a square, the remaining one being the earthen mound, that constituted the rampart of the place. A halt was called. The two firing parties advanced to the sound of muffled drums, and having arrived at the crest of the *glacis*, right over the counterscarp, they halted on what, in a more regular fortification, would have been termed the covered way. The prisoners, perfectly unfettered, advanced between them, stepped down with a firm step into the ditch, led each by a grenadier.

In the centre of the ditch they turned and kneeled, neither of their eyes being bound. A priest advanced, and seemed to pray with the brown man fervently; another offered spiritual consolation to the Englishman, who seemed now to have rallied his torpid faculties, but he waved him away impatiently, and taking a book from his bosom, seemed to repeat a prayer from it with great fervour. At this very instant of time, Mr Bang caught his eye. He dropped the book on the ground, placed one hand on his heart, while he pointed upwards towards heaven with the other, calling out in a loud clear voice, "Remember!" Aaron bowed. A mounted officer now rode quickly up to the brink of the ditch, and called out "*Dépechez.*"

The priests left the miserable men, and all was still as death for a minute. A low solitary tap of the drum—the firing parties came to the *recoyer*, and presently taking the time from the sword of the staff-officer who had spoken, came down to the present, and fired a rattling, straggling volley. The brown man sprang up into the air three or four feet, and fell dead; he had been shot

through the heart; but the white man was only wounded, and had fallen, writhing, and struggling, and shrieking, to the ground. I heard him distinctly call out, as the reserve of six men stepped into the ditch, "*Dans la tête, dans la tête.*" One of the grenadiers advanced, and, putting his musket close to his face, fired. The ball splashed into his skull, through his left eye, setting fire to his hair and his clothes, and the handkerchief bound round his head, and making the brains and blood flash up all over his face and the person of the soldier who had given him the *coup de grace*.

A strong murmuring noise, like the rushing of many waters, growled amongst the ranks and the surrounding spectators, while a short sharp exclamation of horror every now and then gushed out shrill and clear, and fearfully distinct above the appalling monotonv.

The miserable man instantly stretched out his legs and arms straight and rigidly, a strong shiver pervaded his whole frame, his jaw fell, his muscles relaxed, and he and his brother in calamity became portion of the bloody clay on which they were stretched.

THE CHIEF; OR, THE GAEL AND THE SASSENACH, IN THE REIGN OF GEORGE IV.

A CARICATURE.

CHAPTER V.

WHEN the M'Goul reached the pier of Leith, it was in the grey of a misty dawn, or, as it would have been called in England, a showery morning. Steam vessels had then been of recent invention, and the one in which he, with his tail, proposed to embark, who to sail that day. The boiler was, in consequence, awake, and hissing from the mast-head; but, as the Chief said, "there was not another mother's son mudding in the vesshell." This obliged him, with Pharick the piper, and Donald the man, to walk the decks, exposed to all the vicissitudes of the weather, till it pleased one of the men, after they were

drenched to the skin, to look up from a hatchway and enquire what they wanted.

"Is this al your shivility?" cried the angry chief. "Don't you feel what we want, umph? We want a dry."

"A dry," said the sailor, either pawkily, or in simplicity, "there is not such a thing here."

"Good Cot!" cried the Chief, addressing himself to Donald, "isn't that moving, umph?"

However the mariner, or engineer, or whatever he was, by this time had ascended on deck, and opened the cabin companion, telling his preter-

natural visitors that they might go below, to shelter themselves from the rain.

"Ay, and we will too," cried the indignant Chief; and, followed by his attendants, he descended the companion stairs into the cabin.

At first he paused, evidently surprised at the magnificence of the room, and turning round, he enquired if this was the ship which King Shorge came in, and without waiting for an answer, he stepped forward and sat down on a sofa; and taking off his plaid, said, "We are al a tripping roast."

"Aye, we are tripping," replied Donald, coolly.

Having disposed of his bonnet and plaid, our hero laid aside his sword, and took off his brogues, looking at his feet, which were not yet rid of the "mires;" but he said nothing, except "umph," adding, after a pause,

"A wee writer—umph—the M'Goul knew better than to let such a neat sit by him, umph."

As none of the party had enjoyed any repose since they left the inn at Luss, at break of day the preceding morning, they soon began to feel drowsy. Pharick the piper, notwithstanding his damp garments, sat down in a chair, stretching out his legs and arms, courted not in vain the embraces of Morpheus. Donald the man, an old soldier, was a little more select. In seeking for a couch, he saw in a corner a sail loosely turned up, and fixed on it; but he had been too cursory in his inspection, for, not very accurately observing, he threw himself down like a fatigued dog, and in the very instant a cat and five kittens fixed their teeth and claws in his kilted thigh, which made him instantly start, with the whole family and the exasperated mother dangling at his philabeg. Even the Chief deigned to smile, and said, with a pun that would have done credit to a wit of the Trongate, "Hech, Donald, but ye have soon met with a catestroffy!"

Donald, however, had learned, among other tricks of the service, many expedients. He shook off the feline malcontents, and usurped their dormitory.

The M'Goul himself, who felt it below his dignity to appear in need of

repose, did not immediately change his position. But, by and by, he caught the infection of their snores, and began to yawn for a place of rest; but he looked around for a bed in vain. At last he observed one of the tables very alluringly spread, and on it a bundle that would make an excellent pillow. Accordingly, he mounted upon it, and laid himself out for sleep, somewhat in the style of St Andrew on the cross, but his front downwards.

How long the party had thus enjoyed a temporary oblivion from all their sufferings, we do not exactly know; but while thus asleep, two students of medicine, who intended to walk the hospitals in London during the winter, came on board to select berths, and on going into the cabin, they saw the Celtic party. Donald was so cuddled up that they did not disturb him; and Pharick, the piper, happened to be in a Christian position, for which he was spared. The M'Goul opened his eyes, and giving a great snore, went to sleep again, as they entered. This was more than the two young doctors could withstand.

"He is dead," said one to the other, "or dying. Let us Burke him."

They did not confine themselves to jeers, but encouraged by his unprotected position, they attempted some practical jokes, which instantaneously awoke the chief, and he pursued them in such a whirlwind of passion, that they were glad to escape, and thereby baulked the James Watt that voyage of two passengers.

Soon after, the other passengers came on board; and our Celtic friend was appeased by the bustle and hilarity with which the vessel got under weigh. By the time he had partaken of some repast, and as they were paddling merrily down the Frith, Donald had conducted Pharick to the servants' cabin, taking care to let it be well known in the ship that their master was no other than the M'Goul of Inverstrone, in the Western Highlands.

This news soon spread among the inmates of the vessel, and young and old, with all degrees of Edinburgh lawyers, and men who had been shooting in the Highlands, re-

garded with awe and apprehension the redoubtable Chief, as he doft his bonnet on the one side, and flourished his cane majestically as he walked the deck. But notwithstanding all his bravery, the sad sea influences were at work within him; and, in the very act of shouting for his man Donald, instead of words, all the scraps and crumbs of which he had so lately partaken were poured forth. He was suddenly smitten with a sore seasickness, insomuch that he rather fell than sat on one of the benches crying—"Good Cot! Och hon! I'll die! I'll fever and die immediately!"

Whether Donald and Pharick were in the same condition we have not heard; but the wind began to blow, and the Chief began to spout as the vessel stood more and more to sea. At last, Donald, pale and woebegone, came to his assistance, and enquired if he could in any way serve him.

"By Cot!" cried the Chief, "I am a dying man. Stop the vessel—by

Cot, stop her, or my entrails will pe in Abraham's bosom!"

"How can I stop her," cried Donald, with something like a sardonic grin, "when a man with a big stick is kittling her up behind?"

To this sapient reply the Chieftain could only utter an interjection of despair; but towards the evening he grew better, and the wind freshening, the steamer ploughed the waves at a noble rate. All those who had felt the spell of the ocean, and confessed its power, began to stir with new life; and the McGoul, recovering from his affliction, like the Spring in Thomson's Seasons—

"looked out and smiled."

In the evening of the second day the steamer entered the Thames; and exactly at forty-nine hours and seventeen minutes, she came to her anchorage at Blackwall. But what befell our friend in London is matter for another chapter.

CHAPTER VI.

AMONG the resuscitations which happened on board the steamer after she entered the smooth waters of the Thames, and was cheerily paddling up the river, was that of Mr Jubal M'Allister, the writer, going on the celebrated appeal case of the firkin of butter, from the Court of Session to the House of Lords; and the first thing he did, after recovering from his internal controversy of the voyage, was to make an acquaintance with Roderick, the Chief, of whose greatness he had heard some account, from the story which Donald, the man, had circulated on board the vessel.

His address in effecting this was inimitable. He saw the McGoul looking towards the shore of the Thames, as if a pitiless northwest shower was exciting the muscles of his face; and going towards him, he stood by his side, and began to look to it also. Then he said, in an interjectional manner, but loud enough to make the Chief hear him, "What a beautiful Verdant country!" and turning round in a surprisingly modest manner, he remarked to the McGoul that it was a delightful contrast to see the fields so green after

their traverse on the blue ocean waters.

The Chief looked over his left shoulder, and seeing from whom the observation came, said, "Umph!"

So intellectual an interlocutor was highly gratifying to Mr M'Allister, and induced him still further to observe, with equal originality and pathos, that "England was a very fine country."

"Fine country!" said our friend, "I see no hills at all."

"Yes," said Mr M'Allister; "it wants but these to be a Paradise."

The Chief again looked at him over his shoulder, and replied, "I would not give a snuff mull for a land without hills and heather; tamm it if I would."

"Certainly," said the lawyer, "heather mountains are romantic and beautiful in their proper place."

"You are a very shivilized gentleman," said Roderick, "and that testifies you have a nerve. What is the use of a country if it hasn't hills? Now, I would not give an old gill-stoup for one all green, only that it's goot for hay and black cattle."

Thus, from less to more, the ice being broke, Mr Jubal M'Allister and

the M'Goul were jocose friends long before the James Watt reached her moorings; and lucky it was for the Chief that he had fallen in with so renowned a member of the blue and yellow fraternity, for he had come from his own castle of Inverstrone to the river of London without condescending to think that it was at all necessary to institute any enquiry relative to the metropolis. He had heard of many people going to London, but never of one who thought it necessary to enquire respecting the usages of the land. Mr M'Allister, however, set him right, and with great politeness offered to be of any use to him in his power before he went to Fenny Park; and being impressed with the importance of a Chieftain attended by his henchman and his piper, he thought he could do no less than recommend him to take up his abode in the Clarendon Hotel, Bond Street.

"I hope," said the M'Goul, "it's a goot house—no sand crunching upon the floor, nor the rafters plack with peat reek."

"Oh," replied Mr M'Allister, "you will find yourself as comfortable in it as in your own castle."

"Umph," said the Chief, and mutteringly added, "that is no gratification, but we'll mend the sklate py and py."

"Oh, I beg your pardon," replied Mr M'Allister, "Inverstrone Castle is a very ancient pile."

"Ay, ay," said the Chief, "it was a castle—curse tak me if I know when."

Having landed, they proceeded, accompanied by Donald the man, Pharick the piper, and their other luggage, in a coach, to the Clarendon Hotel, where they were ushered in due order into a suite of apartments, the elegance of which so fascinated our hero, that he walked about in the sitting room, flourishing his cane and whistling "the White Cockade," not believing it possible that he was then in a public-house. However, the state of his appetite reminded him of the circumstance, and with his wonted hospitality, he requested the Edinburgh lawyer to ask the waiter to bring something to eat, "for," said he, as an apology for being daunted at his smart appearance,

"you know the gentleman may not understand my English language."

Mr M'Allister did as he was desired, and took the opportunity of giving the orders, to let the waiter know the rank and greatness of the guest; accordingly, while spreading the table with some refreshment, the lad, never having seen a kilted Chieftain before, with a diffident air enquired at M'Goul, what he would be pleased to order for his attendants.

"Oh," said the Chief, "give them a bit of salmon, with moortowl, and any thing."

Which the waiter, making him a lowly bow, immediately went to execute, and afterwards returned into the room followed by Donald and Pharick. The former not being much accustomed to waiting at table, posted himself with his sword drawn erect as a sentinel at the door, while the latter, during the repast, regaled them with divers melodious pibrochs. It was evident from the appearance of the different waiters who came into the room, that, accustomed as they are at the Clarendon to extraordinary visitors, they had never seen such a one before. Mr M'Allister was also a little awed by the scene, but he soon recovered his self-possession, and accidentally learning that the Chief had not informed Mr Stukely of his intended avatar, undertook to do so, in order that the reception of a Chief might be suitable to his station, "For," said he to Roderick "it will never do for one of your consequence to go in upon him without warning; it is required by your rank that you should go in a proper manner, for the English do not know what a Chief is."

"On ay," said the M'Goul, "I am a consequential man; the M'Goul, py Cot, is the M'Goul al the world over."

Accordingly a letter from Mr Jubal M'Allister himself was written to Mr Stukely of Fenny Park, enclosed in an envelope, and sealed with the Chieftain's large seal of arms, displaying of course the supporters, and was sent to the post-office. This circumstance, in itself not particularly important, occasioned much speculation at the mansion of the quondam sheriff. It was received as a communication from an archduke or an emperor; the man-

ner in which the letter was made up, shewed that it was written by a person well skilled in the diplomatic art, and the seal betokened the pride, pomp, and circumstance of chieftainship; moreover, as great men are not good at writing, it was written from the Chieftain by what was deemed one of his suite. Great bustle in consequence ensued; the best bed-room was put in order, and suitable apartments for the Chieftain's attendants. All the neighbouring gentry who had newly come into the country were invited to dine with him, and nothing was heard of from the turnpike gate to the alehouse, but the grandeur and glory of the approaching visitor.

In the meantime, Mr Jubal McAllister having safely left the Chief and his tail at the Clarendon, retired to his accustomed haunt in Holme's Hotel in Parliament Street. There he made himself an object of envy, by rehearsing to his compeers from the Parliament House, with whom he had been associating, and where he had been, interspersing his recital with barbaric pearl and gold, and affecting mightily to laugh at the un-

couthness of the Chief, while in the core of his heart he felt an inexpressible glow of reflection, and an augmentation of importance. But, as our narration comparatively has little respect towards him, we shall not enlarge on this topic, but return to the McGoul, the more immediate object of our worship, who, in due time, with Donald and Pharick, went to sleep; and by his felicitations in the morning, it appeared that he had never passed so comfortable a night. At first it was his intention to have gone at once from London to Fenny Park, but Mr McAllister had taught him to understand that a proceeding of this kind was an unbecoming familiarity that ought not to be practised towards such new-made gentlemen as he understood Mr Stukely was; and in consequence, in announcing his arrival at the Clarendon Hotel, intimation was given, that he would, as soon as possible, not fail to pay his respects at Fenny Park. The exact day was not specified, that time might be allowed to prepare for his reception, and also that he might see something of the metropolis before he went thither.

CHAPTER VII.

EARLY after breakfast, Jubal McAllister waited on the Chief, whom he found sitting in great pomp, listening to his piper Pharick, strutting outrageously at the other end of the room. He was received with a shout of gladness, for the Chieftain, notwithstanding the vast numbers of the Clan-jamphrey in London, knew not where to find in all that great metropolis one of his kith or kin. Donald, his man, had asked leave to go to Chelsea, where some of his old claims were settled in legless or armless dignity for life. Pharick and himself, having a little stronger the flavour Celtic, remained in the house. Perhaps as Pharick spoke only Gaelic, there was some prudence in this resolution; but his Chief and master was, we are sorry to confess, something akin to being afraid; fear of man was not in his nature, but of a town he stood much in awe.

When the Edinburgh lawyer had taken his seat, the Chief, with an emphatic wave of his hand, signified

to Pharick that they were content with his music for the present, and turning to the writer, he began to give him an account of his entertainment and opinion of the Clarendon Hotel.

"It is," said he, "a pra house, and he would be no better than a Fandal from high Germanie, who would say it was a common public; and then they have wine, both portaport and sheries, that to drink would make you pounce, al which we made our revels with, and then went to ped."

The lawyer having heard him out, then proposed, as he had time that day, to shew him the curiosities of the town.

"Ay," said the Chief, "that is what we did portend;" and rising, began to move towards the bell. The man of statutes and precedents suddenly checked himself, as he saw him ring in the most natural manner possible, though it was only the third time he had ever tried it; he pulled indeed a little longer and lustier than

usual, saying at the same time, "that he had gotten an insight, for the gentleman had shewed him at breakfast that if he pulled the string, there would be sure of him or some other appearing at the door—just," said he, "as a salmon comes out of the water when you pluck the line."

But before Mr M'Allister had time to make any answer, the waiter appeared, and was informed the Chief was going out, and required his attendant to play before him.

"Gracious!" cried the astonished Edinburgh lawyer, "we would only raise a crowd in London." But warily checking the expostulation, and adapting his phraseology to the understanding of the Chief, he said that the Londoners were not capable of estimating the merits of pipers; and, besides, the noises in the streets were so great, that his melody wouldn't be properly heard. Pharick was in consequence ordered to hide at home, his master observing, after he had given the orders, "What you say, Mr M'Allister, is true; and surely, for they have no knowledge of a musical here; and they made me as mad as a poiling kettle, after you went away last night, py a spring from a pair of pagpipes in a box on a man's back. But I could make nothing of it, only I will say the pum of it was as melodious as a crow."

After this colloquy and description of the organ, the writer and the Chief sallied forth; and as they reached the turn of the street, where it enters Piccadilly, the Chieftain being in the Highland dress, paused and looked round, on observing that he was himself "the observed of all observers." Mr M'Allister attributed his wonder to his first encountering a metropolitan crowd, especially when he saw him stretch himself erect, and look blandly around.

"They al know me," said the Chieftain; "but they are, I kess, of the lower orders, 'cause I know not a living soul of them—devil tak' me if I do."

They then proceeded down St James's Street, Mr M'Allister pointing out, as they went along, the different noted houses in that thoroughfare, with the palace of St James at the bottom. Club-houses were, however, beyond Roderick's comprehension, and he could only utter his na-

tional characteristic umph as they were severally pointed out. But the King's palace was something better adapted to his understanding, and he looked at it for a considerable time in silent cogitation, and then said, "Is that the King's own palace?"

"Yes," replied his guide; "the celebrated St James's."

"My Cot! umph," cried the M'Goul; and giving his ivory-headed cane a flourishing, turned eastward along Pall-Mall, without uttering a word, or lifting his downcast eyes on any edifice, public or private, that he passed.

When they had come to Charing Cross he recovered speech, and said, as they approached the statue, (the improvements of the neighbourhood were not then made,) "That's a King William, too," alluding to the statue he had passed at Glasgow.

"No," said the lawyer, "that is King Charles, the monarch who lost his head."

"Coot Cot! Charles Stuart, the great-grandfather of Prince Charlie."

And he lingered some time, gazing with mingled regrets and patriotism at the sight, till he happened to notice the lion on Northumberland House.

"Goot Cot!" cried he, "whatna dog's that?" But presently he added, with ineffable contempt, "Pugh, it's but an effigy; does the man sell a good liquor there?"

By this time our Edinburgh acquaintance felt a little nervous, as in the course of the journey he had discovered that the Chief was wilder game than he had quite reckoned on, and felt somewhat apprehensive of meeting in those purlieus with some of his professional associates. Instead, therefore, of going down Whitehall, or towards the city, he turned round into Spring Gardens, and led the native into St James's Park, pointing out to him several objects which strangers deem curiosities; among others the telegraph on the Admiralty, the Horse Guards, and things of that sort; to all which, however, Roderick only gave a significant umph, remembering, with mortification, the impression which the old tolbooth-looking building of St James's Palace had inspired. But when he came to the parade at the Horse Guards, he turned suddenly

round, and looking with Celtic sagacity in the direction of the Palace, enquired, with an emphasis which shewed what was passing in his mind—

“What is your opinion in a coorse of la concerning the Hanoverians, umph?”

Mr McAllister being a Whig of the Stove school, as we have already intimated, replied—

“No man now has any doubt about it; we have derived some advantages from them.”

“Ah,” said the Chief, “the devil mean them to give justice and advantages; they have neither kith nor kin in the country like the auld Stuarts, umph!—That house, umph!—a Stuart would na put his meikle tae into it, umph!”

By this speech the advocate was reminded of the predilections of the Highlanders, especially of those who inhabited Moidart and its neighbourhood, and began to pull in his horns as they approached George’s gate, on their way to Westminster Abbey and the Houses of Parliament. When they came in sight of the former, the Chief giving a snort, said—

“Ay, and is that auld kirk, and the young one at its fut, what they cal Westminster Abbey; and what’s to be seen in Westminster Abbey?”

This was a flight beyond the imagination of the lawyer; it betrayed an ignorance of which he had no conception a Chieftain could be guilty, and he said, with ill-concealed mortification, that perhaps it would not be worth the seeing.

“It’s very auld, I see,” said the Chieftain; “nobody is alive now that saw it built, and of course cannot tell its history; so we’ll only hear a pack of lies about it, just as I heard auld Ferryboat tell of the woman that beglamoured him at Roslin Castle, when he was called into Edinburgh to testify before the Lords that my father was the son of his own. No, I wouldna give that spittle out of my mouth to see it.”

Considerably disconcerted at this declaration, the advocate hurried him across the street to the Houses of Parliament, and knowing that they were then up, felt a little more courageous, not having the fear of any of his companions before his eyes; but in the different houses and apartments Roderick took no interest; only he remarked in the House of Lords, looking at the throne—

“Ay, ay, the King may make a Lord, but he canna make a Highland Chieftain,—curse take me if he can.”

He then proposed to return and have a fill at the Clarendon, as it was a cold day, and accordingly they walked back the road they had come; but on reaching Bond Street, the lawyer beheld every window open, filled with ladies, and a vast multitude in the street opposite the hotel, where Pharrick was strutting up and down the pavement as proud as a peacock, cracking the ears of the groundlings with a pibroch that his grandfather had played, to the inextinguishable horror of Prince Charles Edward, when he landed at Moidart.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE advocate was by this time becoming a little alarmed; he saw that the habits of the Chieftain were not calculated for the meridian of London; and, moreover, he began to think that the Clarendon Hotel was not exactly the sort of lair which so wild a beast should frequent; and, therefore, although his vanity was interested in keeping him there, his Scottish prudence made him anxious to get him out of it, while yet his game flavour, though high, was odouriferous. Thus he began, after their return, to insinuate to the Chief, that

it was now time to be thinking of his visit to Mr Stukely, and said, “McGoul, how long do you propose to stay at Fenny Park; because I think it will be better not to visit the curiosities of London until you return; for while you are there, you may hear of something worth seeing, that in our haste we would neglect?”

To this speech the Chieftain answered, “I have been thinking so too, for I see nothing at all in London just now that I would give a chucky-stane for a look; and really this town more is not just such a civilized

place as a shentleman should be in; it's al shops and shopkeepers. Goot Cot! and yon's St James's Palace! No wonder we had in the Highlands so warm a side to Prince Charlie, umph."

"I am glad to hear you say so," replied Mr M'Allister; "there is indeed a great difference between Edinburgh and London."

"I'll tell you al about it. Edinburgh has a caller air, which is a good health, but London has none at al; but a- for my pheesit, it will just be till I have gotten the compliment that ould Fenny Parc has promised in his letter."

Mr M'Allister had learned by this time something of the story, and had guessed a little of the M'Goul's errand; not at all apprehending it rested on so slender a foundation, he said, with perfect sincerity, "How much do you expect?"

"That," said the Chieftain, "is all in asurity; the minister, and he's a lang head, said it was worth a goot five thousand pound; but, Mr M'Allister, I am a moderate man, and I have been counting that I'll be very well paid with athree thousand, the which I will accept when he gives it. You see, Mr M'Allister, three thousand pounds would do very well, as I have been laying it out. First, you see, the castle, good Got, she is a leaky material, and stands goot for five hundred. I'll have six bees' scaps for a policy on a farm before the door; they will cost a power of money. Elspa tells me, that at Montrose, where she was, they cost more than three pound a-piece. But, Mr M'Allister, I will not make a parade to you of what I have laid out the three thousand pounds for, and expenses."

The advocate, pleased to be rid of the details, replied, "No doubt you will find a use for the money. M'Goul, you will want to be on your guard in bringing so large a sum to town."

"On aye," said the Chief, "I have been making my calculations on that, and if you, Mr M'Allister, would condescend to help me, I would be greatly obliged."

"Every thing that I can do to serve the M'Goul, he may count upon; and before Parliament meets, as I have a few days' spare time, I would advise you to make out your visit, and I will go with you."

"Ah, that's a goot creature! and if you'll be such a turtle-dove, I'll the morn's morning."

"Agreed," said M'Allister; "and as you are not up to the way of London, leave the arrangements all to me."

"Now," said the Chieftain, "that's what I cal hitting the nail on the head; take your own way."

Accordingly the advocate ordered a post-chaise and four to be at the door betimes in the morning, and directed the bill to be made out by the hour of departure. All was done as he directed, but next day when the bill was presented, he was petrified to see the charge made for the servants, who, in addition to salmon at half a guinea the pound, and game in those days at as much a brace, with roast beef and plum-pudding ordered by Donald, consisted of every delicacy the house could afford.

"My God," said he, "did you order the servants to be treated in this manner?"

"Oh, ay, I just, poor lads, desired them to get a butt of salmon and grouse—just the things, ye know well, they are used to at home."

"Oh, very well, I have nothing to say to it; and as I am wore *au fait* to the ways of the English, I shall be purse-bearer, and settle for the bill in the meantime."

"You are a very condescending man, Mr M'Allister. Ay, just pay the paper, and we'll make a count and reckoning py and py."

Mr M'Allister, who had volunteered his services as purse-bearer, settled the bill, and they embarked in the carriage, the Chief and Mr M'Allister mounting inside; Pharick and Donald were already seated in their kilts on the bar outside. As soon as the Chieftain and the lawyer were seated, bang went the door, smack went the whips, off went the chaise, and in starting, Pharick and Donald, by the laws of gravity, tumbled back, and the wind turned the skirts of their philabegs, as the chaise passed with increasing velocity up Bond Street, and along Oxford Street, to the amazement of the irreverent populace.

The Edinburgh lawyer was speechless, and did not know where to hide his face.

"Lads," said the Chieftain, "are

you a seven wonder of the world, making yourself Ben Nevis and Carry?"

One of the post-boys, an old man, hearing his voice, looked behind and exclaimed to his neighbour coolly, "Look, Tom, I never seed an all in my eye and Betty Martin afore."

Matters were, however, soon put to rights. Pharrick and Donald recovered their position, the lawyer's terrors were appeased, and the Chief observed sedately that he had heard of accidents in a post-chaises before.

When the party got out on the high-road, Mr. McAllister was so smacked of his change by the turn-pikes, that he was under the necessity of applying to the McGoul for a few shillings, but the Chief had none in his pocket. All this confirmed our far-forecasting friend in opinion that a Chief who carried no money in his pocket must have a long purse; and acting on this persuasion he continued his liberality anew, by changing his own last guinea; but as they were to get three thousand pounds, it gave him no anxiety, especially as at this time they entered the gates of Fenny Park, and Pharrick began to put his drone in order, which when done, they approached the house, he playing like desperation his Chief and master's favourite air, which had not certainly been composed by Dr Arne or Handel. The unmelodious notes drew all the household and the other guests to the door; and as if by instinct, and the coming sound of the pipes, the quondam sheriff came forth and received our hero at the portal. Great demonstrations of honour and welcome were made, in so

much, without entering into the McGoul's feeling, let it suffice to say that his companion, McAllister, was infinitely delighted; and no wonder, for among the guests invited to meet the Chief, was an opulent biscuit-baker, retired from Wapping, who was to be, according to his lady, next week pricked for sheriff of the county; also almost warm slop-seller, who had bought the property of the old family of Oakes, a family that had been settled at Castle Grim, in the neighbourhood, since the Conquest at least. Besides them there was a sleeky tallow-chandler, who had made a sudden fortune by a speculation in Russia tallow. But it would be tedious to enumerate all the guests who came in their own carriages to meet the great Highland Chief, of whose coming Mr McAllister had the preceding night thought it expedient to give Mr Stukely due notice, and was the cause, in consequence, of the distinguished reception which the McGoul met with.

After the greetings and introductions were over, the chaise away, Pharrick like a turkey-cock strutting in the sun before the mansion, regaled the guests with a tune on his pipes, which they declared was most beautiful. But they then began to retire within doors, where Mrs Cracklings, the tallow-chandler's wife, enquired at Mr McAllister, as she took his arm in ascending to the drawing-room, what was the name of the poor laminal that the servant tickled and tortured in such a comical manner.

CHAPTER IX.

Intellect is very inconvenient, notwithstanding the lawyers have endeavoured, by all the means in their power, to establish a morality in which it should have no place. However, this is not the proper time for discussing that point; but as we wish to say a few sound and sober things interesting to this great commercial country, we could not hit upon a more pregnant apophthegm, especially as our observations refer to the company assembled at Fenny Park. Far is it from us and ours to give in to the vulgar opinion that

opulence alone is a monstrous poor thing; nothing can be more conducive to the glory of any people than the contrary sentiment. They indeed commit a solecism who maintain that those who have made their own fortunes are not as great among mankind as those of whom Providence has taken some pains in the making, or to whom old hereditary rank has been instrumental in giving refinement in manners, and accomplishments in education, in addition to all the advantages which make the others purse-proud. But in a coun-

try like this, where the thrift of trade should be encouraged above all things, it is highly proper that successful drudging industry should be duly honoured, and raised to a level, at least, with talent and long descended riches.

The party at old Mr Stakely's, *excellent* sheriff, was of this description, and almost peculiar to the happy realm of England. The gentlemen had, by their patience and perseverance, and some of them by a magnanimous observance of our opening aphorism, raised themselves from a base condition to rank in their expenditure with the nobles of the land, and to buy them out in their ancient patrimonial inheritances. Their ladies had all the graces that would have been conspicuous in a low estate; we need not therefore say that a party so select was agreeable to our hero.

Mr M'Allister was at first highly pleased with the whole party. He ascertained that they had come all in their own carriages, which was a great thing in the eyes of an Edinburgh lawyer; and that the least fortune of the gentlemen might be estimated at a plum, while the colloquial language of the ladies had something in it very racy and peculiar.

The same things did not increase the admiration of the M'Goul, but he was delighted to be surrounded by persons among whom he understood the Duke would have been but an ordinary man. It was true, that neither Mr Cracker the biscuit-baker, nor Mr Cracklings the tallow-chandler, were chieftains; but he thought that this was more to be ascribed to Sassenach polity, than to any defect which he could perceive in their manners, their language, or their arrogance.

In due time dinner was served up; the ornamented table and "the costly piles of food," greatly exceeded any vision that had ever gratified the eyes of the M'Goul; and he remarked to the lady whose arm he had taken in descending to the dining-room, that it was "by Cot, a feast petter than a wedding in the Highlands."

While knives and forks were busy, the conversation was general. The Chief maintained a becoming taciturnity, and Mr M'Allister entertain-

ed Mr Cracklings, who sat near him, with a full, true, and particular account of the hospitable boards of Edinburgh.

When the dinner was withdrawn, and the dessert placed on the table, and Mr M'Allister had remarked that toast-drinking had gone quite out of fashion, or made some other equally pertinent and philosophical stricture, the conversation became more desultory; in the course of which, Mr Cracklings entertained our hero and the general company with a funny anecdote concerning a d—d exciseman that was poking his nose where an exciseman's nose should not be. What he said was exceedingly diverting,—the company laughed loud and long, and Mr M'Allister declared that his sides were sore.

During the recital the Chief sat silent and solemn, because he scarcely understood a word of what Mr Crackling was telling; but when that gentleman made an end, turning round to him, he said—

"I daresay, Mr M'Goul, you have no excisemen in your part of the country?"

"Ou," replied he, without moving a muscle of his face, and with an air of the utmost indifference, "they put one o' thae things till us, but we kilt it."

The company were instantaneously struck dumb. Mr M'Allister remarked to Mrs Cracker, which she no doubt understood, that he never saw the sublime of contempt before.

Mr Cracklings immediately after said to the unconscious Chief—

"Served him right."

"Umph!" said the M'Goul.

Mr M'Allister then took up the strain, and told a story of an old woman who sold nappy ale at a roadside public-house, who, when a traveller said that it had an odd taste, "It may be so," quoth she, "but the worst thing that goes into my barrel is the gauger's rod." From this disquisition concerning exciseable articles Mr Cracker remarked on the state of the weather, some pattering of rain happening at that time to sound on the window, adding, that he pitied the poor who had such a comfortless prospect as the rising markets before them.

"I don't pity them at all," said another gentleman who was present; "haven't they the parish and the workhouse? Don't disturb yourself, my dear sir, on their account. In what country are the poor so well off as they are in England? Mr McGoul," said he, addressing the Chief, "I've heard that you have no poor's rates in Scotland—is that true?"

"Umph!" said the Chieftain, "poor's rates! Are they shell-fish? We have no oysters."

Not exactly understanding what he said, the gentleman, as if to make himself more intelligible, added—

"What becomes of the poor with you?"

"Ou," says the McGoul, "they all die."

The ladies thought this a little too highly flavoured, and were moving to go away, but they were pressed to remain, both by Mr Cracker and Mr Cracklings.

Mr McAllister, as an indemnification, then told them of the minister's prayer, which he had been bursting to relate, reminded of it by the remark of Mr Cracker occasioned by the shower on the window; and accordingly he began mimicking an old Celtic minister, who was supplicating for weather suitable to gather in and barn the fruits of the earth. "At this moment," said the storyteller, "a squally shower came blustering on the windows of the church; the minister paused, and looked astonished; at last he sat down on the pulpit seat in despair, and cried out, 'Weel, weel, gude Lord, rain awa, and spoil all the poor folk's corn, and see what thou'll make by that.'"

But instead of the laugh which had gratified the advocate on former occasions, there was a solemn pause; and Mrs Cracker, his neighbour, said it was most pathological, and she was sure, if rehearsed on the stage by Mr

Kean or Mr Macready, there would not be a dry eye in the theatre.

But Mr McAllister, instead of receiving this compliment as any tribute of respect to his powers of story-telling, inwardly thought the whole party very tasteless, and said to himself that it would be some time before he would be found casting his pearls before swine.

The ladies then withdrew, and the gentlemen closing ranks, Mr MacAllister gave old Mr Stukely a hint that he must let the McGoul have as much claret as he chose. The table was accordingly abundantly supplied, but by and by the other guests separately went away, leaving only the landlord, Mr McAllister, and the McGoul, to whom the wine was as well water, to ply the decanters. The consequence was, that Mr Stukely, not accustomed to such potations, tumbled off his chair mortal, and was carried off by the servants. Mr McAllister at this endeavoured to clap his hands, but the one went soundless and intellectual past the other, which the Chief observing, gave a shout of triumph, and, rising up, snapped his fingers victoriously, and taking hold of Mr McAllister, dragged him, as it were, by the cuff of the neck to the drawing-room. But somehow the lawyer, peering and rosy as he was, escaped from his clutches, and with professional prudence sought his bed, while the McGoul went to the ladies exulting, and walked up and down the drawing-room crying—

"Py Cot! py Cot!"

Then he sat down by Mrs Cracklings, and said to her, "Goot Cot, they thought to fill me fou, but Heighland blood knows better; though I had been all claret wine to the very pung, by Cot, he wasn't the McGoul that would have been fou; curse take me if he would."

CHAPTER X.

NEXT morning the advocate, having recovered from the orgies of the preceding night, rose much in his usual; and when one of the servants brought the shaving-water into the room, he entered into conversation with him respecting the rank and consideration of the other guests.

Thus he acquired a lever by which he knew that he could dislodge the Chief when he pleased; he had only to relate to him their professions, to make him feel how much they were beneath his consideration.

It accounted also to him, at least he thought so, for the silent manner

in which his story was received, for his self-love was excoriated by it, and not all the wine which he afterwards drank could wash out the remembrance of the tragic comment; still, as the guests were possessed of great opulence, he had a kind of sinister reverence for them, and regarded the opportunity of cultivating their acquaintance as a sunshiny incident, and something to talk about when he returned home.

On descending to the breakfast-room he found the major part of the guests assembled, and the Mac-Goul talking to them as good as oracular responses. Old Mr Stukely was not present, the effects of his claret still confined him to bed; and while he remained there, it was not possible to talk with him of the Chief's expectation, or any other matter of business. The Mac-Goul himself did not altogether feel the propriety of the rule, but the advocate "instructed" that the modes of civilized life required an observance of the usage. After some time had elapsed, and Mr McAllister had again made himself agreeable to Mrs Cracker, the biscuit-baker's wife, who invited him to visit them at Piecrust-Hall, he walked out with the Mac-Goul, partly to wear the day away, and to talk more particularly than they had hitherto done, on the business which had brought the Chief to England. In the course of this perambulation he happened to remark, that their visit would be more expensive than they apprehended; for with two servants, and the style in which they had come, they could not but give a handsome largess to Mr Stukely's household.

This intelligence was evidently not of the most pleasing kind to the Mac-Goul, for he gave an emphatic umph when he heard it, and changing colour, was apparently in a pen-sive confusion long after. "But," said the advocate, "considering the sum you have to receive, this, however, must be overlooked."

"Umph," again said the Chief, who by this time began to doubt in his own mind if three thousand pounds would be the sum he would receive, and not being quite in his element, he began to talk of returning to London that evening.

"Indeed," said the advocate, "I

am not surprised, Mac-Goul, to hear you say so, for, with all the shew of riches, these are vulgar people."

"My Cot," said the Chief, "how do you know tat?"

McAllister then related what he had learned with so much tact and delicacy in his conversation with the footman in the morning, and the alarming astonishment of the Chief increased.

"You don't shay," cried he, "that the shentleman tat was the lady's Goodman beside you is no petter than Robin McCrust, the penny-loaf baker at Inverstrone?"

"They are two of a trade," said the advocate.

"Tat's moving," cried the Chief; "and what commodity is the man Cracklings?"

"He, the servant told me, was the tallow-chandler in Whitechapel, one of the warmest men in London."

"Ay," cried the Mac-Goul, "he is very warm, for I saw the draps on his prowl all the time he was eating his dinner, and was very pitiful; but Mr McAllister, shurely, shurely you fatty man has something more than a candle. We are poth, Mr McAllister, in a jeopardy."

The trade of Mr Selvage, the slop-seller from Wapping, puzzled even the Edinburgh lawyer to explain; and had he not been assisted in his conjectures by the Chief, they both might have remained to this hour in the dark.

"A slopseller," said Mr McAllister, "is, I apprehend, a victualler, or some other dealer in soaked articles, for we say a slop-basin, a pail of slops, and so on; but the precise nature of the business I don't know."

"Ay, ay," said the Mac-Goul, "it's a low trade, and that's al we want to know."

"But, Mr Tinge, the drysalter," said Mr McAllister; "his trade is a puzzler."

"Hoo, no," said the Chief, "it's just making a mutton-ham without pickle. Put, my goot friend, we are in a trouble, like a flea in a tar-barrel in sheep-shearing; how will we get away? for if I had my monies I would not com among them for half an hour more."

This was coming to the point; and after a long conversation it was agreed between them, that the Chief

should return to London as expeditiously as possible, and, to preserve his dignity, that Mr M'Allister should remain behind to receive payment of the debt which Mr Stukely owed, and return with a coach that passed in the evening. Accordingly, when they went to the house this arrangement was made known, and all affected the greatest grief at the intelligence, while their hearts leaped with joy. A carriage and four was in consequence in due time at the door, Phaulk and Donald again mounted the cross-board, and Mr Stukely, notwithstanding his head-ach, rose to bid the Chief farewell. When this was done, the Chief was helped into the carriage, which presently drove away, Phaulk playing a dolorous pibroch as they wended their way through the park. Far, however, they had not gone, when all those who had seen the Chief depart, returned into the house a little surprised, but saying nothing, on seeing that Mr M'Allister remained behind. He, however, was too good a man of business to summer and winter over his task, and accordingly he soon requested apart some private conversation with Mr Stukely; and that gentleman took him into another room, where the lawyer opened the colloquy, by saying, that he understood from the M'Goul that Mr Stukely was deeply in his debt.

"Yes," said the old gentleman, "it is a debt I can never pay."

"But," said Mr M'Allister, "you can advance part, and give security for the remainder."

"Sir," said the old gentleman, "what do you mean?"

"I am not instructed," replied M'Allister, "to abate much of the three thousand pounds."

Mr Stukely looked amazed, and exclaimed "Three thousand pounds!"

"Yes," said Mr M'Allister, "M'Goul thinks the debt amounts to about that sum."

"The debt!" cried Mr Stukely; "what debt?"

"That," replied Mr M'Allister, "which you owe him, and which to recover he has come all the way from the North of Scotland. I hope, sir, the Chief will not be compelled to have recourse to steps in law to recover it."

"I owe him much," replied the old man, "a debt of gratitude I can never sufficiently pay."

"A debt of gratitude!" cried the lawyer and beginning to suspect the truth, added, "that's a bad debt."

A mutual explanation then ensued, and the lawyer returned by the coach to London, highly exasperated to think he had been employed on such a gowk's errand.

THE EAST INDIA QUESTION.

THE British Empire in India forms, beyond all question, the most extraordinary spectacle which the political world ever exhibited. During the plenitude of its power, the Roman Empire never contained above an hundred and twenty millions of inhabitants, and they were congregated round the shores of the Mediterranean, with a great internal sea, to form their internal line of communication, and an army of 400,000 men to secure the submission of its multifarious inhabitants. Magnificent causeways, emanating from Rome, the centre of authority, reached the farthest extremity of its dominions; and the Proconsuls, whether they journeyed from the Forum to the Wall of Antoninus and the extremities of Caledonia, or the shores of the Euphrates and the frontiers of Parthia, the Cataracts of the Nile, the Mountains of Atlas, or the banks of the Danube, rolled along the great roads with which these indomitable pioneers of civilisation had penetrated the wilds of nature. Their immense dominions were the result of three centuries of conquest, and the genius of Scipio, of Cæsar, and Severus, not less than the civic virtues of Regulus, Cato, and Cicero, were required to extend and cement the mighty fabric.

But in the Eastern World, an Empire hardly less extensive or populous, embracing as great a variety of people, and rich in as many millions and provinces, has been conquered by the British arms in less than eighty years, at the distance of 8000 miles from the parent state. That vast region, the fabled scene of opulence and grandeur since the dawn of civilisation, from which the arms of Alexander rolled back, which the ferocity of Timour but imperfectly vanquished, and the

banners of Nadir Shah traversed only to destroy, has been permanently subdued and moulded into a regular Province by a Company of British Merchants, originally settled as obscure traffickers on the shores of Hindostan, who have been dragged to their present perilous height of power by incessant attempts at their destruction by the native Princes; whose rise was contemporaneous with numerous and desperate struggles of the British nation with its European rivals, and who never had a fourth part of the national strength at their command. For such a body, in such times, and with such forces, to have acquired so immense a dominion, is one of those prodigies of civilisation of which the history of the last half century is so full; with which we are too familiar to be able to apprehend the wonder, and which must be viewed by mankind, simplified by distance, and gilded by the colours of history, before its due proportions can be understood.

The British Empire in India, extending now, with few interruptions, and those only of tributary or allied States, from Cape Comorin to the Himalaya Mountains, comprehends by far the richest and most important part of Asia, is double in extent of the area of Europe, contains about a hundred millions of inhabitants, and yields a revenue of twenty-two millions yearly.† The land-forces consist of 250,000 native troops, and 35,000 British, all in the very highest state of discipline and equipment; and this immense force raised by voluntary enrolment, without conscription or compulsory service being ever heard of.‡ So popular is the Company's service, and boundless the public confidence in the fidelity with which it discharges its engagements, that the only difficulty the

* The Company's Territory consists of 511,000 square miles; including the protected States, it embraces 1,128,800 square miles.

† £22,691,000. *Hist. Sketch of India*, p. 208.

‡ A Brief Inquiry into the State and Prospects of India. By an Eyewitness in the Military Service of the Company, [William Sinclair, Esq.] &c. Blackwood, Edinburgh; and Cadell, London. 1833.

authorities have, is to select the most worthy from among the numerous competitors who are desirous to be enrolled under its banners; and if public danger is threatened, or the Russian eagles approached the Indus, this force might be instantly raised, by the same means, to a million of armed men.* When the British power was threatened with a double attack, and the Rajah of Bhurtpore raised the standard of revolt, at the time when the bulk of the British forces were entangled in the jungles of the Irrawady, or dying under the fevers of Arracan, the firm and resolute Government of Calcutta shewed no symptoms of vacillation; with the right hand, they humbled what the Orientals styled the giant strength of Ava, while, with the left, they crushed the rising power of the Northern Rajahs; and while a larger force than combated in Portugal was pursuing the career of conquest in the Burmese Empire, and advancing the British standard almost to the towers of Ummerrapoora, a greater host than the native British who conquered at Waterloo, assembled, as if by enchantment, round the walls of Bhurtpore, and, at the distance of 2000 miles from Calcutta, and 10,000 from the British Isles, carried the last and hitherto impregnable stronghold of Hindoo independence.†

Nor are the civil triumphs of this extraordinary Government less surprising than its vast display of military strength, and unconquerable political courage. While under the native Princes, the state of capital was so insecure, that twelve *per cent* was the common, and 36 *per cent* not an unusual rate of interest, under the British rule, the interest on the public debt has, for the first time in Eastern history, been lowered to 5 *per cent*; and at this very reduced rate, the capitalists of Arabia and Armenia have transmitted their surplus funds to the Company's Stock, as to the most secure investment in the East.‡ Of the Company's debt of L. 19,210,000 sterling,§

a large proportion is due to native or Asiatic capitalists; and such is the unbounded confidence in the good faith and probity of that dreaded body, that bales, stamped with their signet, circulate, unopened, like coined money, through the vast Empire of China.¶ So complete has been the protection, so ample the security, of the inhabitants of the British Provinces, compared with what obtains under the native Rajahs, that the people from every part of India flock to the three Presidencies; and, as Bishop Heber has observed, the extension of the frontiers of the Company's Empire is immediately followed by a vast increase of population, and increase of industry, by the settlers from the adjoining native dominions.

To complete the almost fabulous wonders of this Oriental dominion, it has been achieved by a mercantile Company, in an island of the Atlantic, possessing no territorial force at home; who merely took into their temporary pay, while in India, such parts of the English troops as could be spared from the contests of European ambition; who never at any period had 30,000 English in their service; while their civil and military servants do not exceed 1000, the number of persons who proceed yearly to India, in every capacity, is only 600, including women and children;§ and the total number of whites who exist among the hundred millions of the sable inhabitants is hardly 10,000. So enormous, indeed, is the disproportion between the British rulers and the native subjects, that it is literally true what the Hindoos say, that if every one of the followers of Brahma were to throw a handful of earth on the Europeans, they would be buried alive in the midst of their conquests.

Religious difference, and the exclusive possession of power by persons of one political persuasion, has been found to be an insuperable bar to the pacification of European states; and close to the centre of her power,

* Sinclair's India, p. 16.

† 36,000 red coats, and 190 pieces of cannon, were collected by Lord Combermere to besiege that important city.

‡ Sinclair's India, p. 13.

§ Sinclair, p. 13.

Parliamentary Papers May, 1832
Sinclair, p. 27.

Ireland has from these causes, for above a century, been a continual source of weakness to England. But in her Eastern Empire, political exclusion far more rigid, religious distinctions far more irreconcilable, have, under the able and judicious management of the Company, proved no obstacle to the consolidation of a vast and peaceable dominion. Mr Sinclair, in his able pamphlet, tells us that,

"In India, notwithstanding the long period that some districts have been in British possession, and the universal peace which reigns from the Himalaya mountains to Comorin, the natives are still ineligible to offices of trust."

The separation arising from religious difference, is still more marked and insuperable. The same intelligent author and acute observer remarks,

"Not only do we find in the army Hindoos of every province, of every tribe, and of every dialect, Hindostanee, Dukhnee, Telinga, Tamil, and Mahratta, both the worshippers of Shiva, and the worshippers of Vishnoo, but we find also a multitude of Mahomedans, both of the Soonee and Shiah sects, together with Protestant and Romanist half-castes, and even Jews and Ghebirs. Although all classes live together on terms of mutual forbearance, and although this amazing diversity of religious sentiment in no way interrupts the chain of military subordination, as soon as the regimental parade is dismissed, they break into sectional coteries; the gradation of caste is restored; the Sudra serjeant makes his *salaam* to the Brahmin or Rajpoot private; the Mussulman avoids the Christian; the Shiah the Soonee; the Hindoo all; and thus an almost impassable barrier of mutual mistrust and jealousy obstructs all amalgamation of opinion, or unity of action, even on those national subjects which, separately and independently, interest the whole body."

It is a government of no ordinary kind, which, with such materials, has constructed so wonderful an Empire; which, with a European force seldom amounting to 20,000 troops,* has conquered an Empire of greater wealth and magnitude than that of Russia: which, with a few

thousand British officers and judges,† has contrived to discipline the forces, and secure the affections, and mould into an efficient form the strength of a hundred millions of Hindoos; which has amalgamated the prejudices, and healed the divisions of so discordant a population; and penetrated the vast extent of the Eastern world, not only with the terror of its power, but the justice of its sway. The complete and practical solution of this problem, by the Indian Government, must appear still more extraordinary, if it is recollected what extreme difficulties the rulers of the Parent State have experienced during the same time, in moderating the transports, and restraining the passions of Ireland; and the mild and pacific character of our Eastern rule, is contrasted with the fierce indignation and discordant interests which are about to tear from the British Empire the right arm of its strength in the West India Islands.

The history of the English power in India, taken as a whole, is yet to be written; and few more splendid or instructive subjects await the pen of genius, during the decline of the British Empire. Like most other subjects which have been treated for the last thirty years in English literature, it has hitherto been the subject only of party invective. Mr Mill's History, amongst much valuable information, and many just remarks, is disfigured by a constant attempt to underrate the services, and conceal the great achievements of the East India Company. He represents its territorial possessions as a colossal empire, based on violence and cemented by fraud. Without disputing that in the course of its struggles many unjustifiable acts were occasionally committed, it may safely be anticipated, that the sober voice of impartial history will declare, that few political fabrics of such magnitude have been reared with so little application of external justice; that its progressive growth was occasioned by the coalitions formed for its overthrow; that its unparalleled successes arose out

* It is now raised to 35,762. — *United Service Journal*.

† The military servants of the Company are about 4000; the civil, 1200.

of a defensive system of warfare, and its immense conquests were literally forced upon its rulers by the valour of its troops and the sagacity of its Government, in these struggles for existence; and that under its sway life and property have been more effectually secured, and a greater degree of stability and prosperity given to the elements of society, than has been ever witnessed in the East since the descendants of Cham overspread its plains.

One single observation must be sufficient, with every impartial mind, to demonstrate the groundless nature of these invectives against our Eastern administration. Power founded on injustice, conquests accompanied with desolating effects, never are of long duration. All the energy of Republican France—all the genius of Napoleon, could not establish in Europe the blasting dominion of democratic power. In vain hundreds of thousands were annually sent forth by its able rulers to the harvest of death—the colossal fabric fell at length before the collected indignation of mankind. Why was it that the empire of the Romans was so durable? Because they not only conquered the world by their arms, but humanized it by their institutions; because, under the protecting arm of the legions, internal peace was secured over its vast surface; because, with wisdom ever since unexampled, they consulted the interests, and delicately touched on the prejudices, of the vanquished States; and the majesty of the Empire was felt as much in the benefits which were showered on the provinces from the Imperial Government, as in the revenues which flowed from all quarters into the public treasury. Why is it, in like manner, that the progress of the Russian Empire is so permanent, and that the standards of that vast Power have never receded since the days of Peter? Because the inestimable benefits of a strong Government, among the unruly tribes whom she has reduced to subjection, are such as to supersede all the jealousies of rival States, and obliterate all the heart-burnings at the loss of national independence; because great and substantial benefits flow to the vanquished from the Muscovite rule,

and the Imperial Eagle is the signal of increased industry, contentment, and happiness, to the wandering inhabitants of the Scythian plains. It is the same with the Government of the Company in India; it has advanced so steadily, and endured so long, because it is, upon the whole, based in its administration upon justice and wisdom; because great practical benefits have been found to follow the establishment of its empire; and because the people everywhere find enough in the superior tranquillity and protection which they enjoy under the British rule, to compensate the mortification to their national feelings, which must attend the extinction of their political divisions, and the blight to their individual ambition, which arises from the appropriation of all situations of importance to the European functionaries. It is accordingly a singular and most instructive fact, that, while the inhabitants of the northern provinces of Turkey and Persia which adjoin the Russian empire, are all crowding in multitudes to settle under the shelter of the Imperial Eagle, those of the southern regions of Asia are all emigrating, as Heber observed, to the British dominions in Hindostan—a memorable example of the blessings conferred upon mankind by European instead of Asiatic rule, and of the vast purposes in the progress of the world which these two gigantic empires were destined to effect at the opposite extremities of the Eastern world.

The practical blessings which have accrued to the inhabitants of India from the extension and establishment of the British dominion, are thus strongly and admirably illustrated by Mr Sinclair in his recent Pamphlet on Indian affairs.

“ Although the nation suffers under the evils inseparable from a foreign domination, and though the ancient families of rank and fortune have irrecoverably fallen from their former ‘palmy state,’ and have almost every where been stripped of their wealth, power, and influence, yet the mass of the people have been relieved from many intolerable grievances; and, though still subject to severe and oppressive taxation, appear to be contented with our Government, and prosperous in their industry. Few countries, indeed, in Asia have ever increased in

prosperity and intelligence or have risen from a state of decay into importance, with a more rapid progress; and nothing but the blindest prejudice will deny that this amelioration of its internal condition is mainly to be attributed to the fostering care and judicious exertions of the Government.

"The first thing which strikes an attentive observer, and which no traveller has omitted to mention, is the satisfaction and delight which the enjoyment of internal peace has spread over the whole country. Englishmen, who have so long been blessed with domestic tranquillity, and to whom the idea of an invasion presents only a vague and indistinct picture of general confusion, bloodshed, and rapine, cannot readily conceive the fullness of delight which animates the Hindoo peasant, who has had a wretched experience of these frightful realities, or the gratitude he feels to those who protect him from them, and enable him to reap his harvest in security; who defend his home from profanation, and his substance from the extortion of the powerful.

"We may next observe the general subsidence of that predatory spirit, which is at once a cause and a consequence of general license and insecurity. The excitement of military enterprise, the aversion to steady labour, and the love of conquest and spoliation, appear so congenial to the undisciplined and ill-regulated mind, that we ought not to be surprised at the extent to which it was carried; more especially if we consider that, when the cottage of a husbandman was burnt, and his family reduced to a state of misery and want, he had hardly any other resource than to join some band of plunderers, and in the wantonness of vengeance and despair, plunge others into the same poverty and ruin under which he himself was suffering. The strong arm of British power has put an end to this dreadful system, and has succeeded in dissolving these hordes of robbers. Many turbulent spirits, who carried terror and dismay over whole provinces, are now converted into peaceful and industrious cultivators; and are so restrained, by the judicious distribution of the army, and by the increased efficiency of the police, that, at present, the Looties and Pindaries seldom venture to appear, because they feel a wholesome terror that they would be overtaken or detected, and signally punished. But if this unwonted feeling of security against a hostile invasion is perceptible, even in the provinces which have enjoyed British protection for the longest period, how much stronger

must it be in those which have been lately rescued from a state of anarchy, misery, and bloodshed unparalleled in the modern history of the world? Nothing, certainly, can be more gratifying to an Englishman, than to travel through the Central and Western provinces, so long the theatre of merciless and incessant war, and to witness the wonderful change which has every where been wrought. Every village in that part of the country was closely surrounded by fortifications; and no man ventured to go to the labours of the plough or the loom, without being armed with his sword and shield. Now, the forts are useless, and are slowly crumbling into ruin; substantial houses begin, for the first time, to be erected in the *open plain*; cultivation is extended over the distant and undefended fields; the useless incumbrance of defensive arms is laid aside, and the peasant may venture fearlessly to enjoy the wealth and comforts which his industry and labour enable him to acquire. In short, we may safely assert, that the course of events, during the last fifteen years, has done more than the whole preceding century to improve the condition of the middle and lower classes throughout India—to give them a taste for the comforts and conveniences of life—and to relieve their industry from the paralysis under which a long continuance of internal dissension had caused it to sink."

Nothing can be more satisfactory than to see, on the impartial testimony of this able eyewitness, now retired from the Company's service, and, therefore, noways interested in winning its favour, such decisive evidence in favour of the general beneficence of their administration. It might have been inferred, *a priori*, from the facts of its steady progress and long continuance; but it is doubly satisfactory to have it established by the united authority of theory and experience.

The admirable effects of the Company's Government upon the internal communications and rural economy of the country are equally satisfactory.

"Nor ought we to forget the many excellent roads by which the great towns are now connected, instead of the wretched and scarcely practicable footpaths which formerly were the only means of communication; nor the passes opened through the mountains, giving the inland provinces an easy access to the sea, and a ready market for their pro-

ductions; nor the trees planted everywhere both for ornament and use; nor the choultries, or houses for the accommodation of travellers, everywhere erected along the great roads; nor, lastly, should we omit the tanks and aqueducts which have been dug or repaired with all the advantages of science; and which, since almost all cultivation in tropical countries depends on irrigation, have given plenty where there was scarcity, and have roused up industry and intelligence, where the eye of the traveller beheld only wretchedness, poverty, and depression. What can be more interesting and delightful than to arrive at some sequestered village, where a reservoir, or artificial water-course, has been newly constructed; to see the Ryots cheerfully busied in the labours of the field, and to hear them pour out benedictions on the parental government to which they owe the happy change from insecurity and desolation, to tranquillity, domestic comfort, and abundance?"

Nor have those improvements which more immediately affect the moral and intellectual elevation of the species, and prepare it at some future period to receive the spiritual faith of Christianity been neglected.

"Of late, various plans, still more beneficial, have been introduced, which only European intellect and perseverance could have carried into successful operation. No doubt, it is from India that we our selves have learned the invaluable system of education which now prevails in our national schools, and which, though beginning to decline, had been in use through some of the Madras provinces from remote antiquity. But we are paying back, with accumulated interest, the debt we owe. Not only have the ancient schools in the Carnatic been preserved and renovated, but, under the wise and liberal administration of the late governors, the system has been, or is about to be, extended to every subdivision of the empire, with those improvements which experience has shewn to be best fitted for the diffusion of useful knowledge. School books of a better quality and sounder morality begin to be diligently prepared; and the Moonshes and Pundits intrusted with the office of superintendents are carefully selected, and undergo, before their appointment, a strict examination as to their character and qualifications.

"In the colleges an important change has lately taken place. For a long time, an absurd and groundless belief prevailed,

even among zealous advocates of Indian education, that the Hindoos were disinclined to European learning, and exclusively attached to their own. No idea could be more unfounded or injurious. From interest, from vanity and ambition, and, in some cases perhaps, from taste, they willingly devote themselves to the study of our language and literature; and, at the very time when our seminaries were diligently instructing them in their own useless and exploded systems, the institutions endowed by themselves, and, in particular, the celebrated Vidyalyaya, or Hindoo college of Calcutta, had abandoned these absurdities for European erudition. Our errors in this respect are now amended. In the collegiate establishments supported by government throughout the principal cities, the course and of native study have been greatly reformed, and instruction of a sounder as well as higher description has been ingrafted on the original plan; while, in the Talook schools, and the numerous places of education established by missionaries of all classes, elementary information and practical knowledge are afforded to an increasing proportion of the people."

From the connection with Great Britain, a taste for English manufactures is now decidedly spreading through the vast native population of India. This fact was long ago observed by Bishop Heber, and the growing trade for English luxuries pointed out by that enlightened prelate, as the source of incalculable wealth to the mother country, if her connection with the East was not severed by rash measures of legislation in the British Parliament; and the same gratifying change is farther confirmed by the more recent observation of Mr Sinclair.

"The calicoes and long cloths of Paisley and Manchester," he observes, "have now obtained as undisputed possession of the markets of the East, as the hardware and woollens of Sheffield, Birmingham, and Leeds; and it must be admitted, that the abundance and cheapness of those European manufactures, which the simple and contented Hindoo requires, are adding much to the comfort and happiness of the majority of the people."

"But a speculation has lately been attempted, which, if successful, appears likely to re-establish the cotton manufacture in the country of its birth. Machinery and steam-engines, for weaving

and spinning both cotton and silk, have been exported, and are worked by means of coal, which has been discovered in several parts of the Bengal provinces. Should this great experiment succeed—and we know not why we should express a doubt—what a noble and boundless prospect does it open for Indian skill and industry !”

The liberal and enlightened conduct of the East India Company, in encouraging the cultivation of cotton and indigo, has been rewarded, not merely by the prodigious increase of that boundless source of wealth, but by the growth of a *middling* class in society; a body of men hitherto almost unknown in the East, but whose appearance is the certain indication of a Government beneficent and paternal in actual practice.

“Nor has this class of persons been deterred from the pursuits of agriculture; for, after due enquiry and deliberation, the Government suffered planters, whose good conduct is secured by the dread of expulsion, to cultivate farms, which, at first, they occupied under the names of *Hindcos*, but are now permitted to hold in their own. The effect of this prudent liberality has been the conferring of a boon on India, among the greatest she ever received. Every reader must be aware, that, in consequence of improvements in the culture and preparation of indigo, that important article of commerce is now almost entirely raised in our Eastern dominions, and that the Americans and Brazilians have ceased, in a great degree, to cultivate the plant. This great benefit to India was the result of British enterprise and skill; and there is reason to hope that other similar advantages may follow from the further relaxation by the Government of the restrictions indispensable in the infancy of our power.

“An important evidence that the advantages above enumerated are real and substantial, and that the establishment of British power has, on the whole, been beneficial to Hindostan, is the slow but evident rise of a *middle class*. In former times, and to a great extent in the present day, the population was divided into two classes—a few nabobs and rajahs possessed of inordinate wealth, and the mass of the people in a state of abject poverty. With a view of suiting the demands of these two classes, the industry of Indian artificers was exclusively directed to fabricate the coarsest necessities for the one, and the most costly articles

of luxury and ostentation for the other. The manufacture, indeed, of these latter articles, as, for example, of brocades in the Circars, and of muslins in Dacca, has been greatly diminished, in consequence of the revolutions, which have ruined, to a great degree, the ancient nobles and landed proprietors—the nabobs and Zemindars; but now, the articles manufactured, as well as the importations from Europe, which exceed the consumption of British subjects, mark the gradual, though slow and tardy, growth of an intermediate order, to whose taste and necessities these productions are adapted.”

We have dwelt so long on the internal administration of the East India Company, because it is a subject of which the people of this country, who are so soon to be called on through their representatives, to decide on the mighty concerns of the East, are almost wholly ignorant, and because it is, in truth, the most important topic which can be presented to the consideration of any enlightened or benevolent legislature. For, in truth, the real test of the civil merits of a Government is to be found in its internal administration; and the prosperity and contentment of its subjects, is the most unequivocal demonstration of the wisdom and beneficence of its sway. And as there can be no doubt that the English people, at the expiry of the charter, will be abundantly stimulated to look after their own *immediate* interests in the establishment of a Government for India, it is of the more importance that all who have the *ultimate* interests of their country at heart, and are anxious for the increase of the sum of human happiness, through all its immense territory, whether inhabited by sable or pale-faced subjects, should be fully aware of the vast interests, not only to their country, but humanity at large, which are at issue on the question.

It augments our admiration at the wisdom and beneficence of the Indian Government, that these prodigious benefits have been conferred by them upon their subjects during a period chequered with the most desperate wars, when the existence of the English authority was frequently at stake, and the whole energies of Government were neces-

sarily directed, in the first instance, to the preservation of their national independence. During the growth of this astonishing prosperity in the Indian Provinces, the Peninsula has been the seat of almost unceasing war. It has witnessed the two terrible contests with Tippoo Saib, and the alternations of fortune, from the horrors of the Black Hole at Calcutta, to the storming of Seringapatam; the long and bloody Mahratta wars; the Pindary conflict; the Gookha campaigns; the storming of Bhairpore, and the murderous warfare in the Burmese Empire. During these seventy years of its recent and unexampled growth, more than twelve long and bloody wars have been maintained; the military strength of eighty millions of men, headed and directed by French officers, has been broken, and greatness insensibly forced upon the Company, in the continual struggle to preserve its existence.* The Indian Government has been but for a short period in the quiet possession of its dominion. — Seven years only have elapsed since the Mahratta confederacy was finally broken; its efforts, for a long period, have been directed rather to the acquisition or defence of its territories, than their improvement; and yet during that anxious and agitated period, the progress of the sable multitude who were embroiled in its rule, has been unexampled in wealth, tranquillity, and public felicity.

Nor is it a less remarkable circumstance, that these civil and warlike achievements were gained in the midst of a population, who, beyond any other, were divided and distracted among each other, not only by civil dissensions of the oldest standing, but the most inveterate religious differences. From the earliest dawn of history, India has been broken into a number of independent sovereignties or Rajadships, subdued at intervals under the firm grasp of an able and enlightened sovereign, but invariably breaking out in a few generations into their natural state of dissension and anarchy; while among its numerous inhabitants are to be found not only all races of men, from the bold and fearless Afghaun, to the roving Mahratta and the timid Bengalee; and every species of religious worship, from that of the children of

Abraham or the followers of Zoroaster, to the rigid and punctilious Brahmins, the degraded and ignorant Hindoos, and the fierce and voluptuous Mussulman. Twelve millions of Mahomedans are scattered among eighty millions of Hindoos. The former, as the dominant and conquering race, had seized in general all the situations of power and authority through the Peninsula; and the innumerable millions of natives regarded it as an equal abomination to eat with their former Mussulman, as their present Christian masters; the bitterness of civil conquest and exclusion was superadded to the rancour of religious hatred; and yet over this vast heterogeneous and discordant mass one regular and stable Government has been placed; and out of these jarring and divided materials the most powerful empire established which has ruled the Eastern Peninsula since the days of Amengzebe.

It augments our astonishment at the growth and steady progress of this extraordinary power that it has risen and prospered, and won the native affections, at the very time when the Colonies of England, under the direct control of the mother country, were brought into such a state of discontent, as led to the dismemberment of a large portion of the empire, and threatens soon to sever from the parent state its colonial possessions. At the same time that the East India Company, with their brave and faithful Sepoys, were successfully combating the immense and disciplined hordes of Hyder Ally and Tippoo Saib, the vast American colonies of England, directly ruled by Parliament, were severed from the empire, without any external violence, from the mere spirit of internal discontent; the dissatisfaction of Canada has more than once led to ominous and alarming contests between the Government at home, and the local Legislatures; and the exasperation of the West Indies, provoked by a long series of disasters, and now brought to a crisis by the monstrous precipitance of a democratic Government, has become so excessive, that it is only restrained from leading to the immediate loss of all those great colonies, and the rupture of one of the principal

arteries of the State, by the impossibility of finding any other State which will accept the perilous gifts of their sovereignty. Thus, while our colonial empire in the West, under the direct rule of the Legislature, though unassailed by external force, has been constantly the scene of the most violent discontents, and undergone a great and calamitous reduction,—the vast and peopled regions of the East, under the steady and sagacious rule of the East India Company, have been constantly increasing, even amidst the greatest perils, and are now distinguished alike by their internal prosperity, military strength, and foreign respect.

This difference in the history and present state of our Colonial possessions, is extremely remarkable, and well worthy the serious consideration of those to whom the destinies of the East, on occasion of the renewal of the Company's Charter, will be intrusted. If the numerous body of Electors to whom the Government of the Empire has, by the Reform Bill, been intrusted, are at all worthy of the important trust committed to them, they will be unintermitting in their endeavours, during the intervening period, to acquire a knowledge of the concerns and situation of that vast Peninsula, so widely different in its habits, manners, and structure of society, from any thing known in Europe, and so entirely dependent, in their future happiness, on the wisdom of British Legislation. To qualify them in the smallest degree, to judge correctly on this important subject, years of uninterrupted study are requisite; but we doubt if many of them will have patience to peruse the succinct abstract of Indian affairs which we shall endeavour to give in this series of papers.

A slight degree of philosophical reflection and historical observation, however, will be sufficient to demonstrate, that if the concerns of India are to be wisely managed; if statesmen-like views are to regulate its administration and internal prosperity, or external respect are to attend its administration, it must be legislated for by those who are accurately acquainted with its concerns—the character of its inhabitants—their political divisions, local inter-

ests, and religious prejudices; who have made India the study of their lifetime, and are directed by the practical knowledge of those who have passed the best years of their life in its service. Unless this is the case—Unless the Government of India is conducted by the same experienced hands, and with the same firmness and tenacity of purpose which has hitherto distinguished its councils, it does not require the gift of prophecy to foretell, that our Indian Empire will be irrecoverably lost. That great and splendid appendage to the Empire hangs by a thread to the little Parent State in the Atlantic; a single rash innovation—one undue democratic concession—an erroneous policy, springing from the ignorance of European Legislation—a few acts of harsh or imprudent retrenchment, would dissolve the mighty fabric, and India, restored to its native Rajahs, and torn with its pristine wars, would cease either to pour its wealth into the bosom of the Empire, or to afford the glorious prospect of a united, prosperous, and contented people.

Nor is such an event likely to be less calamitous to the Empire at large, and to the inhabitants of the British Isles in particular, than to the many millions who, under the British sway, have, for the first time in Indian history, tasted the blessings of a firm, stable, and protecting Government. The Indian Peninsula is already become most important to the mercantile and manufacturing interests of Great Britain. The exports from Great Britain to India amount to £3,362,000 annually, and the imports to £3,958,000. Besides this, a vast trade is carried on in British bottoms, and by British capital, between Madras, Bombay, Penang, Java, and China, and all through the Eastern archipelago; which is the source of greater profits than any which is now enjoyed by the British merchants in any other parts of the world. The fortunes annually remitted to this country from the civil and military officers of the Company, are calculated at £2,500,000, an important perennial stream of wealth, likely to be of the more moment from the declining aspect of our Colonial affairs in every other quarter. Nor is the employ-

ment of 4000 military, and 1200 civil servants in India, most of them with ample incomes, a consideration of trifling moment in a country already overpeopled, and where the higher classes, in particular, experience the utmost difficulty in gaining, not to say a fortune, but even a subsistence, among the multitudes by whom they are surrounded.*

But great as is the present importance of their Indian possessions to the British people, it is nothing to what may be anticipated from a continuance of the commercial intercourse with the East, under the auspices of a wise and enlightened Colonial Government. Bishop Heber observed, that the taste for British luxuries and manufactures was rapidly spreading among the peasantry of Hindostan; and that under the protection of the British Government, they were rapidly acquiring the same taste for the elegancies and comforts of life, which has hitherto been considered as the peculiar characteristic of nations of the European family. That enlightened observer remarks, "It is obvious even to a casual observer, that in Bengal the natives, especially the more wealthy, are imitating the English in many particulars in dress, building, and domestic economy; and that a change, either for good or evil, of a most remarkable kind, is fermenting in the native mind."† And again, "At present there is an obvious disposition to imitate the English in every thing, which has already led to most important changes, and will probably be still more important. The wealthy natives now imitate all the English fashions, dress, and furniture; and the taste for their manufactures is rapidly spreading through every class of society."‡ To such a length has this desire for English manufactures spread, that Mr Sinclair tells us, that the Indian manufacturers were utterly ruined by the sudden inundation of British goods upon the opening of the trade.

"The trade was thrown open, and the headlong rush to the markets of India, by which so many merchants, in

the eagerness of competition, were plunged into distress, or ruined, took place not long after the improvements in the steam-engine by Watt and Arkwright, when the British manufacturer was able to sell his goods at so low a price as to drive even the frugal and abstemious Hindoo from the market. The suddenness with which this change was suffered to take place, rendered the calamity more grievous. No previous measures were adopted to mitigate the blow. Without any fault of theirs—without any advocate to defend their interests, or any friend to point out their danger, and make their fall less precipitate and complete—at the very time when they were suffering from the subversion of the wealthier classes—the Indian weavers were plunged, by English competition, into irretrievable ruin."

Now, in this state of Indian industry, with their manufacturing industry in great part destroyed by English competition, and a taste for English luxuries and fabrics rapidly spreading among their inhabitants; with a hundred million of souls, who yet do not people a fifth of its territory, and a revenue of £22,000,000 sterling, it is easy to see what a boundless field for the exertion of British industry is opened up in their Indian possessions, if they are not lost in the madness of democratic legislation.

What is it, then, which has made the East India possessions of Great Britain alone of all its Colonies so eminently prosperous? which has saved them from the political animosity which caused the separation of the North American Colonies, and the bitter strife which is severing from her the important and opulent West Indian Islands? and how is a state of prosperity in those vast regions, hitherto unprecedented in the annals of the world, and with which the fortunes of the mother state are so intimately wound up, to be preserved in future as in past times? The observation of the greatest of modern historians affords the key to the mystery, and points to the only method by which, not only its prosperity can be preserved, but even its government maintained.

* Parliamentary Papers, Affairs of East India Company, June, 1831, p. 191.

† Heber, III. 281.

‡ Ibid. 252.

It is observed by Mr Hume, as one of the "maxims in politics most evidently established by history, that, although free governments are the most happy for those who partake of their freedom, they are the most ruinous and oppressive to their provinces." "When a monarch," he observes, "extends his dominions by conquest, he soon learns to consider his old and his new subjects as on the same footing; because, in reality, all his subjects are to him the same, except the few friends and favourites with whom he is personally acquainted. But a free state necessarily makes a great distinction, and must always do so, till men learn to love their neighbours as well as themselves. The conquerors in such a government are all legislators, and will be sure to contrive matters so as to draw some private as well as public advantage from their conquests."

To every one acquainted with history, it need not be told how completely this profound observation is borne out by the annals of all commercial states, ancient and modern. Democratic societies never have been able to govern their colonies with justice and liberality, for this simple reason, that their interests interfere with those of their distant subjects; and that they never will cease to sacrifice them to their interests or their passions. It is unnecessary to recur to the history of the ancient Republics of Carthage and Athens for illustrations of this truth; evidence of it is to be found in the most convincing manner in modern times. The colonies of Holland have always been the worst governed and most unhappy of any of the European possessions in the Indies, because they have been sacrificed to the cupidity and sordid feelings of their democratic masters. The monopoly secured for the benefit of the Crown may be, and often is, burdensome and vexatious; but it is nothing to that which flows from the practical knowledge and minute observation of actual merchants. The Spanish colonies, for three hundred years, remained faithful to the Crown of Castile, and nothing but discord and misery have followed their separation; but those of England had hardly reached to manhood, when the jealousies of the mother country

provoked a rupture which led to their independence. At this moment the West Indies are held by a thread; the electors in most of the boroughs in Great Britain, without knowing any thing whatever on the subject, have exacted pledges from their representatives for the immediate emancipation of the negroes; and the colonies, aware of the dreadful nature of the step, are in such a state of exasperation, that nothing but the want of any power to receive them, hinders the instant declaration of their independence.

The true cause, therefore, of the unexampled progress, steady prosperity, prodigious extent, and secured affections of the Indian empire of England, is to be found in the accidental, or perhaps providential circumstance, that its government never devolved directly upon the representatives of the people, but was vested in an intermediate body, whose interests were identified with those of the subject territory, and whose fortunes were dependent upon the maintenance of their affections. For the last eighty years the mercantile character of the East India Company, in the peninsula of Hindostan at least, has been in a great degree merged in that of territorial sovereigns; ruling a mighty realm, whose revenue has risen in the last half century from seven to twenty millions; and the masters of a territory, increased from twenty to a hundred million of inhabitants, they have necessarily identified their own interests with those of their Eastern subjects, and though locally situated in London, their administration has been as truly Indian, as if it had been placed within the walls of Calcutta.

It has been another consequence of the same circumstance, that the Directors at home, having no interest to follow out excepting what was centred in India, and little information on the subject of its Government, but what they derived from their numerous and well-informed Indian officers, either abroad or returned home, and seated in their councils, have in general followed the very best advice that could be given them on the various subjects which were submitted for their consideration; and, accordingly, their measures have, upon the whole, been

distinguished by a most singular combination of firmness, wisdom, and moderation. The matchless progress and splendid state of their Empire affords decisive evidence of this circumstance. There is not to be found in the world a body of men, whose wisdom, ability, and energy equals that of the civil and military officers of India. The reason of this, as of most other mental superiority, is to be found in the circumstances in which they are placed, and the duties imposed on them in their earlier years. Great part of the young officers of India, instead of spending their youth in the listless indolence of cavalry barracks, or the dissipated frivolities of St James's street clubs, are called early in life to important duties; they are placed in remote stations, where the mind is strengthened by reflection and the habits are improved by occupation; where weighty concerns arrest their attention, and solitude debars them from the seductive temptations of European society. Nothing, accordingly, is more remarkable to any one who knows the character of the two armies, than the superior abilities of the young officers in the Indian to the English army. At an age when the inmates of the British barracks are thinking only of hunting, balls, or dissipation, many of their contemporaries in the East are intrusted with vast administrations; they have important negotiations intrusted to their care, and the welfare of provinces dependent on their exertions. It is in this early developement of ability by the force of necessity, that the true secret of the vast successes of the Indian as of the French Revolutionary armies is to be found.

In the higher grades of the civil and military administration, the same distinguished ability is remarkable. It is needless to cite examples: the names of Mr Elphinstone, Sir John Malcolm, the late Sir Thomas Munro, and a host of others, are universally known, of the latter of whom Mr Canning said, with truth, that "Europe did not contain a braver warrior, nor Asia a more enlightened statesman." The fruit of their efforts may be seen in the vast and prosperous Empire which they have reared, and the steady progress which it has made amidst all the difficulties by which it was surrounded. It is the coun-

cils of such men as those who have really governed India; it is by their advice that the Supreme Council at Calcutta and the Board of Directors at home are regulated; and by their extensive local knowledge that its vast and intricate details have been managed with due regard to the interests of the vanquished states.

The Government of India, therefore, has unified, to a degree perhaps never before witnessed in any other country, the advantages of a popular and oligarchical form of Government. The selfish and sordid feelings of a mercantile society have long been obliterated by the higher concerns of a vast and prosperous dominion, in whose councils we see all the firmness, steadiness, and liberal views of an aristocracy, with the energy and inexhaustible vigour of a democratic Government. The natives in Hindostan say, that the "Company has always been victorious, because it is *always young*," and such in truth is the character of its servants. From the boundless mines of energy and vigour contained in the middling ranks of England, is derived the undercaying youthful activity and resolution with which its orders are executed; from the sober and uncontrolled decisions of the wisest men in India, the councils by which they are directed. It is in this extraordinary combination of patrician wisdom of council with plebeian vigour of execution, as in the similar junction of firmness with energy in the proceedings of the senate and people of Rome, that the real cause of the splendour of the Indian Empire, unprecedented in modern, as the Roman was unexampled in ancient times, is to be found.

There is no empire in the world to which the prudent and sagacious management of a body of men, intimately acquainted with its concerns, who have devoted their life to its service, and whose interests are wound up in its prosperity, is so indispensable as that of India, because there is none which is of so fragile or precarious a tenure. From the uncommon wisdom with which it has been managed, the slight hold which we have of India is not generally appreciated; but it is well known to all men practically acquainted with the subject, and must be obvious on consideration even

to the most casual observer. In vain we boast of our hundred millions of inhabitants, our million of square miles, of subjects, territory, our army of 250,000 men, our revenue of £22,000,000; this vast territory may in a breath become our graves; these millions our enemies; these superb battalions our executioners; this vast revenue the strength of our enemies. Let but one serious reverse happen to our arms, and the mighty fabric will crumble to the dust; let but one rash or perilous innovation be introduced in the management of our armies, and our defenders become the instruments of our destruction. More even than the Empire of Napoleon, is the English dominion in India founded on opinion. At present we are in the state that he was after the battle of Wagram, and the marriage with Marie Louise; but it needs not the catastrophe of a Russian retreat to hurl us from the dizzy heights of power. A single failure to capture a besieged town; one great defeat in the field; an imprudent or precipitate innovation on the Hindoo customs or prejudices, might lead to the revolt of all India, and in a few months leave the English soldiers in possession only of the forts of Calcutta, Madras, or Bombay. The mutinies at Vellore and Barrackpore; the hazardous attack at Bhurtpore, on all of which occasions India hung by a thread, were not required to shew the precarious tenure of our authority over that splendid Empire.

What chance then is there that the Empire of India will be preserved under the changes which are now contemplated in its Government? That is the momentous question which so nearly concerns, not only every one implicated in its fortunes, but indirectly, every member of the British Empire.

There are certain principles which may safely be deduced from historical facts; and certain grounds on which the ultimate fate of that splendid dominion may, without any undue presumption, be predicted.

India will not continue for any length of time a component part of the British Empire, unless the Government, which has raised it to its present pitch of grandeur, is in all substantial points continued; unless

it is really, and not in form only, ruled by Indian, not English statesmen; and managed by a representative body, whose chief interest lies in Hindostan or its commerce, instead of Great Britain. This is the fundamental principle which experience warrants every prudent statesman in adopting; and unless due attention is paid to it, it may safely be concluded that the days of our Indian Empire, and with it of British independence and prosperity, are numbered.

It is in vain to pretend that we can govern the immense Peninsula of Hindostan on the same principles as the West India Islands, that is, with a total disregard to the rights and interests of the colonists, and a blind obedience to the mandates of a fanatical or democratic mob in the heart of the Empire. Jamaica and the Leeward Islands may be too weak to brave the hostility of a parent state ruled by the representatives of the Ten-pounders, pledged to measures that must destroy them; and they may be compelled to wait some public disaster for their separation from the Government which is about voluntarily to cut off the right arm of its strength; but it is otherwise with a country which has 250,000 men under arms. The moment that the insane mandates of the Ten-pounders begin to affect Indian interests; the moment that their religious prejudices are shocked by some glaring innovation; the moment that the fidelity of the English officers is dissolved by a tract of ill usage or pernicious economy on the part of their ignorant British masters, India is lost—and lost for ever. Whether it will be the whole British Empire which will at once sever the connexion with the Mother Country, and try the doubtful experiment of maintaining itself in the midst of Asiatic hostility; or the Sepoy forces, who will revolt against the British rule, and re-establish the divisions, and despotism, and anarchy of former times; or the native powers, who will resume their pristine importance amidst the dissolution of European authority, the result to this country will be the same. India will be permanently severed from Great Britain; the vast and growing trade now carried on with it will be destroyed; torn by internal contests, distracted by do-

mestic wars, it will gradually lose both the desire of possessing and the means of purchasing the manufactures of this country; and a vent for its fabrics, which might, under a sage rule, in time have equalled that of all the world besides, will be forever lost to the British Empire.

There is not the slightest ground for hope, that the magnitude and ruinous consequences of the losses which will be inflicted on our own industry and prosperity by this terrible calamity, will have the smallest effect in deterring the people from forcing on the measures which are to produce it. Democracy ever was, and ever will be, blind; it is the nature of such a power to be so; it is its blindness which ensures, after a certain portion of disaster, its fall. Look at the clamour now so generally raised in all the cities of the empire for the immediate abolition of slavery. No proposition in Euclid is more susceptible of demonstration to any thinking mind, acquainted with historical facts, than that such measures will prove utterly destructive to those flourishing settlements; that they will consign the plantations to the flames, and the planters to the tomahawk; the negroes to savage anarchy, or a "rural code" far worse than their present servitude; that they will cut off £7,000,000 a-year of British exports, and 250,000 tons from British shipping; that they will deprive Canada of its chief commerce, and endanger the whole trade with our North American colonies, employing more than a sixth of our shipping, and the chief nursery for our seamen. All these facts are notorious; the minds of all rational and well-informed men, if not fanatics in religion or revolutionists in politics, have long been made up on the subject; but, nevertheless, a vast preponderance of the electors are clear for instant emancipation; and, right or wrong, it will soon be forced upon these unhappy colonies. This great example should always be present to the minds of those who contemplate the extinction of India as a separate power, and the subjection of its inhabitants to the direct and unmitigated dominion of the British Parliament.

Is it to be supposed that a legislature which, even in its best days,

could not prevent three millions and a half in America from becoming so discontented as to sever the connexion with the mother country; which can hardly retain its rule over seven millions of Irishmen, almost within sight of the British shores; which has brought the West Indies to the verge of destruction, and spread through their impassioned people an undisguised desire to revolt, will be able to preserve its ascendancy over an empire having 250,000 armed men in its bosom, twenty millions a-year at its disposal, and situated 8000 miles from the parent state? The thing is out of the question. The interests and prejudices of the twelve hundred thousand legislators who now give law to the British Empire, will soon dissolve the splendid but flimsy fabric. The Ten-pounders will make short work with India, and all its millions. Knowing nothing of that vast Continent but what is communicated by the false and exaggerated channels of the Radical press; hardly able to point out its position in the map; totally ignorant of its habits, history, arts, or inhabitants; they will, nevertheless, take upon themselves to legislate and exact pledges at once from their representatives, for that vast Continent, as they would do for their own parish or borough concerns. Experience warrants the assertion, that these pledges will for the most part be dictated by selfish feeling, the passion for change, or the fervour of fanaticism. To secure a free entrance into Hindostan for every species of British manufacture, and exclude all those from which a competition is to be dreaded; to extend to them British institutions of every kind, how unsuitable soever to their habits, character, or prejudices; to throw upon them as large a share as possible of British burdens, to the relief of the people in the dominant Island; to force instantly upon them the tenets of the Christian faith, and put an end at once to the idolatry which has so long disfigured the land, will be the objects of new and precipitate legislation. This is just what the democracy in all other countries, possessing colonies, in former ages of the world have done; it is just what the democracy in this age and this country are now doing. We shall lose the greatest and most splendid

Colonial Empire that ever existed, from the same cause by which all previous democratic states have lost theirs.

Even if the precipitance and ignorance of the democratic rulers of the state, in their "Primary Assemblies," as the French termed them, should not prove fatal to the Government of Hindostan, it would speedily be precipitated into the abyss, from the class of officers, civil and military, who, under the immediate rule of Parliament, would be sent out to direct its councils, administer its justice, or head its battalions. Patronage must, in a representative Government, centre where political influence exists; the middling and manufacturing classes will speedily obtain from any administration having the direct Government of India, a large share of the 4000 military, and 1200 civil situations, which are now filled by the servants of the Company in our Indian dominions. These persons, how able or estimable soever many of them may be, will be incapable of ruling, or even understanding the concerns of that vast Continent, so dissimilar in every particular from our own. They will, and must be imbued with British ideas, prejudices, and interests; and as such will be as unfit to govern the Hindoos, as the Brahmins would be to rule the industrious people of Great Britain, or heal the discord of the impassioned inhabitants of Ireland. Nothing has enabled the English so long to do this, but the separate Government of India, under the East India Company, and the formation of a race of officers in its service, like the Janissaries of Turkey, whose interests, feelings, and knowledge, were wound up in the country of their adoption.

The slightest observation of the political world around us must be sufficient to shew that these apprehensions are too well founded. England possesses at this time three Indian Statesmen of matchless talent, information, and celebrity; their services were more than ever required from the approaching expiry of the Charter; but *not one* of them is in Parliament. Mr Elphinstone, a statesman of unequalled ability, has been chosen by no borough to give the weight of his counsel in the

approaching deliberations. All the weight of Government, and of the Grant family, united, could not prevail upon the Ten-pounders of Peterhead and the adjoining boroughs to elect Mr Holt Mackenzie; and the far-famed celebrity of Sir John Malcolm and his brothers of European and Asiatic reputation, proved insufficient to induce those of his native borough in Dumfries-shire to choose him as their representative. At the very moment when a concentration of Indian talent and information was to an unprecedented degree required in the Legislature, the ablest men of India have been overlooked or rejected by the British electors; and at the renewal of the Charter of their government, and the opening of the Reformed Parliament, the hundred millions of Hindoo subjects of Great Britain are, literally speaking, unrepresented. Such is the prospect of a fair, unempassioned, and well-informed discussion of Indian affairs which the Reformed Parliament affords. It is as clear as demonstration, that unless a sovereign power, whose interests are identified with those of Hindostan, is interposed between the British electors and the government of India, it will speedily throw off the yoke from finding its interests neglected by the government at home, or become the victim of rash and ignorant legislation; and that now is the time when the discussions on the renewal of the Charter are approaching, when the question will be virtually determined, whether the East Indies are to remain part of the British Empire.

The project of Government, as developed in the Notes by Mr Grant, is obviously at variance with this fundamental position, and threatens to subject the Indian Peninsula to such a system of administration as cannot fail, in a short time, to sever it from the British dominions. The material proposals of Government are:

1. The China monopoly to cease.
2. The East India Company to retain their political functions.
3. The Company's assets, commercial and territorial, with all their possessions and rights, to be assigned to the Crown, on behalf of the territorial government of India.
4. An annuity of £630,000 to be

granted to the proprietors, chargeable on the territorial revenues of India exclusively, and payable in England.

5. The new annuitants to retain the character of a Joint Stock Company.

6. Every British subject to have the right of going to the Presidencies without license; into the interior, only subject to the regulations imposed by the local government.

7. The Court, on the Board of Control's final and conclusive order, to send the despatch by the first ship that sails after such order; the Board to have a veto on the recall of Governors and Commanders of forces; the Home expedition and establishment to be under the control of the Board; and the Board to have the same power over salaries below £200 a-year, that they now have above that sum.

We do not hesitate to affirm, that under the veil of continuing the political direction and government of the East India Company, these regulations, if adopted by Parliament, will have the effect of finally destroying it; that India will substantially be subjected to the direct control of the British democracy, and consequently, that its early separation from the empire may be anticipated.

Setting aside at present the extinction of the China monopoly, which we shall immediately shew is indispensable, in a financial point of view, to the existence of the British Government in India, it is evident that the mere operation of these changes in extinguishing the separate and independent Government of India, by the Court of Directors, must speedily prove fatal to the existence of the British ascendancy in that country.

Since Mr Pitt's Bill in 1784, which established the Board of Control, the government of India has, to all practical purposes, been vested in the Court of Directors. The Board, indeed, possessed a negative on certain appointments; a right to interfere, in a limited degree, in the government, and a certain share of patronage; but the substantial powers of government remained with the

East India Company. This is matter of universal notoriety; and, in general, the interference of the Board of Control has been prejudicial rather than the reverse, and has been mainly instrumental in producing that career of conquest from which our present immense empire has arisen. "It is remarkable," says Mr Robert Grant, "that the greatness of our Indian empire has been achieved with the express sanction of the Legislature, who enjoined a cautious policy, and of the Board of Control, who were to enforce it, and in spite of the reclaiming voice of the Company on whom it was enjoined and enforced."* The Company have had, for all legitimate purposes, a complete command over the finances of India, and the power of resisting, should it have become necessary, the arbitrary interference of the Board of Control.

Every person who has studied or thought of the British Constitution, has concurred in the opinion, that if the government of India is either directly or indirectly, mediately or immediately, vested in Government, it must prove fatal to the balance of the Constitution. No one is, or at least was, more aware of this than Mr Charles Grant, for he declared in the House of Commons, in the debate on the renewal of the Charter, in 1813, "that the patronage of India would be fatal to the Constitution, if placed, *mediately or immediately*, in the hands of Government."†

This danger is increased, rather than diminished, by the late changes in the Constitution which the Reform Bill has occasioned. It is true, there is no peril now to be apprehended from the Crown to public freedom, even if the whole patronage of India were directly placed at the disposal of the Treasury; but can the same be affirmed, if it is placed at the disposal of the democracy, as it will be, if it is now vested in the Government? As the support of the House of Commons is indispensable to the existence of every Administration; as they have the exclusive control of the supplies; and as 344 seats in England alone are in the

* Robert Grant, on Indian Government, p. 375. † Hansard, Parl. Deb. xxvi. 438.

disposal of the electors of boroughs, it is plain that their support must be purchased by the lavish disposal of Indian patronage; in other words, the government of India will, to all practical purposes, be vested in the democratic party, who now return nine-tenths, and will always return three-fourths, of these members. The danger, therefore, to the Constitution, from the addition of Indian patronage, either directly or indirectly, to the Crown, is now incomparably greater than it was at the time of the great contest in 1784, when Mr Fox's India Bill was thrown out; because the body to be rendered paramount by such a measure, is not, as then, a Whig aristocracy, whose interests must, in the end, have become Conservative; but an urban democracy, already possessed of a vast and overwhelming influence in the Legislature, and whose passions generally lead them to desperate or dangerous measures. The little which yet remains of the balance will infallibly be subverted by such a change; but it will be subverted in a far more dangerous way than in 1784, because, what will kick the beam will not be a firm and stable aristocracy, but a fickle and intemperate populace.

But, with this great and obvious danger staring them in the face, what does the plan of Ministers propose to do? It proposes nothing less than a total annihilation of the Company as an independent body or Government, and its reconstruction, with crippled powers, as a mere Board under the great democratic Legislature. The China monopoly is to cease; the whole property of the Company, commercial and territorial, is to be assigned to Government; and the dividend on the Company's capital of L.6,000,000 is to be obtained by L.630,000 being declared a burden on the Indian revenue. In this way the Company will at once be extinguished, both

as a trading body, and as a territorial sovereignty, and be converted into a mere body of annuitants, like the holders of the three *per cents*, having a certain claim on the territorial revenues of India for their payment. This body is to have *no share at all* in the Home establishment, which is to be exclusively under the Board of Control; and their proceedings, in regard even to foreign expenditure, are to be subjected to control, in all salaries and gratuities, how small soever their amount.

In these circumstances it is of no sort of consequence what powers in the administration of India are nominally reserved to the Court of Directors. Their importance, their weight, their consequence, will immediately cease. Government influence will instantly be exerted to procure the command of the voters who return the Directors, and the patronage of India will furnish ample means to accomplish the object. When so great a concern is at stake as the disposal of a revenue of L.22,000,000, ample means will soon be found to sway the votes into which the L.630,000 a-year is to be divided. Parliament also is to have the option of redeeming every L.5, 5s. of annuity with L.100, a faculty which at once puts it in the power of any ambitious leader of the Democracy to reduce the stock to a manageable amount, if its holders should not prove so tractable as is desirable.

What at present preserves the East India Company from prostration before the power of Parliament is the astonishing extent and magnitude of their possessions and transactions which render them a fourth estate in the realm, possessed of perhaps greater wealth and consequence than any of the other three taken singly. The almost incredible amount of their transactions, as given in the table below,* shews how im-

* PECUNIARY CONCERNS OF THE EAST INDIA COMPANY SINCE THE LAST
RENEWAL OF THEIR CHARTER.*

East India Company's gross receipts and disbursements

since 1814, L.478,103,911 !!!

* Up to the latest period at which the several accounts can be made up.

possible it was that a body of such magnitude could, under the former system, be seriously swayed even by the British Government. But when their enormous cash transactions of *four hundred and seventy-eight millions* in eighteen years are reduced to the mere receipt of L.630,000 per annum; when, instead of paying nearly four millions of duties into the Treasury yearly, at the charge of L.10,000 a-year, they merely receive their half-yearly dividend of L.315,000; when, instead of selling teas to the amount of eighty-three millions in eighteen years, they sell nothing; when, instead of conducting a trade in opium of fifty millions in that time, they do not freight a single ship; it is evident that their political independence is utterly destroyed, and that they must become a mere Treasury Board for the administration of the Indian provinces of the Empire.

But, in addition to this instant cessation of all its money transac-

tions, which of itself is amply sufficient utterly to prostrate and annihilate the independence and utility of the Court of Directors, even as a Government Board, for the management of India, the new and important restraints under which they are to be placed are of themselves sufficient to take from it even the shadow of independence. The Court are to be compelled "to send the despatch which the Board of Control have fixed on by the first ship that goes after such determination; and in the event of the Court refusing to prepare a despatch or send a despatch as altered by the Board, the Board are to have the power of sending it themselves." The Home expenditure and establishment is to be under the Board of Control; and they are to control all salaries and gratuities, even of the smallest amount in India. With such contracted powers, and such a total termination to all their vast concerns, it

Disbursements in India.	Civil Establishments, . . .	L.117,606,336
	Military, do.	137,253,167
	Interest on Indian Debt, . . .	21,051,666
	St Helena,	1,362,256
		<hr/> L.280,273,725 sterling.

Remitted to England by the Company.	Through India since 181	L.12,920,937
	Through China, do.	11,417,113
		<hr/> L.24,338,050

Tea duties paid into the British Exchequer by the East India Company since the last renewal of their Char- ter,	L.63,715,324 !*
Sale amount of India investments from 1814 to 1828,	27,109,120
Sale amount of China investments for do.,	56,140,981

L.83,210,101 †

Opium and private trade between India and China, . . .	L.51,000,000 sterling.
To the foregoing enormous sums may be appended accumulations of fortunes remitted to England from India and China, and allowances for fami- lies resident here,	L.18,000,000 sterling.

If to these vast considerations be added the fact of 1,180,000 square miles of territory, and *one hundred and twenty million of souls*, directly or indirectly dependent on, or subject to, the sway of the East India Company, an idea may be formed of the immense interests involved in the Company's Charter.

* At the small annual charge of ten thousand pounds a-year!

† This sum is now upwards of one hundred millions sterling.

is evident that the independence of the Company will prove a mere name; and that the influence of Government,—in other words, of the democratic electors in the dominant island,—will speedily become paramount in the Indian Peninsula.

This is the view which the Directors themselves entertain on this subject. It is observed, in a letter from the Chairman and Deputy Chairman to Mr Charles Grant, on 27th February, 1833, "The Court look upon the system of Indian government established by the act of 1784, as one in which the different authorities employed in carrying it on are eminently qualified to exert a check upon each other; and to this circumstance the Court are disposed to attribute much of the purity with which, since the passing of that act, the government has been administered. The nature of the local government of India, composed of three separate Presidencies; the Governors of each of which act under the advice, and for some extent the control of their respective Councils, and the subjection of all the proceedings of this local government to the Court, this body again subject to the control of the Board of Commissioners instituted for that special purpose, make up a system of various powers, diverse in origin, and acting under mutual influence, the effects of which the Court are disposed to think of incalculable value in a Government, the power of which over its subjects is almost absolute, and upon which public opinion can exert but a feeble and uncertain operation. If these remarks are well founded, any measure, the tendency of which would be to remove from its position any one of the powers concerned in the government of India, or materially to weaken it in the exercise of its functions, is greatly to be deprecated. Now, to apply this argument to the case immediately in view, if the East India Company (acting through the Court as their organ) were to lose any of their present power and influence; if, further, they were deprived of all effectual voice in the disposal of the funds which are now at their command; they might, indeed, be suffered to retain the nominal character of Governors of the British Territories in

the East, but it is evident that all but the shadow of their former authority would be gone: they might, indeed, be charged with the same degree of responsibility as is now exacted from them in that capacity; but the grounds upon which much of this responsibility rests, and which render it just and proper that they should be held responsible, would no longer exist; and they would, probably, often have to incur the odium of resisting measures which they might consider objectionable, without having the weight and independence which would suffice to obtain for their objections a proper consideration. The Court are also firmly of opinion, that a considerable degree of independence should attach to the body in whom the patronage of British India is vested; and that, without the possession of such a character, the right of making appointments to office might prove rather a dangerous privilege.

"Divested of their commerce, from which the Company derive so large a portion of their influence and character in England as a body independent of the Government of the country, the Court greatly fear lest they should become merely an instrument for giving effect to the views of the Indian Minister, whose sway over India would, under the plan of his Majesty's Government, be almost absolute, and little exposed to the vigilance of Parliament, in consequence of the appearance of a check in the Company, which, if the apprehension of the Court be well founded, would be perfectly illusory. The probability of such a result is greatly enhanced by that part of the plan which proposes to increase the powers of the Board, and to restrict those of the Company. You say, indeed, that the scheme allots important powers to the proprietors. The only powers which it gives to them are those which they already possess; and whilst the Directors are to continue subject to all the present limitations, the Board are to be invested with authority themselves to send despatches, without allowing of any appeal, although their contents may be opposed to the judgment of every member of the Court."

In this view, the recent rise which has taken place in East India Stock,

upon the promulgation of the Ministerial plan, affords the most decisive evidence of the prejudicial effect which it is ultimately likely to produce upon the practical government of our Indian possessions. The holders of East India Stock, of course, look to little more than securing the regular receipt of their dividend of ten and a half per cent on their capital. Of course, the project of converting them from the chargeable and perilous condition of mercantile traders into fixed annuitants, secured on a vast territorial revenue for their payment, is eminently favourable at first sight to their pecuniary interests; it is like what it would be to take a body of proprietors of Bank Stock, at a period of high prosperity, and convert their changeable dividend, dependent on the fickle gales of mercantile fortune, into that of fixed mortgagees, secured for their dividends on great landed estates. But while this project may be admitted to be, in the first instance at least, favourable to the pecuniary interests of the holders of India Stock, and as such conducive to a rise of its value in the opinion of the heedless multitude who compose the majority of its members; what prospect does it afford of ultimate good management to the immense territory from which alone their payment is to be derived? The holders of India Stock are henceforth to be no longer dependent for their income on the prudent and successful management of the Court of Directors; they are the holders of a fixed annuity payable out of the Indian territory, which cannot be injured unless our Indian Sovereignty itself is lost. This, indeed, though a remote, is a most serious and appalling danger under the new system of management; but dangers, however great, are never obvious to the masses of mankind if they are *only remote*—a proof of which was afforded in France, where the public funds rose 30 per cent in one day on the restoration of Neckar to power on the shoulders of the people in 1788, though the fundholders, five years afterwards, came to die of famine in the streets; and another in England, when, during the whole struggle on Reform, the public Funds uniformly rose upon every triumph of the Movement party, though their mea-

asures, every man of sense now sees, are rapidly leading to a national bankruptcy. But as the *immediate* interests of the holders of India Stock are now to be secured by their conversion into territorial annuitants, they cease to have any direct or personal interest in the government of India, just as the holders of a mortgage cease to have any direct or immediate interest in the management of the estate over which their security extends, because they always think, that however much it may be mismanaged, it will at least yield enough to pay them. In this way the choice of the Directors falls to a body no longer actuated by any direct or immediate interest in the concerns of India; the management of the estate is taken out of the hands of the proprietors, and vested in the holders of a mortgage of little more than a *fortieth part* of its annual revenue. The rise of India Stock, therefore, is the clearest indication that the Ministerial plan has an immediate tendency to take the government of India out of the hands where it should be placed; because it vests it in a body possessing a fixed and unchangeable interest in a territorial mortgage, instead of one whose income was immediately affected by the wisdom or folly of its government.

It is as plain, therefore, as any proposition can be in so uncertain and intricate a science as politics, that the immediate effect of the proposed change in the government of India will be to take it out of the hands by whom it has been so admirably managed, and vest it in those from whom experience tells us no stable or systematic rule can be expected. The government of India will be divided between the Directors chosen by the holders of an annuity of £630,000 a-year, but with no immediate interest in its prosperity, and the House of Commons. It is unnecessary to say which of these bodies is likely to acquire the preponderating influence. India, therefore, will inevitably fall under the direct control of a democratic Legislature; the Ten-pounders in the British isles will be the ruling power; and what they will do for India, Mr Hume has told us from the lessons of history, and the West Indies tell us from the experience of our own times.

But this is not all. The Ministe-

rial plan also involves the immediate opening of the China trade; and this of itself, independent of every thing else, is amply sufficient ultimately to overthrow our Indian dominion.

It is impossible to do justice to this vast subject at the close of a long Article. If the chequer is not closed before our June number appears, we shall return to the subject, and expose the numberless frauds which have been imposed on the public on this subject; but in a few pages we think enough may be given to satisfy every reasonable mind on the subject.

In the first place, the China monopoly is indispensable to enable the Government of India to defray its engagements, or preserve its solvency in the Peninsula of Hindostan.

From the papers laid before Parliament, it appears that no less than £17,000,000 has been required from the profits of the China trade to make up the deficiency of the expenditure in India over its territorial revenue. Mr Grant, in his communication to the Directors on the proposed changes, admits the existence of this great deficit. He observes, "The seventeen millions, for example, admitting, for the sake of argument, the amount to be justly stated, by the supply of which, through the China monopoly, the public debt of India has been kept down, has been appropriated out of the resources of this country, as certainly as if they had been appropriated by a vote of Parliament in aid of the Indian finances. There certainly has been such a deficiency in the funds of India to meet the necessary expenses of Government, and it has been supplied by the means above stated, whether to the amount of seventeen millions or twelve millions, (the latter is the amount in the Appendix to the Report of 1830,) or any other sum, is no proof that there will always be a deficit in future."*

It being thus admitted that a large sum, amounting to at least twelve

millions, has been defrayed of the charges of the Indian territory out of the profits of the China trade, the point for consideration is, what ground is there for supposing that the territorial revenue of India can be brought to be so productive in future as to bear, not only the withdrawal of this assistance from commerce, but the additional burden of £630,000, which is to be laid on the territorial revenue to meet the dividends to the proprietors, which are now paid from the profits of trade? If it cannot be shewn that this is practicable, it is evident that the Government of India is insolvent, and by the constant contraction of debt every year, will to a certainty, in a given time, be overwhelmed.

Now, on this subject, it is to be recollected, that, though the Government of India has been frequently at war for the last twenty years, they have been uniformly successful; that they have conquered in that time almost the whole of the Indian peninsula; that the territorial revenue has been, by successive additions of territory, and improvements in the internal condition of the people more than quadrupled; that till the year 1813 they had the monopoly both of the Indian and China trade, and to this hour the latter of these advantages; and yet they have been so far from realizing any surplus during that time from the combined resources of territory and commerce, that their debt is now £47,700,000, and its annual charge £2,116,971.† Farther, the Committee of the House of Commons, in their prospective estimate of the finances of India, under the direction of his Majesty's present Ministers, in May 1831, have given us the following probable prospective state of Indian finances, even after taking into account all possible reduction of expenditure:—

Probable deficiency of Indian revenues in 1831, to meet charges in India,

£827,300

Bond debt in England, . . . 113,300

Annual deficit, £940,600‡

* Mr Grant's letter to the Chairman, Feb. 12, 1833.

† Report, June 30, 1831, p. 172.

‡ Prospective Estimate of India Accounts. Minutes of Evidence, 1831, p. 173.

Now, this being the territorial deficit, on an accurate and minute estimate, of the revenue of India in 1834, founded on the documents laid before Parliament, it is obvious that, with the additional burden of L.630,000 *laid on*, and the resources of the China trade *taken away*, the finances of India must be speedily landed in a state of desperate and irretrievable insolvency.

The expectations held out by Government, that by prudent management the revenue of India may be greatly increased, and rendered adequate to discharge all its engagements, is altogether chimerical. This fallacious hope has been annually held out to the British public for the last seventy years, and the glittering prospect has as uniformly been overcast. So far from having realized any surplus whatever during that time, the India Government has been compelled to contract a debt of L.47,000,000. The annual deficit is greater now than it was at any former period. And if this is the case, even after the most extraordinary and uninterrupted flow of prosperity recorded in history; after conquests unparalleled since the days of the Romans, and an augmentation of the revenue more than fourfold, by the revenue of the ceded provinces, what reasonable prospect is there that a more favourable result will be obtained in future times, when our Indian empire has undergone the vicissitudes of fortune incident to every sublunary thing, and which our past and unparalleled success only renders more likely to occur with accumulated force? There is no example in history of an empire of such magnitude as our Indian one not undergoing most serious reverses after it has attained its zenith. The fall of the Roman, in ancient, and of the French empire in our own times, were but instances and exemplifications of this moral law of nature.

Nor is it possible to make any reductions in the expenditure of our Indian empire without the most imminent hazard of destroying the whole fabric. Like the empire of

Napoleon in Europe, the empire of England in India is founded on opinion, on the prestige arising from the command of an immense expenditure, and an apparently irresistible force. Let either of these be undermined, and the charm is broken, and with it our Indian empire dissolved. With truth it may be said there, that from the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step. The affections of the natives can only be maintained by a lavish expenditure; their respect only preserved by a gigantic force. Contract the one, or diminish the other, and in three months the splendid fabric may be swept from the face of the earth.

Further, it is not generally known in Europe, but yet it is of vital importance in this question, how extremely burdensome the taxation of India is, and how large a proportion of it is derived from the monopoly of opium, which is entirely at the mercy of the Chinese Government, and salt, which is an impost of so vexatious a kind as to render its maintenance neither possible nor desirable for any considerable time. Of the total revenue of L.22,600,000, above L.6,000,000 * a-year is derived from the monopoly of salt and opium; and if the Chinese Government were to choose to put a stop to the trade in opium, the greater part of this immense sum would be lost. The territorial revenue is raised by a land-tax, amounting in general to from 30 to 45 per cent on the produce of the soil.† Now, surely this taxation is most exorbitant; especially if it be recollected what an intolerable burden 10 per cent was felt to be in this country during the war. It may safely be affirmed, therefore, that the territorial revenue of India should, if we have any regard to the stability of our empire in the East, be diminished rather than the reverse; and it is obvious, that that portion of it which depends on the monopoly of opium and salt, cannot be calculated on as of very lasting endurance.

It is clear, therefore, that India, in every point of view, holds out no

* Parliamentary Papers, May 1832.

† Sinclair, 36.

India Revenue Account.

prospect of yielding a revenue adequate to the expenditure; and therefore the extraordinary resource of the China monopoly is indispensable, if we would save that empire from sinking into the gulf of insolvency. The reason of this anomalous state of things is twofold. 1. That our Indian empire being of such sudden growth and unparalleled extent, requires to be supported, by such a force and expenditure as is calculated to overawe and dazzle the natives. Higher salaries to the army and all the civil servants of Government, even of native origin, must be given, than are paid by the native powers, to secure the fidelity of the sable multitude to foreign standards, and counteract the natural desire which they must feel to restore their national independence, and obtain for themselves the situations of honour and profit which are now exclusively enjoyed by Europeans. And, 2. That as all the persons in authority, and all the officers of the army, must be Europeans, they must receive salaries as an inducement to them to go to India, which, although not exorbitant with reference to European customs and prices, are most enormous, if considered with reference to the value of money and mode of living among the natives of India. The wages of labour, it is to be recollected, are there about a *penny* a-day; and of course the price of every thing, except European luxuries, is in the same proportion. In such a country, to raise revenues which shall pay all the 5000 civil and military servants of Government salaries at the rate of from L.300 to L.1000 a-year each, is a most prodigious drag upon the finances, and which is the true cause of the experienced impossibility of making even the heavy and oppressive tax-

ation of India defray the expenses of its establishment. The taxes are raised from a people among whom money is more than ten times as valuable as it is with those to whom they are paid. It is fruitless to enquire whether this is a desirable or wholesome state of things. Suffice it to say, it is the state which exists, and must be grappled with by those whose duty it is to legislate on Indian affairs.

If these observations are well founded, they bring the question of the Chinese monopoly to a very narrow issue. It is, in truth, the price, and the only price, which the people of England pay, or ever have paid, for their enormous and unexampled Indian dominion. Unless it is secured to the Company that mighty empire is lost; because it is equally clear that our Indian possessions cannot long be maintained with a growing deficit and a declining revenue, and that the finances of this country will not admit of Great Britain charging itself with the heavy deficiency arising from the Indian Government. With a revenue which, since the fatal era of November 1830, has been constantly and steadily declining, which last year* was L.1,200,000 below the expenditure, and is continuing to fall from quarter to quarter, it is perfectly extravagant to expect that the additional burden of L.1,000,000 a-year of territorial deficit, and L.630,000 a-year of annuities to the holders of Indian stock, can be borne. The people of England, the Reformed Parliament, never would bear such a direction of British resources to our remote Indian possessions.

Even, therefore, if the China monopoly had been as burdensome to the people of this country as is represented by its enemies—suppos-

* From April 5, 1831, to April 5, 1832, the revenue for the last four years has stood thus:—

Year ending 5th April 1830,	-	-	-	16 891,000
Do. 1831,	-	-	-	46,113,000
Do. 1832,	-	-	-	13,052,000
Do. 1833,	-	-	-	43,286,000

The last year is L.230,000 more than the lamentable falling off in the preceding one; but the last quarter is L.92,000 below the same quarter of the preceding year, and Lord Althorp's surplus of two millions, predicted for this year, has vanished into thin air.

ing Mr McCulloch's calculation were as correct as we shall immediately see it is erroneous, that the tea monopoly costs the nation annually £1,800,000 a-year—still this would have been a small price for so great and lucrative an empire. In what other age was it ever heard of, that, for little more than a million and a half a-year, a dominion was obtained over one of the richest countries in the world, tenanted by a hundred millions of souls, and yielding a revenue of two-and-twenty millions a-year? Compared with this, the conquests of Louis XIV. and Napoleon were costly enterprises; and the acquisitions of all other European states but as dust in the balance.

But, in truth, the China monopoly has *cost the country nothing*; and the statements on this subject, by which the public has so long and generally been deluded, furnish one of the most striking instances of the misconception produced by the press, of which modern history makes mention.

The foundation of this mass of misrepresentation is to be found in the well-known article, said to be from the pen of Mr Crawford or Mr McCulloch, in the 101th Number of the Edinburgh Review. In that paper the author states, from a comparison of the prices which tea fetched in 1828-9 at Hamburg, where the trade is open, over those at which the teas were sold by the Company in London, that the "Company sold their teas in 1828-9 for the immense sum of £1,709,837 more than they would have fetched had the trade been free."* This statement was instantly seized hold of by the liberal press; the country resounded with the immense sums annually levied on their industry by the cupidity of the East India Company. It was by this means that the impression was produced on the public, which is now looked to as likely to overturn in the

Reformed Parliament the East India Government.

Now, the way in which this result was obtained was this:—Returns were obtained in 1829 from the consuls at all the chief harbours in the world, of the prices at which teas were sold. It so happened that there was an *extraordinary glut*, from an accidental cause, at Hamburg in that year, and that in consequence tea of every sort was selling at Hamburg *below the prime cost at Canton*. And this unparalleled low price, in consequence of an extraordinary glut, the Reviewer deliberately put forth as the price at which tea could fairly be sold under a free trade in Great Britain! All this we shall demonstrate as clearly as that two and two make four.

The prices on which the Reviewer founds at Hamburg, in 1829, were these:†

Bohea,	-	0	8½	per lb.
Congou,	-	1	2½	
Twankay,		1	2½	

Now, what were the prices at Canton? These have been proved in the Lords' Report,‡ from which it appears that the *cost prices* in China are—

Bohea,	-	0	9½	per lb.
Congou,	-	1	2½	
Twankay,		1	3½	

Thus it appears that Congou, in that year, was selling at exactly the same price in Canton and Hamburg, and that Bohea and Twankay were, the first a penny, the second three-halfpence cheaper at Hamburg than in the warehouses of Canton! Nothing can be clearer than that the prices at Hamburg in that year were the result of an overstocked market, and that tea was sold there at a ruinous loss.

To illustrate this still farther, we have given below a comparative statement of the prices of teas at Hamburg and Rotterdam, as shewn in the official returns applied to the

* East India Company's China Question, p. 279, No. 104, Edin. Review.

† P. 284 of Review.

‡ P. 468, Lords' Report, July 8, 1830.

quantities of the several sorts sold by the Company in 1828-9.*

From this table, it appears that the prices at Hamburg, which the Reviewer held forth as a fair sample of the prices of tea, under a free trade, were no less than £1,309,791 lower than those sold at Rotterdam in the same year, and consular returns. And even these teas at Rotterdam were sold at a grievous loss to the importers; for it is stated in the Report from the select committee of the House of Commons, that "the returns of teas of the Netherlands Association have caused a loss of twenty-five per cent, and that the Dutch private traders have, since 1825, abandoned this trade in consequence of heavy losses."†

But the misrepresentations of Mr McCulloch and the Edinburgh Review do not rest here. That gentleman observes, in reference to the consular returns—"The extraordinary excess of the Company's prices over those of Hamburg, Rotterdam, *et cetera*, is obvious at a glance; but taking the prices at Hamburg as a standard, the discrepancy may be set in a still clearer point of view."‡ Now, let us take a glance at the prices "at Rotterdam, *et cetera*," which are here represented, without quotation, as supporting the Hamburg results, and shewing that they are a fair average:—§

Average Prices, 1829.

	Hamburg.	Rotterdam.	Frankfort.	New York.	Boston.
Souchong,	1s. 1d.	2s. 11d.	2s. 8d.	1s. 11d.	1s. 6½d.
Campoi,	1 2	2 0	5 11		

Yet it is these returns that are referred to as supporting the Hamburg prices, and warranting the monstrous conclusion of Mr McCulloch, "that supposing the excess of price over the Hamburg prices charged by the Company to have been throughout the same as in 1830, the total surplus price received by the Company since 1814 will have been £28,815,000!"|| By such means, in these days of liberality and information, are the public instructed.

To illustrate this matter still farther, we shall transcribe, for the benefit of our readers, the important tabular view given by Mr Montgomery Martin, in his late elaborate and able work on the Tea Trade of England, of the prices obtained, from the consular returns, for tea in the principal harbours of the world, according to the consular returns of 1829, and the latest prices current of 1832, the cost reduced to sterling money, by Dr Kelly's "Cambist."

* Comparative Statement of Prices of Teas at Hamburg and at Rotterdam, as shewn in the Official Returns, applied to the Quantities of the several sorts sold by the Company in 1828-29.

Species of Tea.	Quantity sold by the Company in 1828-29	Excess of Price per lb. at Rotterdam over Hamburg.		Excess of Prices upon Quantities Sold.
	lbs.	s.	d.	
Bohea, . .	3,778,012	0	2	31,483
Congou, . .	20,142,073	0	8	671,402
Campoi, . .	284,187	0	10	11,841
Souchong, . .	601,739	1	9	52,652
Pekoe, . .	131,281	2	2	14,222
Twankay, . .	4,101,845	2	5	495,639
Hyson Skin, . .	213,933	0	8	7,131
Hyson, . .	1,014,923	0	6	25,373
Gunpowder, . .	645	1	6	48
Total Excess of Price at Rotterdam over Reviewer's Price at Hamburg, - - - }				
				- £1,309,791

† P. 19, Report of Commons. : Commercial Dictionary, by McCulloch, p. 1030.
 § See Martin, p. 146, 147. | Commercial Dictionary, 1830, p. 1031.

Sale Price of Tea in ENGLAND and on the Continents of EUROPE and AFRICA, according to the Consular Returns in 1829, and by the latest Price-currents of 1832; the Cost reduced to sterling money by Dr Kelly's "Cambist," and by the most respectable mercantile houses.

BLACK TEAS.

GREEN TEAS.

COUNTRIES.	Peckoe per lb.	Souchong per lb.	Campar per lb.	Congoa per lb.	Hohea per lb.	Gunpowder per lb.	Hyson per lb.	Young Hyson per lb.	Hyson Skin per lb.	Twankay per lb.
England	s. d. 3 0	s. d. 2 7½	s. d. 2 3	s. d. 2 0½	s. d. 1 6	s. d. 5 6	s. d. 3 6	s. d. 2 3½	s. d. 2 1½	s. d. 2 2
Russia	21 l a 29 s 2	14 l a 17 s 6	11 s a 12 7	8 s a 9 s	5 10 a 6 9	11 l a 3 s 10	11 s	9 s 8	7 9	6 9
New York	none used.	18 a 2 s 2	none.	none.	15 a 1 6	36 a 4 s 2	27 a 3 s 8	25 a 3 s 5	1 10 a 2 s 8	none.
New Orleans ..	—	2 4	—	—	1 s a 1 1½	5 s 2	3 10	3 8	27 a 2 10	none.
France	71 a 10 s 5	311 a 4 s	26 a 2 s 8	3 2	none.	50 a 5 10	50 a 5 1	34 a 3 s 6	2 10	2 10 a 2 11
Portugal	5 10 a 6 0	34 a 3 s 6	111 a 2 s 6	21 a 2 s 3	1 s a 2 0	—	55 a 5 7	—	2 11 a 3 s 4	26 a 2 s 8
Holland	47 a 7 0	26 a 3 s 5	—	20 a 2 s 3	1 6	40 a 5 10	28 a 3 s 6	—	26 a 2 s 8	20 a 2 s 2
Bremen	34 a 8 s 4	—	—	14 a 1 s	10 a 1 1	45 a 5 0	210 a 3 s 0	15 a 2 s 6	12 a 1 s 3	—
Hamburg	34 a 10 11	1 4½ a 2 0	15 a 1 7½	14 a 1 7½	21 a 1 s	7 s a 9 s	211 a 4 s 2	none.	12½ a 1 10	15 a 1 10.
Dantzic	78 a 13 s 6	none.	none.	26 a 3 s 4	none.	134 a 15 0	84 a 9 s 2	68 a 7 s 6	none.	none.
Frankfort	50 a 10 0	34 a 4 s	26 a 3 s 4	21 a 3 s 0	11 a 1 s 3	7 s a 9 s	310 a 4 s 10	none.	39 a 6 s	21 a 4 s 2
Denmark	none used.	26 a 2 s 8	25 a 2 s 8	21 a 2 s 6	1 s	134 a 15 0	84 a 9 s 2	68 a 7 s 6	none.	none.
Roman States ..	6 4	1 0	none.	4 0	3 4	8 7	40 a 4 1	none.	none.	none.
Lubeck	4 10 a 10 6	11 a 3 s 0	16 a 2 s 1	12 a 1 10	none.	37 a 6 0	30 a 5 s 3	1 10 a 3 s 0	14 a 2 s 5	18 a 2 s 1
Trieste	none.	2 9	none.	none.	none.	5 0	3 s 4	none.	none.	none.
Leghorn	none.	10 a 2 s 2	—	—	—	31 a 3 s 7	22 a 2 s	—	—	—
Sicily	—	—	—	—	4 0	—	7 4	—	—	—
Naples	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Canton	2 2 s 3 s 2	111 a 9 s 2 s 2	17 7 s 9	14 1 s 10	0 9 a 6 s 6	2 8	22 7 s 20.	1 10	14 4 s 66	14 4 s 000

From this important document it is manifest that the prices at which teas are sold by the East India Company, are *fully lower* than those at which they are furnished by the free traders to the other part of the world. And if so, what becomes of the boasted statement of the Edinburgh Review, that the China monopoly costs the nation nearly two millions a-year! It is evident that that statement was made on the most insufficient grounds; that the truth, as obtained from the general result, was cautiously suppressed, and a depreciation of price below prime cost palmed off upon an uninformed public as a fair average statement, and a clamour raised against the East

India Company, upon grounds not only unfounded, but directly the reverse of the truth.

The reason why the prices at which tea is sold by the Company are fully as low as those at which they can be sold by private traders, is, that the East India Company is not possessed of a monopoly, in the proper sense of the word, but not only invariably keeps the supply of the market greater than the demand, but exposes the teas to sale under such statutory regulations as secures an abundant supply of that article at fair prices to the consumers.

The average quantity exposed for sale has greatly increased of late years.

The Quantity sold, on an average of three years,
from 1814 to 1817, was, 25,028,000 lbs.
But from 1827 to 1829, 28,017,000 lbs.

And it is stated in the Report by the House of Commons, "The principle to which the Company look in determining what quantity to offer for sale, is the amount of deliveries, and the quantity sold at the previous sale. The supply is said to *have more than kept pace with the demand*, considerable quantities of tea offered having been withdrawn in consequence of no advance having been offered on the upset price; when the Company augmented their supply; on a complaint of the deal-

ers some years ago, the same dealers complained of the increase, owing to their interest being affected by the reduction of the price of their stock in hand."

While the trade with China in the hands of the Company has been constantly increasing of late years, that of the Americans, under the guidance of the Free Traders, has been as steadily diminishing. The American exports and imports to China will demonstrate this.

	Imports.	Exports.
1818-19—dollars,	10,017,000	9,041,000
1826-27—	3,843,000	4,363,000

Falling off, . 6,163,000 5,677,000

Thus, there is a diminution in the American trade to Canton between 1818 and 1826, of nearly Twelve Millions of Spanish dollars.*

But not only has the quantity imported by the Americans been falling off of late years, but the price of

tea in their hands has been rising; while the East India Company has been at once lowering their prices and increasing their supply. The following Table places this in a clear point of view.

Quantity and Price of East India Teas sold in London.

1810—23,548,000 lbs.	. .	L3,896,000
1813—24,124,000 lbs.	. .	3,896,871
1819—25,492,000 lbs.	. .	3,489,000
1824—26,523,000 lbs.	. .	3,741,000
1826—27,700,000 lbs.	. .	3,485,000
1828—28,230,000 lbs.	. .	3,286,000

Thus, in 1828, the public received five millions *more* pounds of tea, and paid for the whole £500,000 *less* than in 1810.

Contrast this with the American

prices during the last ten years under the Free Trade, taken from Mr Crawford's book, one of the most vehement opponents of the Company.

Teas.	1820.	1821.	1824.	1826.	1828.	1829.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Hyson, . . .	2 6	2 6	2 10	2 7	2 8	2 7
Young Hyson,	1 11	1 10	2 8	2 3	2 3	2 3
Hyson Skin, .	1 2	1 2	2 2	1 7	1 .	1 4
Souchong, .	1 1	1 3	1 7	1 6	1 6	1 7

Thus the price of tea has been constantly rising in America at the time when it has been constantly falling in this country.

The solution of this seeming paradox, so contrary to the dogmas of free trade now so fashionable, is to be found in the combined wisdom and liberality with which the proceedings of the Company have been conducted, and the great experience they have acquired in the conduct of that department of business, from the skill of the officers intrusted with its management, and the unbounded credit of the body carrying it on.

The sales of tea by the East India Company are minutely regulated by several acts of Parliament. The 24 Geo. III. c. 58, obliges the Company to have always on hand, in London, a quantity of tea equal to one year's consumption, and to charge as an addition to the prime cost only freight according to a regulated charge; interest on the one year's stock in hand, insurance and warehouse charges, &c. Experience has now proved, that under these regulations, tea has been furnished to the inhabitants of this country at a cheaper rate than to other countries by the efforts of private traders.

It results from these considerations, that the China monopoly costs the nation literally nothing. This calumniated branch of commerce yields only 14 *per cent* profit on the

capital employed on it, and the total profit received is just £670,000 a-year.* This is not more than must be received by private traders who engage in the trade; and what Great Britain has received, without any loss, for allowing it to remain in the hands of the Company, is the magnificent and unexampled Empire of India.

Such are a few of the considerations, which it is important that the public should have in view in the discussions on the renewal of the Charter which are about to take place. Never, save only when the Reform Bill was under discussion, were such important interests at issue, and never have such efforts been made to mislead the public mind. The present system has worked admirably well for this country, for the East, for the human race. All is now at stake; one false step now taken is irretrievable. We cannot conclude better than in the admonitory words which Mr C. Grant addressed to the British Parliament on a former occasion, when the same interests were at stake.[- "Let us remember, that if we once embark on a system of speculation, it will not be easy to retrace our steps: If the experiment be once made it is made for all. If we once break down those ramparts, within which we have entrenched the security and the very existence of the Indian people, we can never rebuild the ruins."²

SMALL CHARACTERS OF SCRIPTURE, CONTINUED.

BY MRS HEMANS.

VII.

THE ANNUNCIATION.

LOWLIEST of women, and most glorified !
 In thy still beauty sitting calm and lone,
 A brightness round thee grew—and by thy side,
 Kindling the air, a Form ethereal shone,
 Solemn, yet breathing gladness.—From her Throne
 A Queen had risen with more imperial eye,
 A stately Prophetess of Victory
 From her proud Lyre had struck a Tempest's tone,
 For such high tidings as to *Thee* were brought,
 Chosen of Heaven ! that hour :—but Thou, oh ! Thou,
 Ev'n as a flower with gracious rains o'erfraught,
 Thy Virgin head beneath its crown didst bow,
 And take to thy meek breast th' all holy word,
 And own Thyself *the Handmaid of the Lord*.

VIII.

THE SONG OF THE VIRGIN.

YES, as a sun-burst flushing mountain-snow,
 Fell the celestial touch of fire ere long
 On the pale stillness of thy thoughtful brow,
 And thy calm spirit lightened into song.
 Unconsciously perchance, yet free and strong
 Flowed the majestic joy of tuneful words,
 Which living harps the quires of Heaven among
 Might well have linked with their divinest chords.
 Full many a strain, borne far on glory's blast,
 Shall leave, where once its haughty music pass'd,
 No more to memory than a reed's faint sigh ;
 While thine, O childlike Virgin ! through all time
 Shall send its fervent breath o'er every clime,
 Being of God, and therefore not to die.

IX.

THE PENITENT ANOINTING CHRIST'S FEET.

THERE was a mournfulness in Angel eyes,
 That saw thee, Woman ! bright in this world's train,
 Moving to Pleasure's airy melodies,
 Thyself the Idol of the enchanted strain.
 But from thy Beauty's garland, brief and vain,
 When one by one the rose-leaves had been torn,
 When thy heart's-core had quivered to the pain
 Through every life-nerve sent by arrowy scorn ;
 When thou didst kneel to pour sweet odours forth
 On the Redeemer's feet, with many a sigh,
 And showering tear-drop, of yet richer worth
 Than all those costly balms of Araby ;

*Then was there joy, a song of joy in Heaven,
For thee, the child won back, the penitent forgiven!*

X.

MARY AT THE FEET OF CHRIST.

On ! blest beyond all Daughters of the Earth !
What were the Orient's thrones to that low seat,
Where thy hushed spirit drew celestial mirth ?
Mary ! meek Listener at the Saviour's feet !
No feverish cares to that divine retreat
Thy woman's heart of silent worship brought,
But a fresh childhood, heavenly Truth to meet,
With Love, and Wonder, and submissive Thought.
Oh ! for the holy quiet of thy breast,
Midst the world's eager tones and footsteps flying !
Thou, whose calm soul was like a well-spring, lying
So deep and still in its transparent rest,
That ev'n when Noontide burns upon the hills,
Some one bright solemn Star all its lone mirror fills.

XI.

THE SISTERS OF BETHANY AFTER THE DEATH OF LAZARUS.

One grief, one faith, O sisters of the Dead !
Was in your bosoms—thou, whose steps, made fleet
By keen hope fluttering in the hearts which bled,
Bore thee, as wings, the Lord of Life to greet ;
And thou, that dutious in thy still retreat
Didst wait his summons—then with reverent love
Fell weeping at the blest Deliverer's feet,
Whom ev'n to heavenly tears thy woe could move.
And which to *Him*, the All-seeing and All-just,
Was loveliest, that quick zeal, or lowly trust ?
Oh ! question not, and let no law be given
To those unveillings of its deepest shrine,
By the wrung spirit made in outward sign :
Free service from the heart is all in all to Heaven.

XII.

THE MEMORIAL OF MARY.

Thou hast thy record in the Monarch's hall ;
And on the waters of the far mid sea ;
And where the mighty mountain-shadows fall,
The Alpine hamlet keeps a thought of thee :
Where'er, beneath some Oriental tree,
The Christian traveller rests,—where'er the child
Looks upward from the English mother's knee,
With earnest eyes in wondering reverence mild,
There art thou known ;—where'er the Book of Light
Bears hope and healing, there, beyond all blight,
Is borne thy memory, and all praise above :
Oh ! say what deed so lifted thy sweet name,
Mary ! to that pure silent place of Fame ?
One lowly offering of exceeding Love.

XIII.

THE WOMEN OF JERUSALEM AT THE CROSS.

LIKE those pale stars of tempest-hours, whose gleam
 Waves calm and constant on the rocking mast,
 Such by the Cross doth your bright lingering seem,
 Daughters of Zion! faithful to the last!
 Ye, through the darkness o'er the wide earth cast
 By the death-cloud within the Saviour's eye,
 Ev'n till away the Heavenly Spirit pass'd,
 Stood in the shadow of his agony.
 O blessed Faith! a guiding lamp, that hour,
 Was lit for Woman's heart; to her, whose dower
 Is all of love and suffering from her birth:
 Still hath your act a voice—through fear, through strife,
 Bidding her bind each tendril of her life,
 To that which her deep soul hath owned of holiest worth.

XIV.

MARY MAGDALENE AT THE SEPULCHRE.

WEEPER! to thee how bright a Morn was given,
 After thy long, long vigil of Despair,
 When that high voice which burial-rocks had riven,
 Thrilled with immortal tones the silent air!
 Never did clarion's royal blast declare
 Such tale of victory to a breathless crowd,
 As the deep sweetness of *one* word could bear
 Into thy heart of hearts, O woman! bowed
 By strong affection's anguish!—one low word—
 “*Mary!*”—and all the triumph wrung from Death
 Was thus revealed! and Thou, that so hadst err'd,
 So wept, and been forgiven, in trembling faith
 Didst cast thee down before th' all conquering Son,
 Awed by the mighty gift thy tears and love had won!

XV.

MARY MAGDALENE BEARING TIDINGS OF THE RESURRECTION.

THEN was a task of glory all thine own,
 Nobler than e'er the still small voice assigned
 To lips, in awful music making known
 The stormy splendours of some Prophet's mind.
 “Christ is arisen!”—By thee, to wake mankind,
 First from the Sepulchre those words were brought!
 Thou wert to send the mighty rushing wind
 First on its way, with those high tidings fraught—
 “*Christ is arisen!*”—Thou, *thou*, the sir-enthralled,
 Earth's outcast, Heaven's own ransomed one, wert called
 In human hearts to give that rapture birth:—
 Oh! raised from shame to brightness!—*there* doth lie
 The tenderest meaning of *His* ministry,
 Whose undespairing Love still owned the Spirit's worth.

ANTWERP.

It sinks at last, that banner, which to raise
 The dauntless seaman clombe aloft in vain,*
 And heedless of the bomb's descending blaze,
 Or thickest volley'd grapeshot's iron rain,
 Nail'd to the staff his country's flag again :
 Careless of limb or life's adventured loss
 As he who, from the high mast-head of Spain,
 Bore off the ensign she had dared to toss
 On free-born Zealand's gale, the red Burgundian cross.

Who that surveys the scene may rightly spell
 What various feelings every bosom sway,
 When forth from Antwerp's shattered citadel
 Its stern defenders sadly take their way ?
 Sadly but proudly. While in mute array
 The bands of France receive them ; not with hail
 Of shout or scoff, but as the brave who pay
 That reverence which the brave can never fail
 To yield where valour sinks, by fortune forced to quail.

Yes, ye do well, who view that scene, to bare
 The head, like those who round an unfilled grave
 In reverence crowd. And that France does not spare
 The victor's honours to the vanquish'd brave :
 More honours France, than all that numbers gave
 Of triumph to her else successful bands—
 Insult and scorn befit the Belgian slave
 Who sheathed his sword of lath, while foreign brands
 Won from the free the soil where now that slave commands.

Disarmed, but not dishonoured, to the shore
 Forth from their ruined ramparts as they file,
 The spirits of their fathers who upbore
 Their country's sinking weight, when force and guile
 Were leagued as now against her, watch the while,
 Tracing their progress ; o'er the ruin made
 In Alva's towers, the chiefs of Nassau smile,†
 While on the Tuscan artist's esplanade,
 Sire of his country, stalks the silent hero's shade.‡

* Vide General Chassé's dispatch. The feat alluded to in the concluding lines of the stanza, was twice performed by a Dutch seaman in the war of independence. Once in the action in the Zuyderzee, in which Bossu, admiral of the Spanish and Belgian fleet, was defeated and taken, and afterwards in an action of equal importance in the Scheldt. The ensign of the Spanish fleets, at this period, was the red cross of Burgundy.

† It is hardly necessary to state that the citadel of Antwerp was originally constructed by Alva. The engineer Paciotto or Pacheco, who planned its defences, had followed Alva from Savoy, having been lent by the reigning Duke of that state, in whose service Alva found him, for the purpose of the expedition to the Netherlands. It is said that he was nearly related to Alva. His fate is alluded to in a subsequent stanza and note.

‡ William of Nassau, the great founder of the Dutch Republic, was notorious for the steadfast taciturnity with which he matured in his own bosom his schemes for the salvation of his country. The difficulties with which he had to contend, and his repeated failures in his attempts to cope with the superior power of Spain by land, are so well known, that it is unnecessary to confirm the allusions of the text by detailed reference to history.

He, too, was oft outnumbered, mastered, foiled ;
 His simple arm, against the mightiest state
 The world contained, sunk powerless. Yet he toiled
 Unshaken onwards. Nor could adverse fate,
 Zuniga's* craft, nor Alva's arms abate
 That strength which, like Antæus to the strife,
 Rose from the earth it touched, till Parma's hate,
 Backed by absolving Rome, had edged the knife,
 And treason closed in blood brave William's patriot life.

Young Adolph† next, who, with his worthiest foe,
 Shared in a common tomb the soldier's rest,
 When old Winschoten's marsh-fed stream ran slow,
 With corpses clogged, and many a Spaniard's crest
 Sank in the sullen deeps. For Victory blest
 With her young martyr's blood that earliest fight,
 Although her orb delusive in the west
 Set for a season. While the Spaniards' might,
 With recreant Belgium joined, was all too strong for right.

Adventurous Louis‡ follows, who sustained
 Holland's young freedom, while from Hainault's hold
 All Alva's arms he occupied, and drained
 The torrent o'er her fields which else had rolled.—
 Less than his silent kinsman skilled to mould
 Each scheme with caution, craft with force to blend ;
 His brow less thoughtful, and his smile less cold.
 In him the meanest soldier mourned a friend,
 When on Nimeguen's heath he found his unrecorded end.

The Boyzots twain,§ a death-united pair—
 Once known for rescued Leyden's high renown,

* Louis Requesens de Zuniga, Alva's successor in the vice-government of the Netherlands.

† Adolphus, younger brother of the House of Nassau. He fell in the battle of Winchoten in Frizeland, the first action of consequence which took place in the war of independence. His brother Louis commanded the insurgents, and Count D'Arumberg the forces of Spain. The latter was killed, and was interred with his young antagonist, Adolph, in the neighbouring convent of Heiliger See. D'Arumberg was a nobleman of much merit, and his loss was regretted by friends and foes. The affair of Winschoten was an *chauffourée* of little consequence, further than as an auspicious commencement of the contest. The Spaniards obtained soon afterwards sanguinary revenge in the battle of Jemmingen, where Louis was totally defeated by Alva.

‡ Louis, second only to his brother in his achievements for the cause of liberty. By the surprise of Mons, in 1572, he diverted Alva from marching upon Holland, which country, encouraged by the casual successes of the Water Gueuses, had just thrown off the yoke, and must have fallen an easy victim. He endured a long siege, and obtained a brilliant capitulation, and before Mons had surrendered, Holland was in a state of organized resistance not to be suppressed by force of arms. No single exploit contributed so palpably to the great final result of the war as this apparently rash but well-planned enterprise of Louis. He fell in 1574, at the battle of Mook, near Nimeguen, together with his brother Henry, and Duke Christopher of the Palatinate. The manner of their deaths was never ascertained, and their bodies were never recognised.

§ The Boyzots, Charles and Louis. The latter was illustrious for the principal of the naval victories, by which, early in the contest, the supremacy of the northern seas was wrested from Spain. He also conducted the memorable enterprise for raising the siege of Leyden, which was effected by inundating the surrounding country. His brother was less distinguished in the field, but was much employed in diplomatic affairs of moment by Orange. They both fell in battle, nearly at the

Gained when upon the leaguering Spaniards' lair
 Heaven loosed its storms, and poured its waters down.
 And the pale inmates of that hungered town,
 Girt with the rural wreath his victor brow,
 Who bade the barrier-bursting waters drown
 The Spaniards' lines, and urged his saviour prow
 Where cattle late had grazed, and peasants drove the plough.

There eager Treslong* stands, the first who launched
 His country's cradled freedom on the tide,
 And with the pleasant balm of vengeance staunch'd
 Her gaping wounds, when Alva's kinsman cried †
 In vain for mercy. While the tyrant's pride,
 Humbled by those he scoffed at in his hour
 Of brief success, saw the *Sea-Beggar* ride
 The enfranchised Meuse, and the black standard lour,
 The patriot pirate's flag, from conquered Flushing's tower.

These were the men, unshaken to the last,
 No danger daunted, no defeat could quell;
 They spent no fruitless sorrow for the past,
 Though Leyden trembled, and though Haarlem fell.
 They bade the lisping voice of freedom swell,
 Till with recover'd strength she learn'd to sing
 Back on its savage source the murderer's yell
 O'er Egmont raised, until their bigot King
 Shook in Segovia's shades to hear its echoes ring.

Then, ye, despair not, whom the artillery's wrath
 Has spared for fields perchance to come. Your sires
 With their approving smile pursue your path.
 Leave then, without a sigh, the slave who hires
 The sword he could not wield, to quench the fires
 He dared not light, with trembling step to tread
 The maze of ruin, 'mid the funeral pyres
 Of your brave comrades. Reckless let him tread,—
 Such conqueror's step as his cannot molest the dead.

same time, in 1575, and in the same scene of action, the province of Zealand. Charles was killed in opposing the Spanish invasion of the isle of Schouwen. Louis was drowned in an enterprise for the relief of Zierickzee, besieged by the Spaniards.

* John of Blois, named Treslong, author and prime agent in the capture of the Brill, in 1572, by the Water Gueuses. This exploit originated rather in the accident of weather, which had driven the Gueuses, banished from the ports of England by Elizabeth, into the mouth of the Meuse, than in any previous design of the freebooters. It was the signal for insurrection in Holland, which, since the repeated failures of Orange in the field, had remained in complete subjection to Spain.

† Paciotto mentioned above. He was employed at Flushing, in the construction of a citadel similar to that erected at Antwerp, and, arriving at the moment when the city, following the example of the Brill, had just surrendered to the insurgents, under Treslong, he was taken prisoner, and led to instant execution. He played hard for mercy, or, at least, for a less ignominious death than that of the gallows, but a brother of his captor had fallen on the scaffold by Alva's order, and it was known that Paciotto was the favourite, if not the near relation, of the tyrant. He was hanged.

SONG OF THE WATER GUEUSE.*

THE beggars' band that walks the land
 May roam the dale and lea,
 But freer still from man's command
 Are those that walk the sea.
 The landsman sues; but to refuse
 He leaves the rich man free.
 But none deny the Water Gueuse—
 The Beggar of the Sea!

Nor corn, nor grain, has he the pain
 To purchase or to till,
 And Spanish churls their wines must drain
 The Beggar's flask to fill.
 His robes are roll'd with many a fold
 Of canvass white and fine;
 His wallet is the good ship's hold,
 His staff the mast of pine.

By land the brave, foul fortune's slave,
 May meet, by her decree,
 The headsman's stroke, the traitor's grave
 Beneath the gallows-tree;
 But ne'er to kneel before that steel
 Shall be the Gueuse's lot,
 Or writhing in mid air to feel
 The suffocating knot.

If foes prevail, not ours to quail
 Or sue for grace to Spain;
 Our ensign to the mast we nail
 And fire the powder-train,
 Nor ours to rest in earth unblest
 Or rot beneath the turf,
 Old Ocean takes us to his breast,
 And wraps us in his surf.

And now to trowl one lusty bowl
 Before we mount the wave,
 Here's rest to gallant Egmont's † soul,
 Health to the living brave!
 While conquest's fame gilds Nassau's name,—
 That leader of the free,—
 No chain can bind, no threat can tame,
 The Beggar of the sea!

* When the Dutch first revolted against the yoke of Spain, the courtiers at Brussels called them, in contempt, "*Des Gueux*"—*beggars*. These insurgents, like the *Roundheads* in England, and *Sansculottes* in France, accepted the nickname as a title of honour; the maritime insurgents called themselves *Les Gueux de Mer*, *Sea-beggars*!

† On a temporary success of the Spaniards, the Prince of Orange and the Count of Egmont, the patriot leaders, debated what they personally should do. The Prince, who had no faith in Spanish mercy, resolved to emigrate; Egmont resolved to stay. On parting, the Count said, "*Adieu Prince sans terre*." Nassau rejoined, "*Adieu, Comte sans tête*." The Prince judged rightly. Egmont was brought to the block!

ON POOR'S LAWS, AND THEIR INTRODUCTION INTO IRELAND.

THE highest civilisation of the world is produced by LABOUR instructed by knowledge. We take the word from the great applications of human strength and skill to fashion or bring into service the gross substances of material nature. But we must extend its acceptation to comprehend all exertion of the powers of action with which we are endowed. If it is labour to till, and to build, the work of the artist who produces on the canvass, or from the marble, the delicate forms of beauty, is labour also. And not this only, of which the products are materially embodied and visible, but the patient and silent meditation of the philosopher, and the legislator, the thought which discovers the laws that govern the operations of nature, or imagines those necessary to rule the actions of men, must bear the same denomination. These are all exertions of the personal powers of the human being, directed to an end: an end suggested by his wants and desires, whether those wants be of his bodily frame, connected with its preservation, of the frame of the social body, connected with the same object—those desires of the senses satisfied with material products, or of the intellectual faculties, craving for “angels’ food.”

Whether then we look to the highest or lowest condition of human life, we know of no other fund from which its necessities and conveniences are derived but labour. In the one case the labour itself is painfully visible, and obtruded upon our eyes, in the same unvarying severity; while the products, at once scanty and perishable, are scarcely apparent to the visitors who chance to touch on those remote coasts, and who leave them almost in ignorance of the means by which the nation prolongs its miserable existence. In the other, the labour is often invisible, or when not so, appears under such modifications and transformations of an endless and multifarious machinery, that we think not of the toil of the human labourers, but of the wonderful command which they have gained for their own purposes over the proces-

ses of nature, while on all sides arise stupendous and enduring works with which we have been always so familiar, that they seem to us almost self-created in their magnificence. The spirit of labour, keen and sleepless, is at work day and night, and human beings here, too, are toiling perhaps but for scanty bread. Here, too, amid all this splendid outward shew, there is care, fear, anxiety, hunger, thirst, and disease, hastening on to death under the heat of forge or furnace, more fatal than the sun-stroke or the blast of the desert, for it is still from that same great fund, Labour, that congregated myriads are seeking to derive the necessities and conveniences of life,—necessaries and conveniences the same in kind still as to the dwellers on those inhospitable shores, for it is still the same great animal appetites which desire them, but along with those appetites are now rioting or raging a whole host of passions to that other condition wholly unknown, that have pressed into their service all the powers of intellect, and that boundless by their very being, shall never be at rest while imagination can dream of new luxuries, or genius devise new schemes by which those luxuries may be prodigally poured into the insatiate bosom of beings, who, in the pride of the arts and sciences by which they have subjected the kingdoms of nature to their dominion, would fain believe themselves to be little less than gods upon this earth!

In this complicated and various scene of things, we are led to enquire into the principle of that extraordinary power which we find to have been developed. We find in society thus completed in its constitution, an intricacy of structure which it is hardly possible for us to follow out—a mighty whole, harmoniously adjusted, of innumerable dissimilar parts. What is the principle that binds together in useful and perfect union these dissimilar parts? It is the same which has imparted to labour, once rude and feeble, its marvellous matured powers; the separation of the different works of society from

one another, the resolution of every work into the manifold distinct processes of which it is the aggregate, and the distribution to the different members of the society of these several works, or of these dis severed portions of its complex works, thus to each allotting his peculiar office; but under such a law of universal mutual interchange, that the part taken by each is for the benefit of all, and the separate but not independent task which he discharges, becomes his concurrent contribution to the common undertaking for the common good.

It is into the heart of this system that we must look, before we can be qualified to understand what legislative wisdom and humanity may be able to do for the well-being of the vast multitudes of our brethren by whose labour it is kept in life. Its pulsations must be frequently felt and counted—but that is not enough; medical, which in this case is moral, science, must study the causes of health and disease; and the antidotes and remedies which are thus discovered, it is the duty of the state to apply. True that there is danger of adopting the advice of quacks pretending to be physicians; but so is there at every bedside in hall or hovel.

In contemplating such a vast and complicated system as that by which the wealth of this country has been created and is upheld, intellect and imagination are alike impressed by the grandeur of the spectacle, and elated by the idea of a self-working mighty machine. It is beautiful—it is noble—wheel within wheel are all instinct with spirit—and by attempting to interfere in any way with its operations, it is said you will but disorder or impede their natural and inevitable play, which depends on principles beyond your control, and rejoices in perfect freedom. Let it alone. Should evils sometimes shew themselves so as to afflict your eyes, they will soon cure themselves; and after a period of suffering, which by striving to shorten, legislation will be sure to prolong, all will be well again, and transient miseries forgotten by the waking worky-day-world, like a succession of idle and ugly dreams.

All this is very fine talking—but

we do not find that it has made much permanent impression on the public mind in any Christian land. An enlightened humanity regards such doctrine at best with suspicion—and places more faith in the simple dictates of the moral sense and religion, than in the elaborate deductions of a science of which the very elements are yet unascertained, and are seen floating about in a chaos of inconsistencies, contradictions, and repulsions, to the doubt and dismay even of its most erudite doctors, who are now, to the sore discredit of philosophy, buffeting each other, after the fashion of a quarrel among the inmates of a blind asylum.

Of this science one of the most intolerant and intolerable dogmas is—or was—that there must, on no account, be any Legal Provision for the Poor. To doubt or deny that dogma, was by the self-dubbed doctors held sufficient proof that you were a fool. They did not mince the matter—fool was the word—and they hinted bedlam. Poor's laws inevitably led—they said—to all kinds of improvidence and profligacy—to the destruction of capital, and of productive labour—and to a frightful increase of pauper population, that would in no long time, like a plague of locusts, devour up the land. A Committee of the National Assembly, appointed to enquire into the state of the poor of France, described the poor's laws as *La Plaie politique la plus dévorante de l'Angleterre*; and Englishmen in thousands re-echoed the calumny of that odious oracle, while England by the might of her war-sinews was heroically and successfully fighting against France in the cause of Freedom. That loathsome lie was told in italics in almost every treatise on Political Economy—and sworn to be the truth. The eye was forced to look at it in Malthus—Ricardo made it his own by adoption—and M'Culloch, of course, transferred it to his pages, and savagely thrust it down your throat. The pack followed their leaders in full cry—far from tuneable; and cross-bred cur and mangy mongrel were all rabidly running down the Poor.

But here at least there has been a reaction. For the last two or three seasons the subscription-pack has

been dwindling away—the head huntsman is dead—he who was next in rank seems to have retired from the field in chagrin or rheumatism—and one of the noisiest whippers-in has turned his spavined hack out to grass, and got mounted on a new hobby for a different pursuit by the Governor of the Bank of England.

In his examination before the Select Committee of 1830, on the state of the poor in Ireland, Mr McCulloch said that “he was inclined to modify the opinion he had given before the Irish Committee in 1825; that he had then expressed himself as hostile to the introduction of poor’s laws into Ireland, supposing that it would be impossible so to manage them but that they would be pernicious; but that farther reflection upon their operation in England, as far as he had been able to ascertain it from studying their history, had convinced him that that opinion was not well founded, and that poor’s laws may be administered so as to be made productive of good rather than of evil.” Mr Rice seems not to have relished this change of opinion in Peter, and tries somewhat spitefully to puzzle him on his paradox about absenteeism; but he is no match in his Limerick gloves, for the stalwart Gallowegian. In the first part of Mr McCulloch’s very sensible evidence, he freely makes an admission of the most extraordinary ignorance up to the 1825, that ever beclouded the understanding of a man of common information, on the most important subject within the range of his own science. Yet, in that utter darkness of that long night, had he been preaching to the people of England against the poor’s law, as if its operation had lain before him in a blaze of light. He had not, all that while, studied those “contemporary writers of authority, who had the best means of forming an accurate estimate as to the operation of the poor’s laws in England, in which they state that those laws have tended to *decrease the number of cottages, to lessen the amount of population, and to raise the rate of wages.*” He then refers the Committee to extracts from the *Britannia Languens*, published in 1680, from Alcock’s *Observations on the poor’s laws*, 1752, a pamphlet, quoted, as all the world

knows, by Dr Burns, in his *History of the poor’s laws*—from that history—from Young’s *Farmer Letters*—from his *Political Arithmetic*—from Mr Grave’s speech in the House of Commons, 18th April, 1773—and from Brown’s *Agricultural Survey of the West Riding of Yorkshire*, 1799. All these authorities were patent to all men; yet, had the Professor of Political Economy in the University of London remained in ignorance of them all up to the year 1825! Nor had he the candour to tell the Committee, that between the 1825 and 1830 (and long before it) one and all of those authorities had been brought forward, and insisted on with great ability, by many writers in our best periodical works, reviews, magazines, newspapers, and innumerable pamphlets.

For many years past, we, ourselves, in concert with other abler writers, have, on those authorities, and by reasonings that needed not their support, defended the principles of the English poor’s laws; and Mr McCulloch, in the second edition of his *Political Economy*, (1830,) makes use of all the arguments (see especially our December Number for 1828) we have repeatedly employed, with an air of the most ludicrous pomposity, as if he were promulgating some novel truths that had escaped all other optics but his own, and were flashed, for the first time, by his genius for discovery, upon a startled world.

The views we have so long and so earnestly advocated, were plain to all capacities, not blinded or distorted by that obstinate and darkling wilfulness which is generated by addiction to some narrow and exclusive creed. Who, unless he shuts his eyes and his ears, can hinder himself from seeing that, in a country like England, great numbers of labourers must be often out of employment? Who knows not that our manufacturing labour depends in a great degree for employment on foreign markets, in which the demand is for ever fluctuating? Who knows not that, in every manufacture, there is a tendency to outrun consumption? There cannot, according to Say, be a universal glut. Be it so; but particular gluts do the business; and thousands and

tens of thousands are ever and anon thrown out of bread. And who does not know that it is impossible to foresee such changes and reversals, which often happen all of a sudden, as if in very spite of the most confident and contrary predictions? Who does not know, that to say that workmen thus flung out of one employment may find it in another, is contrary to the universally admitted principles of the division of labour, and of the distribution of capital? Could the many thousands of silk-weavers and throwsters, who, in 1825-6, were reduced to destitution, find support to life by change of place or of employment? Or the many hundreds of thousands of manufacturing labourers in 1826, who looked like ghosts from the grave? Mr McCulloch might—must have known all this—long before the 1830; yet then it was that for the first time he said, “In the first place it may be observed that, owing to changes of fashion, to the miscalculation of producers and merchants, those engaged in manufacturing employments are necessarily exposed to many vicissitudes; and when their number is so very great, as in this country, *it is quite essential* that a resource should be provided for their support in periods of adversity.”

Now, whatever may be the effects of poor's laws, good or bad, here are multitudes of honest and hard-working men, with their wives and children, during seasons of frequent recurrence, inevitably deprived of the means of life by the operation of causes inherent in the system of international trade. The poor's laws have nothing to do with the production of such misery; but they have every thing to do with its relief. How else can such poor be saved from starvation? You dare not say that they should support themselves on their savings—and at the same time call yourself a Christian. Will you then—and others like you—and we grant that you are an average human being of the economical class—come forward instantly to provide them with sustentation? No. It is pleasanter to employ your pen than your purse. Yet you, and others such as you, will subscribe—and your subscriptions will be of use—of much use—after time spent in setting them

agoing, time spent in collecting them, time spent in settling how they are to be distributed, and time spent in giving the relief. During all the time made up of these times, multitudes are suffering the pangs of hunger, and all the moral evils—worse than physical—incident to such indigence angrily agape for the stinted, and uncertain, and tardy alms. And in what spirit are they given? Too often sullenly—grudgingly—complainingly; and sometimes the supplies, if not exhausted, are stopt at the very point perhaps of salvation; and charity itself cheated out of its blessing and its reward.

Is this the best and wisest way to preserve the national character from degradation under the pressure of deep distress? What is this but beggary? But relief given to such sufferers by the law of the land is not alms. We shall not say a syllable here about right. It is the law—and that is enough, under such circumstances surely, to justify the giving and the taking—and to render, too, both effectual for the end which is righteous as the means, and acknowledged to be so by all true English hearts.

Mr Barton is a man of that character—and in his Enquiry into the Causes of the Depreciation of Agricultural Labour, expresses sentiments which never can be obsolete in a Christian land.

“It is to be remembered,” says Mr Barton, “that even those who most strongly assert the impolicy and injurious tendency of our poor's laws, admit that causes wholly unconnected with these laws do, at times, depress the condition of the labourer. Poor families are often thrown into a state of severe necessity by long-continued illness or unavoidable misfortunes, from which it would be impossible for them to return to the enjoyment of decent competence, if not supported by extraneous means. It is well known, too, that a general rise in the price of commodities is seldom immediately followed by a rise in the wages of country labour. In the meantime, great suffering must be endured by the whole class of peasantry, if no legislative provision existed for their relief; and when such a rise of prices goes on gradually increasing for a

series of years, as sometimes happens, the suffering resulting from it must be proportionally prolonged. The question at issue is simply this: whether that suffering be calculated to cherish habits of sober and self-denying prudence, or to generate a spirit of careless desperation?

"During these periods of extraordinary privation, the labourer, if not effectually relieved, would imperceptibly lose that taste for order, decency, and cleanliness, which had been gradually formed and accumulated, in better times, by the insensible operation of habit and example. And no strength of argument, no force of authority, could again instil into the minds of a new generation, growing up under more prosperous circumstances, the sentiments and tastes thus blighted and destroyed by the cold breath of penury. Every return of temporary distress would, therefore, vitiate the feelings and lower the sensibilities of the labouring classes. The little progress of improvement made in happier times would be lost and forgotten. If we ward off a few of the bitterest blasts of calamity, the sacred flame may be kept alive till the tempest be past; but if once extinguished, how hard is the task of rekindling it in minds long injured to degradation and wretchedness!"

We said, a little way back, that no man calling himself a Christian could dare to affirm, that all persons belonging to the labouring classes in England, were in duty bound to lay by, out of their wages, in good or moderate times, enough to support their families in all vicissitudes, without assistance from the State. Mr Sadler illustrates, with his usual eloquence, the gross injustice of such a demand on the working classes, and its gross folly too—seeing the consequences that would inevitably ensue from such doctrine being carried into practice. The wages of labour have a constant tendency to accommodate themselves to the actual average expenses of those rendering it. Therefore, the proposal to the working classes that they should diminish their daily expenditure in order to save money, would only have the effect, if attended to universally, of diminishing the remuneration of their labour precisely in the same pro-

portion as they had diminished their comforts—the fact being, that nothing but the spur of necessity occasions the bulk of mankind to labour at all, and they only labour up to their necessity. Nothing, therefore, he truly says, can be less philosophical than the idea of making the whole of the labouring classes hoarders of money; meritorious instances of it do occur, it is true; but they exist only as exceptions; and to render them general, were it possible, would obviously defeat the intended purpose, and derange the whole social system. Take the numbers of the class in question as low as you can, and make the diminution in their daily expenditure as little as is consistent with the plan proposed, and it will be instantly seen, that if this disinterested recommendation could be carried into effect, a single year would throw millions out of employment, and consequently out of bread, and irretrievably ruin the finances of the country.

Mr Sadler deals well with the audacious doctrine of the hard-hearted, that the poor should be compelled so to lay up against a time of sickness or distress, or loss of employment, or, lastly, old age, as not to burden the public; or that they should otherwise be left to their fate. It is indeed shocking to think how people, sitting in easy-chairs at blazing firesides, and tables covered with wine and walnuts, will belch out opinions on the duties of the poor. Smecurists—pensioners—sleeping partners in wealthy concerns—fat and nearly fatuous elders who have been providentially born to breeches which they never could have bought—are all—so they dream—uncompromising opponents of poor's laws. But how stands it with the upper classes—ay, with the rich? Are there no poor's laws for the opulent? "Do any of the political economists," asks Mr Sadler, "who make it to the poor, address it to the other and higher orders of society, where its adoption would be far more reasonable, practicable, and just? Have any of the political economists, who have uttered such vehement things against poverty in this particular, held forth that the Ministers, the Chancellors, the Judges, and all other

servants of the Crown;—that all public officers, civil, military, or naval;—that all Bishops and ministers of the Church, of all orders and degrees; I say, have they proposed, when the health of these fails, or they have advanced far in years, so as to be no longer fully capable of performing the duties of their several callings, that they should at once resign them, and give up their emoluments without any equivalent, half-pay, pension, superannuated allowance, or consideration whatsoever? Yet most of these have private fortunes, many of them ample ones; while the bounty of the country, in the meantime, enables them to put the saving plan into execution, without, in many instances, sacrificing an iota of their personal comforts. But, no: it is held quite proper that many of these should be continued in the enjoyment of their entire incomes till death, and that, under one denomination or another, nearly all the rest should have retiring allowances, amounting, on the whole, few as their numbers comparatively are, to millions. *Da pratori; da deinde tribuno*, as of old; but that the wretched should receive any thing,—that the poor worn-out hind, who has had the misfortune to survive his strength, should have a morsel of the produce of those fields which he has tilled for half a century,—or that the cripple who has been maimed in some of the boasted manufactories of the country, should be allowed a few daily pence at the public cost;—this is the grievance, according to our political economists!"

We have been speaking hitherto chiefly of a legal provision for the poor—not impotent—but thrown out of employment—and we have but touched, as it were, on arguments that of themselves leap up irresistibly to establish the sacred and saving power of such institution, at once merciful and just. We have said little, except by necessary implication, of the impotent poor; and, in truth, when the whole subject is rightly viewed, there is no such distinction. For it has been well said by Mr James Butler Bryan, we believe, and after him by Mr Poulett Scrope, that forty-eight hours of want may reduce the strongest labourer in the prime of life to the

condition of a bed-ridden pauper. Many thousand able-bodied men, willing to work, may thus, in a short time, become feeble wretches, unable to withdraw the point of a pickaxe from the tenacious clay, or to drive it into the hard gravel. But adopting the ordinary distinction, what say you to depriving or withholding from the sick, lame, blind, palsied, aged pauper, all assistance but what voluntary charity shall afford? Certainly these are the very persons whom voluntary contributions will most relieve; and therefore, for them a *compulsory* provision (as it is called) must, to all who are for abolishing it, be worst of all, because most opposed to the natural operation of the best sentiments of the human heart. But here we meet, as might have been expected, with the strangest inconsistencies and contradictions in the creed of charity. Many who will not that the law should afford any relief to people dying of hunger from being thrown out of employment, are afraid to exclude from its protecting care the cripple and the blind; and they approve of that Christian clause in the 43 of Elizabeth, which says, they and others in circumstances equally calamitous shall not be suffered to perish. Others are for excluding even such helpless beings from the protection of a poor's law, but they are well-disposed towards charitable institutions, such as infirmaries, dispensaries, and asylums. There is an essential distinction, they say, between want and disease, and the institutions to relieve them; but they have woefully failed in establishing it. Legal and compulsory provisions for the relief of want, they argue, multiply their objects—those for the relief of disease diminish theirs; taking for granted the very point in dispute! But grant even that it were so, would that be a good Christian reason against relieving want? Here are fifty men, women, and children, dying of want. They are saved from starvation, and ten more are thereby brought on the poor's list, who otherwise might or might not have been able to support themselves? Must we, because that *may* happen, or *docs* happen, suffer the fifty to shift for themselves, to suffer all the miseries of indigence—because, if

we do relieve them, the fifty may become sixty, and we shall have to assist them all? Weak and worthless persons there always will be to apply for relief from all charities, public and private, voluntary or compulsory; such is human nature; but the evil must be put up with, and guarded against to the best of our power and prudence; we must not be deterred from doing our duty to the honest indigent from fear—even if well-grounded—of too often being thereby brought under the necessity of comprehending along with them not a few of the vile and base. People will not break their legs, or put out their eyes to get into an infirmary, therefore build infirmaries; but people will sometimes be lazy and profligate, trusting to a poor's law, therefore let there be no poor's laws! And that passes for sound logic with men of science! for sound charity with the humane!

Mr Scrope expresses himself very strongly, on this point, against the Political Economists. "They would refuse," he says, "ought to the poor which can for an instant of time stand between them and that utter destitution which is expected to teach them to keep their numbers within the demand for their labour, and which, at all events, would kill them off down to the desirable limit. Alms-houses, lying-in-hospitals, dispensaries, private charity, are all to this sect equal objects of dislike."

"But their abhorrence is reserved for a poor's law, for any law which should secure a home, employment, and security from absolute starvation to the well-disposed natives of this wealthy land. Even in England it is to them intolerable. 'Abolish it,' they say, 'and all will be well. Let there be no resource for the sick, the maimed, the aged, the orphan, and the destitute, but mendicancy. Do not, however, think of relieving mendicants! For by giving to one beggar you make two. Let the poor maintain the poor as long as they can; and when their last crust has been shared amongst them, let all starve together. This will teach them not to marry, until the rich want more servants.'"

This, at first sight, seems rather an overstatement. But, if it be so, it is

because of the contradictions and inconsistencies that are heard clashing in the creed of the political economists. Undoubtedly Mr Malthus did once hold such opinions—whatever he may do now—as are here subjected to these indignant strictures; and so did Mr M'Culloch—very nearly so—though he has had the good sense and feeling to abjure them; and sorry are we to be forced to believe that they are the opinions of Miss Martineau—a lady whom, in spite of such aberrations, we regard with admiration and respect. Alms-houses, lying-in-hospitals, dispensaries, and private charity, are *not* equal objects of dislike to all the sect; but they *ought* to be, for it is impossible to defend them on any principles not impugned equally by all the sect in their discussion of the question of Poor's Laws.

It has been said by the present Bishop of Landaff, then the Principal of Oriel College, Oxford, in his celebrated letter to Mr Peel, "that the fundamental error of the poor's laws is the confusion of moral duty with the task of legislation. That what all individuals *ought to do*, it is the business of the laws to *make* them do, is a very plausible position, and has actually been adopted by some of our ablest and most virtuous men. But nothing in reality is more fallacious, nothing less congruous with the nature of man, and with that state of discipline and trial which his present existence is clearly designed to be. In the first place, it destroys the very essence, not only of benevolence, but of all virtue, to make it compulsory; or, to speak more properly, it is a contradiction in terms. An action, to be virtuous, must be voluntary. It requires a living agent to give it birth. If we attempt to transplant it from our own bosoms to the laws, it withers and dies. The error is fostered by the promiscuous application of words to individuals and to the laws, which, in their proper application, belong to the former only. We talk of mild, of merciful, of benevolent, of humane laws. The professed object of such laws is to do what mild, and merciful, and benevolent men are disposed to do. But even to suppose them capable of effecting this—yet the humanity is lost,

as soon as the act proceeds from a dead letter, not from the spontaneous impulse of the individual. And, in fact, this endeavour to invest the laws with the office of humanity, inconsistent and impracticable as it is, when attempted from the purest motives, does in reality often originate from an imperfect sense of moral obligation, and a low degree of benevolence in men themselves. Absurd as the thought is, when expressed in words, man would be virtuous, be humane, be charitable, by proxy. This, however, not only the divine purpose and the declared end of our being, but common sense itself, forbids. To throw off the care of want, and disease, and misery, upon the magistrate, is to convert humanity into police, and religion into a statute-book."

The sentiments in this passage seem, in the following one, borrowed and translated by Dr Chalmers.

"The error of a Poor's Law consists in its assigning the same treatment to an indeterminate, which is proper only to a determinate virtue. The virtue of humanity ought never to have been legalized, but left to the spontaneous workings of man's own willing and compassionate nature. Justice, with its precise boundary and well-defined rights, is the fit subject for the enactments of the statute-book, but nothing can be more hurtful and heterogeneous than thus to bring the terms or the ministrations of benevolence under the bidding of authority * * * could the ministrations of relief have been provided by law and justice, then compassion may have been dispensed with as a superfluous part of the human constitution, whereas the very insertion of such a feeling or tendency within us, is proof in itself, of a something separate and additional for it to do; of a distinct province in human affairs, within which this fine sensibility of the heart met with its appropriate objects, and by its right acquittal of them, fulfilled the design which nature had in so endowing us. But by this unfortunate transmutation,—this metamorphosis of a thing of love into a thing of law,—this invasion of virtue beyond its own proper domain in the field of humanity, nature has been traversed in her arrange-

ments, and the office of one human faculty has been awkwardly and mischievously transferred to another."

With all respect due to such eminent and excellent men, we demur to such reasonings as these, and venture to deny that there is in our moral nature such a distinction as this between the virtues of Justice and Benevolence—such distinction as this between their respective provinces in the world of active duties. Grant that compassion—sympathy with human sufferings and sorrows—is the principle which provides the ministrations of relief. Even an instinctive and unreasoning sympathy in some measure does so;

"His pity gave o'er charity began,"

is a line that speaks the experience of every bosom. But a wisely instructed sympathy becomes an almost unimpassioned emotion, if we may venture to use the word in that sense; and is in truth common Feeling, or Sense, or Reason, or Conscience. We know and feel by it that it is right to lighten a brother's burden. Charity is not a mere humane impulse, but is thoughtful, and has regard to many contingencies for which it would provide. This "fine sensibility of the heart," strengthened by strong reflection of the mind, meets with its "appropriate objects," not in "one province of human affairs," but in them all—for its spirit is "wide and general as the casing air." The more we know of human affairs, the more sadly are we persuaded that "its appropriate objects" are very numerous, too numerous to be at all times within reach of our individual hands, even though they should be "open as day to melting charity." But with most of us, engrossed as we are with our own cares, hands are not thus benignantly open—we too often shut them—and, to use a vulgar, perhaps, but strong expression, become close-fisted. Conscious that "our fine sensibility" is exceedingly liable to lose its edge and temper, we do what we can to preserve it unimpaired, either by too frequent use, or by desuetude, and to call in to its aid general rules and maxims. To succour the distressed it is not necessary that we should be under the influence of any very lively

compassion; for we are acquainted with the melancholy constitution of the lower world. We devise plans for the alleviation of sufferings over which it is unwise to weep, because it is idle; and with composure and complacency we leave them beneficently to effect our benignant purposes by means that partake of our own prudence. We do so on many occasions—and having infused the spirit of charity into our scheme, we allow it to work. Why may not a poor's law, providing for the helpless whose faces we never saw, be of this gracious kind? Our contributions to a public fund do not cease surely to be charitable, because our monies are not given out of our own hand to the same poor persons whom otherwise we should have directly relieved; nor is our warm benevolence necessarily transmuted into cold justice by being united on principle with that of our brethren, and the sum distributed upon system to the poor. It seems to us a strange thing to say that under such a humane law as this, "compassion may be dispensed with as a superfluous part of the human constitution." For out of that very compassion has arisen the law, and to that very compassion that law makes a perpetual but not importunate appeal. In that fund the charities of the nation are consolidated—and the hearts of the humane are at rest. The law was not imposed upon the people—they, through the wisdom of their wisest, sought it for themselves—nor, when left to their own feelings and their own judgments, have the people ever been impatient of the burden. Charities there will always be left entirely free to all men—but they will not be neglected because they are comparatively few. Should they sometimes be neglected, there is a great comfort in the knowledge that provision has been made for millions; and with the law it is rare indeed that any wretch sinks down in inanition and dies. 'A thing of law' may also be "a thing of love." For example—marriage. It is surely not true that

"Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment
flies."

The illustration may seem scarcely serious enough for the occasion. But

we can imagine no illustration more serious and more to the point. If mutual affection between a young man and a young woman, "in that distinct province of human affairs, where the fine sensibility of the heart has met with its appropriate object," be cemented by marriage, then love and law are congenial, and so may they be when leagued to lighten the distresses of others, by "ministration of relief." What, asks Mr Sadler, do the poor's laws form "but a great National Club, or, as our Saxon ancestors would have denominated it, a Guild, to which all that are qualified contribute in behalf of the distressed members?"

We do then most cordially go along with Mr Davison in the following beautiful passage, of which the sentiments run directly counter to those of the Bishop of Landaff and Dr Chalmers; and perhaps they will find favour in the eyes of many who may be less disposed to be persuaded by any thing we can say.

"The humanity which it was designed by the original text of the main statute upon this subject, to infuse into the law of the land, is a memorial of English feeling, which has a right to be kept inviolate; and its just praise will be better understood, when it comes to be purified from the mistake, which either a careless abusive usage, or an unpractised and inexperienced policy in the extent of its first enactment, may have combined with it. It is the page of many in a book, which has to deal much, of necessity, in severer things; and there is a spirit of kindness in it, particularly fitted to recommend the whole authority of law, as a system framed for the well-being of its subjects. I would therefore as soon see the best clause of Magna Charta erased from the volume of our liberties, as this primary authentic text of human legislation from our statute-book. And if, in the course of a remote time, the establishments of liberty and of humanity which we now possess are to leave us, and the spirit of them to be carried to other lands, I trust this one record of them will survive, and that charity, by law, will be a fragment of English history, to be preserved wherever the succession of our constitution or religion shall go."

Yes—charity by law. Call it not on that account—in the common sense of the term—compulsory. Let us remember Wordsworth's noble lines to Duty.

“Thou who art LIBERTY AND LAW!”

The feeling is still free. It is succinct, not shackled—and fitter for service. Without fear of omission or negligence, charity surveys her domain. She has a seat, and a sceptre, and subjects—and her power is stable. Christianity itself is part of the law—yet is its spirit free as the breath of heaven.

Benevolence and Justice thus go hand in hand. The humane do not feel that their contributions are less voluntary, because given according to enlightened regulation; the callous have not the face openly to complain, and become reconciled to giving, which, if not under such voluntary control, they would evade; and the miser's self, with heart even more withered than his hand, he indeed is forced to contribute his mite to the relief of those necessities, which others, being yet human, painfully endure, but which in him are a source of unnatural and diseased enjoyment.

Mr Malthus, an elegant and eloquent writer, contrasts strongly with the “forced charity” of poor's laws, which, according to his views, leaves no satisfactory impression on the mind, and cannot, therefore, have any very beneficial effect on the heart and affections, that “voluntary charity, which makes itself acquainted with the objects which it relieves, which seems to feel, and to be proud of the bond that unites the rich with the poor, which enters into their houses, informs itself of their habits and dispositions, checks the hopes of clamorous and obtrusive poverty, with no other recommendations but rags, and encourages with adequate relief the silent and retiring sufferer, labouring under *unmerited* difficulties.” We say, “Peace be to such, and to their slumbers peace.” Thousands and tens of thousands of such truly Christian spirits are there this day in England. The picture is beautiful, and it is true. Nor do they who act thus grudge the poor's rates. Would too that all who do pretend to follow Mr Malthus, were convinced like him of

the humanity of their opinions. But it is not so. Nine out of ten of them, if not compelled to do it, would give nothing to the poor. They are not the persons who would play the part painted in that captivating picture. He is a kind-hearted man; but his disciples are in general scrubs. You see that in the scurvy shabbiness of their sneaking sentences which it sickens one's stomach to read aloud, and sends over an audience one universal *scunner*. Mr Malthus quotes with high admiration a passage from Townsend, than which nothing can be imagined more unjust. “Nothing in nature can be more *disgusting* than a parish pay-table, attendant upon which, in the same objects of misery, are too often found combined *snuff, gin, rags, vermin, insolence, and abusive language*; nor in nature can any thing be *more beautiful than the mild complacency of benevolence, hastening to the humble cottage to relieve the wants of industry and virtue, to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, and to soothe the sorrows of the widow with her tender orphans*; nothing can be more pleasing, unless it be their sparkling eyes, their bursting tears, and their uplifted hands, the artless expressions of unfeigned gratitude for unexpected favours.”

This is somewhat too sentimental—and in any other writer but a Political Economist, such a style would meet with little admiration. Snuff is not disgusting to Mr Coleridge or Christopher North; and so insignificant a pleasure might be tolerated even to a pauper. Rags are often more a misfortune than a sin—and so are vermin. Gin, and insolence, and abusive language, admit of no defence; and too common they are at such a table. Yet with proper management they need not be there; and of such a table, under proper management, ought here to have been the picture. For how pretty the interior of that contrasted cottage, and how attractive its inmates! No snuff—no rags—no vermin. Yet in many thousand cottages, had poor's laws never been in England, would all such nauseous nuisances have been plentifully found. As for Scotland—let the good Christians—male and female—who pay charitable visits to the poor in the

auld town of Edinburgh, say what they see and smell in many of those abodes of wretchedness and sin. Snuff, tobacco, rags, vermin, gin, insolence, and language worse than abusive—enough and to spare.

Heaven forbid we should even *seem* to say a single syllable in disparagement of private charities! But let us not set the “disgusting” against the “beautiful.” ’Twould be easy to do so with far more powerful effect than Mr Townsend. ’Tis a false and foolish way altogether of treating so sad a subject as misery, whether merited or unmerited; and no one has told the world so with more convincing eloquence than Dr Chalmers.

Neither is it difficult to paint affecting pictures of virtuous poverty, religiously bearing its lot in unrelieved and uncomplaining privacy, and in humility, not pride, unacquainted with alms. “Verily, they shall have their reward.” But let us,—“because that we have all one human heart”—beware how we load with our laudation any “custom of the country,” that would cruelly impose such endurance on the virtuous poor. A sad sight it is to the eyes of a Christian, some aged woman, who may have seen perhaps far other days, wasting away over a cup of thin tea and a mouldy crust. She is no pauper—not she indeed—and you must not insult her with your alms. Yet, had the “custom of the country,” been to give her—and all like her—a claim—a right to relief—would it not have been far better, and not less beautiful, to see her eating her loaf of Love and Law? She had not needed then to feel the blush of shame on her clayey cheek; for what she ate would have been her own as rightfully as any venison-pasty ever was theirs, while being devoured by the members of the Political Economy Club at a *Gaudeamus*.

And here we cannot do better than again quote a noble passage from Mr Sadler.

“In closing these observations upon the sacred right of the poor to relief, as further confirmed by divine revelation, I must remark that this title does not rest upon the foundation of individual worthiness, nor, indeed, does personal demerit abro-

gate it; though such circumstances may, properly enough, be taken into due consideration in its ministration. It is placed upon a very different basis—upon human suffering, and the pleasure of God that it should be relieved. If there be one point more preeminently clear in our religion than another, it is that we are totally inhibited from making merit the sole passport to our mercy; the foundation of the modern code. Every precept touching this divine virtue instructs us to the contrary, and I defy those who hold the opposite notion to produce one in their favour. A feeling that has to be excited by some delicate sentimental touches, some Shandean scene, and is to be under the guardianship of worldly policy, may be the virtue of political economy; but this fauety-clarity has nothing in common with that disinterested, devoted, unbounded benevolence, which, as Tertullian says, is the mark and brand of Christianity. Nor must I omit to add that, agreeably to this religion, the feelings of the poor are no more to be insulted in relieving them than are their wants to be neglected. Mr Malthus may, indeed, say, that ‘dependent poverty ought to be held disgraceful;’ but to save it from that disgrace, God has taken poverty under his peculiar protection, and it remains so connected, in every form of religion, throughout the earth. ‘Jesus Christ’ (I quote from Tillotson) ‘chose to be a beggar, that we, for his sake might not despise the poor;’ or, to use the language of another distinguished prelate, ‘he seems studiously to have bent his whole endeavours to vindicate the honour of depressed humanity, to support its weakness, to countenance its wants, to ennoble its misery, and to dignify its disgrace.’”

But have not the poor's laws degraded—destroyed the English character? Have they not extirpated *all* manliness and independence among the lower classes, and produced a pauper population of unprincipled reprobates and coward slaves? Have they not deadened *all* charity among the higher classes, in whose barren bosoms now lie benumbed and palsystriken in hopeless torpor, *all* those noble and generous feelings that belonged of old, as if by divine right,

to the gentlemen of England? Have they not banded by antipathy, in "frowning phalanxes," the tillers and the lords of the soil, who, in mutual abhorrence, are regarded now as implacable, because natural enemies? Has not *la plaie politique, la plus dévorante de l'Angleterre*, ate like a cancer into the vitals of her strength? And is not poor, wasted, worn-out, debilitated, staggering, and fainting England, just about to lie down and die, like a sheep in the rot behind a stone wall, among the horrid hopping and croaking of ravens, "sagacious of their quarry from afar?"

So she may seem to be conditioned, in the drunken dreams of French vanity and impudence; and we remember in what horror those prating Parisian physicians and surgeons who came over to see our Cholera, held up their monkey paws at the hideous filth and poverty, and profligacy of our Town Poor—bad enough in all conscience, we allow, in too many a Sunderland. But the Cholera, though capricious, took a different view of the subject, and "made lanes through largest families" in the gay city of the Seine, in a style that established its preeminence in dirt and disease beyond all the capitals of Europe. Strange that, with a pauper population, England could subsidize the whole Continent—with armies of her own native cowards drive the Flower of the French, with the Bravest of the Brave at their head, helter-skelter through all the fastnesses of the Peninsula, and right over the Pyrenees. How came the soil of England to be cultivated as we now behold it, by the lazy and reluctant hands of slaves? To be "intersected in almost every spot by a close network of communication, by roads, canals, and railroads?" To be more glorious in the accumulation of her enormous mass of capital, than ever was Babylon of old, with her hanging gardens aslope in the sunshine, and towered circumference of lofty walls, on which many chariots could be driven abreast, and then abreast gallop through her hundred gates? "Who can look to the immense amount of the public and private charities of England, reaching certainly to upwards of a million a-year, and reassert that a poor's law deadens spontaneous charity?" And

how dare the *Scotch* so much as to utter the word "generosity," with the example of the English before their eyes? What subscription was ever set agoing for private or public purpose in Scotland, that did not, like a wounded lizard, drag its short length along, and then, suddenly stopping, turn over on its back, and die in the dust?—We are a worthy, and a rational, and no very immoral or irreligious race, but we have a better right to pride ourselves on our prudence than our benevolence, and the whole nation doth too often look like a School of Utilitarians. "Look at Scotland" is still our cry—and England does look at her often with at least as much admiration as she deserves, and sometimes—it must be so—in derision of her huge cheek-and-jaw-bones, her vulgar drawl, and her insufferable habits of ratiocination, which to that noble race by nature gifted with intuitions of the loftiest truths must, in their mirthful moments, afford food for inextinguishable laughter.

But we dearly love Scotland—"our auld respeckit mither"—and dearly doth she love us;—so let us with Mr Sadler take a look at France. He finely says,—“When she had trampled upon the rights of property, public and private, and revelled in the spoliation—had put down her sacred institutions, and filled the land with dismay and suffering, she seized upon the sacred funds which the piety of preceding ages had accumulated in behalf of suffering humanity, and swept away the *Right of the Poor*.” After having seized their funds, the *Comité de Mendicité* recommended no other mode of provision; and how is Paris at this day? Mr Sadler tells us how she is. “The ‘sore’ of England, if her charity must be so denominated, we know. Has, then, the political chirurgery of France removed from that country the deformity of poverty by their rescissory operation? Much is said about the pauperism in London; let us compare it with that of Paris, the focus of the fashionables, and consequently of the superfluous wealth of Europe; and then let us see to which belongs the appellation of this ‘*plaie la plus dévorante*.’ And to end all disputes on the point, I will take one of the most expensive

and burdensome years England has yet experienced; since when, notwithstanding the 'absorbent' system of our modern quacks, the expenses of the poor have very considerably diminished; and if large sums did not appear on the face of the rates, which are in reality the wages of labour, the declension would appear still greater. We have particulars of the year 1813 published. In the year 1811, the metropolis contained a population of 1,009,546 souls; that number was doubtless increased in 1813, when there were 35,593 persons permanently relieved in and out of the several workhouses, and 75,310 occasionally, amounting in the whole to 110,903, and involving an expense of £.517,181. Turn we now to Paris. In the twelve arrondissements, containing in 1823 a population of 713,966 souls, the report of the Bureaux de Charité sums up as follows:

' Total des indigens secourus à domicile ou autrement,	125,500
' Population des hôpitaux et hospices,	61,500
	<hr/> 187,000'

To this appalling number must still be made many very heavy additions, such as *enfants-trouvés*, &c. &c. The expense of maintaining these I hold to be far the least important part of the examination. The twelve Bureaux of Charity, it appears, distributed 1,200,000 francs in money; 747,000 loaves of four pounds weight each; 270,000 pounds of meat; 19,000 ells of cloth; 7000 pairs of sabots, 1500 coverlets, &c. But in the report from which I am quoting, it is added, that these bureaux form a part only of the public benevolent institutions of Paris; then follows an account of the various establishments, the numbers received into which, independently of schools, amounts to 75,200; most of these, I presume, are included in the 61,500, as reported to be in the *hôpitaux* and *hospices*. The report of the *Consul général des Hôpitaux (année 1823)* states, that the relief afforded to the indigent population of the capital, by his administration, amounted to 3,300,000 francs, of which the foundling hospitals absorbed a third. As to the private charities distributed, the article says, 'on ne peut savoir le montant.' But

the conclusion of this important report must not be omitted; and I call the particular attention of those to it who are so loud in their admiration of the proper and judicious conduct of the French committee *de mendicité*, in rejecting the English *plaie la plus dévorante*. It runs thus:

"It is painful to terminate this enumeration of the relief given to the indigent of the capital, by the observation, that her streets, her quays, and all her public places, are filled with mendicants!"

"These are distressing statements, and there is, alas! no room to hope they are exaggerations; they receive a melancholy confirmation by the statistics of mortality. One-third of the dead of Paris are buried at the public expense!"

The statement needs no confirmation — but see Dupin's *Secours Publiques*, and Degerando's *Visiteur du Pauvre*; and you will be told, that "in the country, in the dead season, want and misery abound, and there are no means of relief!" The wisdom of the gentlemen, then, whom Mr Malthus eulogizes so highly, is therefore manifested, says Mr Sadler, "in the vast expense which is now entailed upon the Government, leaving the country still very inadequately relieved, and swarming from one end to the other with mendicants."

Mr Sadler then quotes a great number of authorities in proof that mendicancy is the alternative of having no poor's laws—not in France alone—but all over the South of Europe. No expense, however great, no establishment, however magnificent, seem to compensate the want of a regularly organized system of public relief for the poor. He then turns to the Netherlands; and finds that in a population of 5,721,724, (Official Report made to the States-General, 1823,) there were but about two thousand mendicants, but that the number of those who were at the "charge publique," and whom we should disdainfully call paupers, exclusively, both of the "ateliers de charité," whom we should certainly class with them, and of those who receive education at the public expense, was 682,185, or near an eighth-part of the entire

population. The expenditure was 10,212,976 florins. In this report the Provinces are divided into Southern and Northern, the latter including Old Holland. The population of the nine Northern Provinces was 2,148,339, their poor 196,053; and on them was expended 5,955,030 florins—about 30 florins each—something more perhaps than three quarters of wheat, at the average Amsterdam prices of that year; whereas in 1813, (he had not the returns for the same year,) the number of paupers in England and Wales was 971,913, on whom was expended L.6,879,657; or about ten bushels each, not half of the former quantity; and though the fall of grain has since increased that allowance, it still falls far short of that made to their poor by the Dutch. "Here then," says Mr Sadler finely, "is the real secret of the management of the poor of Holland; it is not that she has an extensive foreign trade, or sends forth numerous colonial emigrations, or that she possesses an extremely unhealthy country (these are the reasons of such as conceive that the only way to cure poverty is to expel or desert it): no! those who live at the public cost are, proportionably, at least as numerous as are such in England; but generous and unwearied attention to wretchedness and distress is her plan. Perpetually accused of selfishness, where is generosity like this to be found?—of coldness, where does the flame of Christian charity burn with so bright and so steady a flame, as in Holland? Possessed of a narrow untractable territory, and an unpropitious climate, loaded with taxes and with a declining trade; still she sets an example to every nation upon earth; which speaks as loudly as human conduct can, Go and do thou likewise!

"I will close these remarks on the poor's laws of Holland, by an anecdote which, to me, is very impressive, as evincing that there is something in the very nature of charity that strikes those hearts that are dead to every other duty, and which inspires their deepest reverence even where it fails to excite their imitation. 'When the Duke of Lotharal, jeering about the fate of

Holland, then threatened by Louis, and basely deserted by Charles the Second, said that oranges would be scarce when the French should have plundered Amsterdam, Charles, who knew Holland well, as a resident there, interrupted his mirth, and, for once serious, replied, I am of opinion that God will preserve Amsterdam from being destroyed, if it were only for the great charity they have for their poor.'"

For twenty years after the publication of Mr Malthus's celebrated work in 1803, the country had been taught to regard the national charity not merely as a vast national burden, but as a growing one, threatening to "absorb" the entire property of the kingdom. Mr Malthus asserted—most absurdly—that in 1803, more than one half of the population was reduced to the condition of paupers. Another authority told us that one-eighth part of the population supported the other seven; and Mr Malthus, that his supposition had been nearly realised "of eighteen shillings in the pound!" In comparison with such a system of evil it was, said he, justly stated, "that the national debt, with all its *magnitude of terror, is of little moment!*" Mr Sadler shews, that in 1803, the poor relieved by law were but *one-thirteenth* of the population; and that the actual rate (expended on the poor) on the rack-rental of England and Wales was, on the pound, 2s. 1½d! What was it on the produce of the land? Eighteen farthings? Eighteen half-pence? Which you will.

Mr Sadler next enters into a learned and luminous enquiry, to ascertain whether, since that period, the poor's rate has manifested that constant tendency to increase, so as to merit the appellation of being so *dévorante*—threatening to absorb the whole rental and property of the country. We cannot accompany him through all his details, collected with such unerring sagacity; but we can give the results of his elaborate investigation. In a table, constructed from all the best authorities, which are all referred to in a note, he states, at intervals, from 1601 to 1827, (when that was possible,) the proportion of the poor's rate to the revenue—to the exports—and to the national debt; and the proportion of the num-

ber of paupers to the whole population. William Smith O'Brien, Esq. M.P., we observe, prints the Table at the end of his very able pamphlet on the relief of the poor in Ireland, calling it "an extremely curious, interesting table;" but adding, "although I have not had leisure to examine the accuracy of its statements, and, therefore, cannot be prepared to acquiesce in its conclusions." Why, Mr O'Brien would need to have a good deal of leisure "to examine the accuracy of its statements," for they are compiled from a range of reading that would occupy him several years. If Mr O'Brien never "acquiesces in the accuracy of any statement" that he has not with his own good pair of eyes examined, he must believe in a singularly narrow creed. We shall acquiesce in their accuracy till their inaccuracy has been shewn, and they have now been before the public for about five years. The poor's rate in 1801 was to the revenue as 10 to 30—in 1783 as 10 to 43—in 1825 as 10 to 98; at those periods respectively, they were to the exports, (1601 not given,) as 10 to 43, and 10 to 100; to the interest of the national debt as 10 to 38, and 10 to 50; while, in 1780, the paupers were to the population as 10 to 45, and in 1815 as 10 to 120. Mr Sadler has thus confirmed the memorable words of Sir Frederick Morton Eden, written at the close of the last century—"Great and burdensome as the poor's rates may appear, from the returns which were made to Parliament in the year 1786, and from the more recent communications which are detailed in my second volume, the rise of the poor's rates has not kept pace with other branches of national expenditure, or even with our increased ability to pay them."

The same cheering view of the subject is taken by an able writer in the *Quarterly Review*, (No. lxx. p. 454,) who says, "the whole of the funds now actually expended on the poor, (even if we include in this large amount the very large proportion which is now paid to able-bodied labourers, and which to all intents and purposes constitutes a part of the wages of labour,) bears a much smaller proportion to the present resources of the country, than the total amount of the contributions rai-

sed for the sustenance of the poor, bore to the whole of its wealth in the time of Elizabeth." And the same admission is made by Mr McCulloch. Who then can hesitate to agree with the author of "Collections relative to Systematic Relief," "that it will be found a certain truth, that the charities of other countries have never, at any period, been so conducted, as to relieve the poor, of an equal population, so adequately as the poor's law, with less encouragement of idleness, or with better stimulus to industry?"

The newspapers are all filled, at present, with extracts from the "Extracts from the Information received by his Majesty's Commissioners as to the administration and operation of the poor's laws." And painful in the extreme is the picture therein given of the pernicious abuses—and, above all, of one abuse—that have for nearly half a century been permitted to vitiate the system. Some editors of newspapers are well acquainted with the subject, and are therefore, though pained, not surprised by these narrations. They are merely farther evidence of the intensity and extent of evils whose deep and wide existence has been long known and deplored, and against which we do trust some decisive legislative measures will speedily be directed. These evils have undergone scrutiny in no fewer than seven Select Parliamentary Committees—those on the poor's laws of 1817, 1819, 1828, and 1831; on Labourers' Wages in 1824; on Emigration in 1826, and on Criminal Commitments in 1827; they have been exposed in many excellent articles in the *Quarterly Review*, during these dozen years; many pamphlets have been written to point out their magnitude and inveteracy, of which perhaps the ablest and most instructive is Mr Brereton's; the editor of the *Morning Chronicle* has charged them in a hundred columns; Mr Sadler adverted to them with indignation in his *Book on Ireland*; Mr McCulloch has lately seen that almost all that has ever been truly urged against the poor's laws, has been urged against this sad and sore abuse, and has ably animadverted on it in the *Edinburgh Review*, and in his *Political Economy*; Dr Chalmers has a

long and eloquent chapter on it in his *Civil Economy*; nor have we been wanting in zeal in our efforts to turn attention to the flagrant and enormous sin that has stolen into a system so benignant in principle, and so beneficent in right practice. It is time now that the Government be up and doing, that it take the bull by the horns, and twisting the neck of the monster, fling it down never to recover its feet.

The evils of the "Allowance System," have long been notorious to the whole world. "In many extensive districts, [Quarterly Review, No. 66,] a plan has been regularly organized of paying labourers a weekly sum, considerably under the fair wages of labour, and giving those who are married an allowance out of the poor's rates proportioned to the size of their families. A single man thus receives less for his work than a married labourer; he is paid no more than six or seven shillings per week, while his married neighbour receives fourteen or sixteen shillings; and to such an extent does this practice prevail, that we find the magistrates in various districts, not only conniving at the system, but actually establishing a regular scale of allowances to able-bodied labourers, to be paid out of the parish funds." There is no need farther to explain the nature of this abuse; it speaks for itself; and no doubt is, as the admirable writer now quoted shows, an iniquitous scheme devised by the owners and occupiers of land, with the view of shifting from their own shoulders a considerable part of the wages of agricultural labourers, to be borne by others who do not employ them; a system, not only grossly unjust towards the manufacturers, tradesmen, and mechanics, who are assessed to the poor's rates, but most oppressive to that race of small farmers, who, in conjunction with the members of their own families, perform all the regular work of their farms, obtaining perhaps some trifling assistance occasionally in the time of harvest. All these small occupiers are forced to contribute towards the payment of wages earned by labourers employed by their more wealthy neighbours!

These evils are shortly and energetically stated in the Report of the

Select Committee on Labourers' Wages, 1824—that the employer does not obtain efficient labour from the labourers whom he hires; that farmers who have no need of farm-labour, are obliged to contribute to the payment of work done for others; and that a surplus population is encouraged, so that the supply of labour is by no means regulated by the demand, and parishes are burdened with 30, 40, or 50 labourers, for whom they can find no employment, and who serve to depress the situation of all their fellow-labourers in the same parish.

"We will marry, and you must maintain us."

But these evils, great as they are, are as nothing in comparison with the havoc made by this iniquitous scheme on the moral habits of the labourers themselves—the sobriety, steadiness, and honesty of the men, the chastity (in too many places a virtue nearly extinguished) of the women.

In all fair and honest argument on the poor's laws of England, this fatal abuse must be excised from the question; for it is not only an infraction of the spirit, but of the letter of the law of Elizabeth, and before 1795 it had hardly an existence; but having so long prevailed, difficult, alas! will it be to correct it. But being brought now to the question of a poor's law for Ireland, can we allow for a moment that it must not be introduced, because England, however greatly she may have been benefited by her poor's law while practice remained true to principle, has suffered much evil since that ceased to be the case? "This would be miserable logic. Ireland will have the benefit of the experience of England both in good and in evil. The system to be adopted there must be assimilated to that which will be the law in England, after the wisdom of Parliament has dealt with a bold hand with all this miserable abuse. What are the immediate objects a poor's law in Ireland is intended to secure? They are stated in a few words by Mr Scrope. First, The productive employment of all able-bodied Irishmen who cannot find work for themselves; secondly, The relief of the sick, maimed, and impotent, who

have neither means of their own, nor relatives capable of maintaining them; thirdly, The suppression of mendicancy and vagrancy. It is essential to the attainment of such most desirable objects, Mr Scrope strongly says, that a broad and impassable line be drawn between relief to the impotent and work to the able-bodied. It is of paramount importance that the two main objects of a poor's law, the setting to work the unemployed, and the giving food, medicine, or money to the infirm, should be kept as distinct as possible. The confusion of those two modes of relief, and classes of paupers, he truly says, is at the bottom of all the abuses which have arisen in England, and has occasioned both a wasteful extravagance of the public funds, and the demoralization and depression of the able-bodied labourer. Mr Barrington, even Dr Doyle, and others, suppose that the poor's law of Elizabeth goes to support able-bodied paupers in idleness, at the expense of the public; whereas its main object was to prevent their being supported in idleness at the expense of the public, and to set them to work to earn their subsistence by their labour. And so strongly impressed is Mr Scrope with the necessary connexion in nature and society between the repression of mendicancy and vagrancy, a provision for relieving the destitute, and for setting to work the unemployed at the public expense and for public objects, that he cannot tolerate for an instant the notion of confining the law of relief to the sick, maimed, and impotent, to the exclusion of the able-bodied, who cannot find work. And on this he shews his thorough knowledge of the whole question. As for O'Connell's opinions, to which he alludes, the unprincipled agitator has no opinions at all on the subject for which he cares a straw. Some years ago, when Mr McCulloch paid a short visit to Ireland, O'Connell publicly used such language about him on account of his defence of absenteeism, and his abuse of poor's laws, which was then violent in the extreme, that we remember the Editor of the Scotsman charging the Irishman with an intention of instigating Pat to slay Sawney, and bury him in a bog. We all know the

quarrel between Dr Doyle and O'Connell about a poor's law for Ireland, the demagogue having incensed the Doctor by his fierce opposition to any such measure. Not long ago, O'Connell, as Mr Scrope says, declared himself in the House in favour of a poor's law for the sick and impotent; and he has since, on reading the extracts from the information received by the Commission, declared that he will have nothing to do with any poor's law at all, and that he will not suffer the Whigs to add that to all the other curses they have inflicted on Ireland. Before the 7th of May, when Mr Richards, we believe, is to bring the subject before Parliament, he will probably have changed his mind for the fifth time—and his opinions will depend in a great measure on Mr Stanley.

Here we have one of the finest countries in the world, with eight millions of people with fine natural endowments, (nobody denies that,) which yet we cannot think of without amazement and sorrow—such is the distraction and destitution that everywhere meets our eyes. That the people should be turbulent, we can understand, for we are almost inclined to believe, with our good friends the Phrenologists, that the organs of Combativeness and Destructiveness are of miraculous magnitude in the Green Isle. But that millions of men, women, and children, should be perpetually in want of sufficient food, and frequently in a state of absolute starvation, would transcend belief, if we did not sometimes hear them, literally, howling for very hunger. And this state of things has lasted long; while the rich soil that is traversed by innumerable ambulatory human scarecrows, sends forth corn and cattle, to the value of ever so many millions of money, to be devoured by the inhabitants of another part of the kingdom, called Great Britain, whose Government (one and the same with its own) looks coolly across the Channel, and smiles on the strange scene of disease, despair, and death.

Here, then, is a pauper population in the midst of plenty, nor propagated under the pernicious excitement of poor's laws. What is "the fine sensibility of the heart" doing for their behoof? Which is in the more

flourishing condition, the province of Justice or of Benevolence? In the province of Justice, at dead of night, amidst the mingled howlings of murderers and shriekings of the murdered, horrid incinerations of wood and bone, thatch and flesh, with sudden illumination shoot roaring up the blackness of heaven. Or at day's meridian, the horseman traveller; or gentleman in his gig, or clergyman walking on his own gravel-path that leads from house to garden, sees but for an instant the scowl of savage faces, ere bullet has pierced or stake or stone battered his skull in upon the brain, and spluttered the brain all over the bloody trappings. This is the province of what Bacon calls *wild Justice*—of Revenge. In the Province of *tame Justice*, in every county town, and in many a town beside, you see men with haggard faces, but unrepentant hearts, standing side by side—cousins perhaps—or brothers—or a father and his sons—on platforms—with nightcaps on their heads—and halters round their necks—and a creature like a bear reared on end—he is the hangman—and you hear them with a low suppressed voice muttering, or with a loud stormy voice showering, curses on their oppressors, through lips that, ha! are now bitten through in the death-agony, for the drop of the scaffold has fallen to a sudden storm of shrieks, and the Whitefeet are swinging like so many pendulums,—yet a little while, and though perpendicular, motionless, as if in their coffins. And there are the coffins. The hangman huddles them in—each into his unrocking cradle—and carts them off, within a bristle of bayonets, for dissection. For gibbeting is out of fashion now—the law abolishing it was retrospective—and on the church-tower of Naas you miss the grinning but chap-fallen face of that bold rebel, the School-master.

But let us turn from such spectacles to the pleasant province of benevolence. The landowners in Ireland we have seen stated at eight thousand, the rental at nine and at twelve millions; that paid to absentees being calculated by Mr Bryan as high as three millions. Some absentees cannot help themselves; some may be pardoned for preferring for

various reasons to live in England; and not a few behave as well to their country, through their agents, as the case will permit. But absenteeism is at best an evil—at the worst, a curse. "What," asks Mr Sadler, "must be the certain consequence, when those whom civil institutions have placed in the highest rank, and invested with the most extensive influence, totally abandon their proper sphere, and desert their numerous and degraded dependents? As to wealth being accumulated or diffused under such circumstances, the very idea is preposterous. There are none to give employment to those who, in an advancing state of society, are liberated from the lowest drudgeries of life; none to excite genius, or reward merit, none to confer dignity and elegance on society; to lead in the march of civilisation; to diffuse knowledge or dispense charity. That state of society which has a tendency to separate itself into two classes only, the rich and the poor, has, from the time of Bacon downwards, been reprobated by all whose opinions are deserving of regard; but that in which poverty constitutes the sole class, is still more pernicious and unnatural. And thus it is wherever absenteeism universally prevails; there wealth shuns the labour by which it is fed, and the industry by which it is distinguished: rigorously exacting all its dues, fancied or real, and returning none to those to whom they are as truly, though not as legally, owing; carrying off the products of the vintage of nature, even to the very gleanings, to a far country, and leaving the refuse to those who cultivate the soil and express the juice; muzzling the mouth of the ox that treadeth out the corn, which is fed with the husks, and goaded to desperation.

"But this abandonment, simply, is not all with which absenteeism stands charged. It substitutes, for neglected duties, positive wrongs of the deadliest character. Absent in the body, it is indeed ever present in the spirit of cruelty and oppression. Its very existence implies a train of evils, which have been for centuries past the most cruel scourges of the country: I mean the underletting system. Amongst these middlemen, as they are called, there may be, and

no doubt are, men of high honour and humanity; but such exceptions render the cruelty and extortion of the entire class the more conspicuous. The sacred bond which ought to unite the superior and the inferior, the landlord and the tenant, is broken: mere mercenary connexions are all that remain, a thousand of which may be dissolved at once without costing a single thought. This is a system of which the middlemen, nay, very often many subordinate ranks of these carnivora, are the ministers, whose sole possible motive is present gain, and whose conduct corresponds with it. The experimental labours of this class are highly beneficial to the whole body of landed proprietors; they can calculate to a nicety how much and how long a little cultivator can endure; and know the precise period when it is best to 'drive him.' They thus not only act for the absentee, but are a sort of pioneers for the rest of the landlords, and by constantly exercising their instruments of devastation, have certainly cleared the way for those enormously high rents, which, to the great discredit of too many of the proprietors, are extorted from the suffering peasantry of Ireland."

When, on a failure of the potato crop, fever creeps like a mist over the land, and thousands of wasted wretches are seen eating grass and sea-weeds—do the absentees hear of the famine? We fear they do. In the calamitous summer of 1822, a subscription was made for the relief of the poor of a certain district by the resident country landowners and clergy—and an application being made to the absentee proprietors, who annually subtracted £83,000, their subscriptions altogether mounted to eighty-three pounds! So much for one district in the province of Benevolence.

Among the resident landowners of Ireland are very many excellent admirable men; and in Ireland there are a great number of charitable institutions. But let us take a glance at its multitudinous beggary. It indeed beggars description. Mr Townsend was disgusted, not without reason, with the snuff, rags, and vermin of the paupers at an English pay-table; but we venture to say, they were all

shabby-genteel, in comparison with the rabble-rout of the Gem of the sea. Thousands on thousands are as nearly naked as indecency and indigence will permit—and the covering of most of them—whatever it be—is certainly not clothes. A beggar's stock of trade is of course a vast number of naked and crying children, many rendered miserable and deformed to excite compassion, "with sores and ulcers, cultivated, and carefully kept from healing"—and we need not say, that every where among them are great numbers of able-bodied persons of the most vicious character; and the more vicious they are, says Dr Doyle, the more effrontery they have, and the more they extort from the charitable and humane. Mr Ensor, who lives at Armagh, and is an enemy to poor's laws for reasons best known to himself, for we cannot detect any in his evidence before the Committee, says that the relief given by charity in ordinary times is adequate to the existing distress, "and far more than any compulsory relief could effect." But it does not appear to be of a good sort. On going into the market-towns and fairs in that part of Ireland, the most wretched objects are placed on the road side, who seem utterly destitute of all means of support; but those apparently miserable cripples are sometimes worth more than half-a-guinea a-day, live sumptuously, and get notoriously drunk. "Were poor's houses to be built for the reception of such inmates," he says, "it would be necessary to chain them, if indifferently fed, because they are exceedingly well fed now." "They afford," he quaintly adds, "the greatest proof of the profligacy of the charity of the people,"—in his own immediate neighbourhood, in the Province of Benevolence.

We shall desist from any attempt to describe the beggars and vagrants of Ireland, and merely ask by whom these wretched beings are kept in life? By the poor. They live upon the small occupiers of land—on the mere cottiers—on all who have a handful of meal or a potato to spare. Thousands of them are neither more nor less than robbers. Thousands on thousands most vicious—as many more, debased by such contentment

as belongs to the inferior creatures—and innumerable, no doubt, are the real objects of pity—for who shall say, that though not so silent and retiring as Mr Townsend's cottagers, they have not been visited by "unmerited" distress?

The character which Dr Doyle gives of the farmers who chiefly support their paupers, does one's heart good to read; their feelings,—he says truly—are of the best description. Though paying high rents, they plant sometimes one, sometimes two, sometimes three acres of potatoes, which, from the time of planting, they destine for the support of the poor; and he has seen farmers holding from 200 to 300 acres of land, distributing, of a morning, with their own hands, assisted by a servant maid, stirabout to upwards of forty or fifty paupers, and doing so, not for one day, or two, but regularly during a whole season of distress. He knew a farmer in Kildare, who not only continued that practice, and distributed the milk of twenty or thirty cows, almost every day, to relieve mendicants; but at Christmas had a bullock killed, and given to the people. "I could not, were I to speak till the sun went down, convey a just picture of the benevolence prevailing in the minds and hearts of the middling class in Ireland; but it is sufficiently proved by this, that the poor are now supported almost entirely by them, although they form a class not over numerous, and a class subject to great pressure; for, of the million and a half, or two millions, now intended to support the Irish poor, nearly the entire falls upon the farmers, and other industrious classes." Dr Doyle then speaks with much feeling of the charity of the poor to the poor. "You cannot," he says, "be among them for a day, without witnessing the exercise of it in the most touching manner. In visiting a poor creature in a hovel, when sickness and misery prevail, you find the poor creature surrounded by poor neighbours,—one of whom brings him a little bread or meal, another a little meat, or a little broth or soup, and they all comfort him with their conversation and society. If the clergyman be invited, they

put the little place in order, and seek to make it clean; and their expressions of sympathy for the poor creature in disease, are such as console one's heart in the midst of that distress." No question is put to the Doctor about the benevolent and charitable feelings of the higher classes;—these, we presume, were known to the Committee—but he tells what he knows unasked. "When you ascend to a higher class, you find many individuals of great goodness, and singular beneficence and charity; but you find a much greater number who seem to be very anxious to throw the whole burden upon the industrious people, and who seem indifferent to all the wants of the poor."

There is no exaggeration here—all bears the impress of the simple truth. That those who behave thus to the poor, who are to them neither kith nor kin, should be affectionate dutiful parents and children is no more than we should expect—and they are so—to a degree even of passionate devotedness at once the glory and disgrace of Ireland.

Now, what think ye was the secret aim of all this questioning by the Committee? Here it comes out. "How do you conceive that these kindly feelings, and the good works consequent on them, would be acted on by a system of parochial relief?" "Do you think there would be the same necessity for their exercise?" "Do you think the same impulse would act under a lesser necessity for its exercise?" "Supposing aid were provided by parochial assessment, would there be the same necessity for its exercise?"

To one and all of those foolish, and more than foolish questions, Dr Doyle gives the calmest, most decisive, and most satisfactory answers—"By the system I have had the honour of submitting to the Committee, I do not think those feelings would be in any sensible degree diminished." "I do not think the same necessity would exist; but I think the poor are prompted by a kindly feeling, which is not so much the fruit of reflection as the impulse of nature. When the Irish, who are a warm-hearted people, find distress near them, they approach to it, and seek to relieve it." "There might

be some drawback from it ; but then the proposed relief would only afford assistance to the people."

It is not easy to keep one's temper on seeing the drift of the examiner. We have much respect for the talents of Mr Spring Rice ; but his understanding must have got a sad twist before he could have put such a string of silly or rather senseless questions to such a man as Dr Doyle. That charity may be kept alive, a statesman would choose to keep up beggary ! Because men of moderate or small means are willing to relieve misery, nothing must be done to do away with the misery itself ! This is purchasing the cultivation of the province of Benevolence at too high a price, and neglecting altogether the province of Justice. It is no deduction from the goodness of the farmer, who for months together gave abundance daily to forty or fifty paupers, and the milk of twenty or thirty cows, and a bullock at Christmas, to say that in spite of the gratification his kind and warm heart must have derived from the sight of assuaged distress, he must have felt such destruction of his property a severe hardship ; and with all sincere respect for Mr Rice, we beg to say that the man (not he) who could seriously wish the continuance of such a state of things, must be a heartless and a brainless blockhead.

The examination of Dr Doyle was next day resumed—on the moral nature of man and his natural affections. He is requested to solve this problem—"Do you think the parental and filial affections could exist in their present strength, *or be proved by the same acts and sacrifices*, were a provision to be made by law, either for the young or for the old, in a state of destitution ?" How could any full-grown man, not drunk, ask such a question ? Why, the same acts and sacrifices in the changed condition supposed, would not be required—they would not be right—for the misery would be relieved—and parents and children would not have to hug one another in a passion of love, grief, anguish, and tribulation. Why so anxiously seek *sacrifices* from poor people ? Are they thus *cockered* by a conservative system of misery among ourselves ? How dare

we demand of them a vehemence of parental or filial affection, and a corresponding severity of suffering in the discharge of its duties, which we never dreamt of exacting from our own easy hearts and idle hands, and yet have not been slow, perhaps, to pride ourselves on our piety ? But folly brought out wisdom—and we are grateful to the questioner for Dr Doyle's reply. "I think the feelings of men bear a very intimate relation to the state of society which they at any particular period compose ; and it may happen that in a population, rude and undisciplined as the poor population of Ireland at present is, there may be exhibitions of feelings at the present time, which would not appear if society were better formed, if men generally had more comforts, and with it a greater degree of selfishness, which in every community grows up in a ratio with domestic comfort. In reply to the question, I should think that if you had a well-organized system of relief for the poor, you might not witness exhibitions of charity and kindness, exactly similar to those which are seen now, but I have no doubt that there would be at all times in Ireland a display of neighbourly affection and parental kindness as great as would be desirable in any well-ordered community."

What more could the Chairman desire Dr Doyle to say ? Yet he is not satisfied—and requires farther information. We should like to have heard the Doctor examining *him* on filial and parental affection—for a sadness of the matter would he have made, and spoken like a whimsical and barren bachelor, who had been born, what, in Ireland, is called a posthumous child. "Do you not think that those feelings are called forth in proportion as a necessity for their active exercise arises ; that, for instance, the feeling of a child for a parent is more called forth according as the age of that parent advances, as the difficulty of providing for that parent increases, and as the period of life makes him more unprotected, and more exposed to vicissitude and suffering ?" How did it happen, we wonder, to escape occurring to the thought of the worthy and most inquisitive chairman, that that state of things cannot be the

most favourable for a man's providing for the wants of the increasing age of his parent, as it is more and more exposed to vicissitude and suffering, (how glibly, softly, sweetly, and primly, the words "age," "vicissitude," and "suffering," leave his lips!) which prevents him from providing, by any possibility, even for himself? That, or something like it, should have been our answer—but the Doctor is more mild,—“I think the feelings of affection, wherever displayed, bear always a very intimate proportion to the degree of the distress or misery which excites those feelings; and as at present the sufferings of the poor are intense, it is, therefore, but reasonable, that the exhibition of feelings on the part of parents, or children, or neighbours, witnessing those sufferings, should be also very great; but instead of thinking that to be a desirable state for men to live in, I think the state of society would be much better, if exceeding sympathy or exceeding feeling were not so frequently called into action as it now is in Ireland, for when the hearts of men are moved greatly, even to good, they are liable to be easily moved also to evil; so that I think the extreme feeling which is now manifested in Ireland, in affording relief to the distressed, are amongst the causes why our people have less of a settled character than the people of other countries, in which society is established on a better dome.”

It is not often that such philosophy as this is heard in a Select Committee, and it is all Greek or Hebrew to the Chairman. Mr Irving or Miss Cardale might as well have tipp'd him a blast of the unknown tongue. He imagines that he has driven the Doctor into a corner of the ring, and has him balancing across the ropes, whereas he is sporting a toe at the scratch, and without troubling himself about a guard with the left, holds out his right ready to knock Spring down again with a flush hit on the *os frontis*. “Then would any alteration of system which tended to *dead*en or lessen those sensibilities, or restrict their exercise, be a matter morally beneficial to the character of the people?”—“I would think it of great advantage to remove the excess of those feelings, and the causes which

produced that excess, and I do not suppose that any plan which could give more comfort to the people would have the effect of deadening those good feelings; it would only moderate them, and subject them to the rule of reason.”

The Committee might be supposed by this time in pretty full possession of Dr Doyle's sentiments; but the Chairman is not yet satisfied, and asks him if he thinks that the interposition of the State, by a compulsory system of relief, could be relied upon as producing the moral effects which he had described, rather than applying moral causes by means of education, and religious causes and religious instruction, to produce such result? And now comes the clench—“I think that the interposition of the legislature is required in Ireland, in order to produce those good feelings in that reasonable degree to which the question and late answer may be referred; nor do I think that in the present condition of Ireland there is any moral agency, either in operation, or likely to come into operation, if unassisted by legislative interposition, which will produce that state of society which all equally desire to see established in this country.”

That able and excellent man, Mr Bicheno, thinks that a compulsory assessment would diminish the charitable dispositions, both of the rich and of the poor themselves—“that the rich would immediately send the poor to be relieved at the parish-table, and that the poor themselves would ensure themselves from charity, because there would be an established provision, and thus would be broken up what is of vital importance to a good state of society—the virtuous exercise of the social feelings.”

Well—suppose that the rich were immediately to send the poor to the parish-table. What the worse would the poor be of that? They would get a good coarse bellyfull—and would look less lank on coming out into the open air. The fewer poor that go to the parish-table the better; and too many in many parts of England do go there who might dine at their own cost at home. But we are in Ireland. And the question is, is it better that the poor, rather than “be sent by the rich immediately to the

parish-table," should either have nothing to eat at all, or prey upon the scanty means of persons almost as poor as themselves? Are the rich doing all they ought *now* for the poor? Is their charity so pure and powerful that we must beware of polluting or impairing it by any systematic plan of ours for helping them to feed the famished? And the poor, they, in case of an established provision, "would excuse themselves from charity?" And why not? The excuse would be held a good one in any court of conscience in Christendom. It is wicked—ay, very wicked—to lay a heavy burden of charity on the backs of the poor. It is abhorrent from right reason. Mr Bicheno speaks of "a good state of society." But the question regards the worst state of society in Europe. "The virtuous exercise of the social feeling" forsooth!

gled mass of mendicancy and charitable indigence all in motion with misery—laughing, weeping, groaning, blissing, despairing, dying, robbing, cursing, and murdering—and by no means to be "broken up," because of "vital importance" to a "good state of society!" Well says Mr Scrope, "that the sentimentalists, who are so fearful of deadening the condition of the poor, forget that extreme sympathy with the miserable, is liable to take the direction of *revenge* upon their oppressors, real or supposed; that the transition is not very unnatural from pitying the famished agonies of the expelled tenant, to burning his successor in his bed; that the passions are never so easily turned to violence as when strongly excited with the glow of pity. This should be recollected, at the present moment especially, when outrages on life and property have become so terrifically frequent, as to be considered by the Government and Legislature to require the suspension of the law and the constitution, and the establishment of arbitrary power throughout Ireland. It is acknowledged by the opposers of poor's laws; nay, as has been seen, it is even advanced by them, as one of their most forcible arguments, that the lower Irish are characterised by feelings of compassion and kindness towards each other of the strongest nature. And yet we see, too plainly,

that they are in the habit of committing towards each other multiplied atrocities of the most unexampled character. The inconsistency is only in appearance. It is the very force of their sympathy which urges them to acts of dreadful revenge upon those whom they consider agents in the oppression of their friends and connexions. Is a family ejected from the small farm which forms their sole chance of subsistence—their sympathizing neighbours join them in forcibly intimidating the succeeding tenant, and, if he refuses to give way to intimidation, in executing their sanguinary threats upon him. And is it for the sake of keeping up this excited feeling at its full pitch of intensity, that we are called on to refrain from interfering with the exclusive right of the poor to relieve each other?"

And now we come to look at the subject in its most dismal light. Grant at once that the consolidation of many small farms—and portions of land that have no title to the name even of "polding" farms—bits of potato-ground, each with its hovel—is for the good of Ireland. The system may be carried too far—to the extinction of much that is valuable in the mind, morals, and manners of a people—and consequently to the detriment of the State. But such infinite subdivision as had taken place in Ireland was on many accounts to be lamented, and the source of many evils. We shall not enter upon any enquiry into the causes that led to it. They were various; but it is allowed on all hands, that the larger landowners encouraged it from cupidity, just as the smaller did from necessity, and that there was a vast increase of population. We say from cupidity; for there was no other motive but a mercenary one with most of the absentees in accumulating tenantry; and to them chiefly belongs the merit of having created the class of middlemen. The same system was pursued by the resident gentry; and by them, too, carried much too far; though their humanity, we doubt not, was often ready to alleviate the wretchedness which was daily submitted to their eyes all over their hereditary estates. We shall never bring ourselves to heap indiscriminate

abuse on the Irish gentry; for among them are many of the prime men of the earth. But such was the system pursued; and it long flourished to their great emolument—and the prodigious advance of their rental.

But a new light—and we believe a better—broke over the land; and the land-owners being, to a certain extent, men of science, saw that the time for *accumulating* was gone by, and that the time had come for *clearing* tenantry; and they set about that new business, which should have been dealt with “gently, and with a hand of healing,” with a cruel alacrity—if not blind, worse—improvident of the certain suffering about to be spread far and wide;—a cruel alacrity, which in a few years reduced millions—ay, millions—for the plague of poverty runs fast as wildfire—to irreparable misery. By the wretches thus driven to wander whithersoever they willed, had they who expelled them from the soil been supported all their lives, in comfort or in splendour,—at home or abroad. Here then was atrocious wickedness—if ever there was wickedness on this earth—cold-blooded, scientific, and systematized ingratitude of the blackest grain—*most devilish*.

Mr Sadler has been accused of writing intemperately of the men guilty of such atrocities; we say, his eloquence is lighted up with the flashes of indignant virtue. “Clearings!” “Drivings!” What shocking words to apply to human beings in a Christian land! Be consistent, and call them at once “cattle.”

“The infection of cruel selfishness,” he truly says, “is to be traced to absenteeism: and once introduced, such, alas! is our nature, whenever interest is concerned, we are predisposed to take the contagion, which has spread like a leprosy through a whole country, and fills it with suffering, and sorrow, and destitution.” Who can read the following passage without feeling its justice?

“Leaving, then, wholly out of our consideration the more apparent and constantly operating evils of this pest of Ireland; that mass of poverty which is created, that distress which is unrelieved; that idleness which is

unemployed; that ignorance which is uninstructed; together with all the crime and suffering from which such a state of things is inseparable; what is, lastly, its conduct in regard to its victims in the extremity of nature, when disease is added to poverty, multiplying its sorrows in a ratio of which wealth can have no adequate conception? when the desertion, as it respects such sufferers, is irreparable and final? when those last duties, which the humane heart will not allow itself to perform by proxy, are not performed at all? In that awful season, from every quarter of Ireland, there came from the death-bed—bed did I say!—from the scanty straw which spread the cold ground in many a temporary shed; in such as which, were the pampered beast of many a proud absentee put for a single night, he would probably make the air ring with his reproofs; but which were crowded with patient and grateful sufferers, with the infected, the dying, and the dead: from scenes like these, I say, there came a voice as audible as if it had been pealed forth in thunder: ‘I—I, whose labour has supplied all your wants, and supported your grandeur; contenting myself with the refuse, in order to satisfy your exactions, till even that failed me, and I sank—I was sick—and ye—DESERED ME!’”

Is there no restraint on such conduct? No. Statute after statute has been enacted within a few years expressly to increase the power of Irish landlords over their tenants; the Civil Bill Ejectment Act; the Joint Tenancy Act; the Absconding Tenant Act; and the Subletting Act. Such has been the conspiracy of the rich against the poor, of the powerful against the weak; these are the “things of law,” where are the “things of love?” Nothing is there to prevent—all facilities are there to enable any individual—let us use the words of Mr Scrope—“any individual residing, perhaps, at a distance, out of sight and hearing of the agonies he may inflict, from passing a sentence of death upon hundreds who have been encouraged to breed and multiply on his estate, up to the moment when he became aware, from the lessons of Political Economists, the change of general opinion, or caprice, that it was against his

individual interest any longer to allow them to live there—nothing to hinder him turning them out of their houses on the wide world, to starve, or die of fever, engendered by want, after infecting and severely burdening the charity of the neighbouring towns—nothing *but the chance of his having a human or an inhuman heart in his bosom.*”

Look then again at the MENDICANCY of Ireland. It assumes before “the eyes of our soul” an awful character. We see not now one mighty mass—or many hordes—of profligate impudence—of indolent indigence—of wicked want—of disgraceful disease—of crime—of sin suffering but its own punishment under the decrees of eternal justice unconvicted. All these are there—but they have slunk away into shadow. We see now sorrow as sincere—anguish as acute—and as unmerited—as ever wept or groaned; honest industry driven from its homestead, not to work, but to wander on the high-ways; and rather than steal, prepared to perish—penury on which there is shame, but no disgrace—for *that* rests with the oppression; fever, and consumption and atrophy, and leprosy, all borne patiently by people who lately were all healthy in their huts or hovels now mixed with the road mire; and we see there, too, many virtues indigenous to the soil—for are not the parental affections and filial piety, virtues?—and bravery in men—and chastity in women—and where are they to be seen in “stronger strength” than among those who were once the small tenantry of the Green Isle, and in cabins in the wild wood, “once sang the bold anthem of Erin-go-bragh?” Read this.

“REV. M. O’SULLIVAN, Q. 6237.—Do you know what becomes of the tenantry at present ejected from estates in Ireland?—*I fear very many of them perish.*”

“R. SMITH, Esq. Q. 2930.—What becomes of the dispossessed tenants?—I cannot inform the Committee what becomes of them; but in one of the cases, to which I now allude, I was informed that upwards of twenty families were turned out, and in the other case more than thirty; the consequence was, that the persons so dispossessed did not submit quietly, and, in revenge, cut the

tails off the cattle of the proprietor of the estate, and committed various outrages. In the other case, the people who were turned out mustered a strong armed force, and at night attacked the persons who had been put into possession, whereby some lives were lost. I should here observe, that, previous to these occurrences, the county in which it happened had been peaceable.”

“DR DOYLE, Q. 4364.—It would be impossible for language to convey an idea of the state of distress to which the ejected tenantry have been reduced, or of the disease and misery, and even vice, which they have propagated in the towns wherein they have settled; so that not only they who have been ejected have been rendered miserable, but they have carried with them and propagated that misery. They have increased the stock of labour; they have rendered the habitations of those who received them more crowded; they have given occasion to the dissemination of disease; they have been obliged to resort to theft, and to all manner of vice and iniquity, to procure subsistence; but what is, perhaps, the most painful of all, *a vast number of them have perished from want.*

“Q. What is the change which takes place with the ejected tenants?—In some cases, they wander about without a fixed residence. The young people, in some instances, endeavour to emigrate to America. If the family have a little furniture, or a cow, or a horse, they sell it, and come into the small towns, where very often they get a license to sell beer and whisky. After a short time, their little capital is expended, and they become dependent upon the charities of the town. They next give up their house, and take a room; but, at present, many of them are obliged to take, not a room, but what they call *a corner* in some house. It may be necessary to state to the Committee that in all the suburbs of our towns, there are cabins, having no loft, of suppose twenty feet long by twelve feet wide, with a partition in the centre. I have not, myself, seen so many as *seven families* in one of these cabins; but I have been assured by the officiating clergyman of the town, that there are

many instances of it. Then their beds are merely a little straw, strewed at night upon the floor, and by day wrapped up in, or covered by, a quilt or blanket. They are obliged to do it up in that manner by day, in order to have some vacant space. In these abodes of misery, disease is often produced by extreme want. Disease wastes the people; for they have little food, and no comforts to restore them. *They die in a little time.* I have known a lane, with a small district adjoining, in the town in which I live, to have been peopled by thirty or forty families who came from the country; and *I think that, in the course of twelve months, there were not ten families of the thirty surviving—the bulk of them had died.*" —(Q. 4383, 4384).

"The children begotten in this state of society become of an inferior caste; the whole character of the people becomes gradually worse and worse; they diminish in stature, they are enervated in mind; the population is gradually deteriorated, till, at length, you have the inhabitants of one of the finest countries in the world reduced to a state of effeminacy which makes them little better than the Lazzaroni of Naples, or the Hindoos on the coast of Malabar.

"We have, in short, a disorganized population becoming by their poverty more and more immoral, and less and less capable of providing for themselves: and we have, besides that, the frightful, and awful, and terrible exhibition of human life wasted with a rapidity, and to a degree, such as is not witnessed in any civilized country upon the face of the earth." —(Q. 1528, 1529).

Did laws for the poor ever work such evils as those which have all been created by laws for the rich? Yet who among the Economists has lifted up his voice against this "sweaty sway" of oppression? Not one. They all approve of it to a man. And as if those tides of human beings were all but so much ditch-water, they talk coolly of their being all in good time "gradually absorbed!" Ay—they are absorbed—and faster far than many imagine—by the suction of the soil—into thousands on thousands of small pits, vulgarly called graves.

An opinion has been frequently

expressed, that the surplus and redundant population of Ireland may be absorbed, as that of Scotland has been during the last century, without poor's laws, by the mere operation of a steady government, and growing demand for labour. A very slight consideration of the difference between the two countries must be sufficient to shew that this expectation is utterly chimerical.

In the first place, there is no reason to believe that the surplus population of Scotland, at the close of the 17th century, was by any means so considerable as that of Ireland is at this time. Fletcher of Saltoun, indeed, estimates the Scotch sturdy beggars at 200,000; but there is every reason to believe that his numbers are grossly overrated. It is difficult to see how, in a country situated as Scotland then was, imperfectly cultivated, and without manufactures, so great a body of unproductive labourers could have been maintained. Certain it is, that on no occasion did Scotland, even when hardest pressed, ever assemble 50,000 men in the field; a fact which seems inconsistent with so great an accumulation of unemployed poor as is here supposed.

In the next place, it is a mistake to suppose that during the last century Scotland has had no poor's rates. On the contrary, for two hundred and fifty years the legal rights of the Scottish poor to maintenance have been nearly as extensive as in England; and at this moment, there is hardly a town of any magnitude in North Britain, where poor's rates have not long been established. By the acts 1579 and 1661, and the Royal Proclamation in 1693, the rights of all the destitute poor to be relieved has been distinctly recognised. The poor's rates of Scotland, indeed, are light in comparison of those of England; but that is merely because their administration being intrusted to the heritors, who pay the assessment, has been more vigilantly looked after than in England, where it was imposed by the church-wardens, and because Scotland is only now beginning to arrive at that complicated state of society where the aid of legal assessment to relieve the poor is indispensable. Wherever manufactures or great towns prevail, poor's

rates in this country have been long established.

In the third place, Scotland never was overwhelmed with a mass of indigence at all approaching to the mendicity which now exists in Ireland; for this plain reason, that she had not till recent times the means of boundless subsistence of the humblest kind to the labouring classes. For the last half century, the contemporary writers have been full of the grievous evils arising from Irish immigration; but the writers a hundred and thirty years ago contain no similar complaint of the redundancy or overflowing habits of the Scotch poor,—a clear proof that no great accumulation of indigence was experienced; for wherever it has, the Scotch have never been found backward in emigrating to the other more favoured regions of the globe. From the earliest times, indeed, the annals of other states have been filled with observations on the Scotch settlers; but the complaint always was, that they were too thriving, not that they were a nuisance from their beggarly habits; a certain indication that it was the better and educated classes, not the more indigent poor, who migrated to foreign countries.

In the fourth place, the great and crying evils which have long existed in Ireland, and operated as a perpetual stimulus upon the production of an indigent and wretched population, never were known in Scotland. The enormous grievances of absentee proprietors, middlemen, a rebellious Catholic priesthood, and political institutions for which the people were totally unfitted, never existed in this country. Property has been here at all times comparatively protected, industry safe, artificial wants and habits of frugality universal. Never was it found necessary from predial and political disturbances like those of Ireland to suspend the constitution, and establish martial law, as has there become indispensable. It is needless here to enquire to what causes this difference in the history and present habits of the two countries has arisen; suffice it to say that it exists, and that its existence must render altogether chimerical the expectation that the Irish poor can be absorbed by the same means, and in the same manner, as the Scotch have been.

If Scotland were to be cursed for ten years with an insurgent peasantry, a Catholic priesthood, an absentee body of proprietors, and a grinding race of middlemen, all the boasted frugality and caution of the Scotch character would disappear, and in its stead, we should soon have the recklessness, redundant increase, and misery of Ireland.

In a word, Ireland has arrived at that stage in political disease where all ordinary remedies fail, and the powers of evil are infinitely too strong for the gradual and insulated efforts of individuals. Nothing but the strong hand of Government, both to repress evil, and do good, can now avail the state; and the disorganization and insecurity of the country is such, that without public works, paid, and relief generally administered by Government, all other remedies will be found to be utterly ineffectual.

But the parallel runs straighter between the state of Ireland now, and that of England in the reign of Elizabeth. This has been clearly shown by Nimmo, and Sadler, and Scrope, and Doyle, and many others, from the best authorities and the most certain documents; and as the misery is the same—so must be the remedy—*Provision for the Poor by law.*

The misery was the same—as may be seen in Strype. He speaks of the number of poor that died on the streets of London of cold, and lay sick at the doors, perishing of hunger. And whence came they there? The destruction of tillage, and demolition of cottages, sent them thither from the country where they had neither “work nor harbour.” “It is a common custom with covetous landlords, to let their housing to decay, that the farmer shall be fain, for a small regard, or none at all, to give up his lease; that they, taking the grounds into their own hands, may turn all to pasture. So now, old fathers, poor widows, and young children, lie begging in the miry streets.” And hear Bernard Gilpin preaching before the King of the “great oppression of landlords towards their tenants, by turning them out of all, to their utter undoing.”

“Now the robberies, extortions, and open oppressions of covetous cormorants have no end or limits, on

banks to keep in their vileness. As for turning poor men out of their holds, they take it for no offence, but say the land is their own; and so they turn them out of their sheds like mice. Thousands in England, through such, beg now from door to door, who had kept honest homies."—"These," he added, "had such quick smelling hounds, that they could live at London and turn men out of their farms and tenements, a hundred, some two hundred miles off."

Was this wretchedness let alone to be "gradually absorbed?" No. During half a century acts were passed by the legislature for its relief and cure—but all were ineffectual—till, by the 43d of Elizabeth, all parishes were compelled to relieve their impotent inhabitant, and send to work the unemployed. Then began the natural "absorption;" then came the "golden days of good Queen Bess;" for from her, and the luminaries that shone round her throne, there was an efflux of that noble spirit which has never since altogether left the character and the councils of the rulers of England.

But the misery is not only of the same kind now in Ireland that then was in England, but it is far greater; and unless it be speedily remedied, that noble island is lost not only to us, but to itself; and whether there be a "Repeal" or no Repeal, if left much longer, Ireland, without a provision for her starving millions of some sort, (and what other sort is in the sight of any seer but a poor's law?) must be drenched in all the horrors of rebellion and civil war.

"Agitation!" There has indeed been enough of it. Recommended to all ranks in Ireland by the Marquis of Anglesea, it has been preached by O'Connell even beyond the desire of the Lord-lieutenant—and we see the fruits. Mr Stanley, too, talked of "extinguishing tithes;" and in Parliament we almost every day hear denunciations of wrath against all Church Establishments, and proposals for making religion a free trade. Down with the Protestant Church in Ireland, is no longer an Irish—it is also an English howl—and who remembers now the Reformation? All that is best and holiest in Ireland and that has been not only her safeguard and her succour, but her salvation—PROTEST-

ANTISM—is under a cloud of displeasure with our rulers; and it would seem as if they had the folly, and the madness to believe, or the weakness and wickedness to act as if they believed, while they knew better, that the involution of crime with misery, at which, in that distracted country, we now gaze aghast, was caused in a great measure by a vestry-cess of some L.30,000 a-year! while the fount, from which almost all the national calamities have in bloody torrents been derived, stands open, and might, if not dried, be sealed up by the law, and the whole land, if not tranquillized, lightened by one enactment. "That this," says Mr Scrope, "is the true source of the horrible outrages which are now in almost daily perpetration in Ireland, is proved beyond a possibility of doubt by an examination of the nature of these offences. Against whom are these sanguinary attacks and threats of attack for the most part levelled? The title-owners, or their proctors? The magistrates and gentry? Excisemen, or travellers? No! But against the 'land-takers' as they are called,—the *incoming tenants* of farms, whose former occupiers have been *turned out* to make room for them! Against those who, in the desperate competition for the occupation of land, as the only means of existence, outbid the herd of houseless wretches, and excite in them the same rabid jealousy as rouses a pack of gaunt and starving wolves against the one who may get possession of the morsel for which all are contending."

Here is to be found the origin of the White-boy-system—with its Peep-of-day-boys, Thrashers, Whiteboys, Raters, Carders, Shanavests, Caraghats Rockites, Blackhens, Riscavalas, Ribbon-men, Lady-clares, and Terry-alts. What care they for being hanged? Revenge is sweet—if death be bitter. So felt Redmond the murderer on the scaffold. "I was resolved on vengeance, and now that I have taken it, I am content to die." And there have been, and will be, many Redmonds. What though he Died? For his old father had not been ill-used by his landlord—and was himself an unreasonable ruffian. The son was a murderer, it may be said, almost by profession—and on principle; and had assisted

at five shocking slaughters. But, like many other reformers, he had deluded himself, in his ferocity, into a belief that he was in life a patriot, and in death a martyr. Bulls driven mad even by the echoes of their own bellowing among the mountains, gallop about with swarthy eyes, seeking something human to toss and trample; and Redmond was just such another, a mad bull—as bloody and as bestial; for though no goad had happened to enter deep into his own flesh, he had learned to bellow; yet were there sounds to madden him besides the echoes of those he himself had made, for the air of all his native region was alive with curses.

Murders perpetrated by your Redmonds, and other vulgar villains, though sometimes, as in the case of the Sheas, (and is not Wild-geese-lodge now a dismal sound?) very comprehensive, belong to the retail-dealers in such commodities; but, when “a landlord, writing from London or Paris, directs his agent to eject ten, twenty, or thirty industrious families, from their little farms, on which they and their forefathers were reared,” he, beyond all question is, and therefore we call him so—your wholesale dealer in murder.

We wish Mr Bicheno were with us on the poor's laws; he is with us on most we have said about the “bad relation between landlord and tenant.” “The landlords in Ireland do not,” he says, “understand their business, which is to cultivate a good understanding with their tenantry.” English landlords do this; and their “dignity and consequence are upheld by a respectable and numerous tenantry, to whom, when in distress, his generosity remits a portion of rent, and treats with such kindness, that he comes even to command their opinions.” True and good; but in Ireland, he says, there are no such feelings,—“all the landlord looks to there is the improvement of his income, and the quantity of rent he can abstract.” True and bad. In what secret and undisturbed corner of their breasts then, we ask, reside “the charitable dispositions of the rich,” which Mr Bicheno fears might be deadened or destroyed by a legal

provision for the poor? Is the landlord at once greedy and generous, callous and pitiful? Does he with the one hand “abstract the greatest quantity of rent,” and with the other perform “the virtuous exercise of the social feelings?” His mind between the two must be in a queer puzzlement; and in his quandary he will be apt to violate the Christian injunction, not to let the “right hand know what the left is doing.”

Provision by law must therefore be made for the poor in Ireland. Can the absentee Irish landlords utter a syllable against such a provision, on the score of injustice? If they do, they must be hissed and hooted dumb. Will the resident? Many, we solemnly believe, will not; not, if the cause of the Irish poor be taken up, heart and hand, by England. England may have done Ireland wrong; now she seeks to right her; not by Coercive Bills alone—not by Church Spoliation Bills—but by Faith, Hope, and Charity, sent by Justice on a mission of Mercy. She would fain see done for her, what in similar circumstances was done for herself by one of the wisest of her own monarchs, and by the wisest of her own statesmen.

In the net annual produce of the soil there is a fund from which the legislature ought to authorize the Government to levy a tax in the shape of a poor's rate; the application of which to labour would soon change the aspect of things, and in progress of time, by the prodigious impulse that would be given to the whole energies of the people, would “scatter plenty over a smiling land.”

We have seen of what materials the pauper population is composed; and how—that is, on what and by whom—at present it is fed. It does not subsist wholly—though in great part—on air; but it devours potatoes and water. Frequently when obliged to “rough it,” it eats land and sea refuse—and it is wonderful for how long it can get on upon—nothing. At bridals, often is there no richer fare than “potatoes and point;” and at funerals the salt lies untasted on the breast of the corpse. Yet, would you believe it, such maintenance even as this is too expensive for the country's means? Different calculations give different amounts;

but the cost cannot be far short of two millions. Call it one—and you have a grievous and an iniquitous tax. The more it is, the more crying the necessity that it should be removed; the less it is, the easier will it be found to supply its place by such means and modes as may seem to give some indications that we are not living in an utterly barbarous age, and without any government.

It is proposed, then, by means specified, to set all this countless multitude of bodies, legs, and arms, now idle, or worse than idle, to work; and it is hoped, that thereby may be fed, more cheaply and more copiously, all that countless multitude of mouths. Suppose that the tax—the poor's rate—raised *double* the amount of what is now thus expended on this miserable multitude—say three millions of money—and that the value of the work done was but one-half of that—then are the people employed no worse off, but better, because employed, than before—and there is nowhere any loss. But suppose the labour set a-going by the three million as productive in Ireland, as it would be in Scotland or in England; and what then?

Now the truth is—and in the face of such evidence as has been given, nobody has been found so audacious as directly to deny it—that millions on millions might be employed in Ireland, on labour that would be infinitely more productive than in any other part of the United Kingdom.

We should like to have a look at the man who, with the Parliamentary Reports in his hands, directly denied this; but there are still wisacres among us who insist that capital—as it is called—always finds employment for itself—and the very best employment too—and that nothing can be done by legislature or government, but—'tis the old story—to let capital alone—and it will work at will its own wonders. This is just saying, that whatever any and every man voluntarily does with his own is the best possible—not only for himself—but for his country—and for the human race. The pleasant Optimists!

It would be much nearer the truth to say—in the case of Ireland—that the rule of action has been just the reverse of all this; and that govern-

ment alone can or will turn capital there—by a compulsory provision—and other means—into productive employment—whereby capital shall create capital—not beyond the uncertain dreams of vain and ignorant imagination—but up to the settled and splendid visions of calmest and wisest reason.

It has been often said, and will, we daresay, be often said again, that whatever is given by the possessors of property to the maintenance of the poor is just so much deducted from a capital that would be otherwise employed in productive labour, and thus is there just so much loss of the country's wealth. The truth of this depends upon many lies—and especially on these two suppositions—that the poor thus maintained do nothing—and secondly, that they are in themselves of less worth than beasts. If they *cannot* work, it would be somewhat unreasonable to require that they should; and as they are not positively put to death, nor yet generally permitted to perish, they are somehow or other maintained! if they can, it would be equally unreasonable not to make them tackle to; and unless we greatly mistake, such is the object at present in view. But should that object not be fully attained—or rather should such labour not furnish an equivalent for its support, have they no such claim on the capital of Christians as that loudly urged, and cheerfully granted, by studs of horses and packs of hounds? The labour of those animals is productive of much pleasure, but of no provender—for the fox, though he is fond of poultry, and likewise of lambs, is supported at less personal expense than the hound that kills him, or the hunter that is in at the death. All the foxes, however, are supported by the landed interest—besides other items—at the expense of all the horses and all the hounds; and it is not for us, who are no very skilful arithmeticians, to say how many Irishmen might live luxuriously on the best of potatoes, mealy or waxy, at the cost of one old dog-fox.

But supposing we have not put this according to the principles of political economy—Dr Doyle surely has—"if the rich encourage arts and agriculture by useless and luxurious

consumption; if the capital thus expended by them be not withdrawn from productive labour, how can it be said that the food and raiment furnished to the pauper is a drawback from the resources of the country? We may import spices from the East, and extract gems from the depths of the ocean; we may collect, for our amusement, the beasts of the earth, the fowls of the air, and the fishes of the sea; we may gratify all our appetites, whether regular or unruly; we may expend upon the idle, the fractious, and the profane, the fruit of labour, and the products of industry, without trenching upon the capital to be employed in productive labour; but if, from our excesses and fictitious wants, we deduct a mite for the widow, or a crust for the orphan, industry will perish and the state decay!"

The Doctor is here speaking of the poor who do not, because they cannot, work; and his argument is conclusive; but we speak of the poor who can and will work, and for them there is no need of any argument at all. "The poor's rate, it is true," he says, "will not be sown in the ground, and the food and raiment given to the pauper will not increase and multiply;" but the shillela is laid aside for fairs and patterns—fire-arms fall into rusty disuse—and pickaxes, and spades, and shovels, and gavellocks, and scythes, and sickles are flourishing in all directions, far more beautifully than in any row that ever did honour to wake or funeral.

Employment for capital and labour! What—must we at this time of day paint a Picture of Ireland? We humbly decline doing so; but may mention the millions of fertile acres lying yet uncleared—through which, were solid and liquid roads to go straight as arrows or sinuous as serpents, we should soon see a new world of wealth. Bogs, in which whole armies might sink; why are they not firm plains of green pasturage or yellow corn? They would pay. They have promised—they have sworn to do so—and hitherto have always kept their oaths. In a very few years all those that under cultivation pledged their faith to repay its cost, have redeemed it; they justly returned the capital they had

"absorbed," and generously made a present in perpetuity of themselves in land worth 30s. per acre rent to their benefactors thus enriched by their judicious kindness to the poor. There is gratitude. Rivers? Nature has made them magnificent—let art make them useful, and then poet and political economist and patriot may all equally rejoice in the beautiful country from source to sea. Sea? Of what other island have the coasts, iron-bound or emerald-cased, been indented by the sleepless and scientific surges, into such calm and capacious bays and harbours, where all the navies of the world might ride? And shall such rivers, but "for want of a shallow here and there being deepened, or a pier built," still flow through "districts poor and barbarous," "cut off from all means of communication with markets and civilisation," while a million of men are crying—"give us work or we die?" Shall such seas in vain thunder or whisper in our ears to turn to blessing "the respiration of the tides," in vain stretch out their arms to bear all our floating industry out upon the broad bosom of the bountiful deep?

All this of which we have been speaking is now—waste. Could capital, then, be got—and to get it, it is not necessary to be able to say what it is—there is labour enough and to spare, ready to execute, and work to do which, when done, would be wealth. "I consider," says Mr Wiggins, "that in no part of these islands can capital be so profitably employed as in Ireland, under its present circumstances—certainly not in England or Wales." "I scarcely know any place in Ireland," says Mr Hardy, "where the investment of capital, judiciously laid out, would not produce a profit far beyond the interest of the money expended." "I am decidedly of opinion," says Dr Doyle, "that a quantity of capital, such as I would hesitate to name, might be profitably expended, both in the improvement of the lands now enclosed, and in the reclaiming lands now waste." "There is," says Mr Ensor, "scarcely any field that is cultivated as it ought to be." "In consequence," says Mr Williams, "of the sum of £167,000, being expended by Mr Nimmo, in Connaught

alone, in seven years, the increase of the *annual revenue* to Government has since been equal to the whole of that expenditure. In the Cork district, Mr Griffiths, the Government engineer, expended £60,000 in seven years; and the increase of Government revenue in customs and excise has been £50,000 a-year," and all this chiefly from increasing facilities for a profitable interchange of produce—coal, turf, manure of all sorts, slates, bricks, lime, building-stone, timber, potatoes, and other provisions. The whole of this produce, observes Mr Scrope, which must be presumed to bear the proportion of at least ten to one in annual value to the revenue collected upon it, must be considered in the light of a *new creation*, called into existence on these spots in a few years by the judicious outlay of a comparatively insignificant capital.

We have seen that the present annual provision for the poor in Ireland is estimated by Dr Doyle at a million and a half—by Mr Wilmot Horton at three millions. Were by far the greater part of that vast sum employed under a poor's law—on able-bodied men, each tearing away like tigers at such productive work as we have been speaking of, instead of being given to them merely to keep them alive in idle indigence, would it not be for the benefit of Ireland? Could you count the capital that would be thereby created in fifty years?

Suppose that no relief at all were given to the landholders—to those who at present suffer—but that they continued to pay, as they now do, the whole; under regulation they would at least get something for their money; but it is proposed that the half should be paid by the landowners. No man in his senses holds Mr M'Culloch's doctrine about absenteeism. Now, these gentry spend all their income, and some of them contrive to spend a good deal more, out of Ireland—to the amount—it is believed—of some three millions. A poor's rate sends back, or keeps part of it, to be employed as capital—and were they taxed double, it could hardly be called unjust. But perhaps that could not be effected. If you believe that the resident landowners now spend all their incomes

in the best way possible, it would be absurd to tax them as proposed; but you cannot believe that, without disbelieving all you have ever seen, heard, or read of Ireland, and declaring yourself a universal sceptic. You must, in other words, be a goose, and in rainy weather ought always to stand on one leg.

We have heard it seriously recommended, as the only way to improve the condition of the Irish people, to cultivate and encourage in them a taste for better living—that is, board and lodging, and dress. It seems to us that it would be injudicious to do so—nay, inhumane. They would be very unhappy, were they to lose their taste for potatoes, and acquire one for animal food, without being able to gratify it but by killing their only pig, perhaps *enceinte*; their hovels have been long little better than styes, but many thousands of them have been swept away, and the poor creatures think that they were little palaces, now that they know not where to lay their heads; in their "loop'd and window'd raggedness" they are not ripe for the pride of apparel. It seems to us far from paradoxical to say, that if there had been for the last half-century few absentees—and if the landowners—the nobility and gentry—had acted on something like the same principles as those of England—it would have been, in the nature of things, impossible that cattle and corn could have been annually exported to the value of not a few millions of money—while not a few millions of human mouths remained unacquainted with flesh-meat and meal, and conversant but with one subterraneous root. The nobility and gentry would not have allowed it; and there would in all such matters have been a very respectable standard of taste. Nay, whether they would have been willing to allow it or not, it could not have been; for when society is in a natural state, there cannot be one law for the rich and another law for the poor. An enlightened and resident nobility and gentry, and a dark and destitute tenantry, were never, we venture to say, seen even in Dream-land. The population of Ireland would, in our opinion, have been far greater than it now is; it would have been prosperous; and yet the resources of the

country seen inexhaustibly opening out for an increase of happier and happier numbers.

But the nobility and gentry of Ireland have not done their duty. They must be compelled to do it; they must be taxed, that the character and condition of the people they have unnaturally neglected may be raised from pitiable and shameful degradation—or rather, that the people may be enabled by their own labour to raise their character and condition for themselves.

There would soon be plenty of capital; it would then be borrowed in all the stock-markets of Europe, on security of the cultivated soil of one of the richest islands in the world, then enjoying the strange visitation of peace. Ay—all blessing and all power are in that one word—peace.

A few millions are all that is wanted to begin with—and they are to be had for a word. There are the men—there are the wastes—if wastes they may be called—which we know can in a few years defray the cost of cultivation—and endless other employment for productive labour beside. So far from being Utopian, the plan proposed is one of pounds, shillings, and pence, proved by experience to be practicable, and to be carried into execution by the self-same machinery that has every where else in the civilized world been employed to improve the condition of man.

We have been told by some that this is purely an Irish question. But that is not true. It is a question affecting all the British dominions—it is a question of humanity. But, viewed in the simplest light, how does it directly affect England? A population of eight millions, afflicted by direst poverty, sends annually across many bridges numerous starving bands to assist in her agriculture. In her present condition, we cannot believe that such an influx of labour-

ers, whose wages at home, when they have any, are, on the average of a year, not more than fourpence a-day, can be for good. But wiser persons than we pretend to be, think it may be so—so let that pass. All agree, however, that the permanent settlement in England, of an immense number of Irish immigrants, is a sore national calamity; and most now believe that the evil can be stopt only by the establishment of a poor's law in Ireland. Some, indeed, think—and there will always be a few fools to think any thing—that the better off the Irish are in their own country, the readier will they be to leave it. Certain it is, that the amount of the poor's rates in England is raised by this one cause—operating directly and indirectly—nearly two millions; so that England and Ireland together now pay four millions at least on account of Irish poor—a far greater sum than what any body has ever dreamt would be required, (except those who talk about the absorption of the whole rental,) were there a poor's law for Ireland to set to work at home, and in the beneficial way described, all her unemployed population.

Long as this article is, we have but opened the question. We know that it is one of great difficulty, and that it will need all the wisdom of the legislature to bring it to a satisfactory settlement. We shall hear something, we suppose, of the opinions of Ministers, when Mr Richards brings it before the House. They have told us indeed that they do not intend to propose any measures respecting it this session; and it would perhaps be unreasonable to expect they should; but surely they must be preparing—maturing—some in their mighty minds; and after they have disposed of the Church of England in Ireland, and in England, they will be more at leisure to legislate for the poor of both countries.

SONGS AFTER THE FRENCH OF BERANGER.

I.

THE STUDIES OF THE LADIES (A LA FRANÇOIS.)

MAMMA—this Fénelon's a quiz :
 I hate his sanctimonious airs :
 Why, what a tedious fool he is—
 His masses, needles, pins, and prayers !
 A concert, new ballet, or ball,
 Would better teach what we should
 know.

Ho, ho, ho ! the ladies all,
 Ho, ho, ho ! they study so.

Your Missy to her sampler set ;
 My music-master waits, Mamma,
 We've got to-day the new duet
 (A charming piece) of Armida ;
 I seem in singing to recall
 The very flames which made her glow.
 Ho, ho, ho ! the ladies all,
 Ho, ho, ho ! they study so.

Let little Miss her pantry tend,
 For me, Mamma, an hour or two
 With Monsieur Chassez I must spend,
 To learn my "pas voluptueux ;"

My frock's so long, I'll surely fall,
 Let's tuck it up before I go.
 Ho, ho, ho ! the ladies all,
 Ho, ho, ho ! they study so.

Good-bye, Mamma, I must be gone ;
 'Tis only to the gallery, where
 To admiration I have drawn
 An outline of the Belvidere.
 Heavens, what a form ! how strong, how
 tall !

What graces all his members show !
 Ho, ho, ho ! the ladies all,
 Ho, ho, ho ! they study so.

I must get married, too—O la !
 These customs are so strict with us !
 To tell the truth, my dear Mamma,
 The case is most necessitous ;
 For if the world should hear at all—
 But then they laugh at that, you know.
 Ho, ho, ho ! the ladies all,
 Ho, ho, ho ! they study so.

II.

THE LITTLE BROWN MAN.

A LITTLE MAN we've here,
 All in a suit of brown,
 Upon town :
 He's as brisk as bottled beer,
 And, without a shilling rent,
 Lives content ;
 For d'ye see, says he, my plan—
 D'ye see, says he, my plan—
 My plan, d'ye see, 's to—laugh at that !
 Sing merrily, sing merrily, the little brown
 man !

When every mad grisette
 He has toasted, till his score
 Holds no more ;
 Then, head and years in debt,
 When the duns and bums abound
 All around,
 D'ye see, says he, my plan—
 D'ye see, says he, my plan—
 My plan, d'ye see, 's to—laugh at that !
 Sing merrily, sing merrily, the little brown
 man !

When the rain comes through his attic,
 And he lies all day a-bed
 Without bread ;
 When the winter winds rheumatic
 Make him blow his nails for dire
 Want of fire,

D'ye see, says he, my plan—
 D'ye see, says he, my plan—
 My plan, d'ye see, 's to—laugh at that !
 Sing merrily, sing merrily, the little brown

His wife, a dashing figure,
 Makes shift to pay her clothes
 By her beaux :
 The gallanter they rig her,
 The more the people sneer
 At her dear ;
 Then d'ye see, says he, my plan—
 D'ye see, says he, my plan—
 My plan, d'ye see, 's to—laugh at that !
 Sing merrily, sing merrily, the little brown
 man !

When at last laid fairly level,
 And the priest (he getting worse)
 'Gan discourse
 Of death and of the devil ;
 Our little sinner sighed,
 And replied,
 Please your reverence, my plan—
 Please your reverence, my plan—
 My plan, d'ye see, 's to—laugh at that !
 Sing merrily, sing merrily, the little brown
 man

III.

MY LISETTE, SHE IS NO MORE !

WHAT! Lisette, can this be you?
 You in silk and saracenet!
 You in rings and brooches too!
 You in plumes of waving jet!
 Oh no, no, no,
 Surely you are not Lisette!
 Oh no, no, no,
 My Lisette, you are no more!

How your feet the ground despise,
 All in shoes of satin set;
 And your rouge with roses vies—
 Prithee where didst purchase it?
 Oh, no, no, no,
 Surely you are not Lisette!
 Oh no, no, no,
 My Lisette, you are no more!

Round your boudoir wealth has spread
 Gilded couch and cabinet,
 Silken curtains to your bed,
 All that heart can wish to get.
 But oh no, no, no,
 Surely you are not Lisette!
 Oh no, no, no,
 My Lisette, you are no more!

Smiling, you twist your lip
 To a smile of etiquette;
 Not a sign of mirth must slip
 Past the bounds your teachers set;
 And oh no, no, no,
 Surely you are not Lisette!
 Oh no, no, no,
 My Lisette, you are no more!

Far away the days, alas!
 When in cabin cold and wet,
 Love's imperial mistress was
 Nothing but a gay grisette.
 But oh no, no, no,
 Surely you are not Lisette!
 Oh no, no, no,
 That Lisette, you are no more!

You, ah me! when you had caught
 My poor heart in silken net,
 Never then denied me aught,
 Never played this proud coquette.
 Oh no, no, no,
 Surely you are not Lisette!
 Oh no, no, no,
 My Lisette, you are no more!

Wedded to a wealthy fool,
 Paying dear for leave to fret;
 Though his love be somewhat cool,
 Be content with what you get.
 Oh no, no, no,
 Surely you are not Lisette!
 Oh no, no, no,
 My Lisette, you are no more!

If that love's divine be true,
 'Tis when fair and free are met:
 As for you, Madame, adieu—
 Let the haughty Duchess fret!
 For oh no, no, no,
 Surely she is not Lisette!
 Oh no, no, no,
 My Lisette, she is no more!

IV.

THE DOCTOR AND THE PATIENT.

I've lived of late by Doctor's rule;
 And thus (his cane beneath his nose)
 Quoth he, "Your fever we shall cool
 By abstinence, and by repose."
 But in my heart Love's voice began,
 "A galopade or so were well."
 I rose and waltzed an hour with Ann.
 But do not tell, oh, do not tell!
 A word of that to Doctor Fell!

"Beware of Bacchus," says our Sage.
 Our Esculapius, who but he?
 The purest preacher of the age
 Ne'er so enjoined sobriety.
 But in my heart Love's voice began,
 "To drink her health, methinks 'twere
 well."
 So down I sat and toasted Ann.
 But do not tell, oh, do not tell!
 A word of that to Doctor Fell!

"We must not sing, it hurts the chest,"
 Why here's a pretty how-d'ye-do!
 The man must surely be possess'd;
 Pray God it a'n't the wandering Jew!
 But in my heart Love's voice began,
 "One stave, and all will soon be well."
 You choruss'd me while singing Ann?
 But do not tell, oh, do not tell!
 A word of that to Doctor Fell!

"Affect not womankind," quoth he,
 "All passion we must pretermitt."
 Now on my soul the knave must be
 A Trappist or a Jesuit!
 But in my heart Love's voice began,
 "A kiss would surely make you well."
 I'm going now for one from Ann—
 But do not tell, oh, do not tell!
 A word of that to Doctor Fell!

TWADDLE ON TWEEDSIDE.

FAREWELL, O Winter, gentle-
manly Old Man; and hail, O Spring!
most ladylike of Young Women!
Frequent flirtation had there been
for a month or two between Grey-
beard and Green Mantle, and at one
time we thought it would have been
a match. But mine ancient's heart
failed on the very evening of the
Sabbath, after publication of banns;
he disappeared like "snaw aff a
dyke," and 'tis rumoured that he has
gone with Captain Back to the frozen
regions, perhaps of the Pole. Lovely
Spring, noways cast down, seemed
to feel that she had made a narrow
escape from hirpling Eld; and, if
we do not greatly mistake the mat-
ter, she will, ere long, be leaning her
ear "in many a secret place," to the
soft solicitations of Summer, and
yielding herself up with the usual
sort of struggles to his blameless em-
braces. The marriage, we predict,
will be celebrated on the first of
June, for in Scotland 'tis reckoned
unlucky to wed in May; and we, as
Poet-Laureate of Cupid and Hymen,
shall with our Flamingo write their
Epithalamium.

Let us, for love of heaven and
earth, get out of Edinburgh. Here,
ever since November, have we been
harbouring among houses, till we
have almost hardened into stone and
lime,—into the part of Wall. Our
system has got smokified; and a
queer fish at all times, you might take
us now for a dried haddock. Our
circulation, unlike that of Maga, is
low and slow; was there ever such
a pulse? one in the minute. Our
eyes that have been likened to eagles'
are more like oysters'; the roses on
our lips are lilies; and our cheeks
outchoke a sick dandelion. We shall
not say—whatever we may think—
that our shanks are shrivelled; but
we confess we do not relish these
wrinkles in our hose; and it is not
unalarining to observe that these
shorts, always easy, are now wide,
and assuming the appearance of pet-
ticoats. "This will never do." Let
us, for love of heaven and earth, get
out of Edinburgh.

Ha! we hear the phaeton. No
dawn yet—but Peter is regular as

clock-work—and at four—'tis stri-
king in the lobby—the Set-out is at
the door. Let us take a caulker.
Curse your coffee—at the best 'tis
but birstled beans. But bruised
barleycorn is Glenlivet. A few
mouthfuls of bap—and—ham—never
mind the steps—the crutch is our
leaping pole—all's right, Peter—canny
on the causeway—but at the Maca-
dam let go the tils—we give you
four hours to do the distance—thirty
miles and a trifle—you may pull up
for a minute to wet their mouth at
Torsounce—and now for—CLOVEN-
FORD.

The mornings are chill yet—and
there is nothing like a close carriage.
There is something exceedingly snug
in this clever contrivance of a head.
No phaeton had ever a more magni-
ficent developement. He is fit to be
president of the phrenologists. These
windows of his are eyes—and we are
the spirit that looks through them—
CHRISTOPHER THE FAR-KEERER.

There is surely snow. Smoothly
as in a sleigh are we gliding along
one way, and the trees another. If
they keep on at that rate, they will
be at the Tron Church before we
are at Fushie Bridge. Dim is Dal-
keith in the dawn; but the houses
are beginning to bestir themselves,
and by and by the old church tower
will be audibly counting his beads
to the number of five, and looking
out for the light from the sea. There
is Arniston gate, with its elephants.
One might imagine himself in India,
about to beat up the quarters of some
native Nabob.

We suspected as much. Ay, we
have been taking a snooze—and 'tis
broad morning. What is there to
"prate of our whereabouts?" We
have given the go-by to our ex-
cellent friend Mitchelson's beauti-
ful woods of Middleton; and the
mists are leaving Lammermoor.
That hare ought erenow to have
been at home on the hill—but you
may bark and bristle as you choose,
my worthy colley; pussey is but
playing with you, and, carelessly al-
tering her lazy limp into a easy gal-
lop, without putting herself to the
trouble of laying back her lugs, cocks

her *fud*, and while you are yet *plourting* among the rashes, the fleet fur is far away up the sheep-nibbled greensward; nay, by this time couched in her form among the fern above the line of the dwarf birk-tree groves. Partridges! we declare—a breeding pair—bobbing their heads along the barley-braird on a patch of cultivation on the marshy moor. That black breast—almost of mountain—glooming among the green hills, is no doubt populous with moor-fowl,—and we could think we hear the gor-cock crowing—but 'tis a raven. The little lambs must beware of racing too far in the sunshine from their woolly mothers—yet he is fondest of carrion—and probably there is a dead horse in the clench. God bless thee, small sweet silent source of the silver Gala! But of all these welling springs, each with its emerald margin, which is the source acknowledged by the “braw braw lads on Gala-water.” The charm of a pastoral country is its calm. In all the streamy straths you see houses,—store-farms or others,—and seed-time being somewhat late in our South this season, (in the West 'twas early,) these silent-going plough-teams are cheery; but how still all the hills, and bare of human life! Yet there is nothing dark or dismal—a sweet serenity is over all—and the prevailing and permanent impression is that of peace. Surely that white sea-bird will never have the heart to leave that quiet meadow for the stormy main. It ought not to waver about by itself so, but to mix with those others snowy wheelers, and be for life a dove.

Peter looks over his shoulder, and wonders to see us sitting Kit-cat in full view; for, some miles back, we had adroitly let down the head of the phaeton,—and in our rich fur gown—a gift from the Emperor of all the Russias—we have the appearance of an opossum. Torsonce is an admirable inn; but the Tits are swinging along at eight knots; and silvan Stow, with its knoll-climbing cottages, brown kirk, and pear-tree-blossoming manse, in which, after morning prayer, the worthy pastor is issuing for a stroll in his garden, is no sooner come than gone; and we cannot help forgetting it in this long line of woods.⁵ There

are no leaves yet on the oaks or elms—and as for the ashes, 'twill be July at the soonest ere they are in full and fine feather; but the larches, and the birks, and the alders, are greening every sunny hour, and shewing sweet symptoms of the sappy spirit that is stirring in all the old forest-trees, and will soon be crowning them with umbrage. What buds on that horse-chestnut! each as big as our fist, and just about bursting from its balmy cerement. And are not these sycamores promising striplings—every year's shoot a yard long—and thus thirty feet high—the lowest of them—though we remember seeing them planted—as if yesterday! No nest more comfortable than a crow's. We just see her neb. Many a one have we harried; for in our school-boy days we were monkeys at *spectling*, and have invaded even the heron's domicile, as it swung to and fro on the elm-tree top, “when winds were piping loud,” and urchins on the mossy greensward below were picking up the broken branches, in intervals of upward-gazing admiration—for as that dare-devil in Shakspeare—we never remember precise words—says, we and danger were two lion whelps, littered in one day—but “we the elder and more terrible”—hem—hem—hem!

We begin to feel an appetite for something; and scenery never looks so pleasant as under an appetite. Seen on a full stomach, nature, in some strange sympathy, seems labouring under a surfeit—too blowzy to be beautiful—with a flushed after-dinner face expressive of nothing better than an inclination to repose. Hence it is that poets so love the morning. In herself no doubt she is lovely, with or without her diamonds; but in your eyes she is a very angel, for no particle of divine air has left your spirit, and you see her in the pure light of imaginative love. So Milton felt when he breathed that immortal line—

“Under the opening eyelids of the Morn!”

In Nature he saw, as it were, a seeraph waking from sleep!

Vegetation cannot have progressed much since the last milestone;

nor earlier here than there can surely be the spring; yet all the earth is greener—and bluer is the sky; less sober is our cheer of heart—and we are happier because hungrier—that is the secret. Our system is juvenilized by all matin rural influences; this is our wedding-day, and Nature is our bride. We could get out of the phaeton, and on that half-sunny half-shady spot lie down with her in our arms, and hug her to our heart. O Nature! how balmy is thy breath! How fresh thy soft-swelling bosom! How couldst thou—thou blessed creature—throw thyself away on Us, when all the world were dying for love of Thee, and crowding to kiss thy feet!

Steady down hill, Peter—tighter on Priam, Peter—softly with Rufus—Peter;—there we spin—“and the keen axle kindles as we go.” Let us see. In three hours and five minutes from Moray Place to Clovenford. Nothing like a long stride—only thorough-breds, Peter, can do the business in style after all;—blood, bone and bottom—nothing like the descendants of the Godolphin Arab.

The wayside inns of staid Scotland will not bear comparison with those of merry England. There you see them smiling, with their trellised gables, low windows, and overhanging eaves all a-twitter with swallows, a little way off the road, behind a fine tree, palisaded in the front circle,—

“In winter, shelter, and in summer, shade.”

The porch is bloomy; and the privet hedge running along the low wall, does not shut out a culinary garden, deficient neither in flowers nor in fruits, with a bower at the end of the main gravel-walk, where, at tea or toddy, in love or friendship, you may sit, “the world forgetting, by the world forgot;” or take an occasional peep at the various arrivals. Right opposite, on entering, you see the bar,—and that pretty bar-maid, she is the landlord’s daughter. “The parlour on the left, sir, if you please,” says a silver voice, with a sweet southern—that is, English accent—so captivating to every Scotchman’s ear—and before you have had time to read the pastoral poem on the paper that gives the

parlour walls their cheerful character, the same pretty creature comes trippingly in with her snooded hair comb surmounted, and having placed you a chair, begins to wipe the table, already dustless as the mirror in which she takes a glance at her shadow, as you take a gaze on her substance; and having heard your sovereign will and pleasure expressed with all the respectful tenderness of a subject, retires with a curtsy,—and leaves you stroking your chin, in a mood of undefinable satisfaction with her, with yourself, and with all the world.

Clovenford is not exactly such a wayside inn; but the accommodation of all kinds is excellent—bed, board, and washing—and he who cannot make himself comfortable here, as we now are doing, cannot have a calm conscience. There is nothing particular to look at outdoors; some stabling—a cottage that seems a shop, where you may buy snuff and sweeties; fields with hedges and gates, over one of which a long-nosed mare, with a foal at her foot (an early production) is now whinnying after Priam or Rufus; a good bit off, trees among which the high-road disappears; and, at about a mile’s distance hills, some of them wooded, under the line of which, you would know, without being told it, from a dim-blue sort of mysterious aerial haze, must be flowing a river—and what river can it be but the—TWEED?

Helen! do you know that you are a very bonny lass? a commonplace, perhaps inappropriate, but popular expression and one that rarely if ever gives, offence; though sometimes they may strive to look sulky, and answer you by silence. But, Helen is comely, and a most obliging creature. There is a mild modesty about Helen, that makes it pleasant to be waited on by her; and though she is never in a hurry, it is surprising what she puts through her hands. We have known her attending, by her single self, on three tables, each, of course, in a different parlour, one at each end, and one in the middle of the *trans*, and yet she never seemed missing from your elbow. Helen keeps her eyes (hazel) perpetually on the watch; and you never need to ask for an article. Pepper, mustard, or ketchup—bread,

butter, or some more gravy—what you will—but wish for it—and she presents it to you with a smile—not right and rough over your shoulder—as is the use and wont of some nymphs in Arcadia—but standing near, not close, in an attitude at once affectionate and respectful—and more of the former—at least so it has sometimes seemed to us—the more elderly you are—if not absolutely old—and then she treats you with reverence. Not a word had we breathed about breakfast—yet here comes the daughter of Leda with the tray.

We read in her eyes a vivid remembrance of this very same morning, of the very same month, last spring. All the intermediate year is by us too forgotten; and it would require much metaphysical subtlety to analyse our feelings compounded of the Past and Present, so as to form a new Tense. The Then and the Now are coexistent; and slightly tinged too with a colouring of the When. We are conscious of a was-is-and-to-be-ish emotion on looking at those four eggs, evidently new-laid, those four penny loaves in close cohesion with their anburn crusts—that plateful of wet, and that rack of dry toast—and above all, that pound of butter. Nor is jam nor jelly not causative, each in its own degree, of our composite spiritual state; nor that ham. The stroup of the tea-pot alone seems changed—it having met with an accident that serves to dissolve the doubtful identity of the Two-times-in-one, and to restore memory to her seat of office, which had thus been usurped by that strange faculty, Imagination.

We do not dislike, it is pretty well known, dining in company with a few friends; but, it is known but to ourselves, that we abhor any such public breakfast. 'Tis with us always a solitary meal. We should murder the man whom, in the morning, we heard munch munching, and snorting with his nose in a tea-cup, like a post-horse at the end of a stage with his head in a pail of water. There is something monstrous in the manner most men eat eggs—putting the open mouth of the shell to their own, and sucking in white and yolk at once with a shocking slobber. Alone, one can be blame-

lessly guilty of all enormities, and plump in lumps of sugar that none but an outlaw could venture on in presence of any other mortal. Tea should be like toddy—hot, strong, and sweet; and the fourth and final bowl should be toddy, with a gay gurgle of Glenlivet. An egg to the penny-loaf is the natural proportion—and after these eight, you sit more composedly, “playing at will your virgin fancies,” with the wet and dry toast which, towards the conclusion, you “lay it on thick” with jam or jelly—but mind, never—as you hope to be shaved—spread the fruit with a knife—steel or silver—but drop it on in blobs or splashes, from a table-spoon (not a tea-spoon), or in the case of thin jelly—and especially if it be white-currant—perhaps the most delicious of all—and especially if it has been what is called spoilt in the boiling—you will act wisely by letting it run off from the slowly inclined can—without any intermediate aid—directly down upon the expectant and well-buttered bun, which will then be food equal to any ever presented in Paradise by Eve to Adam.

Whoa! Now let us take a look at our tackle—Mrs Phin's. Seldom have we seen finer gut. The Gut of Gibraltar is a joke to it; gossamer coarse in comparison. This bunch of lark-winged hair-lugs has a killing look—and so have these water-mouse-bodies with wings of grey mallard. But here are the heckles that will harry the river—Professors—red and black—with brown mallard wings—dressed fine on number four kirby-bend—sharp as elegs—yet almost minute as midges. The trout that licks in one of these “wee wicked deevils” with his tongue, will rue the day he was spawned on the banks of gravel. No loops on any casting line of ours—all knots; the drop-flies—for we always use three—depending four and five inches; and the casting line itself the length of the rod to a tittle. No multiplying reel for us—in all things we love simplicity—and should we even hook a fish, with this small machine we shall prove his master. Shoot, spring, summersault, or wallop as he will, he is a dead salmon.

But the landlord's pony's at the door, with a boy to bring him back,

who is stroking the long forelock down smooth on his Roman nose, and picking out the straws till it looks quite tidy. It would not be easy to determine his colour—but, whatever it is, he is no chameleon, and keeps to it; his ears are none of the shortest, yet surely he cannot well be a mule either; and though his tail, on the contrary, be one of the shortest, yet he seems anxious to make the most of it, and has acquired a custom of switching it in a style, that if it were any thing more than a mere stump, might prove awkward to his rider in miry weather. But let us not any longer criticise the worthy animal, for, after all he is a choice article.

No—no—not in the least—not hurt in the least—yet, devil take it—landlord—you ought to be a little more particular about your stirrup-leathers. 'Tis fortunate we fell off before we had got on; for we had intended to start at full gallop—and as on making play we uniformly stand 'a ti' stirrups, had that strap broken as we were crossing the bridge, we should have spoiled the pool below for to-day's angling. Peter—you are an ingenious and dexterous old fellow—but how will you contrive to manage your breeches till his return, without braces?

'Tis about a long Scotch mile from Clovenford to the hill-top from which you get the first glimpse of the Tweed—at Ashiestiel. Ashiestiel! There it stands, half-embowered, above the bowers that here, more than anywhere else, to our eyes do indeed beautify the Tweed. It holds in kind command all the banks and braes about—with their single trees dropt here and there “in nature's careless haste,” and rich with many a stately grove overhanging the river's gleam, or within hearing of its murmurs. But the green hills behind the house are now sloping away up to the far mists that seem to be hiding mountains; and the scene, though sweet, is not without grandeur—at this dim hour, a melancholy grandeur. A few hundred yards farther on—and closed at either end with wooded hills—and cheerful along its wide flat with ploughed fields and ancient pastures—rich holm lands—with a few cottages—each standing single—and of different characters—from

the mere hut to the farm-house—and one by the water's edge seems to be the miller's—a long reach of vale, in its own serenity, is itself all one home—and of yore it was the home of—THE MAGICIAN. Here we first saw—Walter Scott. 'Twas in the summer he was writing *Marmion*. He rode with a party of us over the hills to Newark-Tower on the Yarrow—and we had some roughish galloping after the greyhounds. The Minstrel, we remember, was in at the death of the sole hare killed, and held her up, on the hill side, to us below, with an air of triumph. A young Oxonian tried in vain, on the way home, to win him to speak about poetry; but had to put up with a snatch of some old song or border ballad, chanted with a kindling eye and impassioned voice, but having no connexion either with the scene around us, or with any thing that had been passing in conversation. It seemed to us—that though far from being *absent*, in the ordinary sense of that word—his mind went and came to and fro the visionary world of the olden time, familiar with it as with this real surrounding life. In the evening, he chanted from the quarto sheets the two first cantos of *Marmion*—and with look, voice, and action, as appropriate to the spirit-stirring poetry of war, as Wordsworth's to the soul-composing poetry of peace.

Well, we shall jog up to the head of our favourite stream—not half a mile above Ashiestiel—and keep all day to a few faithful pools that never yet have deceived us—for what's the use of whipping much water, if you know the best, and are scientifically master of the “silent trade?” There, my lad—your master is going to Galashiels—so away with your curly head—but do not burst the pony. And be sure you let Peter again have his braces—for without them he is really not fit to appear in the kitchen among ladies.

Angling, in boyhood, youth, and manhood's prime, was with us a passion. Now it is an affection. The first glimpse of the water, caught at a distance, used to set our hearts a-beating, and—

“Without stop or stay down the rocky way”—

we rushed to the pastime. If we saw a villain with a creel on his back, wading waist-deep, and from the middle of the stream commanding every cranny in among the tree roots on both sides—in spite of copse or timber—we cursed and could almost have killed him; and how we guffawed when such a reprobate, at a chance time, losing his footing among the coggly and sliddery stones, with many staggers fell sprawling first back and then forwards, and finally half-choked and grievously incommoded by the belt of his emptied basket coiling round his thrapple, while the dead trouts were seen floating about with their yellow bellies, went hatless down the current, and came sneaking out at the ford like a half-drowned rat—pity that the vagabond had not gone over the waterfall—a better death than his father's, who, it was well known, was hanged for sheep-stealing at Carlisle.

Now we can look carelessly at a whole regiment of leathern-aprons, all at once in single file poaching the Tweed! the whole way from Peebles to Inverlothian. Nothing that may happen in this world now would make us lose our temper. With the utmost equanimity we can now look up to our tail-fly—both bobbers—and several yards of line, nextlicably banked, high up a tree; or on the whole concern by a sudden jerk converted into an extraordinary hair-ball, such as one reads of having been found in the stomachs of cows. The sudden breaking of our top just at the joint, which is left full of rotten wood—no knife in our pocket and no spare top in our butt—a calamity which has caused frequent suicides—from us elicits but a philosophical smile at the Vanity of Human Wishes.

There's as pretty a piece of workmanship as poor Phil ever put out of hand—light as cork, and true as steel—and such a run! Now, let us choose an irresistible leash of insects—and we lay a sovereign to a sixpence that we are fast in silver-scales before half-a-dozen throws.—Where the deuce is our book? Not in this pocket—nor this—nor this—nor this. Confound it—that is very odd—it can't surely be in our breeches—no—no—not there—curse it—that is very queer—nor in the crown of our hat—no—dang

it—that is enough to try the patience of a saint! Where the devil can it be? Not in our basket—no—and Tommy! can we, like an infernal idiot, have left our book on the breakfast-table at Clovenford?

O the born idiots of the Inn! not to see our book lying on the breakfast-table. The blind blockheads must have taken it for the family Bible. And Helen, too! not to see and send it after us by Peter on Priam! Never again, were we to dragon a miserable existence like Methusaleh's, will we have the wretched folly to come out to Clovenford! From this blasted hour we swear to give up angling for ever—and we have a mind to break into twenty thousand pieces this great, big, thick, coarse, clumsy, useless and lumbering rod!

We beseech us to look at *that*—*the take*—*the take is on*—by all that is profane, the surface of the water is crawling with noses and back-fins—scores of pounders are plunging about in all directions—and oh, Gemini! the ripple over by yonder, in the shallow water of that little greensward bottomed bay, betrays a monster. Such a day, and such an hour, and such a minute for certain slaughter—for bloody sport—never saw we with our eyes—though we have for fifty years and more been an angler. People in pulpits preach patience—blockheads in black and with bands—smooth and smug smiling sinners who never knew disappointment nor despair—nor have the souls of the poor prigs capacity to conceive such a trial as this. There they go—heads and tails—leap—leap—leaping—but no splash—for the largest dip noiselessly as the least—and we hear only a murmur.—Oh lord!

Why are not people planting potatoes somewhere in sight? Nobody dibbling in this garden. Door of the house locked—but we might walk into the byre. The fools have gone to the fair. We are deafened by eternal talk about education in Scotland—why then is there not here a school—that we might get a boy to run to Clovenford for our book? It seems especially absurd for the county to have put itself to great expense in making a turnpike road through such an uninhabited district as this. Not a soul to be seen far

as the eye can reach—nothing in the live way but sheep and rooks—and they do bleat and caw, it must be confessed, to an odious degree, and in a most disgusting manner. As to going back all the way, two Scotch—but many English miles—to Clovenford for our book—and then coming back to begin fishing about the middle of the day—when it is well known that it often unaccountably happens you may then as well angle in the Tweed for oysters—that would be madness; yet staying here without tackle is folly; and in such a dilemma, what the devil—we say again—is to be done?—*That was a horrid suggestion of the enemy!*

Heaven bless thy bright face, thou golden-headed girl! whence comest thou into this nook of earth—yes—from Fairy-Land. What? Herding cows? Well—well—child! don't be frightened—you have overheard us talking to ourselves—and perhaps think us “the strange Gentleman;” but it was a mere soliloquy—so see—here's half-a-crown—Run you to Clovenford and ask Helen for our book—our tackle-book—and you shall have another on your return—provided you are back within the hour. Never mind about the cows. We will look after them—CHRISTOPHER NORTH IN THE CHARACTER OF COWHERD—what a subject for our dear Wullie Allan! Yet did not Apollo for nine years guard the flocks of Admetus?

Why 'tis but nine now. Time enough from ten to six to crowd our creel, till the lid fly open. Many a man would have been much discomposed on such an occasion as this; but thanks to a fine natural temper, and to a philosophic and religious education, we have kept ourselves cool as a cucumber. This forgetfulness of ours is likely to prove a lucky accident after all, for hitherto there has been hardly a breath stirring, and we did not much like that glimmer on the water. True, a few fins were visible—but they were merely playing, and we question if a single snout would have taken the fly. But now the air is beginning to circulate, and to go rustling up among the thick-

budded, and here and there almost leafy trees, in little delightful whirlwinds. The sun is sobered in the mild sky by the gentle obscuration of small soft rainy or rather dewy-looking clouds; one feels the inexpressible difference between heat and warmth, in this genial temperature; and what could have been the matter with our eyes that they were blind, or with our soul that it was insensible, to that prodigal profusion of primroses embedding the banks and braes with beauty, in good time to be succeeded by the yet brighter broom!

“Come, gentle Spring, ethereal mildness,
come,
And from the bosom of yon dropping
cloud,
While music wakes around, veil'd in a
shower
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend!”

There is no possibility, surely, of her not bringing the Book? No—no. She will bring it; for the creature, as she stood a-tiptoe, ere away she flew, was an impersonation of that divine line in Collins,

“And Hope, enchanted, smiled, and waved
her golden hair!”

We begin not to care whether she bring the Book or not. Reconciliation sweet is breathed over our vacant leisure by the balm of these budding woods—these “hanging shaws”—is warbled over it by the mingling melodies—how various, yet all accordant—we surely may call it harmony—of an unseen wonderful multitude of amorous birds. We shut our eyes for a moment, and scarcely can support the music—'tis so thick with joy.

“For love is heaven, and heaven is
love.”

We hope, from the bottom of our souls, that she will not bring the Book. We trust we have lost it—that it hobbled out of our pocket over that pretty dear little bridge. Should she unfortunately find it, it may lure us away from our vernal meditations, and much profound poetry be lost to the world. The Advent of Spring!

Oh! gracious Power! for thy beloved approach
The expecting Earth lay wrapt in kindling smiles
Struggling with tears, and often overcome.

A blessing sent before thee from the heavens,
 A balmy spirit breathing tenderness,
 Prepared thy way, and all created things
 Felt that the Angel of Delight was near.
 Thou cam'st at last, and such a heavenly smile
 Shone round thee, as besem'd the eldest-born
 Of Nature's guardian spirits. The great Sun,
 Scattering the clouds with a resistless smile,
 Came forth to do thee homage; a sweet hymn
 Was by the low winds chanted in the sky;
 And when thy feet descended on the Earth,
 Scarce could they move amid the clustering flowers
 By Nature strewn o'er valley, hill, and field,
 To hail her blest deliverer! Ye fair trees,
 How are ye changed, and changing while I gaze!
 It seems as if some gleam of verdant light
 Fell on you from a rainbow! but it lives
 Amid your tendrils, bright'ning every hour
 Into a deeper radiance. Ye sweet birds,
 Were you asleep through all the wintry hours,
 Beneath the waters, or in mossy caves?
 There are, 'tis said, birds that pursue the Spring
 Where'er she flies, or else in death-like sleep
 Abide her annual reign, when forth they come
 With freshen'd plumage and enraptured song,
 As ye do now, unwearied choristers,
 Till the land ring with joy. Yet are ye not,
 Sporting in tree and air, more beautiful
 Than the young lambs, that from the valley-side
 Send a soft bleating like an infant's voice,
 Half happy, half afraid! O blessed things!
 At sight of this your perfect innocence,
 The sterner thoughts of manhood melt away
 Into a mood as mild as woman's dreams.
 The strife of working intellect, the stir
 Of hopes ambitious; the disturbing sound
 Of fame, and all that worshipp'd pageantry,
 That ardent spirits burn for in their pride,
 Fly like departing clouds, and leave the soul
 Pure and serene as the blue depths of heaven.

Mortal man in this world must either make a merit of necessity, and so succumb to his lot, however severe the suffering or bitter the disappointment—or he must reconcile himself to it, as we have done now, by calling to his aid the power of Poetry, Philosophy, and Religion. Shall we take a swim? The cow-herdess might surprise us in the pool, and swarf with fear at sight of the water-kelpy.

“A dream of old, born of that sudden smile
 Of watery sunshine, comes across our brain.”

Twenty years ago—at two o'clock of a summer morning, we left the school-house at Dalmally, where we were lodging, and walked up Glenorchy—fourteen miles long—to Inveruren.

On the banks of that fishy loch we stood, eyeing the sunshine beautifully warming the breezy dark moss-water. We unscrewed the brass head of our walking-cane, to convert it into a rod; when, lo! the hollow was full of emptiness! We had disembowelled it the evening before, and left all the pieces on the chest of drawers in our bedroom! This was as bad as being without our Book. The dizziness in our head was as if the earth had dwindled down to the size of the mere spot on which we stood, but still kept moving as before at the same rate, on its own axis, and round the sun. On recovering our stationary equilibrium, we put our pocket-pistol to our head, and blew out its brains into our mouth—in the liquid character of Glenlivet. Then down the

glen we bounded like a deer belling in his season, and by half-past seven were in the school-house. We said nothing—not that we were either sullen or sulky; but stern resolution compressed our lips, which opened but to swallow a few small loaves and fishes—and having performed twenty-eight miles, we started again for the Loch. At eleven—for we took our swing easily and steadily—our five flies were on the water. By sunset we had killed twenty dozen—none above a pound—and by far the greater number about a quarter—but the *tout-ensemble* was imposing—and the weight could not have been short of five stone. We filled both creels, (one used for salmon,) bag, and pillow-slip, and all the pockets about our person—and at first peep of the evening star went our ways again down the glen towards Dalnally. We reached the school-house “ae wee short hour ayont the twal,” having been on our legs almost all the four-and-twenty hours, and for eight up to the waist in water—distance walked, fifty-six miles—trouts killed, twenty dozen and odd—and weight carried

“ At the close of the day, when the hamlet was still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness proved,”

certainly seventy pounds for fourteen miles; and if the tale be not true, may May-day miss Maga.

And, now, alas! we could not hobble for our book from the holms of Ashiestiel to Clovenford!

“ Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis.”

Not that we look much amiss—in our own eyes—yet; and here is a mirror. ’Tis a *low* place this,—nearly encircled with trees,—and the river winds about so, and parts into such sweet perplexing streamlets, that we might almost suppose we were on a little island. Aye, here is a glass, magical as that in which the Italian wizard shewed Lord Surrey his faithful Geraldine. No,—’tis no female form—’tis not the ladye of his love—but Christopher himself in all his glory—rod in one hand, and crutch in the other—crutch being fitted up as a landing-net. What a pleasing reflection! Wordsworth, like a true seer, by anticipation painted the picture:—

“ In a deep pool, by happy choice we saw
A two-fold image: on a grassy bank
A SNOW WHITE RAM; and in the crystal flood
Another and the same! Most beautiful,
On the green turf, with his imperial front
Shaggy and bold, and wreathed horns superb.
The breathing creature stood; as beautiful
Beneath him shewed his shadowy counterpart.
Each had his glowing mountain, each his sky,
And each seemed centre of his own fair world:
Antipodes unconscious of each other;
Yet, in partition, with their several spheres,
Blended in perfect stillness to our sight.
Ah! what a pity were it to disperse,
Or to disturb, so fair a spectacle,
And yet a breath can do it!”

The similitude is perfect, all but the horns.

’Twas long believed by the whole old women of the noisy world that Wordsworth was no poet—and by a part of them that the moon was made of green cheese. But the dwellers in the world that is “silent and divine,” all knew that the Bard was from heaven on a mission; and to the eyes of all whose “visual

nerve has been purged with rue and euphrasy,” he has for ever beautified the “light of common day,” rendered the “beauty still more beautiful,” and given glimpses “of something far more deeply interfused,” which we may see in all its native glory in a higher state of Being.

But here comes Iris, with our Book in her bosom. She espies us, and holding it up above “her beau-

tiful and shining golden head," it seems to our ears as if the kind creature were singing a song.

Now, Mary—we knew your name was Mary, the moment we saw you—Mary Riddle—we ken you sing—sae gie's a sang, my bonnie bit wee winsome lassie—while we are rummaging our Book—But what's the matter? What's the matter? "O sir, you've no been leukin' after the kye—for, mercy me! there's three o' the twa-year-auld Hielan' nowt gotten into the garden. O Sir! you're a bad herd!"

Mary Riddle has soon cleared the garden of kye and nowt, and beg-

ging pardon for "haen' sae far forgotten hersel', as to speak sae rudely to sae kind an auld gentleman," offers "to do her best at a sang." "She sings"—she says—"to auld tunes, or natural tunes o' her ain like, the maist feck o' Gilfillan's sangs—him that leeves in Leith, and that's reckoned a bonny writer a' owre this part o' the kintre." We are glad to hear from Mary Riddle, that our ingenious friend Gilfillan's songs are so popular among the pastoral dwellers on the banks of the Tweed, the Ettrick, and the Yarrow, and ask for "Mary's Bower."

MARY'S BOWER.

Set to an original melody by Peter MacLeod, and sung by Mary Riddle, on the Holms of Ashiestiel, to CHRISTOPHER NORTH, April 23, 1833.

The mavis sings on Mary's bower,
The lav'rock in the sky;
An' a' is fair round Mary's bower,
An' a' aboon is joy!
But sad's the gloom in Mary's bower,
Though a' without be gay;
Nae music comes to greet the morn,
Nae smile to glad the day.

Her lover left young Mary's bower,
His ship has crossed the main;
There's wae fu' news in Mary's bower,
He ne'er returns again.
A breaking heart's in Mary's bower,
A wasting form is there;
The glance has left that e'e sae blue,
The rose that cheek sae fair.

The mavis flees frae Mary's bower,
The lav'rock quits the sky;
An' simmer sighs o'er Mary's bower,
For coming winter's nigh.
The snaw fa's white on Mary's bower,
The tempests loudly rave;
The flowers that bloomed round Mary's bower
Now wither on her grave!

Sung like a lintie! And you tell us, Mary, you are eleven years old come Midsummer—that your parents are both dead—and that you do not remember having seen their faces—and that you have neither brother nor sisters—nor any blood relations, except some "distant

coosins that dinna leeve in this pairt"—and that you are "as happy as the day is lang"—for that "the puirest creature is aye safe in the haum o' God." "Now you maun gie us another bit sangie—but let it be a cheerfu' lilt." "What say ye, sir, to 'Janet and Me?'"

JANET AN' ME.

Tune—"I'd rather hae a piece than a kiss o' my Joe."

Sung by ditto—to ditto—at ditto—on ditto.

O, wha are sae happy as me an' my Janet?
 O, wha are sae happy as Janet an' me?
 We're baith turning auld, an' our walth is soon tauld,
 But contentment ye'll find in our cottage sae wee.
 She spins the lang day when I'm out wi' the owsen,
 She croons i' the house while I sing at the plough;
 And aye her blythe smile walcomes me frae my toil,
 As up the lang glen I come wearied, I trow!

When I'm at the Beuk she is mending the cleadin',
 She's darnin' the stockings when I sole the shoon;
 Our cracks keeps us cheery—we work till we're weary,
 An' syne we sup sowans when ance we are done.
 She's bakin' a scon while I'm smokin' my cutty,
 When I'm i' the stable she's milkin' the kye;
 I envy not kings, when the gloamin' time brings
 The canty fireside to my Janet an' I!

Aboon our auld heads we've a decent clay biggin',
 That keeps out the cauld when the simmer's awa;
 We've twa wabs o' linen o' Janet's ain spinnin',
 As thick as dog-lugs, an' as white as the snaw!
 We've a kebbuck or twa, an' some meal i' the girnel,
 Yon sow is our ain that plays grumph at the door;
 An' *something*, I've guess'd, 's in yon auld painted kist,
 That Janet, fell bodie, 's laid up to the fore!

Nae doubt, we haen our ain sorrows and troubles,
 Aften times pouches toom, an' hearts fu' o' care;
 But still, wi' our crosses, our sorrows an' losses,
 Contentment, be thankit, has aye been our share!
 I've an auld roosty sword, that was left by my father,
 Whilk ne'er shall be drawn till our king has a fae;
 We hae friends ane or twa, that aft gie us a ca',
 To laugh when we're happy, or grieve when we're wae.

The laird may hae gowd mair than schoolmen can reckon,
 An' flunkies to watch ilka glance o' his e'e;
 His lady, aye braw, may sit in her ha',
 But are they mair happy than Janet an' me?
 A' ye, wha ne'er ken't the straught road to be happy,
 Wha are na content wi' the lot that ye dee,
 Come down to the dwallin' of whilk I've been tellin',
 Ye'se learn't, by lookin' at Janet an' me!

Allan Ramsay—Robert Fergusson
 —Robert Burns—James Hogg—Al-
 lan Cunningham—Robert Tanna-
 hill—Robert Gilfillan—when did the
 air of merry England ring with the
 warblings of such sky-larks as these?
 Born were they all "in huts where
 poor men lie"—and then in the olden

time, to how many gifted sons of ge-
 nius

Did Nature give her music pipes,
 And her sweet trumping strains?"

Charles Lamb ought really not to
 abuse Scotland in the pleasant way
 he so often does in the sylvan

shades of Enfield; for Scotland loves Charles Lamb; but he is wayward and wilful in his wisdom, and conceits that many a Cockney is a better man even than Christopher North. But what will not Christopher forgive to genius and goodness? Even Lamb bleating libels on his native land. Nay,

he learns lessons of humanity, even from the mild malice of Elia, and breathes a blessing on him and his household in their Bower of Rest.

Why—Mary—we do sometimes attempt such a thing—and we cannot refuse thee—so here goes Gilfillan's "Jean Pringle."

PITY THE LADS THAT ARE FREE,

Tune.—"*I hae a wife o' my ain.*"

Sung on Tweedside by Christopher North to Mary Riddle, April 23, 1833.

Pity the lads that are free,
Pity the chieils that are single;
For gude sake! tak pity on me,
I'm teased night an' day wi' Jean Pringle.
For lasses I carena a preen,
My heart's my ain an' I'm cheery,
An', were't nae for that cutty Jean,
I'd sleep as soun' as a peerie!

What's beauty!—it a' lies in taste!
For nane o't wad I gie a bodle!
But hers, hauntin' me like a ghaist,
Is whiles like to turn my noddle!
She's wooers—but what's that to me?
They're walcome to dance a' about her;
Yet I like na her smilin' sae slee
To lang Sandy Lingles the souter!

Yestreen I cam in frae the plew,
The lasses were a' busy spinnin';
I stoitered as if I'd been fou,
For Jeanie a sang was beginnin'.
I hae heard fifty maids sing,
Whiles ane, an' whiles a' thegither;
But nane did the starting tears bring
Till she sung the "Braes of Balquhither."

Last Sunday, when gaun to the kirk,
I met wi' my auld aunty Beenie;
I looked as stupid's a stirk
When simply she said—"How is Jeanie?"
An' at e'en, when I, wi' the rest,
Was carritched baith Larger an' Single,
When speered—Wham we suld like best?
I stammered out—"Young Jeanie Pringle!"

Last ouk I gaed in to the fair,
To wair out my Hallowmas guinea;
When wha suld I fa' in wi' there,
A' dinkit out finely—but Jeanie;
I couldna gang by her for shame,
I couldna but speak, else be saucy,
Sae I had to oter her hame,
An' buy a silk snood to the lassie.
It's no but she's baith gude an' fair,
It's no but she's winsome an' bonnie;

Her een, glancing 'neath gowden hair,
 Are brighter, I daursay, than ony.
 But pawkie een's naething to me,
 O' gowd locks I want nae the straikin';
 Folk speak about love—but they'll see,
 For ance, by my faith! they're mistaken.

I promised the lasses a spree,
 I promised the lads a paradin',
 I canna weel hae't—let me see—
 Unless I get up a bit waddin'.
 I think I'll send ower for the clark,
 He might cry us out the neist Sunday;
 It's winter—we're nae thrang at wark,
 Sae I think I'll just marry 'gin Monday!

Mary Riddle—you shall have sent to you from Edinburgh—bound in red—with a green silk ribbon in it—to mark the chapter where you left off—a Bible. We know you have one of your own—but 'tis much worn—the brown binding is tatter'd and worm-eaten—the pages very yellow—and some words at many places so indistinct that even your eyes cannot easily make them out in the gloaming, or by the flickering peat-light. We need not bid you read the Bible often now—but continue to do so when you grow up—and should days pass by without your looking into it, remember the old man whose name you will see written along with your own on one of the blank pages, and who will then be in his grave. Think you hear his voice saying, "Mary

Riddle, have you forgotten our advice below the trees on Tweedside?" Nay—Mary—we wished not to set you aweeping; and, along with the Bible, will come some yards of dimity for a gown for the braes, and some of a better sort, plain, but pretty, for your dress on the Sabbath. And perhaps a trifle or two beside—such as some pink ribbons, and a silk handkerchief or two—which, with care, may last till you are a maiden with a sweetheart. But part we must not, till you even give us another song. So wipe your eyes—aye, the sleeve of your gown will do—and as there is nothing like being happy—hear the birds—let's have again something gay of Gilfillan's—say "Young Willie, the Ploughman."

YOUNG WILLIE, THE PLOUGHMAN.

Tune—"Bonnie Dundee."

Sung by Mary Riddle, on Tweedside, to Christopher North, April 23, 1833.

Young Willie, the ploughman, has nae land nor siller
 An' yet the blythe callant's as crouse as a king;
 He courts his ain lass, an' he sings a sang till her,
 Tak tent an' ye'se hear what the laddie does sing:—
 "O! Jenny, to tell that I loe you 'fore ony,
 Wad need finer words than I've gatten to tell!
 Nor need I say to ye, Ye're winsome and bonnie,—
 I'm thinkin' ye ken that fu' brawly yoursel'!

"I've courted ye lang—do ye hear what I'm telling?—
 I've courted you, thinkin' ye yet wad be mine;
 And if we suld marry wi' only ae shilling,
 At the warst, only ae shilling, Jenny, we'se tinc.
 But love doesna aye lie in gowpens o' guineas,
 Nor happiness dwell whar the coffers are fu';
 As muckle we'll surely aye gather atween us,
 That want ne'er sal meet us, nor mis'ry pursue.

"The chieles that are christened to riches an' grandeur,
 Ken nought o' the pleasure that hard labour brings;
 What in idleness comes, they in idleness squander,
 While the lab'ring man toils a' the lang day and sings!
 Then why suld we envy the great an' the noble?
 The *thocht* is a kingdom—it's ours what we hae!
 A boast that repays us for sair wark an' trouble;
 'I've earned it!' is mair than a monarch can say.

"The green buds now peep through the auld runckled timmer,
 The sun, at a breath, drinks the hale morning dew,
 An' nature is glad at the comin' o' simmer,
 As glad as I'm aye at the smiling o' you!
 The flowers are a' springing, the birds are a' singing,
 And beauty and pleasure are wooin' the plain;
 Then let us employ it, while we may enjoy it,
 The simmer o' life, Jenny, comes na again!"

"Good Mary Riddle—good be wi' you;"—away she trips—and we feel the pathos of these two lines of Wordsworth,

"E'er she had wept, e'er she had mourned,
 A young and happy child."

There we have him—at the Tail-Fly. My eye! but he's a bouncer. Why, he springs like a whiting. Hooked by the dorsal fin. Then 'tis a ten minutes' job—and where shall we land him—for the bank is lined with trees—celebrated by the name of "The Grenadiers,"—and he knows better than to stem the current? Shall we *in*? A fifteen feet rod is nothing to our right arm—(*biceps* fourteen inches), and under our left *exter* the crutch. The landing-net won't be much the worse for a rub on the gravel. So here't goes. Pretty chill—for there is yet in the river some "sna'-broo." Na! na! You think of stealing a march on us by a double—do you? But Christopher's wide awake—and has wound up a dozen yards in a jiffey, so he has you hard in hand—and if you do not "tak tent" of what you're about, he will run you right ashore, high and dry, on the silver sand, where you will wallop about till you seem basted for the frying-pan. Avast! or you will upset us by running between our legs—fair play's a jewel. Off at a right angle like a shot. What! You have made up your mind to dash in among the intertwistment of those muddy old roots? But you should have tried that earlier in your caréer; for there—there, my darling—we give you the *buff* till your hog-back is seen above

the water, and you look like a hulk that has dropt anchor. Why don't you keep moving? Aye—we thought 'twou'd be so—floundering down the stream you go, like a child drowning—and you must know now that your days are numbered. Poor fellow! he has lost heart, and we almost pity him—we have about as much pity for him as would "fill a wren's eye"—so this way again, if you please—aye, that's the way—swimming against the stream's not so difficult as you thought—near the edge in smooth water—come away, my jewel—the transparent fluid's not much more than your own depth now—why, wriggling so, you seem more like a serpent than a trout—but now you have lain down to take a nap—and we shall lift you up so gently in our landing-net, which in another capacity has settled the hash of many a larger lubber, that you will slip away through your slumbers into the unsubstantial flowing of the piscatory paradise provided for all fishes that have led a tolerably honest life in the troubled waters of this sublunary world.

You seldom kill such a trout as that in the Tweed with the fly. The truth is, he had no intention of taking it. But 'tis perilous at times rashly to rub shoulders with a professor. The minnow is your bait for monst'ers. But we are not a great master of minnow—and we abhor worm. There is cruelty in worm, and also in minnow—and we are not cruel. As for this two-pounder, (he is not nearly three,) what has he suffered? A struggle—"a sleep—and a forgetting"—to end—but of that he could

have no prefigured idea—in a fry. We have endured more anguish—mental and bodily—in one minute—than all he ever did during his whole life—the last quarter of an hour included; and we have our doubts whether even then his state was not that of enviable enjoyment. It was at least far from being one of *ennui*; all his energies were called into active play; the alternations of fear and hope, in all cases where, as in this, hope is the prevailing passion, yield more pleasure than pain; and many millions of men, struggling against the stream as desperately as he did, and yielding to it more reluctantly, whether with happier or as disastrous issue, would laugh in your face were you to call them miserable, and set you down in their turmoil for a prodigious ninny.

Out of this long pool we have many a day creeled two dozen—and there would seem to be a law prohibiting any trout from gaining a settlement in the parish under ten inches. There are no paupers—except, indeed, upon the principle that all paupers are well fed—but we believe few of the population are out of employment. Here is an Alderman. And here the Dean of Guild. By and by we shall have basketed the whole Corporation. Yet you cannot call them fat. Red about the gills they are; but that in a fish is a proof of temperance—that they drink nothing but water. Small heads—round shoulders—thick waists—tapering tails—so elegant—that, but for brown back and yellow belly, you might think them small salmon.

“A brace of trouts!” You might as well speak of a brace of herrings. Yet there are noble trout in your English rivers. We do not mean in the North of England—for that, to all intents and purposes, is Scotland—but all over England. But in still-water preserves, what with gross feeding, and what with gross indolence, they lose all vigour, and make about as much play as logs of wood of the same dimensions. We remember once borrowing a pin and a bit of pack-thread from an old woman who was sweeping the gravel walks in the beautiful grounds of Hagley; and having stolen a worm, we pitched it on the crooked brass

before the nose of a fine-looking fellow, who was slowly sailing about near the edge of a sort of shallow artificial lakelet. He took it as kindly as Don Key would have taken a mouthful of calipash; and began to shift his quarters towards some weeds, which we presume were meant for an island. With the feeblest inclination of our wrist possible, we deflected him from his first intention; but found it no easy matter either to persuade or convince him that he was pin’d; and when he did begin to suspect that something was amiss with his mouth, even then he waddled away more like a broken-winged duck than a trout in the “policy” of a British nobleman. In the Tweed—even when low—he would have been beaten to mummy against the stones in five minutes—but only think of him in a—spate! Yet his colour was pretty good—nor were his proportions to be sneezed at; he was manifestly of a good strain of spawn—but that lazy life had melted the very soul within him, and he was as tedious as a toad. The pack-thread could hardly have spun a cock-chaffer; and yet it brought him to shore without stretching; there he lay, gasping in his fatness, *half a brace*; and looking at him, not without pity, we thought, not without contempt, of the Cockneys.

But of your true London anglers, we have always held and said that they are at the top of the tree. They have trained themselves up to the utmost fineness and delicacy of execution, and in shyest water, where no brother of the angle in all Scotland could move a fin, they will kill fish. Their tackle, of course, is of the most exquisite and scientific kind—their entire set-out at the river’s edge perfect. We should not presume to throw a fly with the least celebrated proficient of the Walton Club. That we have been elected an Honorary Member of that Society, true it is that we are most proud; but ashamed are we to think, that, from an inevitable confusion and misunderstanding at the time we received the Secretary’s letter, communicating to us the pleasant intelligence, it remains, as too many others do from the most respected quarters, without acknowledgment; and per-

haps our name is no longer on the list. Should it be so, we shall lament it as a misfortune all our life; but hope it may not be too late yet to make amends for our seeming ingratitude, and remain or become one of that band of brothers.

Were any body to ask us which is the best trouting river in Scotland, we should say the Tweed. Many anglers—as good and better than us—would say the Clyde. We so dearly love the Tweed, that we may pronounce judgment under a bias. Both rivers are full of fish. We have known two hundred dozen net-drawn in about a hundred yards of the Clyde in one night—nor was the angling on the very same ground one whit the worse a week after—which was strange—for the trout-population are not of wandering habits, and they sleep where they feed. Therefore either those prodigious draughts had not *thinned* their numbers, or if they had, that one long pool had been speedily repeopled by emigration from many other parts of the river. We have *burned* the Tweed; and when looking for salmon with the lister, we have often seen such immense multitudes of trouts, that were we to describe them, we should be suspected of romancing; yet we are confident we speak within bounds, when we say that we have seen *several thousand* all gathered together in deep water—for what purpose it is not easy to conjecture—as it were in one knot—as numerous as any shoal of minnows—we had almost said as powheads in a ditch. There they were floating—hanging almost motionless—with their heads towards a common centre—in a circular mass several feet deep, and at least two yards in diameter of surface. Could they all belong to that one pool? Or were they deputations of the silent people from all the pools, celebrating some great national commemoration? We are inclined to believe that they were all inhabitants, perhaps natives of that one long stretch of rarest breeding and richest feeding ground, the most prolific and opulent perhaps of all the Ellic-bank woods. Nor, after all, does this prodigious populousness of the modern trout nations in the Tweed, exceed what might have been expected by any man who has stood in almost any one of its streams, during

a shower of March Browns. A few minutes before, you had no reason from what you saw to conclude that there were any more trouts in the Tweed than on the highroad along the banks. All at once the whole river is alive—and they are leaping between your legs. We are losing the best of the day in thus sitting on a knowe and soliloquizing; but we see two anglers' flogging the floods below, so shall remain a while longer on our hurdies like a colley.

In the appendix to Edward Jesse's delightful "*Gleanings in Natural History*," which we had the sense to put in our pocket this morning, we find here a facetious and clever paper, entitled "*Maxims and Hints for an Angler, by a Bungler*." We suspect he is in his way a Dab—a Deacon in the Art. Many of his maxims shew what a very different kind of affair angling is in England and in Scotland. The first question to be settled, he says, is, "are there any fish in the river to which you are going?" Now a river in Scotland without any fish would indeed be a phenomenon which could be accounted for only on the ground of its being without any water. Yet there are many lochs in Scotland without fish—witness the Moor of Leckan, in Argyleshire. That wide moor is full of lochs—some of them with trout, and fine trout too—some finless; and nothing can be more puzzling than to know how long a prudent but ignorant man should continue at work on one of those lochs, without having got a rise. Perhaps had he waited one minute longer, he might have filled his basket with spangled spankers; perhaps caught nothing beyond a frog, had he persisted till doomsday. We spent a whole day in going from loch to loch with a drunken and doited mole-catcher, who had the character of being in the art a perfect Cotton; but on taking a look at each particular loch, (tarns,) he was still at an equal loss to say whether it had fish, or simply frogs.

The ingenious "*Bungler*," in his second maxim, advises his friends to "get some person who knows the water, to shew you whereabouts the fish usually lie; and when he shews them to you, do not shew yourself to them." In many angling places

round about London, and elsewhere in the South, such a person is useful to the uninitiated; but what should we think of the wight who employed worthy Watty Ritchie of Peebles, for example, to shew him where the fish usually lie in the Tweed? Nay, to shew him the very fish themselves, as plain as if they were on a plate or in a pan. Pools there are of peculiar opulence, but the population is pretty equally distributed here; and any man with half an eye in his head can see for himself which are the most promising, and in what particular part the fish are likely to lie. As for seeing the animals themselves, if there be a "blue breeze," you might with magnifiers "pore on the brook that bubbles by," from "morn till dewy eve," without seeing any thing more animated than stones and gravel. As for the fish seeing you, there is no sense to be sure in stamping along the banks within an inch of the brink; but at a moderate distance, and in a right position with respect to the sun, there is no risk of your being seen; nor, were you seen, would a Tweed trout care a pin about you, unless you had a very uncommon appearance indeed, and were something truly terrific.

From another maxim, it would appear that the fish in some rivers about London lead a life of perpetual unhappiness and anxiety. "Do not imagine that because a fish does not instantly dart off on first seeing you, he is the less aware of your presence; he almost always on such occasions ceases to feed, and pays you the compliment of devoting his whole attention to you, whilst he is preparing for a start whenever the apprehended danger becomes sufficiently imminent." This lively maxim gives us melancholy insight into most English angling. We see clear, still water, and at the bottom a trout. He is "alone in his glory," and the glutton is at dinner—on what—it is not said; but probably on slugs. All the while he is nuzzling in the mud, his mind is abstracted by being, in self-defence, under the necessity of keeping an eye on the "gentleman in black;" and both parties—he who is always over head and ears in water, and he who is but occasionally so—are attempting to take every advantage of each other, by means of a system

of mutual espionage, which ought not to be tolerated in a free country. How any fish, liable at all times of the day, in any thing like fine weather, to such unprovoked persecution, can get fat, surpasses our comprehension, and would seem to argue much obtuseness of feeling; but we find that his perceptive, emotive, and locomotive powers, are all of the highest order; and that his perspicacity in seeing danger, and his alacrity in escaping it, are such as, on the principles of the inductive philosophy, could only have been acquired by a perpetual course of such active exercise as must, in the ordinary course of nature, have kept him in a state of lankness, equal to that of Pharaoh's lean kine, or Mr Elwes's greyhounds.

"If," says our excellent 'Bungler,' "during your walks by the river-side, you have remarked any good fish, it is fair to presume that other persons have marked them also; suppose the case of *two well-known fish*, one of them (which I will call A), lying above a certain bridge, the other (which I will call B) lying below the bridge; suppose farther, that you have just caught B, and that some curious and cunning friend should say to you, in a careless way, 'Where did you take that fine fish?' A *finished fisherman* would advise you to tell your enquiring friend that you had taken your fish just *above* the bridge, describing, as the scene of action, the spot which, in truth, you knew to be still occupied by the other fish A. Your friend would then fish no more for A, supposing that to be the fish which you have caught; and whilst he innocently resumes his operations below the bridge, where he falsely imagines B still to be, A is left quietly for you, if you can catch him."

Here the whole meanness, wretchedness, misery, wickedness, vice, guilt, and sin of the system are brought out in one maxim. Hiring a spy to shew you a fish at his dinner, that you may steal upon him in shadow and murder him at his maggot, by luring him to prey on poisoned food, is conduct that admits only of this extenuation, that the fish is himself such a suspicious and dangerous character, that ten to one he con-

trives not merely to elude your piscicidal arts, but to outwit you at your own game, by homicidally causing you by a false step to get yourself drowned in the river;—but to murder one out of two well-known fish (*videlicet* B, him who used to lie below the bridge) and then, that nobody but yourself shall murder the remaining half-brace of the two well-known fish (*videlicet* A, him who is still lying above the bridge), to play to your friend the part, not only of a finished fisherman, but of a finished liar—exhibits—we must say—to our uncorrupted mind, such a picture of complicated villany, that we do not hesitate for a moment indignantly to declare, that the fiend in human shape, who could not only perpetrate such enormities, but instigate and instruct the angling youth of England to imitate, and perhaps surpass them (no—that is impossible in nature), deserves—not no longer to be permitted to exist on the surface of our globe—certainly to be cut off, by ban of excommunication, from Fire and Water.

Yet is the fickle enmity of the sin-lunk in the inconceivable silliness of the system. Two well-known fish! One above and the other below the bridge, and all the available village occupied during a whole season in attempting to entrap the two first capital letters of the alphabet, A and B!

But what comes here? We call that poaching, cross-fishing with the double-rod. Our good friend the “Bungler,” in *maxim* xviii, says the learned are much divided in opinion as to the propriety of “whipping with two flies.” Now, here come a couple of unconscionable Edinburgh cockneys whipping with forty. Human nature cannot stand that—incipient convulsions are in our midriff. The conceited coofs had heard of the double rod from Maule or Goldie, or some other top-sawyers, and they too must try it! From opposite stances they regard each other with mutual and equal anxiety, as to the movements and measures most likely to be next carried into immediate effect by the perplexed brethren of the braes. The imitative being a strong instinctive principle in human nature, (also in more mere ani-

mals than is generally thought—for there are others almost as much so as the monkey and the penguin,) do take notice—we beseech us—how, the moment one begins to attempt to wind up, the other is working at his reel too, like a Jew at a barrel-organ. No line could stand that, were the machinery brought into actual play; but great impediments have been encountered—for does it seem probable—judging from the posture of affairs—that for some time they will be overcome by the gentlemen of the opposition. They are shouting across one of the widest pools keen complaints of some fishing-tackle-monger in London—for our choicest Edinburgh cockneys get every thing “from town.” “Of course,” they have been diddled; and the machinery is at a stand-still. Perhaps ’tis better so, than that both lines should have been broken on the wheel. Meanwhile all the forty flies are flying in the air—and even at this distance, we see they are a strange set. Not a few are larger than humming-birds—many are manifestly sea-trout-flies, gay but not gaudy—and (oh! grant gracious heaven that we do not split!) what possible contrivances can those others be that are dangling among the insects? Artificial minnows! by *Dædalus*!

That is merciful. But those—yes, they are—those are real worms, and very large worms too—so much so, that we thought they were eels. Cross-fishing with the double-rod by a couple of Edinburgh Cockneys, evidently belonging to no particular profession—the line laden with salmon flies, artificial minnows, and natural worms! We experience considerable curiosity to observe the effect of a sudden descent of all that furniture into the liquid element. There! now we call that making a splash. Fish are easily alarmed; but they soon recover from an ordinary fright, and do not remain all day beneath a bank, because they had the misfortune of catching a gruesome glimpse of your countenance pretty early in the morning. Out of sight out of mind—you seldom for more than a few minutes disturb their tranquillity by merely looking at them; but the effect of a splash of this sort is more lasting; for on venturing from their various places of retreat to in-

spect warily the cause of their uneasiness, they are "perplexed in the extreme," and of "their wondering find no end,"—above all at the artificial minnows. What they can be, the wisest trout cannot hazard a conjecture, but doubts not that they must be very dangerous; salmon flies, it is true, they have all frequently seen before, but not behaving as they now do, and they too are shrewdly suspected of being novelties that bode mischief to the people; while as for the worms—foul enormous lobs—they would be permitted to putrify in a general famine. But what's the matter now? The pea-green cockney has broken his top, and he in the fiery tartan has got entangled in a tree. Augry words are beginning to be banded—exaggerated accusations of aggravated crimes—the mutual rage has been exacerbated by its first gesticulations having been misinterpreted from such an inconvenient distance—and now—oh, fie! the gentlemen are brandishing at one another the butt-ends of their rods—all the cross-tackle having disappeared—and—(loud cries of shame! shame! oh! oh!) they are throwing stones at one another across the Tweed—a regular *bicker*!

We have for many years acted on the principle of non-interference. Let private individuals or public nations fight as they choose, either at close quarters, or across channels—so long as they don't meddle with us, we don't meddle with them—we care nothing for the balance of power. But that big blockhead in the tartan shies a strong stone; and 'tis as perilous to be here in this unprotected position, as in the trenches before Antwerp. Shall we fly or shew fight? We used to excell equally in *hipping*, *hocking*, and *flinging*, (we speak not now of wrestling;) and surely if his flints reach us, ours will reach him—and as poor Pea-green appeared to us to be shamefully used by Tartan, we shall assist him against the Celt born of Irish parents in the Canongate. There—we call 'that battering in breach. Christopher continues *hipping*, *hocking*, and *fling-*

ing stones at his enemy across the Tweed, invisible all the while as Apollo or the Plague, when, beneath his arrows, dogs, mules, and men of the Grecian army, fell festering at their ships.

Coleridge says that the dullest wight is sometimes a Shakspeare in his sleep. We say that every wight is at all times, more or less, a Shakspeare, broad awake. Mark, more or less; and a Shakspeare, not to a high, but a respectable degree, is—Christopher North. Saw you never a Bird—an old Eagle—gambolling in the air like a madman—heaven knows why; when all at once steady-ing himself on the wing, "a thing most majestic," slowly away he saileth in among the blue mist of the mountains, or some old forest's pro-founder gloom?

"O sylvan Tweed! Thou wanderer through the woods,"

not for the sake alone of such pastime,

"Though dear to us the angler's silent trade,
Through peaceful scenes in peacefulness pursued,"

come we now—in the creeping hours of age—to wander, rod in hand, along thy houseless solitudes, and by thy cottaged banks and braes, where children are playing among the primroses, and in the fields below are seen all the cheerful goings of half-agricultural, half-pastoral life! Sweet relief from carking care to world-wearied man! But oh! how more than sweet the sense of yet unabated gladness in the serenities of nature, of gratitude for all her goodness, as tender and far more profound than ever touched our spirit in sensitive but thoughtless youth! Then all was joy, or all was grief—bliss keen as anguish—hope bright as faith—fear dark as despair. Now all spiritual affections are more mildly mingled; the mind's experiences and its intuitions coalesce; and human life is seen lying—in a less troubled—in a more solemn—in a holier light!

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THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.*

No. I.

POETRY is now a drug; all the European markets are overstocked; there is a universal glut; prices have fallen far below prime cost; the sons of the Muses are all bankrupt; they flourish only in the Gazette. Prose is a drug too; and thus your bookseller's shop has absolutely the smell of an apothecary's; citizens sicken and hold their noses as they pass by; and are glad to get beyond the suburbs for a mouthful of fresh air. Yet drug as it is, people will be composing poetry; pounding verses with pestle and mortar; making out prescriptions; and offering their medicines in small paper parcels to that patient, the public, in spite of her plainly expressed repugnance to pill and potion; nay, some seem resolved that she shall swallow, and seek by manual dexterity or violence to insinuate or force them down her throat. They will take no denial from Maga; but insist on subjecting her to a perpetual course of medicine, enough to destroy the strongest constitution, and to bring even her auburn locks in a few years with sorrow to the grave.

Will our poetical correspondents,

without taking offence, where none is given, permit us now openly to say, that, with a few exceptions, about which there can be no mistake, we receive their contributions with mixed feelings of pity, disgust, and indignation? Many thousand times have we requested, in the most gentlemanly terms, that they would send their verses elsewhere; but no—like deaf adders, they will not hear the voice of the charmer, charm he ever so wisely; and our affairs are now in such a condition, that we almost despair of ever being able to relieve ourselves from the superincumbent load of poetry that has been long accumulating upon us—often from quarters, too, the most cruelly unexpected, and against which the most watchful prudence cannot always be on its guard.

Oh heavens! have druggists no bowels? They should remember that Maga has; that we have; that the myriads have, who seek and find in her pages the balm of life. Once more, then, we beseech them to desist; and they may depend on it that they will soon find their reward in the unspeakable satisfaction of a calm

* Collections from the Greek Anthology. By the late Robert Bland and Others. A New Series; comprising the Fragments of Early Lyric Poetry, with Specimens of all the Poets included in Meleager's Garland. Longman and Co. and John Murray, London. 1833.

conscience. As they value not merely our peace of mind, but our existence, let them desist; we appeal to them as Christians.

Let them never for a moment forget, that it is not of a few paltry hundred poetical contributors that we have been so long, so bitterly, and, alas! so unavailingly complaining; but of a multitude beyond all calculation; of a population doubling itself every three months; of a people, now far more numerous than the Chinese; probably one-half of the inhabitants of the globe! What though thousands and tens of thousands be swept away, every moon, by death or rejection? they are no more missed than so many midges. This summer threatens to be a warm one; and we fear to think on the twilights. We must go to sea.

But to be serious on a serious subject, will not our poetical persecutors for a little while perpend, and they will not fail to perceive that the remaining part of the public is intolerant of their proceedings, and devoutly wishes they were dead? Not only is poetry felt to be a drug, but poets themselves are felt to be pests. They are regarded with unusual fear and abhorrence; though we verily believe that many of them are good, most of them, but for the disease that afflicts them, harmless men that would not, with malice prepense, hurt a fly. Nor can we bring ourselves to believe that this disease, though inveterate, is incurable; but therein the patient must administer to himself; and we simply suggest that, as the first step towards ultimate recovery, he forthwith issue orders to "his footboy in green livery" to remove pen, ink, and paper from the premises, and that all the windows in the house, many or few, be kept open from sunrise to sunset. Probably his usual allowance of animal food may not, in his case, be susceptible with safety of any considerable diminution; but he must beware of strong coffee, especially at evening, for 'tis a dangerous stimulant to the imagination; and for hot rolls to breakfast, we kindly and respectfully recommend the substitution of oatmeal parritch and small beer. That aliment is nutritive, without being heating; and if pertinaciously adhered to, will in no long time so tame

the fancy, sober the feeling, and strengthen the judgment, that the patient, then a patient no more, will, in the genial glow of bodily and mental health, begin with looking incredulously back on himself of other days, and finish in scornful disbelief of any kind of relationship between the fine cheerful honest fellow at his elbow in his own house, and the puny wretch once hopelessly pining away his spleen for admission into Poets' Corner in this Magazine. Why will not people poetically disposed open their eyes, when reading our Miscellany, for by means of that single operation they would see that herein there is no Poets' Corner? Let them die at once, and get buried, with a monument, in Westminster Abbey. There is more room for them there, crowded as it is, than in this temple. But we have heard that burial-places, on a great scale, are about to be set a-going somewhere about the suburbs of London, Glasgow, and other large cities; so that by and by there will be plenty of commodious Poets' Corners. They can all provide themselves, by a small tax on their own genius, with suitable inscriptions; and thus, without laying us under contribution, enjoy the highest perhaps of all spiritual delights, the prophetic anticipation—the foretaste of posthumous and immortal fame.

And is it true that Poetry is indeed a drug? No, it is most false, unless "drug" you mean medicine for a mind diseased, for a mind in health "celestial food."

"Hermes' moly,
Sybilla's golden bough, the great elixir
Imagined only by the alchymist,
Compared with her, are shadows, she the
substance
And guardian of felicity."

Ours is a poetical age. But over its surface glanced all kinds of unsteady and transitory apparitions; and each, as it came and went, was thought by those whose weak eyes it dazzled, to be an emanation of genius. Foolish people were agape for novelties; as one glanced by, they were on the look-out for another; ever and anon, like Wordsworth's beggar-boys,

"Off to some other game they all together
flew."

But the pleasure true poetry inspires, is at once passionate and per-

manent; once loved, the strains of higher mood charm for ever; and world-wearied minds derive restoration to all their faculties from the sweet or solemn music heard, at intervals, as from the spheres. Much music of that celestial kind has been the birth of our own time; it mingles harmoniously with that awoke long ago; and there is yet loving worship of the compositions of all the Masters—living or dead—native or alien—in whatever tongue they have utterance to their inspirations.

Bad or poor verses are a drug as they have ever been and will, and this brings us back again—but for a moment—to the druggists. If their effusions will not be taken by their fellow-creatures, but “with sputtering noise rejected,” when offered in a series of separate and independent pills, all bound up together in one comprehensive paper-parcel called a Volume of Poems, Chiefly Lyrical, or not, as it may happen, how can they hope against all hope, that people of principle like us should become, not only privy, but art and part, in any attempt—if not wicked, surely most vain—to palm them off in our columns, on any portion, however small, of a Public that has so long placed implicit confidence in our honour and humanity?

We give the Public poetry, and she receives it from our hands with delighted gratitude. No reviewers by profession are we; no authors need send us their books, except as a tribute of love and admiration; but it has rarely happened, that even on the most secluded banks and braes in pastoral or silvan places, beautiful flowers have been born to blush unseen by our eyes, or that we have neglected to cull some of them with a gentle hand, when desirous of forming for our friends a summer or a winter garland. And thus are all the true poets—high and low—our contributors—thus are the pages of *Maga* ever alive with the light of genius. They are the stars, and she is the sky.

We pledge ourselves that there shall never be a Number of the *Matchless* without poetry; not fugitive—mind ye, not fugitive; not original—mind ye, not original; we mean, not fugitive, not original, in the

silly sense of such words; but in the right sense, at once fugitive and original as the other heavenly luminaries, who for ever keep moving—even those that are called the fixed stars—and have been published for at least six thousand years.

The Greek Anthology! Few persons but scholars, and of scholars few, know “what treasures unfold reside in those *beautiful* words.”

We are no great scholars; yet to our intent gazing on Greek, by degrees, come breathing or burning forth meanings that soothe or elevate, till the words at last look bright to the eye, and sound clear to the ear even as those of our own mother-tongue; and may most—or many of those meanings find adequate and corresponding expression in English? We think they may; but we are not going to try your patience by an essay on translation. Though you, like Shakspeare, may “have little Latin and no Greek,” be not unhappy on that account any more than he was unhappy; and, fortunately for you, you may enjoy far more delight from the poetry of the Latins and the Greeks than was within his power; for the spirit of much of it has been transfused into our language, although it may be shining there in a somewhat bedimmed and broken

How much of the spirit of the most exquisite poetry must be necessarily lost by translation from one language into another we grieve to think; the loss must be chiefly in that mysterious vital power of delight which dwells in music, and which is rarely communicable to the full; for in perfect versification the words so play into each other's syllables, that by changing—not violently but gently—the place of a few, you may sadly change the countenances of many; nay, touch but one, and you may feel how much you have impaired the beauty of the whole composition. If this happen even by the substitution of one word for another almost synonymous in the same language, how much more when there is a change from one language into another! In many passages where the charm depends on the particular position of a word, the finer lines must be weakened—or rather suffered—in spite of

all that skilful love can devise—to evaporate in the process of transmutation into other speech.

But a happy genius may do wonders in overcoming even such difficulties—we had almost said such impossibilities—as these, in the way of a perfect version, if such a thing may be; and by breathing a fresher or brighter beauty into one part, he may preserve the power of the whole but little, or not at all, impaired, even though there may have been something lost in another; so that, even to the finest appreciation, the poem in English—let us say—shall be one and the same as the poem in Greek, the felicity of the execution being such as that the deviation from the original is not felt to be a flaw, but even a better bringing out of the thought or feeling that constitutes its pervading and prevailing character.

A much nearer approach to perfection would be made in the art of translation, in poetry, were poets themselves to cultivate it, in the same spirit of love and delight in which they live as makers. It ought never to be either task-work, or a mere pastime. Read Wordsworth's versions—they are perfect—of some of Chiabrera's epitaphs—and then Chiabrera's epitaphs themselves; and you know not whether you are an Englishman or an Italian. The illustrious translator has seized on the soul of each inscription, and inspired by it, he shews you another and the same—Italian and English words equally beautiful with their melancholy music. It is often matter of amazement to utter want of sympathy in the mind of even an able translator—at times a good one—with the spirit of his original as it pervades the poem translated—or rather the total ignorance of its end, aim, object, scope, or tendency—and odd misconception of the entire concern. One would think there could be no great difficulty in all cases where a poet's meaning is clear, (and we are now speaking of such alone,) in seeing; or, at least, in finding it out; yet nothing more common than to meet with a version—say of a Greek epigram—done by a fair scholar enough, who knows the meaning of the words, and has looked them up in the *Lexicon*—which bears about as much resemblance to the original, as

the dead corpse of a very fat and still uglier elderly woman, fantastically bedizened on her bier with dandelions, might be thought to bear to the living body of a slim and still more beautiful young virgin, arrayed like a lily of the field on her bridal bed.

The composition to be translated is, we shall suppose, a short one—four, six, eight, ten, or a dozen lines; and it contains one or other of those given numbers of lines, because the writer manifestly desired to say what he had to say within such limits. The translator—unless he be a cruel sumph—must conform—if possible—to the same rule of restriction—for by departing from it, he at once puts his original to death on a Procrustean bed, by curtailment or elongation. If to conform be impossible, then, perhaps, he may lawfully give us a paraphrase, provided he calls it so; but it will be found to be a preferable procedure in most cases of that kind, for a translator careful of a good name, to turn over a new leaf, or to take up his hat and gloves and cane, and emerge into the open air, to regale himself with a constitutional walk up the “accustomed hill.”

But who shall say whether it be possible or impossible in any given case to conform to the rule of restriction? Nineteen men, in succession, make the attempt, and after hours of headache and much biting of nails, all shamefully fail; the twentieth performs the feat to a miracle in a twinkling, and enriches the language with a new jewel.

He who would well translate into English a Greek epigram, or other perfect little composition, must eye it, first of all, with that kind of indiscriminating, or rather uncriticising, delight with which he eyes a beautiful girl. Having thus feasted for a reasonable time, he must, still in obedience, however, to the mood of his own mind, regard more wistfully than the rest, this or that expression in the poem, which insensibly appears most peculiar and characteristic—just as he does this or that feature of the face in which he feels to reside the chief power of enchantment. This done, and poem or face got by heart, he translates the one or paints the other so naturally, that you yield to the delusion, and believe that you

are reading the very lines, or, better still, kissing the very lips of the original.

But if a translator of a Greek epigram, or any other little perfect piece, introduce into his translation thoughts, or feelings, or images that are not in the original, or much exaggerate or much diminish even one that is, then he is neither more nor less worthy of chastisement than a portrait painter would be, who, having engaged to paint the portrait of your "ain lassie," or any other little perfect piece of living loveliness, were to change upon you the colour of her eyes, and in lieu of her own, to furnish her with a nose that would have attracted notice in Rome during a triumphal procession to the Capitol.

But we must, without longer delay, proceed to speak of the very delightful volume now lying before us, from which we shall extract a few fine specimens of translation, illustrative of the truth of what we have been saying, and in themselves most interesting to all who are not insensible to the glorious spirit of Greece in the olden time. So far back as the year 1803, Mr Bland conceived the design of exhibiting in an English dress some of the most beautiful, or otherwise remarkable, of the pieces ascribed to the minor poets of Greece, more especially the writers of the *Anthology*; and in 1806 he collected a number of epigrams, fragments, and fugitive pieces, translated by himself and two or three friends for the *Monthly Magazine*, and published them with additions in one small octavo volume. In 1813, the entire substance of that volume was included in a new work, entitled "*Collections from the Greek Anthology, and from the Pastoral, Elegiac, and Dramatic Poets of Greece*," which, besides very considerable additions from the rich storehouse of the *Anthology*, and from other classical sources, that had been contributed, during the interval, to the *Monthly Magazine* and the *Athenæum* (a periodical conducted by Dr Aikin), was constructed on the principle of an entirely new arrangement, being divided into distinct heads or subjects—the Amatory, the Convivial, the Moral, the Sepulchral, the Descriptive, the Dedicatory, and the

Humorous or Satirical, along with metrical versions of passages from the Greek Drama, and a variety of illustrations both in prose and verse, in notes of a very miscellaneous character. Mr Bland died curate of Kenilworth in 1825, and Mr Merivale, his gifted coadjutor in the two former editions, has now given us a third, freed from what he rightly considers their blemishes and superfluities, besides exhibiting a more correct and classical representation of the original *Anthology*, by a more abundant infusion of the best specimens, and by returning to the earlier plan of assigning each to its several author, and placing the authors themselves in a chronological order of succession. More than three-fourths of the contents of the present are additions to the former work; and on those which are republished, so much of correction and amendment has been freely admitted, as to render them in many instances new versions of the original, except with respect to Mr Bland's translations, which, with a fine and delicate feeling towards a departed friend, Mr Merivale has not thought himself at liberty to alter in any essential matter. The death of Mr Bland was an irreparable loss to a widow and several children; and the chief motive that urged Mr Merivale to this publication, was the hope, in which he cannot be disappointed, of its proving a source of profit, however inconsiderable, intended to be applied exclusively in aid of the eldest son on his removal to college from the Charter-house. Mr Robert Bland is a youth, we understand, of excellent talents and acquirements, and some translations from his pen are exceedingly elegant; so are a good many by Mr Charles Merivale, of St John's College, Cambridge, one of the accomplished sons of the Editor, who acknowledges with paternal pride the material assistance afforded by him in the arrangement of the work. He numbers among his contributors those elegant and distinguished scholars, Dr Haygarth, Henry Nelson Coleridge, Thomas Denman (Lord Chief Justice), Benjamin Keen, and F. Hodgson, the admirable translator of Juvenal, who had with several exquisite specimens enriched the earlier editions.

The first division of the volume contains specimens of the early lyric poets—Archilochus, Arion, Sappho, Erinna, Alceus, Stesichorus, Ibycus, Aleman, Melanippides, Anacreon, Cleobulus, Simonides, Bacchylides, and the *Scolia* of various poets. A mournful exhibition indeed—as H. N. Coleridge finely calls them—of the “torsos” of those bards. Let us turn to Simonides. It appears that there were at least three poets of that name. The Eldest was a native of the island Amorgos, and probably contemporary with Archilochus, who is placed by Tatian, (see Fynes Clinton, *Fasti Hellenici*, vol. i. p. 296,) as having flourished about the twenty-third Olympiad, corresponding with the year 688 B.C., or about 500 years later than the date commonly ascribed to the Trojan War, and 200 years previous to the battle of Marathon. To him is ascribed a set of Iambic verses on the characters of Women, of which we promise our readers an admirable translation in our next number. Simonides the Great is he of Ceos, the son of Leoprepes,

the date of whose birth has been fixed at 556, and of his death at 467 B.C.; and whose memory is associated with the great events which formed the subject of the principal parts of his remaining works. A third Simonides, a native also of Ceos, and nephew to the second, possesses the best title to such of the epigrams, as, from the date of the events recorded in them, cannot be ascribed to the writer without an anachronism. To Simonides the Great is attributed the invention or establishment of the elegy, in the sense of a funeral poem. A very few of his elegies remain, but a good many of his epigrams—chiefly on those who fell in battle against the Persians. “They are all characterised,” says H. N. Coleridge, in a noble article in the *Quarterly Review*, “by force, downrightness, and terse simplicity—*αδελφικη*—in the highest degree of any to be found in the *Anthology*.” Here are a few of the finest. We can afford to give but one of them in the original—of which we add a literal prose translation.

ON OTHRYADES.—MERIVALL.

O native Sparta! when we met the host
In equal combat from th’ Inachian coast,
Thy brave three hundred never turn’d aside,
But where our feet first rested, there we died.
The words, in blood, that stout Othryades
Wrought on his herald shield, were only these—
“Thyrea is Lacedæmon’s!”—If there fled
One Argive from the slaughter, he it said,
Of old Adrastus he hath learn’d to fly.
We count it death to flatter, not to die.

ON MEGISTIAS THE SOOTHSAYER.—MERIVALL.

This tomb records Megistias’ honour’d name,
Who, bravely fighting in the ranks of Fame,
Tell by the Persians, near Sperchius’ tide.
Both past and future well the prophet knew;
And yet, though death lay open to his view,
He chose to perish by his monarch’s side.

ON THOSE WHO FELL AT THERMOPYLE.—BLAND.

Greatly to die—if this be glory’s height—
For the fair meed we own our fortune kind.
For Greece and Liberty we plunged to-night,
And left a never-dying name behind.

THE SAME SUBJECT.—MERIVALL.

These, for their native land, through death’s dark shade
Who freely passed, now deathless glory wear.
They die not; but, by Virtue’s sovereign aid,
Are borne from Hades to the upper air.

ON THE CORINTHIANS WHO FELL AT SALAMIS.—CHARLES MERIVALE.

We dwelt of yore in Corinth, by the deep.
 In Salamis (Ajacian Isle) we sleep.
 The ships of Tyre we routed on the sea,
 And Persia,—warring, holy Greece! for thee.

ON CIMON'S NAVAL VICTORY.—MERIVALE.

Ne'er since that olden time when Asia stood
 First torn from Europe by the ocean flood,
 Since horrid Mars first pour'd on either shore
 The storm of battle, and its wild uproar,
 Hath man by land and sea such glory won
 As for the mighty deed this day was done.
 By land, the Medes in myriads press the ground;
 By sea, a hundred Tyrian ships are drown'd,
 With all their martial host; while Asia stands
 Deep groaning by, and wrings her helpless hands.

ON THOSE WHO FELL AT THE EURYMEDON.—MERIVALE.

These by the streams of fated Eurymedon
 Their envied youth's short brilliant race have run.
 In swift-wing'd ships, and on th' embattled field,
 Alike they forced the Median bows to yield,
 Breaking their foremost ranks. Now here they lie,
 Their names inscribed on rolls of victory.

ON THE SAME.—R.

In life-blood, streaming from those stubborn hearts,
 The lord of war once bathed his barbed darts.
 Where are those warriors, patient of the spear?
 Dust—soulless, lifeless dust—alone lies here.

ON A TROPHY SUSPENDED IN THE TEMPLE OF MINERVA.—R.

From wound and death they rest—this bow and quiver—
 Beneath Minerva's holy roof for ever:
 Once did their shafts along the battle speed,

ON A VOTIVE SPEAR.—MERIVALE.

Good ashen spear, that erst this arm did wield,
 And hurl, fierce hissing through the battle-field!
 Now, peaceful resting in the sacred grove,
 Thou lead'st the pomp of Panomphæan Jove.

Τῶν ἐν Θερμοπύλαις θανόντων
 Εὐκλείης μὲν ἂν τύχῃ, καλὸς δ' ὁ πότμος,
 Βαμὸς δ' ὁ τάφος, πρὸ χροῶν δὲ μνηστis.
 'Ο δ' ὀκτος ἱππαινος
 Ἐντάφιδι δὲ τοιοῦτον
 Οὐτ' εὐρώς, οὐθ' ὁ πανδαμάτορ
 Ἀμαυρώσει χερός, ἀνδρῶν ἀγαθῶν.
 'Ο δὲ σῆκος οἰκιστῶν

Εὐδοξίαν Ἑλλάδος εἶλατο.
 Μαρτυρεῖ δὲ Λεωνίδας,
 Ὁ Σπάρτας βασιλεὺς, ἀρετᾶς μέγαν λειοπαῖς
 Κόσμον, αἶνάν τε κλέος.

LINE FOR LINE AS IN THE ORIGINAL. BY CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

Of those that died at Thermopylæ,
 Very glorious is the fortune, renowned too is the fate,
 An altar is their tomb, for libation (*they have*) the remembrance (*of men.*)
 And the lamentation (*for them is their*) eulogium.
 Such a funeral as this,
 Neither mouldiness, nor all-subduing
 Time, shall efface,—(*the funeral*) of brave men.
 This sacred enclosure of the servants
 Of Greece, hath won for itself great glory.
 This testifies Leonidas,
 Sparta's king, in that he hath left for himself the great
 Adornment, and ever-flowing renown of valiant deeds.

ON THOSE WHO FELL AT THERMOPYLÆ.—R.

In dark Thermopylæ they lie;
 Oh death of glory, there to die!
 Their tomb an altar is, their name
 A mighty heritage of fame:
 Their dirge is triumph—clinking rust,
 And Time, that turneth all to dust,

That tomb shall never waste nor hide,—
 The tomb of warriors true and tried.
 The full-voiced praise of Greece around
 Lies buried in that sacred mound:
 Where Sparta's king, Leonidas,
 In death eternal glory has.

These last verses are part of a hymn—the others are inscriptions. To some they may seem bald; but by all Greece their simplicity was felt for ages to be elevating, and assuredly it is majestic. The high truth is told of the dead in the fewest possible words—nothing was needed but a fervent record of their deeds—a statement of where, how, by and for whom died the heroes whose names by their grateful and glorious country were to be held in everlasting remembrance.

We shall now quote the famous fragment of Simonides—"Danaë"—the original—and seven versions which we have collected—for the sake of comparison of their several merits.

Ὅτε λαίρνακι ἐν δαίδαλῳ ἄνεμῳ
 Βρέμι πνέαν, κηθεῖσά τε λίμνα
 Δείματι ἤριπεν, εἰδ' ἀδιάνοιτι
 Παριγῆς, ἀμφὶ τε Περσέϊ βάλε
 Φίλαν χίρρα, εἰπὲν τε' ὦ τίκῃ,
 Οἷον ἔχω πόνον· σὺ δ' ἄνωγ' ἴς, γαλαθηνῶ τ'
 Ητορι κνώσσης ἐν ἡτρεπί δάματι,
 Χαλκεογόμφῳ δὲ, νυκτιλαμπύϊ,
 Κυανίῳ τε δνόφῳ· τὺ δ' ἀυαλέαν
 Ὑπερθε τιῶν κόμαι βαθεῖαν

It may perhaps be right to remind some of our readers that Acrisius, King of the Argives, having learned from the Oracle that he should be killed by his grandson, shut up his daughter in a turret, who nevertheless became pregnant to Jupiter of the Golden Shower. When he understood that she had given birth to a son, he ordered them to be put into a chest or ark, and thrown into the sea. The chest was found by a fisherman, and given to Pilumnus, King of the Rutilians, who married Danaë. When Perseus, her son, grew up, he slew his grandfather, and thus the oracle was fulfilled.

Παριοῖ^Θ κύματ^Θ ἐκ ἀλγείης,
 Οὐδ' ἀνέμῳ φθόγων, πορφυρεῖα
 Κέειων^Θ ἐν χλανίδι, πρόσωπον καλόν.
 Εἰ δὲ τοι θανὼν τόγῃ θειὼν ἦν,
 Καὶ κεν ἐμῶν ῥημάτων λεπτόν
 Ὑπείχης ἕας, κέλομαι, εὐδῶ, βρέφος,
 Εὐδέτω δὲ πόλ^ῳ^Θ, εὐδέτω ἄμιτρον κακόν.
 Ματαιοθελία δὲ τις φανείη,
 Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἐκ σέο· ὅ τι δὴ θαρσαλίον
 Ἐπ^ῳ, εὐχομαι τεκνέφει δίκας μοι.

LINE FOR LINE WITH THE ORIGINAL. BY CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

Where on the curiously-framed ark the wind
 Blowing roared, and the agitated ocean
 Overwhelmed (Danaë) with dread,—with not unmoistened
 Cheeks, around Perseus she cast
 Her hand, and said: “Oh child,
 What suffering is mine! but thou sleepest sweetly, and on a milky
 Breast thou slumberest deeply, in a pleasureless abode,
 Secured-with-nails-of-brass, and during-the-moonshine,
 (Thou art) in gloomy darkness:—but thou, over thy dry
 Deep hair, heedest not the wave passing-by,
 Nor the voices of the wind, in (thy) purple
 Little-cloak lying,—beautiful countenance!
 But if verily to thee this calamity were a calamity,
 Thou indeed hadst to my words thy little
 Ear applied,—but sleep on, I charge thee, my child;
 Let the sea, too, sleep, and sleep mine immeasurable evils.
 A-foolish-device may this appear,
 Oh father Jupiter, by thy means, and what (is) indeed a daring
 Expression, I pray for vengeance for myself, by-means-of-this-my-child.”

JORTIN.

Nocte sub obscura, verrentibus aquora ventis,
 Quum brevis immensa cymba nataret aqua,
 Multa gemens Danaë subiecit brachia nato,
 Et teneræ lacrymis immauerere genæ.
 Tu tamen ut dulci, dixit, pulcherrime, somno
 Obrutus, et metuens tristia nulla, jaces.
 Quamvis, heu quales cunas tibi conceit unda,
 Præbet et incertam pallida luna facem,
 Et vehemens flavos everberat aura capillos,
 Et prope, subsultans, irrigat ora liquor.
 Nate, meam sentis vocem? Nil cernis et audis,
 Teque premunt placidi vincula blanda dei,
 Nec mihi purpureis effundis blæsa labellis
 Murmura, nec natos confugis usque sinus.
 Care, quiesce, puer, sævique quiescite fluctus,
 Et mea qui pulsas cordâ, quiesce, dolor.
 Cresce puer; matris cari atque ulciscere luctus,
 Tuque tuos saltem protege summe Tonans.

DENMAN.

When the wind, re-sounding high,
 Bluster'd from the northern sky,
 When the waves, in stronger tide,
 Dash'd against the vessel's side,
 Her care-worn cheek with tears bedew'd,
 Her sleeping infant Danaë view'd;
 And trembling still with new alarms,
 Around him cast a mother's arms.
 “My child! what woes does Danaë weep!
 But thy young limbs are wrapt in sleep.
 In that poor nook all sad and dark,
 While lightnings play around our bark,
 Thy quiet bosom only knows
 The heavy sigh of deep repose.

“The howling wind, the raging sea,
 No terror can excite in thee;
 The angry surges wake no care
 That burst above thy long deep hair;
 But couldst thou feel what I deplore,
 Then would I bid thee sleep the more!
 Sleep on, sweet boy; still be the deep!
 Oh could I hush my woes to sleep!
 Jove, let thy mighty hand o'erthrow
 The baffled malice of my foe;
 And may this child, in future years,
 Avenge his mother's wrongs and tears!”

ELTON.

When round the well-framed ark the blowing blast
 Roar'd, and the heaving whirlpools of the deep

With rough'ning surge seem'd threatening to o'erturn
 The wide-tost vessel, not with tearless speech
 The mother round her infant gently twined
 Her tender arms, and cried, " Ah me ! my child !
 What sufferings I endure ! thou sleep'st the while,
 Inhaling in thy milky-breathing breast
 The balm of slumber ; though imprison'd here
 In undelightful dwelling ; brassy-wedged ;
 Alone illumed by the stars of night,
 And black and dark within. Thou heedest not
 The wave that leaps above thee, while its spray
 Wets not the locks deep-clustering round thy head ;
 Nor hear'st the shrill wind's hollow-whispering sounds,
 While on thy purple downy mantle stretched,
 With countenance flushed in sleeping loveliness.
 Then, if this dreadful peril would to thee
 Be dreadful, turn a light unconscious ear
 To my lamenting : Sleep ! I bid thee sleep,
 My infant ! oh ! may the tremendous surge
 Sleep also ! May the immeasurable scene
 Of watery perils sleep, and be at rest !
 And void and prostrate prove this dark device,
 I do conjure thee, Jove ! and, though my words
 May rise to boldness, at thy hand I ask
 A righteous vengeance, by this infant's aid."

(FROM BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, 1818.)

Around the helpless wandering bark
 The gathering tempests howled,
 And swelling o'er the ocean dark
 The whitening billows rolled.

" O lovely Babe ! around thy brow,
 Unharm'd the curls play ;
 Not all the angry blasts that blow
 Can draw one sigh from thee.

The fair one feared ; she turned her eyes,
 Her eyes with anguish filled,
 To where her sleeping infant lies,
 She looked, and clasped the child.

" Yet did'st thou know how deep I moan,
 Thou'd'st bend thine infant ear,
 Thy little heart would sighs return,
 Thine eyes an answering tear.

" What griefs oppress this wearied breast !
 Yet nought oppresses thine ;
 No sorrows break thy placid rest .
 Ah ! were these slumbers mine !

" O sink, ye stormy winds, to rest !
 Be still, thou troubled deep !
 O sleep, ye sorrows in my breast,
 And let me cease to weep !

" Here e'en denied one scanty beam
 The gloomy night to cheer,
 Yet soft thou sleep'st, nor dost thou dream
 Of tempests raging near.

" Sleep, sleep, my child, and may thine eyes
 These sorrows never see !
 On thee may brighter fortunes rise
 Than ever shone on me !

" Almighty Jove ! to whom alone
 The way of fate belongs,
 O spare, O spare this little one
 To wreak his mother's wrongs !"

BY BRYANT, THE AMERICAN POET.

The night-winds howl'd — the billows
 dash'd
 Against the tossing chest ;
 And Danaë to her broken heart
 Her slumbering infant prest.

" The moon is up, the moonbeams smile
 They tremble on the main ;
 But dark within my floating cell,
 To me they smile in vain.

" My little child," in tears she said—
 " To wake and weep is mine ;
 But thou canst sleep—thou dost not know
 Thy mother's lot, and thine.

" Thy folded mantle wraps thee warm
 Thy curling locks are dry ;
 Thou dost not hear the shrieking gust,
 Nor breakers booming high.

" Yet thou, didst thou but know thy fate,
Wouldst melt my tears to see;
And I, methinks, should weep the less,
Wouldst thou but weep with me.

" Yet, dear one, sleep, and sleep, ye winds
That vex the restless brine—
When shall these eyes, my babe, be seal'd
As peacefully as thine!"

TRANSLATION. BY W. HAY.

When round the wondrous ark the winds
Were roaring, and the sea
With all its fierce and yeasty waves,
Was booming mournfully,

" Thou heedest not the surging waves,—
The wild waves rolling by,
They injure not thy deep long hair,
For every lock is dry:

Acrisius' daughter, while the tears
Are tickling down her cheeks,
All terror-stricken, clasps her babe,
And thus the mother speaks:—

" Thou heedest not the angry brawl
Of the loud winds piping wild,
Wrapt in thy little purple cloak,—
My beautiful!—my child!

" Perseus, my child, what woes are mine!
Thou sleepest,—take thy rest,
Upon that breast which nurses thee,
—Thy loving mother's breast;

" Oh, if thou felt that depth of woe,
That makes thy mother weep,
How would thine ears drink in her words!—
—No, no, she bids thee sleep.

" Cheerless abode for thee, my babe,
This brazen-hooped ark!
While though the moonbeams flicker o'er,
Yet all within is dark.

" Sleep on, my babe, I bid thee sleep,
And sleep, thou raging sea,
And sleep, ye countless, cruel griefs,
Of miserable me.

" Grant, mighty Jove, that this device
May yet confounded be,
And, during prayer! may this my son,
Avenge thy Danae."

The original is very simple, natural, and pathetic—and reads like the fragment of an old Scottish ballad—reminding us of Lady Bothwell's Lament. Lord Woodhouselee, in his elegant Essay on Translation, says, that Jortin's "admirable translation falls short of its original only in a single particular—the measure of the verse. One striking beauty of the original is, the easy and loose structure of the verse, which has little else to distinguish it from animated discourse but the harmony of syllables; and hence it has more of natural impassioned eloquence than is conveyed by the regular measure of the translation." We feel that there is truth in that remark; and the poem is quoted by Dionysius as an apposite example of that species of composition in which poetry approaches to the freedom of prose. Yet, no doubt, the versification is constructed according to rule, though we, for our own parts, do not know what it is; and though there are various arrangements of it, to our ear they are all musical. Fragment as it is, and probably in itself imperfect, it is felt to justify

the character assigned to the poet by Catullus,

"Mæstius lacrymis Simonides,"

and at its close we can join in the wish so finely breathed by Wordsworth—

"O ye who patiently explore
The wreck of Herculean lore,
What rapture, could ye seize
Some Theban fragment, or unroll
One precious tender-hearted scroll
Of pure Simonides!"

Jortin's version is indeed very beautiful, and not one of our modern scholars wrote Latin verse with more purity and delicacy than he did, except, perhaps, Vinny Bourne, whom Cowper, if we mistake not, preferred to Tibullus. It is very close, yet misses one or two effective touches—such as *ἰὼν ἔχων πορπύρεον*—and the child's little purple cloak. "Teque premunt placidi vincula blanda dei" is sufficiently classical for a copy of prize verses at College, but out of place and time here, and not at all Simonidean.

"Et vehemens flavos everberat aura capillos,"
is surely not true to the sense of the

original—for the inside of the chest was *loun*; but no more fault-finding with lines which no living scholar could excel or equal. Dennau's version is very good, and having been for twenty years before the public, it has become part of our English Poetry. But it is far from faultless. Why "*northern sky*?" Why fastidiously fear to write "chest," or some other word, rather than mere vessel? Wordsworth was not afraid to speak, in one of his most interesting poems on Childhood, of

"A washing-tub like one of those
That women use to wash their clothes—
That carried the blind boy."

"What woes does Danaë weep"
—is very bad—the Greek how exquisitely touching!—And worse are these two lines—

"Thy quiet bosom only knows
The heavy sigh of deep repose."

Grown up people breathe hard in deep sleep; but the breath of Perseus, in his little purple cloak, we venture to affirm, was inaudible even to his mother's ear till she kissed his cheek, and what has become of the cloak? The passionate repetition of the same word "sleep," applied to wind, sea, and woe, is unaccountably—and it would almost seem purposely—lost in the version—and with it how much is gone! There are other flaws; yet the lines flow smoothly, and the translator laudably aims at a simplicity which he scarcely attains. Read without reference to the original, they are affecting,—but with the original in our heart, they fade before "the tender-hearted scroll of pure Simonides." Elton's version shews the scholar. The meanings of all those comprehensive words, so difficult to the translator, are fully and accurately given; not a thought, a feeling, or an image is omitted; the emphasis is always laid on the right place; his heart and imagination are with the Danaë of Simonides. Blank verse is capable of any thing, and his blank verse is good; yet with the simple sweet words of the free-flowing Greek strain, "all impulses of soul and sense" still lingering with us, we feel for a while as if there were something heavy and cumbrous in the measure, and cannot

easily reconcile ourselves to the change. Danaë, in her peril, speaks like a princess and a poetess beloved of Jove; but perhaps there is a slight tendency, in a line or two of Elton's version, towards a swelling wordiness scarcely natural to such a voyager, and somewhat impairing the pathos. We shall not minutely criticise the version quoted from an early Number of this Magazine; but with a few slight defects, occasioned by the difficulties voluntarily encountered, and on the whole successfully overcome, in the choice of a rhymed stanza, it is, we think, extremely elegant and true to nature and Simonides. Bryant's version is not properly a version at all, and we suspect he never saw the original; but 'tis a very pretty little poem, and very natural, with the exception of the cold conceit in the last two lines of the penultimate stanza, which expresses a sentiment the very reverse of that which was at poor Danaë's heart, and which must be offensive to the feelings of any mother. Of the seven, by far the best, we think, is that of our esteemed friend, Mr Hay; nor do we doubt that such will be the opinion, too, of Mr Merivale and the Lord Chief Justice. Mr Hay is well known in Edinburgh as one of our most accomplished classical scholars, and those youths are fortunate who enjoy the benefit of his tuition. He has been kind enough to favour us with a few other translations, with which we shall adorn the second number of this Series.

The true definition of the Greek Scolium appears to be, a short ode, or lyric composition, made to be sung or recited at banquets. Artemon of Cassandria, in his second book on the use of these Scolia, as we find in the fifteenth book of Athenæus, says, they are of three sorts—the first consisted of those songs which were sung by all the guests together, joining as in chorus; the second as sung by the guests, not together, but in regular succession; the third, as sung only by particular persons who were skilled in music, wherever placed at the table; and from these last being seated out of the common order, the songs were termed *σκολια*, from *σκολις*, crooked, or being sung by every man in his own place. The examples given

in Athenæus consist of short sentences, either addressed to some god, or containing some moral advice conducive to the prosperity of human life. From the subject of the *Scolia*, the conversation turns on Aristotle's poem to Virtue, which it is contended is improperly called by that name, as not being composed in honour of any deity, nor having the usual burthen of "to *Paran*." Some part of it is rather obscure; but it so pleased Julius Cæsar Scaliger, that he accounted Aristotle as great a poet as Pindar,—"quantus vir Aristoteles

fuerit in poesi neque ipso Pindaro minor," &c. Its authenticity is confirmed by the story related by Diogenes Laertius, that the philosopher underwent an accusation on the charge of impiety, for composing and daily reciting a hymn or poem in honour of his patron, Hermias, tyrant of Atarnæ, a eunuch, and originally a slave. There is an allusion in one line to Memnon, who, under the mask of friendship, betrayed Hermias, and was the cause of his death. We have not room for the Greek.

HYMN TO VIRTUE. BY ARISTOTLE.

LINE FOR LINE AS IN THE ORIGINAL. BY CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

Oh Virtue, excessively-laborious to the human race,
Noblest object-of-pursuit in the life (of man),
For thy beauty, oh Virgin,
Even to die is in Greece a lot to-be-envied,
And to endure labours fiery, unwearied:
Such love dost thou infuse into the mind,
And fruit immortal dost thou produce,
Than gold more excellent, than (the pride of) ancestry,
And than pain-alleviating sleep.
For thy sake Hercules, the son of Jupiter,
And the sons of Leda, endured much,—
By their deeds announcing thy power;
From a longing for thee did Achilles
And Ajax visit the mansion of Pluto;
Under the semblance of friendship, for thy sake,
Did the alumnus of Atarneus (Hermeas)
Deprive himself of the light of the sun.
Him therefore, by his deeds, song-celebrated
And immortal, shall exalt the Muses
The daughters of Mnemosyne,—
Increasing the veneration for Jupiter Hospitalis,
And the reward of firm friendship.

O sought with toil and mortal strife,
By those of human birth,
Virtue, thou noblest end of life,
'Thou goodliest gain on earth!
Thee, Maid, to win, our youth would
bear,
Unwearied, fiery pains; and dare
Death for thy beauty's worth;
So bright thy proffer'd honours shine,
Like clusters of a fruit divine.

Sweeter than slumber's boasted joys,
And more desired than gold,
Dearer than nature's dearest ties:—
For thee those heroes old,
Herculean son of highest Jove,
And the twin-birth of Leda, strove
By perils manifold:
Pelides' son with like desire,
And Ajax, sought the Stygian fire.—R.

The bard shall crown with lasting bay,
And age immortal make
Atarnæ's sovereign, 'rest of day
For thy dear beauty's sake:
Him therefore the recording Nine
In songs extol to heights divine,
And every chord awake;
Promoting still, with reverence due,
The meed of friendship, tried and true.—R.

But have we forgot Sappho, Soul of Fire and Daughter of the Sun? Anacreon never kissed her burning lips, for those two Minnesingers were not coeval; but Alcæus, we trust, often did so, and, as he drunk their dew, lost all remembrance of his shield, not well left behind on the field of battle. Phaon was fickle, and she dared the cliff. Sappho, we dare say, was no virgin; but her loves were not numerous;—intense,

and all hallowed by genius. Ovid calls her brown and of short stature; so Shakspeare says was Celia, in "As You Like It;" but both were beautiful; and only think for a moment of

"The soul, the music breathing from that face!"

Let us look at her two famous Odes.

ODE TO VENUS.

Ποικιλόθρον', ἀθάνατ' Ἀφροδίτα,
παῖ Διὸς, δολοπλόκε, λίσσομαί σε,
μή μ' ἄσσαισι, μηδ' αἰναισι δάμνα,
πότνια, θυμῶν.

ἀλλὰ τυτθ' ἔλθ', αἶ ποκα κατέρωτα
τᾶς ἐμᾶς αὐτᾶς αἰοῖτα πόλλυ
ἐκλυες, πατρός δὲ δόμον λιποῖσα,
χερῦστον ἦλθες

ἄρμ' ὑποζεύξασα, κάλοι δέ σ' αἶγον
ῥάπες στρουθοί, περὶ γᾶς μελαινας
τύκνα δινύντες πτέρ' ἀπ' ὠρανῶ αἰθέ-
ρος διὰ μέσσω

αἶψα δ' ἐξίκοντο· τὸ δ' ὦ μάκαιρα,
μειδιάσας ἀθανάτω προσάπων,
ἥρ' ὅ ττι γ' ἦν τὸ πίπονθα, κ' ὅ ττι
δὴ σε κάλημι,

κ' ὅ ττι ἐμῷ μάλιστα ἐβέλω γενέσθαι·
μαίνολα θυμῶ, τίνα δ' αὐτε πείθη-
μι σαγηνέσσαν φιλότατα τίς Σαπ-
φοῖ, ἀδικεῖ σε;

καὶ γὰρ αἱ φεύγει, ταχέως διώξει·
αἱ δὲ δῶρα μὴ δέκετ', ἀλλὰ δώσει·
αἱ δὲ μὴ φιλεῖ, ταχέως φιλάσει,
ἢ οὐ κεν ἐθέλλοις.

ἔλθ' ἐμοὶ καὶ νῦν, χαλεπᾶν δὲ λῦσον
ἐκ μεριμνᾶν, ὅσα δ' ἐμοὶ τελέσσαι
Θυμὸς ἐμὲρρει, τέλεσον· τὴν δ' αὐτὰ
σύμμαχος ἔσσο.

IN LITERAL PROSE, LINE BY LINE, AS IN THE ORIGINAL.

BY CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

Splendidly-enthroned, immortal Venus,
Daughter of Jupiter, intrigue-contriver, thee I supplicate,
Do not with loathing-anxiety and vexation overwhelm,
Oh august one, my soul.

But hither come, if at any time and elsewhere
Hearing my prayers, thou often didst
Listen to them, and leaving thy father's mansion,
Thou camest, thy golden

Chariot having-yoked: and thee did bear-along thy beautiful
Swift sparrows, above the dark earth
Oft waving their wings,—from heaven
Through mid-air

Quickly they came: and thou, oh blessed one!
Smiling with thine immortal countenance,
Didst ask what indeed it were that I suffer'd, and why
I invoked thee,

And what I wish above all to become
 Of my frenzied soul, and what
 Captivating love I am again alluring.—“Who,
 Oh Sappho, wrongs thee?”

“Even though he flee thee, quickly will he pursue;
 Even though thy gifts he receive not, others will he give;
 Even though he love not, quickly will he love,
 Yea, though thou shouldst not choose it.”

Come to me even now, and deliver me from my vexing
 Perplexities, and whatever for me to be done
 My soul longs for, *that* do: thou thyself
 Be my confederate.

TRANSLATION INTO SAPPHICS, BY W. HAY.

Splendidly-throned, immortal Aphrodite,
 Daughter of Olympus, now I implore thee,
 Do not my spirit o'erwhelm with vexation,
 Thou Goddess august.

Come to me now, oh! if ever or elsewhere
 Inclining thine ear, my prayers thou heard'st, and
 Leaving the splendid abode of thy father,
 Camest in thy gold-car.

Whither thy sparrows so swift and so lovely,
 And o'er the dark earth oft waving their pinions,
 Bearing along through the mid-air, convey'd thee—
 Quickly descending.

Beaming with smiles on thy visage immortal,
 Thou Goddess benign, and blessed for ever,
 Didst ask what indeed it were that I suffer'd—
 Why I invoked thee;

And what above all I wish'd to become of
 My soul ever madden'd with frenzy, and what love,
 Captive myself, to my chains I'm alluring,
 “Sappho, who wrongs thee?”

“Even though he flee thee, quickly will he follow;
 Thy gifts though he scorn, others will he give thee;
 Even though he love not, quickly will he love thee,
 Yea though thou choose not.”

Come to me now, and deliver my spirit
 From every care and sorrow whatever;
 Grant what my soul in its longings may yearn for,
 Thou my protectress!

PHILLIPS.

Oh, Venus, beauty of the skies,
 To whom a thousand temples rise,
 Gaily false in gentle smiles,
 Full of love-perplexing wiles:
 Oh, Goddess! from my heart remove
 The wasting cares and pains of love.

If ever thou hast kindly heard
 A song in soft distress prefer'd,
 Propitious to my tuneful vow,
 Oh, gentle Goddess! hear one now.
 Descend, thou bright, immortal guest,
 In all thy radiant charms confest.

Thou once didst leave almighty Jove,
And all the golden roofs above :
The car thy wanton sparrows drew ;
Hovering in air they lightly flew ;
As to my bower they wing'd their way,
I saw their quivering pinions play.

The birds dismiss (while you remain),
Bore back their empty car again ;
Then you, with looks divinely mild,
In every heavenly feature smiled,
And asked what new complaints I made,
And why I called you to my aid :

What frenzy in my bosom raged,
And by what cure to be assuaged,
What gentle youth I would allure,
Whom in my artful toils secure ;
" Who does thy tender heart subdue,
Tell me, my Sappho, tell me who ?

" Though now he shuns thy longing arms,
He soon shall court thy slighted charms ;
Though now thy offerings he despise,
He soon to thee shall sacrifice ;
Though now he freeze, he soon shall burn,
And be thy victim in his turn."

Celestial visitant, once more
Thy needful presence I implore !
In pity come and ease my grief,
Bring my distempered soul relief,
Favour thy suppliant's hidden fires,
And give me all my heart desires.

ELTON.

Venus ! immortal ! child of Jove !
Who sitt'st on painted throne above ;
Weaver of wiles ! oh ! let not Love
Inflict this torturing flame !

But haste ; if, once, my passion's cry
Drew thee to listen, hasten nigh ;
From golden palaces on high
Thy harness'd chariot came.

O'er shadowy earth, before my sight,
Thy dainty sparrows wheel'd their flight ;
Their balanced wings, in ether's light,
Were quivering to and fro.

The birds flew back : Thou, blessed Queen !
Did'st smile with heavenly brow serene ;
And ask, what grief the cause had been,
That summon'd thee below ?

What most I wished with doting mind :
Whom most, seductive, I would bind
In amorous nets ; and " who unkind,
My Sappho, wrongs thee now ?

" The fugitive shall turn pursuer ;
The vainly woo'd shall prove the wooer :
The cold shall kneel to his undoer,
Though she disdain his vow."

Come, then, now ! come once again !
Ease my bosom of its pain !
Let me all my wish obtain !
Fight my battles Thou !

SANDFORD.

Daughter of Jove, great power divine,
Immortal Queen of amorous snares !
Ah ! doom not thou this heart to pine,
With dull disgust, or torturing cares.

But speed thee here—if e'er before,
Struck with my fond and frequent plea,
Even from thy Father's golden floor,
Thou heard'st benign, and camest to me.

The car was yoked, the coursers gay,
Fleet sparrows on the flapping wing ;
Down, down to earth, from heaven away,
Through the mid air careering spring.

Their course was sped ; and thou, blest power,
Bright with thine own immortal smile,
Did'st ask what griefs my breast devour,
What pangs I call thee to beguile.

For what my frenzied bosom boils—
For whom the baffled huntress long
Has spread persuasion's fruitless toils—
" And who, my Sappho, does thee wrong ?

" If now he flies, he'll soon pursue thee,
If gifts he takes not, give them soon ;
If kisses now he loathes, he'll woo thee,
Against thy will to grant the boon."

Again be near ! to snatch from pain,
From cankering cares relief to yield !
My heart's whole wishes bid me gain,
And be thyself my mighty shield !

MERIVALE.

Immortal Venus! Throned above
In radiant beauty! Child of Jove!
O skilled in every art of love,
And artful snare!

Dread power, to whom I bend the knee!
Release my soul, and set it free
From loads of piercing agony,
And gloomy care!

Yet come thyself! if e'er, benign,
Thy listening ear thou didst incline
To my rude lay, the starry shine
Of Jove's court leaving,

In chariot yoked with coursers' fair,
Thine own immortal birds, that beat
Thine swift to earth, the middle air
With bright wings cleaving.

Which of these versions, gentle reader, dost thou peruse with most emotion? We ask not what you think of the first two—Our prose and our friend Hay's Sapphics—which were mere experiment done in an hour over our negus. Phillips was first in the field, and has won laurels. He does not stand upon what he thinks trifles, and smooths down the rough, and levels the prerupt, with no unskilful shovel. There is rather too much of the glitter of conventional poetic language about his version; some of the lines are feeble, and few or none very strong; and the hymn comes from his hands not intensely Sapphic. There are thoughts that breathe, but no words that burn; and its elegance, although too ornamental, found favour in the eyes of Addison. It flows, but the original rushes; we glide down the English, we are hurried away by the Greek. Yet 'tis a version that will continue to please; for it startles no heart from its propriety, and 'twould be untrue to say that it is cold. 'Tis perhaps a pity it

Soon they were sped—and thou, most blest,
In thine own smiles ambrosial drest,
Didst ask what griefs my mind oppress'd—
What meant my song—

What end my frenzied thoughts pursue—
For what loved youth I spread anew
My amorous nets—"Who, Sappho, who
Hath done thee wrong?"

"What though he fly, he'll soon return—
Still press thy gifts, though now he spurn;
Heed not his coldness, soon he'll burn,
Even though thou chide."

And said'st thou thus, dread Goddess, O
Come then once more to ease my woe!
Grant all! and thy great self bestow,
My shield and guide!

was ever written; for it has that kind of mediocre merit that satisfies ordinary minds, and its perusal incapacitates them for enjoying a more impassioned but less mellifluous version. We suspect that, on the whole, all things considered, it is very good—certainly a very clever, and even graceful performance.

Elton's, though far better, will never supersede it in our literature. It is very true to the original, leaves nothing out, and puts nothing in, and is powerful in its passionate imprecation. It might have brought back Phæon "to make love's quick pant" within the Lesbian's arms. Sir Daniel's version is a very fine one, and, with more than the elegance of Phillips, unites all the vigour of Elton. Nor is there much to choose between it and Mr Merivale's. That gentleman's has this advantage over his rival, that it is in a measure of closer kindred to that of the original, and is felt therefore to be more Greekish and Sapphic. Now for the Lines on a Girl.

TO A GIRL.

Φαίνεται μοι κῆνος ἴσος θείοισιν
ἔμμεν ἄνῃ, ὅστις ἐναντίος τοι
ἰσθάνει, καὶ πλασίον αὐτὸ φωνᾷ-
σαι σ' ὑπακούει,

καὶ γελαῖς ἑμῶν τὸ μοι μὲν
καρδίαν ἐν στήθεσιν ἐπτόασεν.
ὡς γὰρ εἶδ' ὅτε, βροχίως με φωνᾷς
οὐδὲν ἔσ' ἔκει·

Ἄλλὰ πᾶν τολεμητᾶν, ἔπει πένητα

ἀλλὰ καμμέν γλῶσσα ἄγχι, λίπτον δ'
αὐτίκα χρῶ πῦρ ὑποδεδρόμακιν,
ὁππάτεσσιν δ' οὐδὲν ὄρημι, βομβέ-
σιν δ' ἀκοαί μοι.

καθδ' ἰδρῶς ψυχρὸς χέεται, τρέμος δ'
πᾶσαν ἀγρεῖ, χλωροτέρα δὲ ποίας
ἐμμί' τεθνάκην δ' ὀλίγῳ πιδεύσας,
φαίνομαι ἄπρους

LINE FOR LINE WITH THE ORIGINAL. CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

To me equal to the gods seems that
Man to be, who opposite to thee
Sits, and near, *as thou* speakest sweetly,
To thee listens,

As thou laughest lovingly : 'twas this *that* my
Heart in *my* breast violently-affected.
For when I see thee, in a short time to me of voice
Nothing any longer comes :

But thoroughly is my tongue broken down, and a subtle
Fire forthwith stealthily-runs-through my skin,
With mine eyes nothing I see, tingle do
Mine ears :

And a cold perspiration pours-down-over-me, and trembling
Pervades me all, and greener than grass
I am : and wanting little of (*being not far from*) dying,
Breathless I seem.

But all must be dared—since a poor ——

PHILLIPS.

Blest as th' immortal gods is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while
Softly speak, and sweetly smile.

My bosom glowed ; the subtle flame
Ran quick through all my vital frame ;
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung ;
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

'Twas this deprived my soul of rest,
And raised such tumults in my breast ;
For, while I gazed, in transport lost,
My heart was gone, my voice was lost ;

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd,
My blood with gentler horrors thrill'd ;
My feeble pulse forgot to play—
I panted, sunk, and died away.

ELTON.

That man is like a god to me,
Who, sitting face to face with thee,
Shall hear thee sweetly speak, and see
Thy laughter's gentle blandishing.

My flushing skin the fire betrays
That through my blood electric plays ;
My eyes seem darkening as I gaze,
My ringing ears re-echoing.

'Tis this astounds my trembling heart ;
I see thee, lovely as thou art ;
My fluttering words in murmurs start,
My broken tongue is faltering.

'Cold from my forehead glides the dew,
A shuddering terror thrills me through ;
My cheek in green and yellow hue—
Ah! gasping, dying, languishing.

SANDFORD.

A rival for the Gods is he,
The youth who, face to face with thee,
Sits, and looks, and lists to hear
Thy sweet voice sounding near.

Then cleaves my tongue, and subtle flame
Shoots sudden through my tingling frame,
And my dim eyes are fixed, and sound
Of noises hums around—

Thou smilest ; at that my bosom quails,
The shrinking heart within me fails ;
Soon as I gaze, with instant thrill
My stricken lips are still.

And cold, dank sweat upon me breaks,
And every limb convulsive quakes,
And grassy-pale, and breathless all,
In the death-swound I fall.

MERIVALE.

Blest as th' immortal Gods is he,
The youth whose eyes may look on thee,
Whose ears thy tongue's sweet melody
May still devour !

Thou smilest too ? sweet smile, whose charm
Has struck my soul with wild alarm,
And, when I see thee, bids disarm
Each vital power.

Speechless I gaze : the flame within
Runs swift o'er all my quivering skin ;
My eyeballs burn ; with dizzy din
My brain wheels round.

And cold drops fall ; and tremblings frail
Seize every limb ; and grassy-pale
I grow ; and then—together fail
Both sight and sound !

Sappho has here in imagination unsexed herself, and, by power of genius inflamed by wild experiences, is a man. She durst not have depicted a girl thus overcome to the very death by looking and listening to a youth. She shews, in another composition of two lines, how near a "puir bit lassie" might languish towards deliquium under such impulse, even in the absence of her beloved boy.

Ἰδούσα παῖτα, ὅττι μοι ὁσπρεῖα ἔλκεν τοῦ
ἄνδρος

Ἦδὲν ἀφελύσσει ἐνὶ στήθεσσι, βροχόεντα δὲ Ἀφροδίτης.

"Mother ! sweet mother ! 'tis in vain—
I cannot now the shuttle throw ;
That youth is in my heart and brain,
And Venus' lingering fires within me glow."

The lines here elegantly paraphrased by Elton literally run thus,

"Sweet mother ! no longer am I able to
weave the web,
Overcome by longing, for thee boy, through
influence of Venus (the irresistible ?)"

But the ode is surcharged with more impetuous passion—the love-sickness becomes a swoon—and the swoon seems death. Longinus says truly that it is sublime. Is the man jealous ? No. No more jealous than a man must be, who sees another man enjoying, near and close, the breath, eyes, words, and laughter (subdued and silvery) of the woman whom to distraction he desires and loves. They are sitting face to face—we may believe knee to knee ; and in the sense of the word used above, the maddened wretch that watches them is jealous ; but Mr Elton well says, "this fainting of the spirits is not likely to be occasioned by jealousy, which rather engenders a sullen or malignant temper of the mind, and an angry contortion of the countenance. Longinus does not quote the ode as a just description of jealous uneasiness, but of 'amorous fervour ;' and his expressions are, 'all things of this kind happen to those who are in love ; but the seizure of the chief particulars, and the embodying of them in one whole,

has effected the sublime.'" Mr Elton adds, that he has no doubt "that the passion, of which Sappho describes the paroxysm, is a passion indulged by stealth, and concealed through a sense of guilt or apprehension. The first line of the succeeding stanza, which is lost, seems to point at a disclosure—'Yet must I venture all.' Plutarch tells a traditionary story of a physician who discovered the love of Antiochus for his mother-in-law, Stratonice, by comparing the effects which her presence produced on his patient, with the symptoms enumerated by Sappho." "Is it not wonderful," exclaims Longinus—we avail ourselves of Sir Daniel's translation—"how she calls at once on soul, body, ears, tongue, eyes, colour—all at once she calls, as if estranged and vanishing away ! and how with contradictory efforts and emotions, she freezes, she glows, she raves, she recovers her reason, she shakes with terror, she is on the brink of death. It is not a single passion, but a whole convention of passions." Longinus should have said "he"—not "she ;" for 'tis not fair to Sappho to suppose her the gazer, any more than to charge Milton with being Satan. In further illustration, we would fain quote the Ettrick Shepherd's celebrated song—beginning,

"O love ! love ! love !
Love's like a dizziness,
It will not let a puir body
Gang about his bizziness."

Catullus—and who but he—has made the Greek Latin with all its fire. Boileau has made it French and flummery ; Phillips, English and mulled port,—drink, when well composed, at once sweet and potent, but he has given it a dash of water, and it smacks too strongly of the cloves and cinnamon. Elton's version is felicitous ; the best of them all, and likeliest the Lesbian. Sandford's is little inferior ; but "lists to hear" is not good ; nor is "soon as I gaze with instant thrill ;" but "grassy-pale" is the thing to a nicety ; and the last line is a clench—
—a consummation. Merivale is nearly as good as is possible ; the

only flaw is "hids disarm." Who now knows not Sappho?

But how happens it that we have overlooked the famous ode on Harmodius, supposed to have been written by Callistratus? Collins believed it was by Alcæus; but that worthy died long before the event it celebrates. Collins's lines are among the noblest in our language—and they dim the lustre even of the Greek Song of Slaughter.

"Who shall awake the Spartan sife,
And call in solemn sounds to life
The youths, whose locks divinely spread-
ing,

Like vernal hyacinths in sullen hue,
At once the breath of fear and virtue
shedding,

Applauding Freedom loved of old to view?
What new Alcæus, fancy-blest,

Shall sing the sword in myrtles drest
At wisdom's shrine awhile its flames
concealing,

(What place so fit to seal a deed re-
nowned?)

Till she her brightest lightnings round
revealing,

It leapt in glory forth and dealt th' aven-
ging wound!"

We are no great admirers—out of
lyrical poetry—of tyrannicide—or
of any other kind of murder, except

considered in connexion with the
Fine Arts. The assassination of Ju-
lius Cæsar was a sorry sight; nor,
setting aside other reasons, could
Brutus, who was but a third-rate
man at most, have had any right in
nature to strike "the foremost man
of all the world." Charlotte Corday,
though a fine creature, had been far
better at home hunting hens' nests
among the nettles, than stabbing Ma-
rat in his slipper-bath. We hated
Napoleon, but cannot say we wished
him treacherously put to death by a
private hand. And we enjoyed the
execution of Sandt with more zest
than the murder of Kotzebue. With
regard to Hipparchus, Cumberland
calls him, on ancient authorities,
"this excellent and most amiable
prince." He reigned for fourteen
years, we believe; was a lover of
poetry and science, and "every inch
a king." Plato, if we err not, equals
his reign with the golden reign of
Saturn. However, Harmodius and
Aristogeiton slew him; twenty years
afterwards his brother Hippias—an
outlaw—was killed at Marathon—
and there was an end to the Pisis-
trididae. Base motives are attri-
buted by some to the assassins, but
all is dark. We shall suppose them
patriots.

THE SONG OF HARMODIUS. BY CALLISTRATUS.

Εν μύρτου κλαδί τὸ ξίφος φέρῃσιν,
Ἰσσιτερ' Ἀρμόδιος καὶ Ἀριστογείτων,
Ὅτε τὸν τυράννον κτανέτην,
Ἰσονόμους τ' Ἀθήνας ἐπύκνωσαν.

Φίλταβ' Ἀρμόδι', ὅν τι πύκνωσας.
Νήσοις δ' ἐν ρακάρεσσιν φέρονται
Ἰνα πύρρον πόδας Ἀχιλλεύς,
Τυδείδην τε φασιν Διομήδεα.

Εν μύρτου κλαδί τὸ ξίφος φέρῃσιν
Ὡσπερ' Ἀρμόδιος καὶ Ἀριστογείτων,
Ὅτ' Ἀθηναίης ἐν θυσιαῖς
Ἀνδρῶν τύραννον Ἰσπαρχοῦ ἐκαιέτην.

Ἀλλ' σφῶν κλέος ἔσσεσθαι κατ' αἶαν
Φιλταβ' Ἀρμόδι' καὶ Ἀριστογείτων,
Ὅτι τοὶ τυράννον κτανέτην
Ἰσονόμους τ' Ἀθήνας ἐπύκνωσαν.

* CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

Like Harmodius and Aristogeiton,
The myrtle-wreathed sword
I'll bear—when Athens' lord they slew,
And equal laws restored.

Harmodius dead! thou art not dead:
In the islands of the blest
Thou art, where swift Achilles
And Tydides Diomed rest.

Like Harmodius and Aristogeiton,
With myrtle I'll entwine
The sword,—when they Harmodius slew
Before Minerva's shrine.

For ever, over all the earth,
Their names shall be adored,
The men—who Athens' tyrant slew,
And equal laws restored.

CUMBERLAND.

He is not dead, our best beloved
Harmodius is not lost,
But with Troy's conquerors removed
To some more happy coast.

Bind then the myrtle's mystic bough,
And wave your swords around,
For so they struck the tyrant low,
And so their swords were bound.

Perpetual object of our love,
The patriot pair shall be,
Who, in Minerva's sacred grove,
Struck and set Athens free.

DENMAN.

I'll wreath my sword in myrtle bough,
The sword that laid the tyrant low,
When patriots, burning to be free,
To Athens gave equality.

Harmodius, hail ! though 'rest of breath,
Thou ne'er shalt feel the stroke of death ;
The heroes' happy isles shall be
The bright abode allotted thee.

I'll wreath my sword in myrtle bough,
The sword that laid Hipparchus low,
When at Minerva's adverse fane
He knelt, and never rose again.

While Freedom's name is understood,
You shall delight the wise and good ;
You dar'd to set your country free,
And gave her laws equality.

ANOTHER TRANSLATION OF THE SAME.

In myrtle my sword will I wreath,
Like our patriots the noble and brave,
Who devoted the tyrant to death,
And to Athens equality gave.

Loved Harmodius, thou never shalt die !
The poets exultingly tell,
That thine is the fulness of joy,
Where Achilles and Diomed dwell.

In myrtle my sword will I wreath,
Like our patriots the noble and brave ;
Who devoted Hipparchus to death,
And buried his pride in the grave.

At the altar the tyrant they seized,
While Minerva he vainly implored,
And the Goddess of Wisdom was pleased
With the victim of Liberty's sword.

May your bliss be immortal on high,
Among men as your glory shall be !
Ye doom'd the usurper to die,
And bade our dear country be free.

ELTON.

In myrtles veil'd will I the falchion wear,
For thus the patriot sword
Harmodius and Aristogeiton bare,
When they the tyrant's bosom gor'd ;
And bade the men of Athens be
Regenerate in equality.

Oh ! beloved Harmodius ! never
Shall death be thine, who livest for ever !
Thy shade, as men have told, inherits
The Islands of the Blessed Spirits ;
Where deathless live the glorious dead,
Achilles fleet of foot, and Diomed.

In myrtles veil'd will I the falchion wear,
For thus the patriot sword
Harmodius and Aristogeiton bare,
When they the tyrant's bosom gor'd ;
When, in Minerva's festal rite,
They closed Hipparchus' eyes in night.

Harmodius' praise, Aristogeiton's home,
Shall bloom on earth with undecaying fame ;
Who with the myrtle-wreathed sword
The tyrant's bosom gor'd ;
And bade the men of Athens be
Regenerate in equality.

SANDFORD.

Wreathed with myrtles be my glave,
 Like the falchion of the brave,
 Death to Athens' lord that gave,
 Death to tyranny!
 Yes! let myrtle-wreaths be round,
 Such as then the falchion bound
 When with deeds the feast was crown'd,
 Done for liberty!

Voiced by Fame eternally,
 Noble pair! your names shall be,
 For the stroke that made us free,
 When the tyrant fell.

Death, Harmodius! come not near thee,
 Isles of bliss and brightness cheer thee,
 There heroic hearts revere thee,
 There the mighty dwell!

Lowth, in his *Sacred Poetry of the Hebrews*, speaks enthusiastically of this song, saying, that it was not to be wondered at that no one should have dared to attempt to restore the tyranny of the Pisistratidæ in Athens, where, at all festive meetings, even among the lowest of the people, was daily chanted—"Σκολιον Callistrati nescio cujus, sed ingeniosi certe poetæ, et valde boni civis;" and, alluding to the domination of Cæsar, he says, that had such a patriotic song been familiar in the mouths of the inhabitants of the Suburra, "plus Mærcule valuisset unum Ἀρμόδιον μίλες quam Ciceronis Philippicæ omnes." Is not that extravagant? 'Tis spirit-reviving to sing aloud

"Old songs that are the music of the heart;"

and we have all heard of that saying of Fletcher of Saltoun—"Let others make the laws, give me the making of the songs of a country." But the power of the Pisistratidæ was not palsied merely, it was dead and buried beyond all possibility of resurrection, long before the singing of this famous Σκολιον. The elder Callistratus flourished about a century after the assassination of Hipparchus, the younger half a century later, and the youngest—for there are three spoken of—about 150 years only before the Christian era.

The song is a fine one, and was very popular—national; it struck forcibly a single key that vibrated to the core of the people's heart. Chanted by a manly voice, with accompaniment of suitable action, and the singer like a hero, at some festal entertainment, where all the guests were full of wine and patriotism, the effect must have been magnificent, and at its close sublime the muttered thunder of—"Death to all tyrants." But, on most occasions, a little poetry will suffice to rouse the imagination of a great assemblage to

heights of noblest daring; and there is but little poetry in this famous strain. It is of a higher mood, doubtless, than our own King's Anthem; yet we remember the time when loyalty was with us a national virtue, and a national passion, and when the voices of many hundreds of as noble men as ever sat at an Athenian feast, often shook the theatre in a transport at these three no very august lines,—

"SEND HIM VICTORIOUS,
 HAPPY AND GLORIOUS,
 LONG TO REIGN OVER US;
 GOD SAVE THE KING!"

But let us take a critical glance at the translations. Our own is a mere attempt to versify the original literally; and while we give it as an example of the style in which the song should be translated, we admit that it is poorly done, and nearly an entire failure. Cumberland's is spirited; and it will be noticed that he supposes the song to consist of but three stanzas. Denman's versions are both good; but faulty as in particular lines as in the general conception. Thus, the second line of the first version, "The sword that laid the tyrant low," is incorrect; that is asking the spectators and auditors to believe too much, at least more than Callistratus. The second line of the second stanza is utter nonsense, "Thou ne'er shalt feel the stroke of death." Harmodius was killed on the spot. The song says, "Thou art not dead;" nor was he, for he was in the Islands of the Blest—but he had "felt the stroke of death." The spirit of the two following lines is destroyed by the use of the future tense—"The heroes' happy isles shall be;" they were—οἱ φασιν εἶναι—and so believed all who lived under Minerva; "while Freedom's name is understood," is poor in comparison with αἰ κατ' αἶαν; and the song was not addressed formally to the "wise and good," of whom there is

no mention because no thought, but to all who had ears to hear the names of the deliverers. In the second version, line second, "noble and brave" is but so so; "the poets exultingly tell" is insufferable; "buried his pride in the grave" is vastly fine; all that about Minerva is good in itself, but lugged in *ad libitum*; and "may your bliss be immortal on high," is a sad slip in a classical scholar. Yet as a paraphrase, the composition is certainly above mediocrity, and may be read at any time with pleasure, at times with delight. Sandford's is free from such faults, and is a fine—a noble version. But does not the power of the Greek song dwell in the names and in the proud repetition—the loving iteration—of the names of the destroyers? They are in every stanza—the lines they fill are the words of the spell. Drop them and the charm is broken—the singer absurd, with his myrtle and sword. You might just as well, in translating into another language—

"Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots wham Bruce has aften led,"

omit Wallace and Bruce, and give us "the noble and brave." Elton felt that; and therefore his version has not only bones, which the others have, and soul which they have too, but *the* soul of the poet and the patriot, as it is slung into his exulting and threatening song of vengeance, triumph, and restoration. For that, and for its general flow and glow, we pronounce Elton's version—which is free, but not paraphrastic—by far the best.

But we have forgot that great Grecian, Sir William Jones, who attempted, and, as some say, succeeded in every thing, and who of course could not be happy without inditing "An Ode in imitation of Callistratus." We all know how out of five lines, supposed to be by Alcæus, *Οὐκ ἔστιν*, &c. he has spun thirty—"What constitutes a state," &c.—of which batch the first baker's dozen are animated commonplaces, and frequently used with effect in quotation by patriotic common-council men, and people in Parliament. But, with the exception of those lines, and "Boy, bid the liquid ruby flow," in poetry Sir William is as weak as why, which is well known to be weaker than water.

Here is a long leaf of tinsel, in place of the solid gold:

"Verdant myrtle's branchy pride
Shall my biting falchion wreath:
Soon shall grace each manly side
Tubes that speak, and points that breathe.
Thus, Harmodius! shone thy blade;
Thus, Aristogeiton! thine:
Whose, when Britain sighs for aid,
Whose shall now delay to shine?
Dearest youths, in islands blest,
Not, like recreant idlers, dead,
You with fleet Pelides rest,
And with godlike Diomed.
Verdant myrtle's branchy pride
Shall my thirsty blade entwine;
Such, Harmodius! deck'd thy side;
Such, Aristogeiton! thine.
They the base Hipparchus slew
At the feast of Pallas crown'd;
Gods!—how swift their poniards flew!
How the monster tinged the ground!
Then in Athens all was peace,
Equal laws and liberty;
Nurse of arts and age of Greece!"

But neither by the Greek nor by the English are our hearts made to burn within us as they are made to burn by some of the simple conceptions of Simonides on heroes who had died for their country on the field of battle—in victory, or in defeat a victory—at Thermopylæ!

We wish we had more remains of Callistratus. The few Mr Merivale gives us are beautiful. All poems are good about Pan—and here is a Pæan.

A PÆAN. MERIVALE.

Io Pan! we sing to thee,
King of famous Arcady!
Mighty dancer! follower fice
Of the nymphs, mid sport and glee!
Io Pan! sing merrily
To our merry minstrelsy!
We have gain'd the victory,
We are all we wish'd to be,
And keep with pomp and pageantry
Pandrosos' great mystery.

Callistratus, as indeed were all the fine spirits of antiquity, was a jolly soul.

"Quaff with me the purple wine,
And in youthful pleasures join;
Crown with me thy flowing hair;
With me love the blooming fair:

"When sweet madness fires my soul,
Thou shalt rave without control;
When I'm sober, sink with me
Into dull sobriety."

The poet of Minerva, Pan, and Bacchus, must likewise be the poet of Venus and Cupid; and here is a pretty love-lay. We shall give you the Greek.

Εἶθε λύρα καλὴ
γενοίμαν ἑλεφαντίνῃ
καί με καλοὶ παῖδες φοροῖεν
Διονύσιον εἰς χορόν.

εἶθ' ἄπυρον καλὸν
γενοίμην μέγα χρυσίον
καί με καλὴ γυνὴ φοροῖ
καθαρὸν θεμένη νόον.

Would that I were a beautiful ivory lyre,
And that beautiful youths might carry me to the dance of Bacchus.
Would that I were a large beautiful golden vessel untried-by-fire,
And that a beautiful woman having a pure mind might carry me.—C. N.

I wish I were an ivory lyre—
A lyre of burnish'd ivory—
That to the Dionysian choir
Blooming boys might carry me!

Or would I were a chalice bright,
Of virgin gold by fire untried—
For virgin chaste as morning light
To hear me to the altar side.—M.

This may be considered, Mr Merivale says, as the original of many similar "wishes," among the amatory poets, at least if the ode ascribed to Anacreon be of subsequent date. That ode, by the by, is charmingly translated by Mr Merivale—and here it is.

TO HIS MISTRESS.

Sad Niobe, on Phrygian shore,
Was turn'd to marble by despair;
And hapless Progne learn'd to soar
On swallow's wing thro' liquid air.

But I would be a mirror,
So thou may'st pleas'd behold me,
Or robe, with close embraces
About thy limbs to fold me.

A crystal fount, to lave thee,
Sweet oyle, thy hair to deck,
A zone, to press thy bosom,
Or pearl, to gem thy neck.

Or, might I worship at thy feet,
A sandal for thy feet I'd be.
Ev'n to be trodden on were sweet,
If to be trodden on by thee.

The epigrams selected by the editor from among the Ἰσοκράτους (uncertain), printed at the end of Brunck's and Jacobs's collections, are principally such as, from internal evidence, would seem to belong to the earlier and better ages of Grecian poetry; and here is one in which the same kind of wish has graceful expression.

THE LOVER'S WISH. MERIVALE.

Oh, that I were some gentle air,
That, when the heats of summer glow
And lay thy panting bosom bare,
I might upon that bosom blow!

Oh, that I were yon blushing flower,
Which even now thy hands have press'd,
To live, though but for one short hour,
Upon the Elysium of thy breast!

It would be easy to recollect many pretty little poems breathing the same sort of amorous fancy—and it may be pleasant to look at two of the most delightful—one by Shakspeare, and one by Burns.

"On a day, (alack the day!)
Love, whose month is ever May,
Spied a blossom, passing fair,
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, 'gan passage find;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.
'Air,' quoth he, 'thy cheeks may blow;
Air, would I might triumph so!

But alack! my hand is sworn,
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:
Vow, alack! for youth unmeet;
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.
Do not call it sin in me,
That I am forsworn for thee:
Thou for whom even Jove would swear,
Juno but an Ethiop were;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love."

Nothing in all the Greek Anthology so exquisite! The first feeling is here as perfectly expressed as it could be by any one of those consummate masters of expression; and the "Swan," after breathing it in music, prolongs the strain as passionately as Sappho's self could have done, as purely as Simonides. And hear the Scottish ploughman.

"O that my love were yon red rose,
That grows upon the castle wa',
And I myself a drap o' dew,
Into her bonny breast to fa'!

"O, there beyond expression blest!
I'd feast on beauty a' the night;
Seated on her silk-saft faulds to rest,
Till slep'd awa by Phœbus' licht."

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.*

THE highest office of human experience is to guide human conduct; and the guidance of nations is the providential purpose of history. Firmly convinced of that great doctrine, that the fall of a sparrow is not unnoticed in the largest scale of the Divine Government, we are perfectly justified in the conclusion, that the great events of nations are for the wisdom of their posterity. Kingdoms may be punished for their own crimes, the corruptions of the popular mind may break out in faction, or the degeneracy of sovereigns may be visited by the disasters of the throne; but with the evil of the time, the good of the future is unquestionably bound up. The calamities of the fathers are held forth as warnings to the steps of the children; the disease which broke down the strength of the past generation, assists the healing science of the present; the thunderstorm which swept away the harvests and houses of Europe within memory, gives added vigilance to our general precaution, makes us watch every elementary movement with more active anticipation, and sends us to erect our conductors in time.

We never required this experience more. We are at this hour threatened with a revolution in England. There never was a mine laid for the explosion of a citadel more palpably, than the materials of violent and total change are now laid under the whole fabric of the British constitution. Incessant appeals to popular excitement, furious stimulants to the natural passion of the populace for plunder, lying panegyrics of their merits, exaggerated pictures of their sufferings, *fiendish* calls to their revenge, a nobility libelled as tyrants, a church libelled as robbers, and a King libelled alternately as a royal encumbrance and a rebel leader, are the preparation. By whose hand the match is to be applied is another

question. But when the chief difficulty has been overcome with such perfect ease, the minor difficulty will not linger long to vex the soul of patriotism. There are orators within the circuit of London—perhaps we might draw the circle closer still—who would be worthy to harangue in Pandemonium; villains black to the core, outcasts from all character, and conscious that they are outcasts, with whom all considerations of honour, feeling, and principle, are swallowed up in one eager passion of revenge; men who never cast a passing glance upon palace, church, or noble mansion, but with an instinctive admeasurement of it as an object of spoil or conflagration; who never speak without letting out the dreams of power and blood that are fevering their hearts, nor will ever be satisfied with the broadest and most remorseless change short of utter overthrow, the general plunder of property, the general extinction of religion, and the general subversion of government, one vast, sanguinary, and final triumph of atheism and anarchy.

In such a time appear the present volumes, the work of a man of honour, ability, and knowledge; a full and faithful account of a great transaction enacted within our memory, within a few miles of our shore, and to this hour influencing the feelings and fortunes of Europe—the Revolution of France. He brings for our knowledge no remote example of the crimes or follies of lands which have now gone down in the waters of oblivion; he leads us over ground which every man may tread for himself; points to the spots where kingly weakness held its first faint battle against popular pretension; shews us the broken rampart where the fury of popular passion burst in, and swept away the chivalry of the nobles and the monarchy; exhibits still farther on, the ground covered with the mutual havoc of those fero-

* The History of Europe during the French Revolution, embracing the period from the Assembly of the Notables in 1789, to the Establishment of the Directory in 1795. By Archibald Alison, F.R.S.E., Advocate. In two volumes. Blackwood, Edinburgh; Cadell, London. 1833.

cious victors in the feasts and feuds of their horrid supremacy; and finally, fixing us beside that huge and rude sepulchre into which vanquished and victors, king and people, monarchy and anarchy, at last were flung together, bids us draw wisdom for our own direction, from the fearful and bloody catastrophe before our eyes.

Mr Alison divides the Revolution into four periods. The first commencing with the States-General in 1789, and ending with the death of the unfortunate King, and the complete establishment of the democracy in 1793. The second, with the struggle of the factions of the Girondist and Jacobin clubs, and ending with the establishment of a military government in 1793. The third, with the rise of Napoleon, and ending with the peace of Amiens. The fourth, with the seizure of the throne by Napoleon, and ending with his fall at Waterloo. The first two periods* thus give the history of popular influence upon the internal concerns of the nation; the latter two its influence on the general system of Europe. The first are the portrait of Democracy breaking up established institutions, throwing the whole state of society into a moral frenzy, and preparing the nation, by misery and agony at home, to rush out with the preternatural force of frenzy on the surrounding nations. The latter, a portrait of the most powerful and tyrant despotism which the world ever saw, forcing the whole wild energy of the national powers into one purpose; urging that purpose, the domination of Europe and the world, with a steadiness and skill, a reckless resolution, and a demoniac subtlety, that made all resistance nearly hopeless, and finally overthrown by an indignant and noble conspiracy of mankind; overthrown in an attempt scarcely more in defiance of man than of nature and heaven, and by a great and final retribution, less like the fortunes of battle than the direct judicial wrath of Providence. The two former pe-

riods are the subject of the present volumes. The subsequent volumes will treat of the Empire. He contemplates his topic with the ardour without which no man ought to take up the pen of history; he may be a chronicler, he will never be a historian.

"A subject so splendid in itself," says Mr Alison, "so full of political and military instruction, replete with such great and heroic actions, adorned by so many virtues, and darkened by so many crimes, never yet fell to the lot of a historian. During the twenty-five years of its progress, the world has gone through more than five hundred years of ordinary existence, and the annals of modern Europe will be sought in vain for a parallel to that brief period of anxious effort and checkered achievement." This is true; but the interest which we take in the work of a man of principle and talent, makes us only the more desirous that it should be worthy of himself, and useful to his country. In this spirit we wish that Mr Alison would seriously consider whether the following theorem is as sound in philosophy as it is eloquent in expression. He tells us, "The two first [the first two] eras, illustrate the consequences of democratic ascendancy upon the civil condition. The two last [the latter two] their effect upon the military struggles and external relations of nations. In both, the operation of the same law of nature may be discerned, for the *expulsion of a destructive passion from the frame of society, by the efforts which it makes for its own gratification*. In both, the principal actors were driven forward by an unseen power, which rendered their vices and ambition the means of ultimately effecting the deliverance of mankind. Generations perished during the vast transition, but the law of nature was unceasing in its operation. And the same principle which drove the government of Robespierre through the Reign of Terror to the 9th of Thermidor, impelled Napoleon to the snows of

* Mr Alison calls these "Eras." We take the liberty of pointing his attention to the accurate use of this word, at least among chronologists. *Era* is any indefinite time; *period* is a time included between two dates, such as those which he has given. The beginning and end of the Period are *Epochs*, though, in common parlance, *Epoch* is generally confined to events of some distinction.

Russia and the rout of Waterloo. The illustrations of this moral law is [are] the great lesson to be learned from the eventful scenes of this mighty drama."

It may be difficult to prohibit the countrymen of Smith and Stewart from philosophizing. It may be still more difficult to prohibit a vivid imagination from taking its flight to that eminence from which all the little features which constitute locality disappear, and the face of things is seen in the broad and permanent characters which constitute nature. But twenty-five years form too brief a time for the process by which alone the great principles of conduct, human or divine, are to be evolved. The moral of the tale is easily obtained, and that is nearly all which is yet within our power. Mr Alison has done his country an admirable service in marking the steps by which public pretence swells into public cupidity; in tearing the robe of affected patriotism from the form of furious spoil; in keenly translating for our use the language of the hypocrite into the open avowal of the traitor; in leading us over the broken and benighted track of public crimes and sorrow during the last twenty-five years; and in flashing upon every spot of doubt and danger the light of a lamp, kindled from the purest sources of political and moral wisdom. But the time has not yet come when he or any other man can elicit from those heady and complex transactions the principles of their existence. Years, perhaps centuries, may elapse, before man will be permitted to seize upon the impulses of our time of trouble, and fix them in the great historical museum as a portion of the applicable knowledge of mankind; a view of the actual configuration of the ways of Providence; a reduction of the volatile and viewless gases, vapours of death, and feeders of national inflammability, into the tangible bases, that may be investigated with the calmness of science, or turned to the beneficial purposes of society. The historian must not think his labour thrown away, if he is still shut out from this knowledge. It is his office to follow facts, and give us the warning of national evils, as the noble excitement to noble effort, by shew-

ing the capacities that lie hid in the righteous cause, for the restoration and fame of nations. The lesson is his and ours, the philosophy belongs to generations yet unborn. Even from them it may be withheld. Who, for instance, to this hour, knows the philosophy of the Crusades? Writers of the first distinction still differ totally in their estimate of the principles, the ultimate uses of those extraordinary convulsions of society, which yet acted on the largest scale through Europe and Asia, not for twenty-five years, but for nearly three hundred, —not with a solitary nation, impelled by a single fury of change, but on all nations, impelled by all the successive motives that can vivify human nature into the fullest development of its venom or its virtues. We have the lesson; we can feel the guilt and the injury of unjust war, the folly of wasting the national strength in hostilities without object and without end, and the natural result of superstition in turning society into a race of sullen enthusiasts or savage sons of blood. But the providential principle to be illustrated by the Crusades is still unknown. What man can decide, to this hour, whether they were for good or for evil? Still less can we expect to trace the design of Providence in events which are still covering the world with their clouds, which differ from all others only in their deeper perplexity, in which the presence of the Deity is to be known only in the heavier darkness and the more solemn thunders.

If the present theory should be authentic, none could rejoice more in the proof than ourselves. But "the law of nature, by which the expulsion of a destructive passion from society is determined by the efforts which it makes for its own gratification," is yet to us a totally undiscovered law. In the instance of Jacobinism, the discovery would be of the highest consolation to society. But, after all the horrors of democracy in France, and all the warnings of its hazards to England, we cannot find that this destructive passion has expelled itself, by either its punishment or its triumph. It unhappily lives still, probably with as much eager aspiration for overthrow under the wretched govern-

ment of Louis Philip as under the lax government of Louis Seize. Among ourselves, hostile as the infinite majority of the manlier, more intelligent, and more virtuous portion of the Empire are to its principles, and long as it had been crushed to the ground by the vigour of a constitutional legislature, it has not lost a particle of its venom by the purple purification of the French scaffold. We have resisted, and by the blessing of God will resist it still; and when the time shall come when authority will place itself on the side of law, grasp the ruffian orators of Jacobin clubs, movement leaders, agitators, and political unionists, and that whole brood of monstrous and mischievous shapes which rabble ambition generates of the slime of rabble power; when we shall see the whole race of the missionaries of the lamp-iron sent to the dungeon, or to return-less exile, then shall we believe that the time of national redemption draweth nigh; but not till then. That the French democracy tore its own offspring to pieces is true, and that democracy will always rend them is true. But it is fearfully prolific; no exhaustion has yet struck it with barrenness. It has even gathered force within memory. Once confined to France, it made the land an abomination. But since the close of the French Revolution it has spread; it is now become the native product of every climate from the pole to the line; the Jacobin of Russia is affiliated with the Jacobin of Mexico; the crush of the serpent in France has debased its form, but not extinguished its malignity; it now winds its way through every province of the earth, and propagates its species, its venom, and its enmity, wherever it can find an unguarded foot to sting.

A part of the Preface is given to a detail of the authors on whom the subsequent narrative is to be founded; and Mr Alison seems to have consulted every leading name. But in that portion which is to come, we must hope that he will give our greatest naval hero, our immortal Nelson, some more appropriate laurel than it is possible to extract from the mere abridgment to which alone he refers. When he tells us, that

"Mr Southey's *Life of Nelson* contains *all that England could desire* to have recorded of her naval hero," he tells us what we certainly are not inclined to conceive. We and all men who honour the most singular combination of martial sagacity, martial fervour, and martial intrepidity, in the whole history of a service fertile in the highest qualities of the warrior, will not feel content with the single volume into which a non-professional writer, of whatever dexterity, may have compressed the career of the "man of the hundred battles." To do justice to Nelson, he must refer to a higher source, than a midshipman's manual. Mr Alison must equally reconsider his estimate of Colonel Napier's work. His own sound sense will shew him that Colonel Napier's unhesitating reliance on his own sagacity, and palpable contempt of the judgment of every one else, render him the most perilous guide through transactions, of which neither that writer nor any other has yet had the key; and that, animated as he frequently is, and correct as he may occasionally be, he writes more with the pen of a smart adjutant than of a military historian. We confess, that his "Tenth Legion" dedication to the Peninsular hero was quite enough to settle our impression of the writer. It would have been worthy of the cleverest cadet in Woolwich or High Wycombe.

Mr Alison justly observes of the foreign writers in general, that, "of whatever party, nation, or shade of opinion, they seem all at bottom imbued with a profound hatred of this country;" and in consequence, they generally ascribe to the British Cabinet a dark and Machiavelian policy, in matters where it is well known to every person in England, and will be obvious to posterity, they were regulated by very different motives, and often proceeded from inexperience of warlike measures, without any fixed principle at all. This he conceives is to be accounted for on the principle that we constantly beat them. Without doubt this will go far to account for the enmity. It will also in some degree account, too, for the insinuation of perpetual artifice, the gold of Pitt, and the similar outcries of the

wrung pride of the foreigner which so long amused the nation. For this continental vanity, never allowing that it can be beaten in the fair field, takes a desperate refuge in chicane. If an army are routed like a flock of sheep, it is the work of traitors in the ranks; if a general is outmanœuvred, he has been bribed; if a Cabinet is out-argued, it is seduced by money, or betrayed by the falsehood of its members. In that curious distortion of the faculties of right and wrong, which seems so habitual to the foreign understanding, it embraces the voluntary disgrace in preference to the casual misfortune; would rather stigmatize itself with the deepest imputation of shame, than acknowledge that it had suffered the common vicissitudes of many a brave and many a good man; and would rather abandon its last claim to honour, than suffer the slightest pressure on its vanity. But the perpetual affectation of deep discovery in the workings of the British Government is chiefly connected with the dramatic or melodramatic education of the people. All foreigners spend a vast portion of their time in the theatre. They are reared amidst "treasons, stratagems, and plots;" and the passion for detecting five acts in every transaction of human life, infects every mind from the king to the cobbler. The monarch acts by a *coup de théâtre*, which he calls by its analogous title of a *coup d'état*. The cobbler has his "sentiment," his "sublime conceptions," his *coup de tonnerre*, like his king. To do plain things in a plain manner is left to the dull brains of Englishmen. The foreigner goes on through life dramatizing commonplaces, detecting stratagems in his daily bread, and babbling heroics until heroics are babbled over him in that subterranean theatre, *Pere le Chaise*. There he sleeps, adorned with paper laurels, and panegyricized in verses that fit every hero upon earth, to be visited on the first of the month by a cortege of white-robed relatives, who unlock his closet, renew the paper of his garlands, and finish the day and their sorrows by a dance in the next public gardens.

Mr Alison apologizes for introducing, in their own words, the arguments of the leading advocates of

measures, particularly in the French assemblies. We are extremely glad that he does introduce them. All apology was unnecessary. The only objection that ever could have been made to the speeches in the Greek and Roman historians was, that they were *not* the speeches of the individuals. No man would have hesitated to prefer the actual words of the great actors in the ancient revolutions, to any language into which the historian could translate them. But in the present instance the words are not historical, but monumental; we have not merely the superscription, but the image. All that we ever could have desired to see of the man, stands before us as he lived. We must give credit to Mr Alison for his conception of "the prodigious ability which distinguished these discussions;" the opinion of so competent a judge ought to have weight, but we must acknowledge that our general impression of the French discussions, with the exception of an occasional formal harangue from Maury, or a burst from Mirabeau, was contemptuous; and that the specimens of those discussions at the present day leave it contemptuous still. The French are a dexterous, vivid, and ingenious people. But no European people are more deficient in sensibility, imagination, or force of thought. In wanting these qualities, they seem to us to want the essentials of all eloquence.

We have some fine reflections, in the opening pages of the volume, on the varieties and colourings of character brought to light by the strong abrasion and violent caustic of the Revolution. "The character of all the European nations was eminently exemplified during those disastrous years. The obstinate hostility of the Spaniards, the enthusiastic valour of the French, the persevering steadiness of the Austrians, the devoted courage of the Russians, the freeborn bravery of the English, have been successively put to the test. The boasted glories of Louis XIVth sink into insignificance compared with the triumphs of Napoleon; and the victories of Marlborough produced less important consequences than those of Vittoria and Waterloo. Since the Western world was arrayed against the Eastern on the shores

of Palestine, no such assemblages of armed men have been seen as those which followed the standards of Napoleon; and the hordes which Attila arrayed on the plains of Chalons, were less formidable than those which Alexander led from the deserts of Scythia.

"Nor were the intellectual exertions of that animating period less conspicuous than its warlike achievements. In this bloodless contest the leaders of civilisation, the lords of the earth and the sea, outstripped all other states. The same age which witnessed the military glories of Wellington and Napoleon, beheld the completion of astronomical investigation in Laplace, and the hidden recesses of the heart unfolded by Sir Walter Scott. Earth told the history of its revolutions through the remains buried in its bosom, and the secrets even of material composition yielded to the powers of philosophical analysis. Sculpture revived from its ashes, under the taste of Canova, and the genius of Torwaldsen again charmed the world by the fascinations of design. Architecture displayed its splendour in the embellishments of the French metropolis; and the rising capital of Russia united to the solidity of Egyptian materials the delicacy of Grecian taste. Even the rugged ridges of the Alps yielded to the force of scientific enterprise, and the barriers of nature were smoothed by the efforts of human perseverance; while the genius of Britain added a new element to the powers of art, and made fire the instrument of subduing the waves." (*Introd.* 28.)

In this introduction, which is a very clear and noble *discursus* on the predisposing causes of European society, the author justly ascribes those great organs of freedom, the Parliaments, to the imitation of the Ecclesiastical Councils of the fourth and following centuries.

"On the first settlement of the victorious nations, the popular assemblies of the soldiers were an actual convocation of the military array of the kingdom. William the Conqueror summoned his whole military followers to assemble at Winchester, and 60,000 men obeyed the mandate, the poorest of which held property adequate to the mainte-

nance of a horseman and his attendants. The assemblies of the Champs de Mai were less a deputation from the followers of Clovis than an actual congregation of their numbers in one vast assembly. But, in process of time, the burden of travelling from a distance was severely felt, and the prevalence of sedentary habits rendered the lauded proprietors unwilling to undertake the risk or expense of personal attendance on the assemblies of the State. Hence the introduction of parliaments or representative assemblies, the greatest addition to the cause of liberty which modern times have afforded; which combine the energy of a democratic with the caution of an aristocratic government; which temper the turbulence and allay the fervour of cities by the caution and tenacity of country life; and which, when the balance is duly preserved in the composition of the assembly, provides, in the variety of its interests and habits, a permanent check upon the violence or injustice of a part of its members.

"It is doubtful, however, whether those causes, powerful as they are, would have led to the introduction of that great and hitherto unknown change in government, which the representative system introduced, had not a model existed for imitation, in which, for a series of ages, it had been fully established. The COUNCILS OF THE CHURCH had, so early as the sixth century, introduced over all Christendom the most perfect system of representation. Delegates from the most remote dioceses in Europe and Asia, had there assembled to deliberate on the concerns of the faithful; and every Christian priest, in the humblest station, had some share in the formation of those great assemblies, by which the general affairs of the Church were to be regulated. The formation of Parliaments under the representative system took place in all the European States, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. The industry of antiquarians may carry the Wittenagemotes, or actual assembly of the leading men, a few generations further back; but six centuries before, the Councils of Nice and Antioch had exhibited perfect models of a universal system of representation,

embracing a wider sphere than the whole extent of the Roman Empire. There can be no doubt that it was this example, so generally known, and of such powerful authority, which determined the imitation of the other members of the community, where they had any common concerns which required deliberation; and thus, to the other blessings which civilisation owes to Christianity, are to be added those inestimable advantages which have flowed from the establishment of the representative system."

The fact of the imitation would have been more distinct, if the author had adverted to the circumstance, that the clergy themselves were the chief counsellors and administrators of all the European States, as they were the only men who possessed any literature or knowledge of foreign interests or countries. The Parliaments were thus not an *imitation* by the laity of what they had seen done by the clergy, but an application, by the clergy, of their own invention; a transfer to the interests of the State of the same instrument which, in the same hands, had wrought for the interests of the Church. He might also have given the Councils a more ancient authority. The Council of Nice was held in A.D. 325, the Council of Antioch in 341.

We are glad to find that he has the boldness to defy unhesitatingly the temptations of metaphor in the decline of kingdoms. With him the old image of youth, manhood, and decay, goes for nothing. He asserts that it exists only in poetry, and he is right. No analogy drawn from human life, the seasons, or the budding or perishing of flowers, is applicable to the changes of modern kingdoms. No kingdom of Europe, except Poland, has been lost for these thousand years. There may have been accessions of provinces and changes of dynasties, but there has been no dissolution, nothing similar to the fall, absorption, and evanescence of the mighty frame of the Roman Empire. He goes further, and assigns the reasons of this strong resistance to decay. At the head of those, he justly places religion.

"A variety of causes were silent-

ly operating, which communicated an unknown energy to the social system, and infused into modern states, even in periods of apparent decline, a suare of the undecaying youth of the human race. The first of these was the CHRISTIAN RELIGION. Slavery had been the ruin of all the states of antiquity. The influence of wealth corrupted the higher orders, and the lower, separated by a sullen line of demarcation from their superiors, furnished no accession of strength to revive their energies. But the influence of a religion which proclaimed the universal equality of mankind in the sight of Heaven, and addressed its revelations in an especial manner to the poor, destroyed this ruinous distinction. Universally, the horrors of slavery gradually yielded to the rising influence of Christianity. The religious houses were the first which emancipated their vassals; their exhortations were unceasingly directed to extort the same concession from the feudal barons; and on their domains the first fruits of industrious freedom began to spring. While the vassals of the military proprietors were sunk in slavery, or lost in the sloth which follows so degraded a state, industry was reviving under the shadows of the monastic walls, and the free vassals of the religious establishments were flourishing in the comparative security of their superstitious protection."

To this extent we go with him. But it is one of the advantages of reading an author of this rank, that as his mind is always active, he compels his readers to reason. Mr Alison conceives that great good was produced by the enthusiasm of religion, as well as by its virtues. "The freedom of Greece, the discipline of Macedonia, produced only a transient impression on human affairs; but the fanaticism of Mahomet convulsed the globe. The ardour of chivalry led the nobles into action, the ambition of monarchs brought the feudal retainers into the field; but the enthusiasm of the Crusades awakened the dormant strength of the Western world. With the growth of religious zeal, therefore, the basis of freedom was immensely extended; into its ranks was brought, not the transient ebullition of popular

excitement, but the stern valour of fanaticism; and that lasting support, which neither the ardour of the city, nor the independence of the desert, could afford, was at length drawn from the fervour of the cottage."

We doubt the theory. After having said that no man hitherto has been able to give a sufficient opinion on the uses of the Crusades, we are not about to dogmatize on the subject. But our impression has uniformly been, that the Crusades were a tremendous scourge to Europe, in their direct action, and not less in their immediate consequences. In the first instance, they involved the expenditure of hundreds of thousands of lives, of the most accomplished and leading orders of Europe; not merely of the rude feudal barons, but of princes, many of them men much superior to the rudeness of the age; of leading citizens, and of multitudes of the vigorous yeomanry who then, as well as now, were the strength of the land. To this hideous waste of life was added the waste of millions of money. In fact more life and treasure was flung away in the sands of Palestine than would have turned the wildernesses of Europe into a garden, and this most exhausting drain continued for nearly three centuries. But a still more perilous result was the sudden power which they gave to the Papedom, and the general assumption of papal tyranny, and extreme depth of religious corruption, which checked and clouded the advance of Europe in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. From the Council of Clement in A.D. 1093, to the fatal seventh Crusade under Louis IX. in 1270, Rome was paramount, and her whole power was exerted to bind the heart and understanding of man in eternal chains. The loss of torrents of blood and gold, which might as effectually have been discharged into the ocean, must require some extraordinary and obvious value in its compensation; but we cannot discover the use of the slaughter in the military turbulence which roused its victims from their cottages only to be slain, nor the good of the enthusiasm in the long reign of darkness and terror

inflicted upon Europe by religious fervours felt only in the utter degradation of the human mind. That Providence can wring good out of evil; that it will not suffer the rashness of man totally to effect his own ruin; that the bloodiest wars are not altogether without their use, or that the most domineering shape of superstition is not permitted to be an unmixed evil; that the earthquake shakes down the sullen incumbrances of the evil, and the inundation may recruit the exhausted fertility of the land,—all are matters of experience; high interpositions of the Divine Benevolence. But they are *interpositions*; the work of restorative wisdom extorting good out of the crime, and even out of the punishment. The Crusades incidentally promoted navigation, intercourse with the East, the freedom of the baronial vassals, and the opulence of Venice and Genoa. But the historian* pronounces them the "sources of the most fatal corruption, their origin a savage fanaticism, and their effects analogous to the cause." And probably the philosopher will sanction his opinion.

But we must now leave discussion with so competent an authority, and give some fragments of those strange and fearful recollections which make French democracy still a wonder and a terror to the world. After a long and eloquent view of the primary causes of the Revolution, in which he attributes to an inevitable chain of powerful change, much of what we should be inclined to attribute to the *gross vices* of all ranks, arising from the habitual heartlessness of the people, doubly sensualized by a corrupt, indolent, and superstitious worship, he dashes off with a bold and remarkably graphic hand the chief scenes of the fall of the monarchy. He thus gives the picture of a thwarted faction, making their appeal to the popular passions for the recovery of their power. Of such materials is *patriotism* made. "The Girondists, chagrined at the loss of their places in the administration, proceeded to the most ruinous excesses. They experienced now that cruel necessity to which all who seek to rise by the passions of the people,

* See Gibbon, Chap. 61.

are sooner or later subjected, that of submitting to the vices, and allying themselves with the brutality of the mob. They openly associated with, and flattered men of the most revolting habits and disgusting vulgarity, and commenced that system of revolutionary equality which was so soon to banish politeness, humanity, and every gentler virtue, from French society. They resolved to rouse the people by inflammatory petitions and harangues, and hoped to intimidate the Court by the shew of popular resistance; a dangerous expedient, and which in the end proved as fatal to themselves as to the power against which it was directed. A general insurrection, by their direction, was prepared in the *Fauxbourgs*; and under pretence of celebrating the anniversary of the Tennis Court oath, which was approaching, a body of ten thousand men was organized in the quarter of St Antoine. Thus, while the Royalists were urging the approach of the European powers, the patriots were rousing the insurrection of the people. Both produced their natural effects, the Reign of Terror, and the despotism of Napoleon.

"The agitators, for the name suits treason in every land, now forced their nominal petition, but their real mandate, on the Legislature. At the head of the mob of the vilest corners of Paris, a city abounding in vileness, the agitators brought their petition to the gates of the Assembly. Its language was the insolence of mob supremacy. 'The people are ready. They are prepared to have recourse to any measures to put in force the second article of the Rights of Man, *resistance to oppression*. Let the small minority of your body who do not participate in their sentiments, deliver the *earth from their presence*. Does the happiness of the people depend on the caprice of the Sovereign? Should that Sovereign have any other law than the *will of the people*? The people are determined, and their pleasure outweighs the wishes of crowned heads. They are the oak of the forest; the *royal sapling must bend beneath its branches*. We complain of the inactivity of our armies; we call on you to investigate the causes; if it arises from the executive power, that it be instantly annihilated.'

"France had at that time the happiness of possessing a Reformed Parliament; a glorious depository of the condensed virtues of the nation; the pure detector of all abuses, the vigilant extinguisher of the crimes that patriotism pronounces to be indigenous in the breast of Kings, and the faithful, firm, and intrepid champion of the Constitution. The populace demanded that their petition should be received. If some of the members ventured to think that it was foolish, indecent, and a direct and daring breach of the legislative privileges, they were threatened with the mob, and the heroism of the House was instantly silent. The petitioners now made another demand; that they should have the honours of a reception. The intrepid assembly dared not refuse, the debate was stopped, the doors were opened, and the rabble marched through the chamber.

"A motley assemblage, now swelled to 30,000, men, women, and children, in the most squalid attire, immediately passed through the hall, uttering furious cries, and displaying seditious banners. They were headed by Santerre, and the Marquis de St Huraques, with a drawn sabre in his hand. Immense tablets were borne aloft, having inscribed on them the Rights of Man; others carried banners, bearing as inscriptions, 'The Constitution or Death.' 'Long live the Sans Culottes!' At the end of one pike was a bleeding heart, with the inscription, 'The heart of the Aristocracy.' Multitudes of men and women, striking alternately pikes and olive branches above their heads, danced round those frightful emblems, singing the revolutionary song of *Cu Ira*. In the midst of those furies dense columns of insurgents defiled, bearing the more formidable weapons of fusils, sabres, and daggers, raised aloft on poles. The loud applause of the galleries, the cries of the mob, the deathlike silence of the Assembly, who trembled at the sight of the auxiliaries whom they had invoked, formed a scene which exceeds all description. The passage of the procession lasted three hours!"

After this display of the advantages of a deliberative mob, the same legislators proceeded to display their

merits to the King. Mr Alison says, "Never did he appear more truly great than on that trying occasion." Louis XVI. is no hero of ours; he seems to have been born with a natural dulness, which neither rank could elevate into dignity, nor necessity rouse into courage. He bore misfortune as he would have borne success, both without any effort of his own. His characteristic was apathy; and honest, innocent, and injured, as he undoubtedly was, it was this apathy alone which at once disqualified him for difficulty, and saved him from shame, doomed him to fall, but covered his fall with the semblance of kingly fortitude. On this day, one of the furious ruffians who were so soon to exult at the sight of his blood, ordered him to put on the red cap. This insult, which a wise Monarch would have felt to be the omen of his undoing, and a brave one would have resented as worse than death, the patient, and we must add, the pusillanimous, Louis suffered to pass; he put the emblem of massacre on his head, and with it came out to be gazed at by the rabble. Mr Alison records the anecdote mentioned by Bourrienne, that Napoleon, who had wandered from his Café towards the Tuileries, could not repress his surprise, and his contempt, when he saw majesty thus degraded. "The wretches!" said the young artillery-man; "they should have cut down the first five hundred with grape-shot, and the rest would soon fly." We have heard it said, that he added, with the quick insight into consequences which belonged to his nature, "As for that fellow with the red cap, it is all over with him." This is the truth. It may be a painful view of an unfortunate King, who would have made a very respectable member of private society. But history has other duties, even to kings, than those of panegyric; and the moral of their deaths is useless, where we are mistaken in the principles of their lives.

From this time, the Jacobins, finding that they could push their victim off the throne, and had already fully degraded him, determined that he should sit as King no longer. They compelled the National Assembly to declare that "the country

was in danger," a proclamation giving full sweep to popular license, for, with the patriot of the streets, his "country's danger" superseded every thing, and entitles him to rob, revolt, and assassinate, with an approving conscience.

The theatrical arts, which the French love, even in murder, were now practised with perpetual activity. *Minute guns* were fired to prevent them from forgetting that their country was "in danger," or probably on its bier; and the rabble were kept in a constant state of fierce folly, by parades of half-naked heroes, the fabrication of pikes, the distribution of sabres, desperate falsehoods in the shape of government news from the armies, hideous reports of conspiracies in the jails against national liberty, and speeches in the Palais Royal, full of every abomination that could be engendered in hearts hot with enmity against God or man. It is gratifying to all feelings of justice to see with what summary vengeance the machinations of the patriot leaders, the Girondists, were visited on themselves. These men were the *Liberals* of France, chiefly men of education, of competence, of a certain rank in society, professing respect for the principles of the monarchy, tempered only by an honest desire to see it cleared of those spots which impeded its shining in full beneficence on the people. Perish the names of the hypocrites; down in the dust and blood of their dishonoured graves be the memory of the specious villains, who, with honour on their lips, had treason in their hearts; who, despising the populace as the dust under their feet, lavished perpetual panegyric on their ignorance, cruelty, and vice; who, thinking only of their own guilty cravings for power, were utterly regardless of the price, the host of evils which they let loose on their country to pioneer their way; but still went on stimulating folly into rage, inflaming the passions of the rabble by satanic falsehoods to satanic wickedness; and contemplated with a cool eye the long vista of burning and slaughter, the hideous array of voluntary and groundless atrocities that were to line the way for their procession to so trivial and

temporary a power as the clerkships and secretaryships of the Ministry of France. They all had that moment of bitter power, and in the next moment were flung under the feet of the populace, and trampled out of the world.

It is now the custom to charge the crimes which especially blackened the history of the Revolution in 1793, on the Allied proclamations. But Jacobinism must answer for its own sins. The language of the Duke of Brunswick's manifesto was the language which every man of honour in Europe would have used at the time, and which is as much the language of honour at this hour. Let us look into this calumniated document. It declared that "those who had usurped the reins of government in France, had trampled the social order, and overturned the legitimate government; had committed outrages on the King and Queen; and had, in an arbitrary manner, invaded the rights of the German Princes in Alsace and Lorraine, and declared war unnecessarily against the King of Hungary and Bohemia." Every syllable of this was undeniably true. It declared, that, "in consequence, the Allied Sovereigns had taken up arms to stop the anarchy that prevailed in France, to check the dangers which threatened the throne and the altar, to give liberty to the King, and restore him to the legitimate authority of which he had been deprived, but without *any intention whatever of individual aggrandizement*: that the National Guards would be held responsible for the maintenance of order until the arrival of the Allied forces, and that those who dared to resist, must expect all the rigour of military execution." And what other language could be used, when the purpose was to suppress a furious succession of *rabble outrages*; to restrain a *populace* already guilty of the most dreadful violences, and in a state of *direct rebellion* against all that bore the name of Government in their country. What must have been the language of their own Monarch at the head of an army, but death to those who persisted in rebellion? Or what is the universal language of authority to rebels in arms? The Allies were the troops of the Government, in all true meanings of

the word; and acting not against the defenders of an enemy's territory, but against the outlaws of a territory against which they disclaimed all views of conquest, and which they came to protect and restore.

"Finally, it warned the National Assembly, the Municipality and city of Paris, that if they did not forthwith liberate the King, and return to their allegiance, they should be held personally responsible, and answer with their heads for their disobedience; and that if the Palace were forced, or the slightest insult offered to the Royal Family, an exemplary and memorable punishment should be inflicted, by the total destruction of the city of Paris." The last sentence of this proclamation is the only one to which we should object; because no man should use that as a menace, which he is not determined to execute as a fact; and the intention of the Allies could not have been to effect a destruction which must involve so heavy a national calamity, and the fortunes of so many innocent and loyal people. But what would be the language of an officer commanding a siege to the Governor of a fortress who was about to hang up his prisoners? And what strength of menace would not be justified by the knowledge that an Allied King, with his family, and his chief nobility, were in the hands of a horde of savages, clamouring hour by hour for their blood? Or what would deservedly be thought of the sincerity or the feelings of those who came expressly to rescue the King of France from his cruel captivity, if they made it a matter of simple remonstrance, or delicate suggestion; diplomized on revolt, and insinuated the error of regicide?

Of the truth and justice of this document there can be no question. Its policy is another view; so far as policy consists in attaining an object by all means. In this humiliating sense of the word, it might have been more *politic* to compliment the Assembly on their firmness, the Jacobins on their virtue, and the populace on their temper. The Allied army might have declared itself the rectifier of abuses, the restorer of rights, and the general dispenser of privileges to every rank of society;

and when it had once planted its foot on the neck of France, spoiled and slaughtered according to its original programme. For this was the policy of France on the first opportunity, this was the policy of Napoleon, and this will be the policy of all who think that deception is the great art of success, and negotiate in the baseness of the human heart.

In the spirit of prophecy *after* the event, this proclamation has been assigned as the cause of that military outbreak which so suddenly swept away all invasion. But the fact is against the theory. The first impression was fear; the populace, the Jacobins, and the Assembly, were equally terrified; they found that they had advanced to the edge of ruin, and were all busy in looking about for the way to recede. If the Duke of Brunswick had been animated by the manly feelings of his proclamation, he would have marched to the capital without firing a shot, or his only volley would have been over the grave of democracy. But his sword was feeble, where his pen was the pen of truth and honour; the *policy* which he justly disclaimed in his language was soon suffered to guide his councils; he began to traffic with his great cause, to linger for the effect of his menaces until they became impotent, and shrink from hurting the feelings of the rabble until they were turned into contempt. Thus diplomatizing when he should have marched, and with his eyes fixed on the Prussian Cabinet, when every step should have been pressing to the Tuileries, he intrigued himself across the border, remained there only long enough to shew that he was utterly incapable of command; a diplomatist to the last, *negotiated* for the escape of his army; and with a force which still might have walked over all the levies of republicanism, hid his *politic* head in Prussia, and left the unhappy monarch to the grave.

The Liberals triumphed, but they were to taste of speedy vengeance. Their desires were *limited* to the supremacy of the French House of Commons. To accomplish this, the King must be first a slave or a corpse. But patriotism has objects too illustrious to waste its eyes on the calamities of individuals. The Giron-

dist avowed their intention of establishing the popular branch of the legislature in full dominion. Their personal object, almost equally avowed, was to climb by that legislature into place; but a new antagonist now started up between them and ambition. Federalism, the furious championship of the Sections, the patriotism of the hovels of Paris, sprung forward with the pike and the red cap. The once obscure names of Danton, Robespierre, and Marat, the triple-headed monster that kept the gates of the Democratic Hell, were instantly names of power. The Vergniauds and Guidots, the men of polished periods and well-bred treason, the Judases who betrayed with a kiss, were flung aside to groan over their own treachery, and perish abhorred of mankind; and the work was given into hands that scorned disguise when the business was blood, followed their career through all its gradations of torture, scoffing and blasphemy, and finally achieved an act of ostentation and triumphant crime, for which the double devastation of the country, and the gore of its millions, scattered over every soil of Europe, may not have yet atoned.

"At length at midnight, on the 9th of August, a cannon was fired, the tocsin sounded, and the générale beat in every quarter of Paris. The survivors of the bloody catastrophe which was about to commence have portrayed in the strongest colours the horrors of that dreadful night, when the oldest monarchy in Europe began to fall. The incessant clang of the tocsin, the rolling of the drums, the rattling of artillery and ammunition waggons along the streets, the cries of the insurgents, the march of columns, rang in their ears long after, and haunted their minds even in the midst of festivity and rejoicing. The club of the Jacobins, that of the Cordeliers, and the Section of Quinze Vingts, in the Fauxbourg St Antoine, were the three centres of the insurrection. The most formidable forces were assembled at the club of the Cordeliers. The Marseillois were there, and the vigour of Danton gave energy to all their proceedings. 'It is time,' said he, 'to appeal to the laws and legislators—the laws have

made no provision for such offences—the legislators are the accomplices of the criminals. Already have they acquitted *La Fayette*! To absolve that traitor, is to deliver us to him, to the enemies of France, to the sanguinary vengeance of the Allied Kings. This very night the perfidious Louis has chosen to deliver to carnage and conflagration the capital, which he is prepared to quit in the moment of its ruin. To arms! to arms! no other chance of escape is left to us.' The insurgents, and especially the Marseillois, impatiently called for the signal to march, and the cannon of all the Sections began to roll towards the centre of the city."—Vol. I. p. 324.

Against this furious force the infatuated Court had made but slight and hurried preparation. The fatal policy of soothing down rebellion had beguiled the weak King to send away the greater portion of the Swiss, the only troops who were not rotten to the core with republican gold and brandy. These were times when villainy was brought to the surface by every roll of the popular wave. The household troops, sworn tenfold to live and die for their Sovereign, were marked by pre-eminent treachery. "The forces on the royal side," we are told, "were numerous, but little reliance could be placed on a great proportion of them. And the gendarmerie à cheval, a most important force in civil conflicts, soon gave a fatal example of disaffection, by deserting in a body to the enemy. This important corps was chiefly composed of the former French guards, who had thus the infamy twice, in the same convulsions, of betraying at once their Sovereign and their oaths."

But what did the purified legislature do on this occasion? They vindicated the majesty of representation by the most immediate subserviency to the will of the rabble. They had not yet arrived at the determination to overturn the throne; but they received the law on that subject from the host of miscreants in the streets, and they prepared for the overthrow accordingly. During the tumult, they had assembled, as if for the purpose of giving an eternal lesson of the utter incompetence of a house which has built its strength

upon the rabble, and mistaken the mob for the nation. The murderers in the streets had only to declare their will. The National Assembly sat there, with their *liberal* president Vergniaud, only to register it. Trembling for their lives, and not daring to make the slightest attempt to protect even themselves, much less to retrieve the disorders of the time, they sat from hour to hour, the puppets of representation.

In this emergency, where all was cowardice that was not frenzy, and the boasted dignity of the French Parliament had evaporated into the alternate fright and fawning of a beaten hound, one character alone threw a ray of honour across the whole terrible history-piece of baseness and crime, the Queen. This high-minded woman, worthy of the Imperial blood, strove successively to recall the fidelity of the French troops, and create the sense of courage in her feeble husband. In their review of the National Guard in the gardens of the Palace, she harangued, she adjured them by every principle of soldiership, to remain firm to their duty on that eventful day.

The King returned pale and depressed. The Queen displayed the ancient spirit of her race. "Every thing which you hold most dear," said she, to the grenadiers of the Guard, "your homes, your wives, your children, depend on our existence—to-day our cause is that of the people." The Queen had pressed the King to put on a shirt of mail, probably with the intention of placing him at the head of the troops. He refused, and answered her with a speech worthy of a hero of the stage. "No, in the day of battle the King should be clothed like the meanest of his followers." The speech was all—as is the custom of the country. He sought no day of battle, but fled from the hazard, and lived to waste upon the scaffold the blood which he might have proudly shed for the throne.

The tumults thickened, and Roderer, hurrying back to the unhappy and silent council, poorly and traitorously advised an escape to the safeguard of the Assembly. The Queen nobly spurned at the idea of stooping to the protection of slaves and traitors. "I would rather," ex-

claimed she, "be nailed to the walls of the Palace than leave it." She now made a last, bitter appeal to the King; putting a pistol into his hand, she said, "Come, sir, this is the moment to shew yourself." The King sat still and did nothing. At length, on Rœderer's suggestion, that if they remained there, it must be to be massacred, he moved—"Gentlemen," said he, "there is nothing to be done here."

The Assembly, headed by this man of words, Vergniaud, received the undone Monarch with a highflown promise, to "die in his defence." But while he sat under their ominous protection, the attack on the Tuileries had begun. Imagination perhaps has never conceived more anxious moments than those of the Royal Family, while the roar of the cannon and musketry told them that their palace was ransacked, their friends perishing, and their throne extinguished. If there could be an increase to this misery, it must have been in the knowledge that the fatal issue of the struggle was chiefly owing to the flight of the King. The Swiss, and the gentlemen of the Palace, had fought gallantly and successfully in the beginning of the struggle. But on its being told that the King had left the Palace, the outcry rose, "For what are we fighting? The King has deserted us!" Some, in indignation, threw down their arms; others in a belief that orders had arrived to desist. The troops, without orders, and disgusted by the retreat of the nobles and gentlemen, who had hitherto continued firing from the Palace windows, now retreated within the gates. They were instantly ruined.

"It was no longer a battle, but a massacre. The enraged multitude broke into the Palace, and put to death every one found in it. The fugitives, pursued into the gardens of the Tuileries by the pikemen of the Fauxbourgs, were unmercifully put to death, under the trees, amid the fountains, and at the foot of the statues.

"While these terrible scenes were going forward, the Assembly was in the most violent agitation. At the first discharge of musketry, the King declared that he had forbid the troops to fire, and signed an order to the Swiss Guards to stop the combat;

but the officer who bore it was massacred on the road. As the firing grew louder, the consternation increased, and many deputies rose to escape; but others exclaimed, 'No, this is our post.' The people in the galleries drowned the speakers by their cries, and soon the loud shouts, 'Victoire, victoire, les Suisses sont vaincus,' announced that the fate of the monarchy was decided."

One of the sophisms of the Republican day, and one of the sophisms of our own time, is, that the "march of Revolution" is irresistible. That something little short of a work of destiny is set in act whenever a popular impulse is given, and that in such cases courage has nothing to do but to make its escape, and wisdom nothing to do but to make common cause with folly. This was the *Ca Ira* of 93. We have the same burden of the song at this hour. Every partisan of the wildest measures, of the wildest mischief, supports them on the ground that the cause of mischief is the course of fate. But one of the values of Mr Alison's important work is the distinctness with which he marks the epochs at which the ruin might have been totally arrested, and the rights of the nation avenged, by the slightest exertion of intelligence and fortitude.

"The 10th of August was the last occasion in which the means of saving France were placed in the hands of the King; and there can be little doubt, that had he possessed a firmer character, he might have accomplished the task. The great bulk of the nation was disgusted with the excesses of the Jacobins, and the outrage of the 20th of June (the day of the red cap) had excited a universal feeling of horror. If he had acted with vigour on that trying occasion, repelled force by force, and seized the first moments of victory to proclaim as enemies the Jacobins and Girondists who had a hundred times violated the constitution; if he had dissolved the Assembly, closed the clubs, and arrested the leaders of the revolt, that day would have re-established the royal authority."

Of this fact there can be no doubt in the mind of any man capable of understanding the lessons of history. The King of France had not merely this opportunity, but a dozen oppor-

tunities, in any one of which a man of commonsense and common vigour would have blown the Revolution into the air.

The proof of this was given in the complete overthrow of this very multitude a few years after by Bonaparte; at a time when they were flushed with victory, in the habit of disposing of the commonwealth, and organized into almost regular battalions. The Directory committed their cause to a daring little man, who disdained to tamper with street rebellion, opened a few guns on them, and allaying their legislative propensities with grape-shot, drove them within cellars and stalls, never to appear again until they came shouting in his train, and licking the dust at his footstool. Such would have been the true way to treat the Jacobinism of 93. Such will be the true way to treat it at our interval of forty years, and such will be the true way as long as rabble rapine dares to perplex the order of the State. Political Unions, Birmingham mob-parliaments, Repealers, debating volunteers, the whole *Jacquerie* and jargon of plunder and regicide, the paraders of tricoloured flags, the annual parliament and universal suffrage faction, must be dealt with, not by sufferance, but by law, seized on their first motion, put into the hands of justice, and consigned, under the verdict of twelve honest men, to that exile from which they shall never return. Authority has been too supine among us. We have seen the King hunted with hissings and groans through the streets, until it became almost a merit with the first half-mad, half-drunken ruffian that could reach his person, to attempt his murder. We have seen, with scarcely less indignation, Wellington, the military light of the land, the first living name of Europe, put in danger of his life in the most public streets of London, on the anniversary of his own unrivalled victory. Where were our Magistrates when those things were done? And what were our Privy Councils and great official protectors of the state doing when the ruffians who perpetrated these gross and dangerous outrages on majesty were rambling loose about the metropolis, and boasting of what they had done? And where is the autho-

rity that still suffers designs to be avowed to which that boasting was innocent? If our public men have still to learn the ruin that follows submission to the multitude, let them read the facts of the history before us, if they would draw the conclusions of national safety and personal honour, let them listen to the reasonings of its intelligent and manly writer.

The Parisian parliament, made by the mob, flattering the mob, and, of course, the mere tool of the mob, was the mere echo of the street outcry on this occasion. Vergniaud and the House had sworn, like the senators of one of their own melodramas, to "perish for their King." Their conduct from that hour was a mixture of affectation and beggary, the pomp of political coxcombry, and the nakedness of the most corrupt and crouching pusillanimity. While those theatric phrases were still on their lips, their masters in the street commanded them to proceed without delay to the final overthrow of the Monarchy. The Municipality, the self-elected sovereigns of Paris and of France, ordered the National Assembly to register an act nullifying the throne. The mandate was accepted. "Yielding to necessity," as Mr Alison tells, "but a necessity which they had made for themselves, and which could have been a yoke only on the profligate and the vile," the Assembly, on the motion of Vergniaud! passed a decree, suspending the King, and dismissing the Ministers. They had now filled up the measure of their faithlessness; they were next to exhibit the depths of their pusillanimity. The Municipality unhesitatingly demanded that the National Assembly, having done all the mischief of which it was capable, should now give place to a more rapid minister of evil, and declare itself *extinct*! The National Assembly bowed its head, received the order with the due veneration, put the bow-string round its neck, and passed a decree for the immediate calling of a National Convention.

The following observations are of incomparable importance in our troubled time. "It is the middling ranks who organize the first resistance to Government, because it is their influence only which can withstand the shock of established power.

They accordingly are at the head of the first revolutionary movement. But the passions which have been awakened, the hopes that have been excited, the disorder which has been produced in their struggle, lay the foundation of a new and more terrible convulsion against the rule which they have established. Every species of authority appears odious to men who have tasted of the license and excitement of a revolution. The new government speedily becomes as unpopular as the one which has been overthrown; the ambition of the lower orders aims at establishing themselves in the situation in which a successful effort has placed the middling. A more terrible struggle awaits them than that which they have just concluded with arbitrary power,—a struggle with superior numbers, stronger passions, more unbridled ambition; with those whom moneyed fear has deprived of employment, revolutionary innovation filled with hope, inexorable necessity impelled to exertion. The natural result is the flinging of the middle classes into the graves of the higher; the perpetual contest of villainy with villainy; the general bankruptcy of honour, integrity, and public confidence; the extinction of religion in fanaticism or atheism; and the fall of freedom under the general dissolution of society, the conquest of an invader, or the despotic power of usurpation.”

In marking the progress of crime, the first and chief source of all the guilt and errors of the Revolution is stated, and truly stated, to be that first and favourite object of popular rapine, the Church.

“The capital error of the people consisted in the confiscation of the property of the Church. This first flagrant act of injustice produced consequences the most disastrous upon both the progress of the Revolution and the direction of the public mind. By arraying the cause of freedom against that of religion, it separated the two mighty powers which move mankind, and whose combined strength, in former ages, had established the fabric of civil liberty on the basis of private vir-

tues. By exciting the fury of public resentment against the Church, it created a fatal schism between public activity and private virtue, sapped the foundations of domestic happiness, by introducing infidelity and doubt into private life, and overwhelmed the land with a flood of licentiousness, by removing the counterpoise created by religion to the force of the passions. Ages must elapse, and possibly a new Revolution be undergone, before the license given to the passions can be checked, or the general dissolution of manners be prevented.* These consequences were as unnecessary as they are deplorable. There was no necessity for the spoliation, because, if the exigencies of the Exchequer required an immediate supply, it should have been raised by a general contribution of all classes of the State, *not made good by the destruction of one*. There was no moderation in the mode in which it was effected; because, even supposing the measure unavoidable, it should have been carried into effect without injuring the rights of the present incumbents. It ill became a people insurgent against the oppression of their government, to commence their reign by an act of *injustice greater than any of which they complained*.”

The great moral of the Revolution is the tendency of public crime to deepen perpetually. Contrary to the physical law, the gravitation perpetually increases as we approach the centre; every plunge is of more sullen darkness, and more inextricable return.

“From the commencement of the contest, each successive class that had gained the ascendancy in France, had been more violent and more tyrannical than that which preceded it. The convocation of the States-General, and the oath in the Tennis Court, were the struggles of the nation against the privileged classes; the 14th of July, and the capture of the Bastille, the insurrection of the middling class against the Government; the 10th of August, the revolt of the populace against the middling class and the constitutional

* Every third child in Paris is a bastard! and one-half of the poor die in hospitals! —DUPIN, *Force Commerciale*, p. 99.

throne. The leaders of the National Assembly were, in great part, actuated by the purest motives, and their measures chiefly blameable for the precipitance which sprang from inexperienced philanthropy;" (In this we think otherwise. The National Assembly were a set of Atheists and profligates, whose measures would have been beyond the pale of forgiveness, but for the crimson atrocities of their successors; and whose memory deserves no farther mention than such as belongs to a miscellany of coxcombs and scoundrels;) "the measures of the Convention, tinged by the ferocity of popular ambition, and the increasing turbulence of excited talent; the rule of the Jacobins, signalized by the energy of unshackled guilt, and stained by the cruelty of emancipated slaves."

Nothing can be more true or of higher political import than the following vigorous reflections:—"It is a total mistake to suppose that the great body of mankind are capable of judging correctly on public affairs. No man, in any rank, ever found a tenth part of his acquaintance fitted for such a task. If the opinions of most men on the great questions which divide society are examined, they will be found to rest on the most flimsy foundations; early prejudices, personal animosity, private interest, constitute the secret springs from which the opinions flow which ultimately regulate their conduct. Truth, indeed, is in the end triumphant; but it becomes predominant only on the decay of interest, the experience of suffering, or the extinction of passion. These considerations furnish the eternal and unanswerable objection to democratical institutions. Wherever Governments are directly exposed to their control, they are governed, during periods of tranquillity, by the cabals of interest; during moments of turbulence, by the storms of passion. America, at present, exhibits an example of the former; France, during the reign of terror, an instance of the latter.

"Those who refer to the original equality and common rights of mankind, would do well to shew that men are equal in abilities as well as in birth; that society could exist

with the multitude really judging for themselves on public affairs; that the most complicated subject of human study, that in which the greatest range of information is involved, and the coolest judgment required, can be adequately mastered by those who are disqualified by nature from the power of thought, *disabled by labour from acquiring knowledge*, and exposed by *situation* to the seductions of interest; that the multitude, when exercising their rights, are not following despotic leaders of their own creation; and that a democracy is not, in Aristotle's words, an aristocracy of orators, sometimes interrupted by the despotism of a single orator."

All this is unquestionable; or, let the man who doubts it, listen to the harangues that take place daily in London at Common-halls, aggregate meetings, and Crown and Anchor dinners. "There divine nonsense reigns." The most vulgar absurdities on the most important subjects would be the definition of the whole labour of popular council. Corn laws, Imposts, Treaties, the principles of Government, the compositions of laws, are the topics handled by the shoemakers and men-milliners of Cheapside; the orator, some Alderman, wise as his own counter, or some attorney's clerk, deliberative as his own desk. The problem that might bewilder the brains of a school of philosophers, has no conceivable difficulty for the sages of the stall; the most knotty of political problems is solved by a shout; the state of the nation is settled by a shew of hands; and Cabinets are growing wrinkled over questions already decided in the sensorium of every apprentice from Whitechapel to Westminster. Heaven defend us from such legislation! the legislation of incorrigible ignorance, guided by blind presumption, and inflamed by furious passions.

But it is still to be remembered by those who are above ignorance, presumption, and passion, that it will be their lot to be trampled on by the whole three, if they either succumb to them, pretend to despise them, or attempt to compromise with them. This is one of the living lessons of the French Revolution. This is one of the true fruits that may be plucked even

among the apples of Sodom. This is one of the fortunate discoveries of the great conflagration; if it have scorched many a noble tree of the political forest, it has burnt up the brushwood, it has laid open to us the nests where the vipers engender, and if we suffer them to sting our generation, the fault is our own. In meeting the Revolution, we must adopt the secret of its strength. The motto of honest and wise men must be "*De l'audace, de l'audace, encore de l'audace.*" In the hour of impending change, and we may read the coming of that hour without looking for our omens to the sky, those who sleep on and take their rest, are only preparing themselves for the shame that attends the fugitive, or the useless sorrow of fidelity too late, and energy awakened in vain.

But those efforts are only for the masculine minds that have been reared in masculine virtue; to pay homage to whom it is due, and lay the foundation of honouring the King in fearing God. It would be a fine subject for a man of Mr Alison's ability and principle to contrast the course of the French Revolution with that of the reign of Charles the First, the reckless fury of the loose minds of France with the grave determination of the English revolvers, the hot thirst of civil blood, with the reluctant expenditure of life even after the successes of the field, the burning vice, the bitter mockings, the remorseless massacres, with the moderated violence and the calm victory. He would find the true cause of this extraordinary distinction, in the different rank held by religion in the mind of the two nations. Superstition and fanaticism are both culpable guides. But while fanaticism only perverts the nobler powers of the heart, superstition dissolves them away altogether. Fanaticism destroys selfishness, the antagonist of all the virtues. Superstition stifles every manly pulse and generous feeling in selfishness. France drank from the alembic of the passions a draught of fire; England, from a stream troubled by many feet, but whose fount was in heights inaccessible to the impurities of man.

The flaunting noblesse of France,

and her ignorant and indolent priesthood, were totally insufficient for a struggle which demanded the energy and resolution of religious principle. They had built on the sand, and their house might have decayed by the common action of nature; still less could it resist the blackened surges that came rolling round it from every quarter of the horizon. Both classes were destroyed with a suddenness and facility that must excite the wonder of all but those who know the infinite feebleness of wealth and station when stript of personal virtue. The philosophers, the liberals, the reformers, the whole race of Utopia, followed them with still more contemptible rapidity. They were crushed like flies, in the first grasp of the populace. "It was early seen in the Revolution," says Louvet, "that the men with the poniards would sooner or later carry the day against the men with the principles; and that the latter, upon the first reverse, must prepare for exile or death." The men of principles here spoken of, were the theoretical robbers, who wanted only courage to be the practical robbers. The men of the poniard were their pupils, who possessed the courage, and who, to the rejoicing of all human justice, practised the first lessons of the knife upon their masters.

The three leaders of Jacobinism, Danton, Marat, and Robespierre, are sketched with a masterly hand—three frowning effigies of gigantic iniquity. We have nothing yet in our revolutionary gallery, that can stand beside their strong relief and towering villainy. The three were of different divisions of the tribe. Danton was the street ruffian, *par excellence*, strong-built, bold, and brawling; he loved blood, but loved it for the sake of its riot. Robespierre was the conspirator of the drawing-room, affecting dress, and the manners of society; he loved blood for the sake of its power. Marat was the cut-throat of the night cellar, ragged, squalid, and hideous; he loved blood for the sake of seeing it flow. Each had his appropriate speech, but the burden of them all was massacre. "The 10th of August," exclaimed Danton, "has divided the country into two parties, and the ruling force is too inconsi-

derable to give us any chance of success. My advice is, that to disconcert their measures, and arrest the enemy, we must strike terror into the royalists;—yes, I repeat it, we must strike terror.” This terror was, throwing all the rich or respectable men in Paris into prison, and there murdering them.

Robespierre’s speech was:—“Blood has not yet flowed. The people remain without vengeance. No sacrifice has yet been offered to the manes of those who died on the 10th of August. And what have been the results of that immortal day? A tyrant has been suspended. Why has he not been dethroned and *punished*?”

Marat, too, had his speech; still more explicit. “There is no safety,” exclaimed the demoniac, “but in *destroying all the enemies of the Revolution*. There will be no security to the State, until 280,000 heads have fallen.”

We must have one example more from the history of popular supremacy, in the hands of the most exquisitely polished people of Europe. By order of the Parisian Municipality, or Common Council, all the bankers, opulent merchants, leading barristers, private gentlemen, &c., the entire professional class of Paris, had been suddenly seized and flung into the prisons. This was the tyranny of perfect freedom, but it was not unmingled with justice, however unknown to the tyranny. All this class in Paris had distinguished themselves by Republicanism. They were all orators, essayists, table-talkers, and many of them private suborners of the rabble excesses. While they were prying the mine against the King and the Nobles, the charge blew up, and they were astonished to find that it could scorch the engineers. They were astonished to find that the proclamation of plunder could be translated against themselves; and that the men whom they had sent to dismantle the Tuileries, could make no distinction between the gold of a King and of a Banker. The prisons groaned with the multitude which was now poured into them. But the pressure was not to continue long. At two in the morning of the 2d of September, 1792, the prisoners heard the cannon fire, the tocsin sound, and the streets

echoing with the trampling of armed men, singing songs of blasphemy and revolution. At three, while it was, of course, still totally dark, the massacre at the prison of the Abbaye began by torchlight! The victims were successively turned out loose into the front of the prison and hacked to pieces, while the survivors, crowded in the casements, were looking at the fate reserved for themselves. But the model should be given in all its details, for the honour of man, woman, and France. After the massacre had continued for a considerable time, popular impartiality claimed its rights.

“The populace in the Court of the Abbaye complained that the foremost only got a stroke at the prisoners, and that they were deprived of the *pleasure of murdering* the aristocrats. It was, in consequence, agreed, that those in advance should only strike with the backs of their sabres, and that the wretched victims should be made to run the gauntlet through a long avenue of murderers, each of whom should have the satisfaction of striking them before they expired. The *women* in the adjoining quarter of the city made a formal demand to the commune for *lights to see the massacre*! And a lamp was, in consequence, placed near the spot where the victims issued; amid the shouts of the spectators, benches, under the charge of sentinels, were next arranged, ‘*pour les messieurs*,’ and ‘*pour les dames*,’ to witness the spectacle! And as each successive prisoner was turned out of the gate, yells of joy rose from the multitude; and when he fell, they danced like cannibals round his remains! Billaud Varennes soon after arrived, wearing his magisterial scarf; mounted on a *pile of dead*, he harangued the people in the midst of this infernal scene! ‘Citizens, you have exterminated some wretches. You have saved your country. The Municipality is at a loss how to discharge its debt of gratitude to you. I am authorized to offer each of you twenty-four francs, which shall be instantly paid. (Loud applause.) Respectable citizens, continue your good work, and acquire *new titles to the homage of your country*.’” In those slaughters, above five thousand persons perished

in the prisons. The massacre continued with daily regularity from the 2d to the 6th of September, when, what were called the State prisoners, the "suspected of being suspicious" had fallen, the patriots recollected that there was another prison, the Bicetre, where a great number of the ordinary felons of Paris, Mr Alison says, "several thousands," were immured. In other times the mob would have had a fellow-feeling, and let out their kindred knaves. But this was the day of patriotism. The truth was, they had enjoyed themselves so much in the previous slaughter, that they could no more abstain from it than a tiger from the blood of man. The brute is libelled by the comparison. The assassins rushed to the Bicetre; its walls were strong; it had once been a fortress. Its tenants were of a different kind from the helpless nobles and gentlemen of the city prisons. They struggled fiercely, the mob were long repelled, and the minor felons would have carried the day, but for cannon which the assailants now brought up to batter the walls. The gates were finally forced, and all within them slaughtered. Mr Alison does not mention, what we believe to have been the case, that the Bicetre was the receptacle of many of the unfortunate women who molest the streets of Paris, and of the still more pitiable lunatics and idiots who so remarkably abound in France. Those wretched beings were all involved in the promiscuous massacre. Mr Alison, justly reprobating the authors of those dreadful crimes, seems disposed to throw the stigma less on France than upon human nature; and quotes the burning of the unfortunate Albigenses, and the Athenian decree for the extirpation of the Mytilenians. But the justification is scarcely valid, which can find no ground but in Heathenism, or in France itself. In his conception, "cruelty is *not* the growth of any particular country; it is not found in France in a *greater degree* than it would be in any other state similarly situated. It is the unchaining the passions of the multitude, which in all ages produces this effect." Against this we must protest, for the honour of human nature. We are perfectly satisfied that a popu-

lace is a wild beast, but that a French populace is a much worse thing. We look in vain in history for parallels to the horrid delight with which the French populace have in all ages revelled in civil blood. The massacres of other lands have been directed against invaders, strangers, or declared oppressors. In France, the torrent of blood has been poured from the breasts of men living in the common bonds of society, sons of the same soil with their murderers. The St Bartholomew, the Armagnac slaughters, the September massacres, were all perpetrated by the hands of the populace of France; and we firmly believe that they would have been perpetrated by no other populace within or without the bounds of the civilized world. The Parisians excuse themselves by saying that the September days were the work of a band of hired assassins. Of the hiring there can be no doubt. But by whom were they hired? and by whom were they permitted to earn their horrid hire? The tide of blood continued to flow unchecked for four days, in a city of 600,000 inhabitants, and with a National Guard of 50,000 men!

The Liberals were still the ruin of the Monarchy. The Jacobins were the open enemies, they might have been crushed. The Girondists were the men of sentiment, who talked heroics and acted treason. On the trial of the King, they boasted of their zeal for his protection, and voted him guilty. Forty-six of these polished murderers were on the list for his death. Louis died, on the 21st of January, with a dignity that largely retrieved his physical character, and a calmness that was the noblest answer to his accusers. The Girondists, the smiling and haranguing hypocrites who had consigned him to his grave, within six months were dragged to the scaffold, amid the roar of the multitude.

Then came the Reign of Terror to decimate the populace, then the punishment of the decimators. The scene is brief, but triumphant. "The conspirators, finding themselves abandoned, gave themselves up to despair. The National Guard rushed up the stair, and entered the room where Robespierre and the leaders of the revolt were assembled. Robes-

pierre was sitting with his elbow on his knee, and his head resting on his hand. Meda discharged a pistol, which broke his jaw, and he fell under the table. St Just implored Lebas to put an end to his life. 'Coward, follow my example,' said he, and blew out his brains. Couthon was seized under the table, feebly attempting to strike with a knife, which he wanted the courage to plunge in his heart. Coffinhal and the younger Robespierre threw themselves from the windows, and were seized in the inner court of the building. Henriot had been thrown down the stair by Coffinhal, but, though bruised and mutilated, he contrived to crawl into the entrance of a sewer, from which he was dragged out by the troops of the Convention. Robespierre and Couthon being supposed to be dead, were dragged by the heels to the Quai Pelletier, where it was proposed to throw them into the river. But it being discovered, when day returned, that they still breathed, they were stretched on a board, and carried to the Assembly.

"At four in the morning on the 29th of July, he and his associates were carried to the guillotine. All Paris, of course, was awake to enjoy the spectacle. Robespierre was a horrid sight, from blood and mutilation. The mob, his mob, of course shouted after him, as they had done after all others. He shut his eyes, but could not shut his ears to the imprecations of the multitude. A woman breaking from the crowd exclaimed, 'Murderers of all my kindred, your agony fills me with joy; descend to hell, covered with the curses of every mother in France.' Twenty of his comrades were executed before him. For some minutes his frightful figure was held up to the multitude; he was then placed under the axe; the last sounds which reached his ear were exulting shouts, which were prolonged for some time after his death."

Thus closed the Reign of Terror, or the consummation of the sovereignty of the mob. A list of the lives sacrificed to this domination is given from Prudhomme. It states 18,603 slain by the Guillotine alone; 900,000 by the sword in La Vendée; and as a total, 1,022,351.

We must now lay aside these volumes. They have given us remarkable gratification. The affairs of France had been so long before the world, had been canvassed in so many shapes, and alternately praised and censured by so many writers, that we might have despaired of seeing them brought forward with any claim to novelty or interest. These volumes have satisfied us that our decision was premature. They narrate the events with an animation perfectly consistent with simplicity; a picturesque power which makes their slightest details interesting; and an honesty, sagacity, and soundness of principle, which converts the narrative of a feverish and guilty time into a solemn and pure lesson of political wisdom. We shall not pronounce that our day either wears the aspect or must close in the storms of French democracy. But let what will come, Mr Alison has reared a noble beacon. Faithful and forcible, he shows us the evils of weak submission in the government, and of arrogant demand in the people. Manly and well informed, he marks step by step the progress by which the lover of popularity is corrupted into the demagogue, and the demagogue is envenomed into the traitor. Tolerant and philosophic, he develops the future product of public evil in the seed, and points out to complying Cabinets and unsuspecting Kings, the hazard of stooping from the level of their duty to the level of popular caprice. To all, he gives the mighty moral of a Revolution popular in the highest degree, to whose divinity every man of France, and nearly of Europe, did homage,—Kings, nobles, and people throwing their incense on its altar, with an emulous and extravagant worship; yet from whose altar shot out flames that seized upon the whole circle of the worshippers. That his history is told with ease and elegance, is its humblest praise. To these, as well as to integrity and piety of principle, the author has a hereditary claim. *Simili frondescent virga metallo.*

We are anxious to see the remaining volumes of this striking performance,—the stupendous wars of Napoleon, and the more stupendous triumphs of England,—the conflict of

light and darkness, the battle of the Oruzd and Ahriman of later times.— We hope he will go largely into detail and anecdotes, that he will not think it incumbent on him to wash off the reprobation that honest men have decided to fix on the leaders of the French armies and councils. Let him tell the truth, and tell it in full; not suffering villainy to masquerade it through the world, nor wasting his skill in persuading us, by his eloquent apologies, that the scourges of the Earth have been guilty by accident; or that providential necessity can be

thrown into the scale as a counterpoise to human crime. We want an honest historian. Let Mr Alison shew that he disdains to soften the stigma of vice, as much as he would disdain to practise it, and he is the true writer for England. The Revolution is dead and gone; the skeleton hangs up before mankind. No art can again give it the semblance of human nature. Under his hands let its anatomy be unhesitatingly developed, and let the abhorrence of the fathers be converted into the wisdom of posterity.

THE DEATH-SONG OF REGNER LODBROG,

King of Denmark, the rival of his contemporary Charlemagne, as well in warlike renown as in extent of conquest, who, falling at last into the hands of Ella, Prince of Northumberland, was by him cast into a dungeon, there to be devoured by serpents. Said to have been sung during the infliction of that cruel sentence.†*

I.

We have fought with our swords, hurrah!
 Few years had we to form us,
 When we sailed, for Thora's sake, to slay
 The Gothland snake enormous:
 'Twas from the same I took the name
 Which ever since I've carried;
 For rough in shaggy arms I came,
 And in the monster buried
 My bright broadsword that day.

II.

We have fought with our swords, hurrah!
 We were youths when, in Eysar haven, ‡
 We feasted the ravening beast of prey,
 The yellow-footed gled and raven:
 The broadsword ground the helms around,
 A goodly banquet spreading,
 The sea ran red like a mighty wound,
 The crow on the land went wading,
 In blood of the slain that day.

III.

We have fought with our swords, hurrah!
 We were barely boys of twenty
 When we lifted our spears before Diminum bay
 And gained us praise in plenty:
 Eight barons bold we left stark and cold
 Our guest the eagle gorging;
 To a flood of blood the warm sweat roll'd

* He overran England, Scotland, Ireland, the Western and Orkney Isles, the Low Countries, Norway, Sweden, Western and Southern Russia, Vandalia, and the countries round the Hellespont.

† "Cujus adeso jocinore, cum cor ipsum funesti carnificis loco coluber insideret, omnem operum suorum cursum animosâ voce recensuit."—*Saxo Gram.* lib. ix.

‡ The Sound "by thy wild and stormy steep, Elsinore!"

From the heads of heroes charging
Throughout the livelong day.

IV.

We have fought with our swords, hurrah !
We then had wealth of fighting,
When all to Odin's hall away
Helsinga's sons inviting :
At the Iva then our merry-men
'Gan set the sharp sword biting ;
The sea ran red from the bloody fen,
The blade ground harsh, alighting
On shivering shields that day.

V.

We have fought with our swords, hurrah !
No man then thought of flying,
Till Sir Herrand in the foremost fray
Among his ships lay dying :
None braver been than he, I ween,
That plough the lea blue flowing ;
So came he aye to the combat keen
With a free heart and a glowing,
The chief of the battle-day.

VI.

We have fought with our swords, hurrah !
When the spears 'gan fly so thickly,
We cast the shields from our arms away,
And plucked the sword forth quickly :
We fought the skerries sharp among,
Both flints and foemen hewing ;
But ere fell Rafno, sovereign strong,
The warm sweat burst, bedewing
The temples of kings that day.

VII.

We have fought with our swords, hurrah !
The raven then might wassail
Through each Indirian * isle and bay,
And the wolf with the dead limbs wrestle :
Who stood or fell no man might tell,
I only saw, at morning,
The lances flying fast and fell,
And the crossbow steel-bolts spurning
The ringing strings that day.

VIII.

We have fought with our swords, hurrah !
The iron groan ascended
Till Eistein dead on Lano lay
And the crimson speil we ended ;
Then turn'd our hands to win their lands,
And set the sword to harrow
Through bossy shields and vizor bands,
Till burst the spuming marrow
Through cloven cheeks that day.

IX.

We have fought with our swords, hurrah !
We sway'd the shield 'mid roaring
Of arrowy sleet and bloody spray,
And salv'd the spear on Bhoring : †
The iron flew from bended yew,

* Supposed to be the Indirö Islands, near Drontheim.

† Bornholm in the Baltic.

King Volnir fell in battle ;
 No braver king, the strand to strew
 With store of vulture victual,
 Lay there himself that day.

X.

We have fought with our swords, hurrah !
 The fight burned high and higher,
 When, in the land of Flandriæ,
 Down fell the bold King Freyer.
 The blue steel bit through hauberks split,
 And red the harness painted,
 The virgin long lamented it,
 But the dogs were well contented
 With the slaughter of that day.

XI.

We have fought with our swords, hurrah !
 We then our cables sund' red ;
 The warriors in our ships that lay,
 They were an hundred hundred ;
 Six days we bore the sun before,
 But soon met matins rougher,
 The shaft-mass* from the English shore
 When fell King Valdiofur
 Beneath our swords that day.

XII.

We have fought with our swords, hurrah !
 The red rain fell ; the falcon
 Stooped through it o'er the pallid clay ;
 The bowstring cheered the hawk on,
 The longbow rang to hauberk's clang,
 The horns were well anointed
 With suppling sweat ; the venom'd fang
 In blood of heroes pointed
 Struck far and fast that day.

XIII.

We have fought with our swords, hurrah !
 Amid the reeling revel
 To see our wizard bucklers play,
 To see the broadsword level
 The spur and plume, while o'er the boom
 The battered helms kept chiming—
 'Twas like the joy of a lusty groom
 The bed of beauty climbing
 Upon the bridal day.

XIV.

We have fought with our swords, hurrah !
 Their dead the ground did cumber ;
 Like level plain their helms' array
 Upon the banks of Humber :
 To see them run at rising sun,
 Our merry-men pursuing,
 I'd liken this to the joy of one
 A fair young widow wooing
 With kisses all the day.

XV.

We have fought with our swords, hurrah !
 Then great was Heathiof's glory ;
 The conqueror he in Orcaday,
 Though Rogvald led the foray—

* Regner, a Pagan, sneers at the Christian mysteries.

Alas, 'mid swell of spears he fell,
 All heaven's hawks bewailing,
 For they knew the helmet-burster well
 That spread the feast unailing
 For them on battle-day.

XVI.

We have fought with our swords, hurrah !
 The exulting champaign madden'd
 With joy of throttling grapplers ; they
 The boar and eagle gladden'd
 When Ireland's king made iron ring ;
 But scarce his fast from slaughter
 Was broke, till 'neath the raven's wing
 He lay on Wedra¹ water,
 A floating corpse that day.

XVII.

We have fought with our swords, hurrah !
 The cumber'd plain grew ruddy
 When the sharp sword sank, awellaway !
 Deep in my Agner's body :
 'Twas Egill's glaive the death-wound gave ;
 A glancing weapon wander'd,
 And Hamdi hardly 'scaped the grave—
 Red blazed our lightning-standard
 Through thunderous clouds that day.

XVIII.

We have fought with our swords, hurrah !
 Then stood the sturdy strivers
 Till hacked in pieces small, a prey
 For the wolves and ocean-reivers.
 Seven days and more along the shore
 I saw our wet bows redden ;
 'Twas like a banquet, where they pour
 The wine-cup, and the maiden
 Fills up afresh all day.

XIX.

We have fought with our swords, hurrah !
 I've seen dawn gild the tresses
 Of lover in his lingering stay
 'Mid the blushing girl's caresses—
 Ha, ha ! the morn when fell King Atin
 Found us at other pleasure,
 A crimson bath, as of warm wine borne
 By a maid in a silver measure,
 Was our delight till day !

XX.

We have fought with our swords, hurrah !
 Three Leinster Kings then started,
 With us a game of spears to play,
 But gamesome none departed ;
 The sea-dog's maw, the goshawk's claw,
 The wolf's delighted grinnings,
 And the rank crop of the sodden shaw,
 Were the counters of the winnings
 Of the Irish kings that day.

XXI.

We have fought with our swords, hurrah !
 The shield was cleft in sunder,

The gilded bordure burst away—
 Long long the bard shall ponder
 'O'er Mona's isle, and sing the while
 How the three Sea-kings contended,
 How the waves rolled red for many a mile
 Where the javelin-storm descended—
 It was a glorious day !

XXII.

We have fought with our swords, hurrah !
 What then, there's no denying
 That fence and foil as best we may,
 All men are sure of dying :
 'Tis truth they tell who say the smell
 Of craven blood allureth
 The eagle down ; and, trust me well,
 Ungrateful life endureth
 The coward, every day.

XXIII.

We have fought with our swords, hurrah !
 When the youths are matched meetly,
 I hold it a comely thing, that they
 Should fight in pairs discreetly,
 Nor flinch at all till one may fall ;
 Than this can nought be clearer ;—
 Ah, he who loves a blue eye's thrall,
 Should love the death-lock dearer,
 And the din of battle-day !

XXIV.

We have fought with our swords, hurrah !
 It seems, to my opining,
 That no man is allow'd to stray
 From a path of Fate's assigning :
 I little thought that I'd be brought
 To Ella's stalls for slaughter,
 When, covering up my wounds, I sought
 To push forth to the water
 My stranded ships to-day.

XXV.

We have fought with our swords, hurrah !
 But it makes me fall a-laughing
 To think of the thrones and the garments gay,
 Of the feasts and the brown ale quaffing !
 The foeman's skull is foaming full
 On the board of Father Balder,
 I go not hence with a wailing dull
 To the feast of King and Scald
 In Odin's hall to-day !

XXVI.

We have fought with our swords, hurrah !
 How our sons would all be storming,
 Aslanga ! how they'd roar, I say,
 Could they see their sire's deforming !
 For through and through the serpent blue
 Must gnaw me here 'mong strangers ;
 But I've given my sons a mother, who
 Can breed me fit avengers
 For all my wrongs to-day.

XXVII.

We have fought with our swords, hurrah !
 The worm within me crawleth—
 Avenge my death, my sons, I pray,
 Lay on till Ella falleth—

Your faces red about my bed,
 Methinks are dimly flitting—
 Ah, when you hear your father's dead,
 You'll make no tame down-sitting,
 My own brave boys, that day!

xxviii.

We have fought with our swords, hurrah!
 Full fifty times hath flaunted
 My banner o'er the battle bray;
 For from my youth I've vaunted
 That woman's son hath past me gone
 In pitched battle never;
 But the Æse tell me to have done,
 And I shrink not to deliver
 My soul to them to-day.

xxix.

We have fought with our swords, hurrah!
 'Tis time to make an ending;
 Methinks I hear the Dysæ say,
 From Odin's palace bending,
 "Well met! Well met! Thou'lt soon be set
 Before the ale-cup flowing."
 I've run my race, I've paid my debt,
 I feel my spirit going;
 Yet ere I pass away,
 E'en on my dying day,
 I'll laugh one other laughter yet—
 Hurrah—hurrah—hurrah!

The early age at which the heroes of rude times distinguished themselves, forms one of the strangest features of their histories. Skiold, at fifteen, figures in the Danish annals a model of manly excellence; Cuchullin, at seventeen, was "the martial candle" of all Ireland; the Cid slew Don Gomez at ten; Sivard, the son of Regner, takes active part in battle at seven; and Regner himself is a counsellor of state at twelve, and a victorious monarch at thirteen. His first expedition is not alluded to in this song, but Saxo has preserved the story, which it will be well to relate. Fro, the Swedish monarch, had overcome and slain Regner's grandfather, Sigvard, in his own dominions of Norway, and now crowned his victory by an act of brutal barbarity upon the wives and daughters of his rival's household officers. They were bound to the pillars of his vestibule, and there exposed to public violation. Regner, without delay, set sail to avenge them. On his arrival in Norway, where the savage conqueror still re-

mained, he was met upon the shore by a crowd of matrons and young women, many of whom had already endured the extremity of dishonour, while even those who had escaped were still frantic in the scarce allayed despair of anticipation. As they hailed their avenger, they cried with one voice, that, having suffered debasement, they now only sought for death, and prayed to be received as fellow combatants into the ranks of his warriors. Whether actuated by the barbarous policy of bringing as great a force as possible into the field, or sympathizing in their estimation of the worthlessness of life after ignominy such as they had endured, or yielding, as is not unlikely, to a participation of danger and renown with professed amazons,* from association with whom in battle nothing derogatory to the name of a soldier could accrue, Regner heard their proposal favourably, and, mixing them with his men, advanced to the conflict. Among the female warriors was Lathgertha, a virgin of surpassing beauty and courage, wh

* For the existence of female warriors among the ancient Danes, see STEPHEN-
Notæ uberioræ in Lib. IX. Saxonis.

fought among the foremost with a bravery that would have betokened the presence of an heroic man, had not her long hair and feminine attire proclaimed her to have been of the other sex. Regner had more than once observed her loose tresses floating before him in the thickest of the fight, and when at length he had achieved the victory, and found leisure to attend to any thing besides the conduct of the battle, he called his attendants around him, and with many enquiries sought to know who might be the heroine to whom the successful issue of the strife had been so mainly owing; for he declared that she had that day done more to obtain the victory, than any other warrior on the field. Ascertaining that she was of honourable birth, and high in station among her own barbarous people, the enamoured boy despatched ambassadors to claim her hand in marriage. And now we must record a lamentably ungracious termination to the suit. Lathgertha dismissed the embassy with a favourable reply; but, secretly determining to sacrifice her juvenile lover to the preservation of her maiden liberty, ordered her attendants to chain within the vestibule of her chamber a blood-hound and a bear, each the fiercest of its kind, and, thus protected, awaited the arrival of her spouse. He coming by sea to her habitation in the vale of Golderal, leaves all his followers beside the ships, and approaches alone to the porch, where, being furiously assailed by the beasts, he bears himself so bravely, that Lathgertha is at last fain to yield herself at discretion. With her Regner continues for three years, forgetful alike of friends and foes, till roused from his luxurious indolence by tumult and rebellion at home. Leaving Lathgertha with two daughters, whose names have not been recorded, and one son, called Fridlef, all being the fruit of this uncouth amour, he suddenly arrives in Denmark, and suppresses the insurrection. And now we come to the period of that adventure from which he derived his surname, and with which the first stanza of his death-song is occupied. The relation of Lathgertha's trials has somewhat exhausted our historic gravity; and that that of Thora's may

not suffer injustice at our hands, we will give it in the words of Saxo.

"A third and a fourth time having conquered the Hallandi and Scani with all good auspices, his inclinations being changed to a vehement desire of wedding Thora, the daughter of King Heroth, he caused a divorce between himself and Lathgertha; for he could put no trust in the fidelity of her whom he still remembered to have assailed him with most furious beasts to the peril of his life. Meanwhile Heroth, the (said) King of the Sueones, circling the woods one day in hunting, gave certain small and rare serpents that had perchance been found there by his men, to Thora, his daughter, to feed them, and to have them in her care. She dutifully obeying the commands of the King, made bold to touch the viperous brood with her own virgin hands; nay, made it also her charge that the entire carcass of a bull should daily feast them to fullness; never imagining how, by her private pains, she was nourishing the public harm. Which serpents, when now at length full-grown, they began to infest the country all round with the hot plague of their poisonous breath; the King repenting of his foolish painstaking, made proclamation that the destroyer of the pest should have his daughter to wife. By which incitement, as well to the gaining of fame, as to the gratification of dear desires, many of the youth being stirred up, in vain essayed the deadly adventure. News of which coming to Regner by certain passengers, he straight betook himself to his nurse, and of her obtained a shirt of wool, and likewise hairy trowse for the thighs, wherewith to stifle the biting of the serpents in their assault; for as he saw need of raiment that would be for armour by its ruggedness, so also he chose it for flexile ease upon the limbs in action. Now then, when he had arrived by sea at Luercia, the snow at that time falling, he, of design, casts himself headlong into the water, and thereafter exposes his dripping garments to be stiffened by the frost for the sake of their greater impenetrableness. Girt then in which, and having conjured his friends as he bade them farewell, to take his Fridlef in their care, he pro-

ceeds towards the palace, all alone.
 * * * There rolls out a wondrous
 great serpent right opposite—an-
 other of equal bulk, gliding in the
 track of the first, comes after. There
 then they begin the assault, now
 beating the warrior with strokes of
 their brandished tails, now stifling
 him with continuous showers of pes-
 tiferous fume and slaver. Mean-
 while the domestics of the palace,
 clinging to their safer hiding-places,
 as well as the trembling females, eye
 the contest from a distance. The
 King himself, affrighted with an equal
 terror, had fled with a few attend-
 ants to a narrow stronghold. But
 Regner, indomitable in the rigour of
 his icy armour, alone, with unwearied
 constancy, sustained the open-mouthed
 rage of both, vomiting forth in
 their pernicious fury floods of poi-
 son on his body; for he repelled
 their fangs with his shield, their
 slaver with his vesture. At length
 the sword being struck from his
 hand, he boldly laid hold of them-
 selves as they rushed against him, and
 there plucking forth the heart of each,
 gained a happy issue to his combat.
 Now when the King, more curious-
 ly contemplating the aspect of his
 deliverer, beheld him hewn, ragged and
 shaggy he was to view, and noted
 likewise his nether clothing, of what
 a rugged sort it was; but above all,
 when he marked the unshaven hor-
 ror of his trowse, he then in sport
 bestowed upon him the name of
 Lodbrog, that is to say, Sir Hairy-
 hose, and therewithal sought that he
 would feast with him and all his
 peers. Regner replied, that first he
 would return to those whom he had
 left behind; whom having seen, he
 returned, only doing on, for the hon-
 our of his host, a suit of smoother
 and more courtly texture. And so
 at last, when all had feasted to their
 content, did Regner receive the prize
 assigned to his victory. By her he
 begat Rathbarth and Dunat, pledges
 of exceeding promise. To these
 were added, sons of nature, Sivard,
 Bioru, Agner, and Ivar." How to
 credit these exploits in a boy of
 fifteen is no easy matter, and that
 this was the age of Regner at the
 time of his marriage with Thora, an
 ancient poem quoted by Stephen
 attests. In it he thus addresses
 Thora after the victory—

"All for love of thee, fair maid,
 Thousand dangers I've essay'd;
 Though my youth till now hath seen
 Yellow harvests scarce fifteen,
 Yet I've dared the serpent meet;
 Lo, the monster at thy feet!"

We may say with Regner himself,
 when he rose to give his opinion
 among the old men, "*Brevis arcus
 subito spiculum jacit*"—a short bow
 shoots a fast arrow, and reconcile
 ourselves to the apparent longbow
 practice of the chronicler as best we
 can.

The Northern genius exhibits itself
 in its strongest contrast to that of
 the South, in such a tale as this of
 Regner and the Serpents. The
 Sea-king dripping in his embossed ic-
 cles, and the hero shining in cele-
 stial arms, "*que fecerat Ignipotens*,"
 are certainly creations of very oppo-
 site geniuses; but even these do not
 exhibit such an essential difference
 as that which strikes us in the ro-
 mances of each regarding its own
 monsters. In such fabulous crea-
 tions, there is generally a generic
 likeness; but the original is ever dis-
 torted to some *shape of wonder*, by
 the analyzing and recompounding
 imagination of the one, raised and
 exaggerated to some *excess of terror*,
 by the prodigal vigour of the other
 in that faculty, whatever it may be,
 which, by transferring the excess of
 its own energy into every idea that
 can receive it, does, by that endow-
 ment alone, so aggravate the attri-
 butes of its own class, that the sub-
 ject requires no further aid to rise
 before us more terrible, because more
 real, than any chimera of the South.
 To depict a wild man of the woods,
 the Greek imagines a satyr, the
 shaggy thighs of the monster repre-
 senting that ruggedness of life which
 his more humane nature had never
 felt, and therefore could not more
 virtually impart than by a symbol;
 the Scandinavian, without altering a
 lineament, sends him for seven years
 to the pine forests of Drontheim,
 with green leaves for his food, and
 bears for his bedfellows, and brings
 him out a rampant savage, fit to drive
 Pan and all his monsters from Arca-
 dia to the Pole. Just so in the com-
 position of the classic Dragon. The
 eagle must be plundered of his wings,
 the lion of his paws, and the sea-
 horse (itself a compound) of his body,

before the Southern's tame idea of a reptile can be augmented in horror sufficient to make it worthy the club of Hercules, or the lance of St George. But the Northern, leaving his *Grafvitner* coiled round the stems of the water-lily in the lake, or asleep beneath the grey-stone on the moor, conducts his hero, without further preparation, to an encounter as abstractly terrible as any, (for his own inspiring vigour overflows all he touches, and in the terrible is all-sufficient,) while the verisimilitude thus retained renders it in its semblance of reality far more vivid. The Dragon of Sir Guy is a proper monster of the classic school—

"He is black as any cole,
Rugged as a rough sole;
Hys body from the navyll upwarde,
No man may it pierce, it is so harde;
Hys neck is great as any summere,*
He rinneþ as swifte as any distrere.†
Pawes he hath as a lyoun;
All that he toucheth he sleath dead downe;
Great winges he hath to flight."

Yet the gentlest beast of the field, when put under the lash of northern genius, comes bellowing forth, a prodigy, beside which the incongruous phantasm fades into the dream of a sign-painter, while a vision of terrible reality still haunts the memory of all who ever heard of the Dun Cow of Warwick.

So Hercules in his cradle strangling the snakes, is more naturally, and therefore more nobly heroic, than Hercules in Lerna. No power of burlesque could make the infant ridiculous; no stateliness of epic poetry can exalt even the son of Jove, engaged in a fantastic exploit, above the reach of such a shaft as this:

"Old stories say that Hercules
A dragon slew at Lerna,
With seven heads and fourteen eyes,
To see and well discern-a."

Yet Regner, although he escapes the ridicule of such an antagonist as levels for a time the Strangler of the Nemean Lion, with Moore of Moorhall, has still *some* disadvantages. The iced sheepskins are doubtless of a quality for defence inferior to the spiked armour of the attorney, and in nowise comparable with the

forest-king's hide for dignity. Nevertheless, there is a certain illustrious horror about the shivering icicles, which will at least rescue their subtemen from a classification with the small-clothes of Brian O'Lynn, a hero not less curious in that important part of dress, whose labours have given to Irish literature the following commemoration:

"Brian O'Lynn had no breeches to wear,
So he got him a sheep's hide to make him
a pair;
With the woolly side out, and the skinny
side in,
'They're pleasant and cool,' says Brian
O'Lynn."

If the shade of Regner be indignant at having been consorted with such vile company, let him wreak his vengeance on the Dragon of Wantley, who seduced us.

To return to our subject. It is remarkable how distinctly the line of demarcation between the rival species may be traced in the ballad poetry of these islands. The Georgian monster flies triumphant as far as Northumberland; the "laidly worm" of the Norseman usurps all beyond the border, and even the sacred island is not altogether free from the trail of the Scandinavian reptile. A poem is preserved in Macdougall's tract on the Irish Fisheries (a strange location for it), between which, and some of the legends of Saxo, the resemblance is exceedingly strong; so strong, indeed, that it seems to have been either the copy or the original. The period of the presence of northern freebooters in Ireland has been carried back by good authority to the very earliest ages of Christianity; but there exists a remarkable similarity between many monuments of both nations, which claim a still higher antiquity, and the arts displayed in which do not seem likely to have been communicated from either to the other, during times so turbulent. The prejudices of national pride have rendered the most speculative appeal to Irish high antiquities at least unpromising; but the consciousness that those who were bitterest in their sarcasms spoke when they were themselves steeped to the lips in im-

* Sumpter-horse.

† Charger at a tournament.

posture, may perhaps incline us to a fairer view of traditions, which, although confessedly "fabulosæ," are still no more so than those of the nation we most honour among the ancients. The wanderings and return of the Tuathi de Danans are not perhaps the gratuitous lie of a Seanachy. It must be confessed that our hero will be at a loss for evidence of any great species of serpent in the Scandinavian regions with which to encounter. Were we desirous of grave authorities to establish the existence of the *Dragon*, we should be at no loss for weighty and numerous names. Ripe scholars, who reject whole libraries of northern chronicles, adore Herodotus, yet Herodotus tells them such stories of winged serpents flying from Arabia to Egypt, and there waging war against the Ibises, till valleys were white with the skeletons of the slain, as would class him with Pierre Bolon and Sir John Mandeville, were not the same fable scrupulously set down in Aristotle and Strabo, while Mela, Isidore, and St Augustine, echo the classic hoax. Difficult as it would be to produce such testimony for a boa constrictor on the plains of Gothland, we prefer the belief in Regner's having combated something of the sort (be it an adder or a conger eel), to the suggestion which would reconcile the fable to the fact by placing Thora under the guardianship of some one of the name of Snake. These arbitrary allegories are a composition between reason and credulity, which defrauds both, and recompenses neither.

After his marriage with Thora, Regner led a roving life of piracy and conquest; overrunning a nation, and placing a son on the throne of its conquered king, then coming home to find his subjects in rebellion; quelling the insurgents, driving their leader, his rival, Harold, to seek shelter from the emperors; and again setting sail to subjugate a new province, and raise another son to its viceregal dignity. In this way he invaded, and for the time subdued, the nations enumerated in the introductory note. The most frequent notices of his exploits, in the concise chronicles of Denmark, record him as "Regner Lodbrog, who had nine sons, (some make them twelve, some

seven,) kings of as many conquered countries; who stabled his horses in the hall of Charlemagne, and died by the devouring of serpents in Ireland." But here we are on debateable ground. Saxo asserts that Regner encountered and defeated an emperor Charles, and this in words which will apply to no other than Charlemagne. The learned Stephen vindicates the interpretation, nay, goes so far as to attribute the death of the emperor to grief and indignation on that very account; but Krantz, Meursius, Pontanus, and a host of others, with many and seemingly stronger proofs, assert the contrary. It is amusing to read Krantz's expostulation with the old chronicler. He lays down the ground of dispute with all becoming gravity, and then, "You know very well, Saxo," he says to the man who had died three centuries before, "you must be very well aware, Saxo, that this (*sub reverentia sit dictum*) is a bounce;" and so he proceeds to rate him face to face for his inconsistencies. On the whole, there seems to be a confusion of names in the original authorities too complicated to promise any satisfactory result in the enquiry. Then, again, Saxo records various expeditions of his hero to the "parts about the Hellespont," and the Hellespontic regions seem at such a distance, that many learned Thebans will have it that he means the countries round the eastern Baltic, alleging, against the natural interpretation, the difficulties of long navigation, seas infested by hostile armaments, and the force of a powerful nation to be encountered after these had been overcome; but the navigators of the Sound, the German Ocean, and the British seas, need hardly have shrunk from the dangers of the summer Mediterranean. The sailor who had circled the Malstrom was surely competent to pass Charrybdis. All the fabulous perils of the Archipelago, even including its forgotten terrors, the wandering Delos, and the opening and shutting Symplegades, could not have formed a more frightful array of danger than their own fiords and voes were rife with in the North. Then that a nation of pirates should shrink from the naval force of Greeks and Saracens, men who cared nothing for the

dominion of the sea, and tempted its dangers only when they had need to transport their warriors from one scene of military conflict to another, would surely seem more strange than that they should despise such opposition, and proceed whither they pleased in its defiance. And for the power of the Greek empire to be dreaded in such an incursion, when we reflect that, scarce fifty years after, a hostile fleet of two hundred vessels, launched from the wild Borysthenes, and manned by savage Russians, cast anchor before Constantinople, and shook the throne of the East, why should we deny an equal degree of enterprise and vigour in their own time to men who looked upon the fathers of these invaders as wretched and most despicable barbarians—a “*pannosa gens*,” a “*plebs nudissima*?” The presence of Scandinavian rovers in the Mediterranean is generally acknowledged by southern writers of the ninth century; and Gibbon, when he speaks of “the calamities of a piratical war, which, after an interval of six hundred years, again infested the Euxine, but escaped the notice both of the prince and the historian,” seems to allude to some authority, either mislaid or not deemed worthy of being referred to, which might possibly, by throwing a light upon the dark period immediately preceding the Russian invasion, discover Regner in his five years’ expedition through the regions of the Hellespont. It is worthy of remark, that Saxo, as if anticipating incredulity, expressly mentions the “*Mare Mediterraneum*” as the route pursued. On his return from this Eastern expedition, (whether it may have been to the shores of the Black Sea or the Lake Ladoga,) he finds Harold, his old rival, reinstated in authority, and backed by the alliance of Lewis the Pious, by whom he had been converted to Christianity, baptized, and induced to build a church for Christian worship at Sleswick. The indignant Pagan, falling on his now doubly-detested rival, drove him once more from his dominions, overthrew the monuments of his apostasy, and restored the savage mysteries of Odin; then sailing to chastise Ella, a Northumbrian prince, who wreaked the revenge he cherished against

Regner on the vanquished Irish for not having more vigorously opposed him, fell himself into the hands of that chieftain, and, by the miserable end we have related, closed a life of unavailing although splendid ferocity. Regner had not long enjoyed the society of Thora: she was carried off soon after their marriage by sudden sickness; and of Lathgertha, the last thing we hear is, that in Regner’s first exploit with Harold, she, still overflowing with the deep draught of her former affection, (“*pristini amoris pertinaciori haustu exuberans*,”) came to his assistance with a fleet of one hundred and twenty ships, from which she led her forces in person to the field, and mainly contributed by her courage to the restoration of his broken battle. It is an ungrateful office to continue the narrative, for the impetuous passions of the Amazon, kindled by the sight of her former husband, impelled her, on her return from fighting by his side, to murder the chieftain whom she had married on her first desertion. Notwithstanding, Regner never resumed the connexion. Lathgertha and Thora had been won by the sword, and the uncouth romance of their bridal has secured to both a place in the rude sympathies, and scarcely less rugged writings, of the older chroniclers; but of Aslauga, whom Regner apostrophizes towards the end of his death-song, nothing further than the occurrence of her name in that passage was known, till Stephen, in the beginning of the 17th century, collecting materials for his “*Note Ueberiores*,” discovered a history of our hero preserved among the Icelanders (“*fugientis Antiquitatis Destinac veluti Statorres Joves*,” as he happily terms them), in which the gentler interest of her story has warmed the writer into something approaching to even pastoral tenderness. Regner, says the Skald, having drawn up his ship on the beach near Spangerheide in Norway, beheld a beautiful girl walking on the strand. He called to her to come to him, where he sat on his galley side, and she, after stipulating for honourable treatment, consented; but while gazing in admiration on the great vessel, and all the novel pomp of spoils and splendid armour, she was sud-

denly addressed by the licentious hero with an ardour far too imperious for the safety either of his pledged word or of her own honour. There is severe dignity, and, at the same time, touching humility, in her reply—

“Denmark’s father, surely thou
Dreamest not of maidens now.
Royal Regner, mighty king,
Rather be it thine to bring
Aid to helpless innocence.
Send me, Sue, oh send me hence.
As thou sworest, safe and free;
All enough ’twill be for me,
Lowly to have looked on thee.”

Startled from his unworthy purpose by this unexpected repulse, yet still more anxious of obtaining a prize so unexpectedly enhanced, he has recourse to the temptation of a rich present.

“Wilt thou take this mantle fair
Silver-tissued everywhere?
Lovely as thy limbs may be,
This shall grace thee worthily;
For ’tis one my Thora wore
On her lawn-like torma before.
Thora wrought the border so,
Thora, with her hands of snow,
Thora, whom of all the rest,
Ere she died, I loved the best.”

To which the Maiden—

“King of men, I may not dare
Touch the robe so passing fair,
Which Fawn Thora wove and wore;
Robe like this bestems me more,
O’er in which, I drive my flocks
Round the shore among the rocks;
Leave me to mine humble lot,
Raise thy sail, and tempt me not.”

It must be confessed that the more seemly robe to which she alludes was a skin, and that her flock was one of goats. Nevertheless Oraka (for such she tells him is her name) would not have disgraced a small vale of Arcadia in the winter season; and in accordance with this promising beginning, she in the end turns out to be a king’s daughter in disguise, upon which, as Queen of Denmark, she claims the affections won by the goat-herd of Spangarheide.

The conduct of Ivar, Sivard, and Biorn, on receiving news of their father’s death, has been especially recorded. Ivar was presiding at the celebration of some solemn game. He neither changed countenance, nor

broke up the sports; but commanded the astonished people to remain, and forced the frightened actors to proceed in their performance, fearing lest, by the betrayal of any emotion, he should compromise the dignity of such a grief. Sivard heard the news as he stood, his short spear in his hand, prepared for hunting. To distract, and so weaken the anguish that seized him, he struck the javelin into his foot, and merging the mental agony which alone would have been insupportable, in a coexistent bodily pain, which it had been his whole life’s study to endure, he also was able to control his grief, and assert the fortitude of mind that such a crisis called for. The news reached Ironside (the surname of Biorn) as he was playing at dice. To subdue his emotion, he grasped the die so hard, that blood burst from his fingers’ ends—“*ubi nimirum fortunæ jactum ipsâ quam versebat aleâ levio-rem esse didicit.*” Of the three, Ivar is adjudged to have behaved with the most exemplary fortitude, for Ella, when he was made acquainted with the conduct of each, declared that he dreaded him who had “played out his play,” more than either of the others; and the event shewed that he had foreboded truly; for Ivar (the Hinguar of Asserius) never ceased to prosecute his scheme of vengeance till it was accomplished. It is hard to say whether the death of Regner or that of Ella was the most horrible. The avenging brothers amply fulfilled the prediction of their dying father. They seized their enemy at York, and in the words of Saxo “*comprehensi ipsius dorsum plagâ Aquilonem figurante afflicti.*” *Cutting the eagle* was a dreadful species of execution, practised by the northern nations. They thrust a sword in at the back of the neck, thence carrying it round either shoulder-blade and down the back-bone, detaching every thing as they went along; they pulled away the ribless spine with the scapulae hanging at each side like the wings of a bird, from which resemblance the butchery took its name, and finished by dragging out the entrails through the wound. For this semipious expedition, the daughters of Regner wove a standard called the Reafau, which, in addition to the

interest of its consecration, possessed the importance of a talisman, for the raven woven on its field would seem to move and flap its wings before a victory; but, a defeat impending, it hung reversed and motionless. Thus commenced one of the most devastating incursions which Europe ever suffered from the Normans: for the brothers, after ravaging England for ten years, till foiled and defeated by Alfred, at length turned their vessels towards the Rhine, and thence dividing their forces, carried fire and sword through France and Germany, till cities, and churches, and cultivated lands, lay desolated from the Loire to the Elbe. It is asserted by many that Regner had already sacked Paris, and turned the church of St Germain to the same uses as had before defiled the banqueting hall of the great Charles. The poem of Abbo "De Obsessa a Nortmannis Lutetia Parisiorum," details the sufferings of the French capital, and the operations of the siege, but the names of the hostile leaders are altered so as to be very rarely recognisable. The circumstances of Regner's death, on which the interest of our translation so essentially depends, are given with little variation from Saxo's account by all the Danish historical authorities; but the English version, it must be confessed, is provokingly dissimilar. Regner (they call him Lothbrie) sailing round the rocks of the Danish coast, catching sea-fowl, and unattended, was himself caught in a tempest, and after three days and nights' tossing on the German ocean, cast on the shore of England. Here, they say, he became the *fulconer* of King Saint Edmund; but having excited the jealousy of a fellow servant by his superior skill in feeding and cleaning the royal birds, was by him secretly slain. His death being discovered through the sagacity of his dog, the only companion of his shipwreck, the murderer was condemned to be placed in the same boat which had brought his victim to shore, and, without oar or sail, to be cast adrift upon the sea. Wonderful to relate, the hand of Providence guided him upon the very track of Regner, and after a similar space cast him on Jutland. Here he told the sons of Regner that their father had been made away with at

the instigation of Edmund himself, and thus excited them to that invasion of which we have spoken. This is a sorry substitute for the high romance of his death as we have it here—a sorry end this for the Emperor of northern Europe and Sovereign of the universal Sea, to become at last a menial of the Lord of East Anglia, a Lambert Simnel by anticipation. It cannot be. We need not dwell on inconsistencies in the face of an impossibility. Casting a prisoner into a dungeon to be devoured by serpents, is an event not unfrequent in the northern annals. Perhaps the most romantic instance that can be cited, is that of Harald the brother of St Olave, who being seized by the Byzantine emperor, was condemned to this species of execution. The Dane, never deserted by his wonted courage, immediately on entering the cavern, beneath which was a river, the haunt of his terrible antagonist, began to prepare himself for the struggle. Looking out for some offensive weapon, for he had been thrust in almost naked and unarmed, he beheld nothing around him but the skeletons of former victims. Nothing daunted, he gathered the dead men's bones together, and binding them into a billet with the remnant of his dress, poised the rude club he had thus formed, and waited the approach of the reptile. The serpent was vanquished, for Harald, after stunning it with blows from his club, leaped fearlessly upon its back, and completed the victory with his knife, "*Cultellum tonsorium quem secum forte tectum attulerat umbilico qui solus feno patebat immersit.*" There is something of the classic dragon about this monster: Harald leaps upon its back "veloci saltu," as he would spring on a horse. One Runic chronicle of decided antiquity will have it, that Regner was cast into a lake full of serpents; but all concur in the instrumentality of the reptile one way or the other; and, strange as it may appear to the sons of Saint Patrick, all agree in placing the scene of the execution somewhere in Ireland. We have already seen that the serpent is not unknown in Irish tradition; we know that in Druid worship it makes a conspicuous figure; Regner himself (or whoever he may have been who wrote the song trans-

lated) refers the event to the Scottish coast (Skotlands fiordur), and Scotia is a name exclusively given to Ireland by all the continental writers of the ninth century; so that, notwithstanding the testimony of Donatus, that in the sacred isle

"Nulla venena nocent, nec serpens serpit
in herba,"

we must suppose the cunning Northumbrian to have borne his captive to some spot hitherto uncharmed by the discourses of the Saint. We cannot conclude better than with these

lines of Donatus, not so much for their perplexing evidence of Ireland's freedom from noxious animals at that time, (a subject which we willingly leave to some northern Aldrovandus,) as for their gratifying description of the country before those harassing invasions, of which Regner was among the great precursors, and which only gave place after the battle of Clontarf, to another series of troubles, differing but in longer continuance, and in less prospect of any happy issue.

Upon the confines of the West,
There lies a land, of lands the best.
In ancient books 'tis Scotia writ,
And Scotia likewise name we it.
An island rich in all good store,
In gems, and robes, and golden ore;
An isle in soil, and sun, and wind,
Most healthful to the human kind.
With honey all the land abounds,
With fairest lawns and pasture grounds,
With weeds of peace and peaceful arts,
With arms of war and manly hearts.
A happy isle! the rugged bear
Ne'er roam'd in savage horror there;
Ne'er sought that far and green recess
The tawny whelping lioness;
Nor poison there was ever found,
Nor serpent on the grassy ground,
Nor bull-frog by the meadow side,
To croak uncouth at eventide;
And, worthy of this blessed spot,
Here dwell the nations of the Scot,
A race of men renowned high,
For honour, arms, and courtesy.

NIGHTS AT MESS.

CHAP. I.

SUCH a set of fellows as the —th Dragoons, I never met with in the whole course of my life. Talk of friendliness and hospitality! they would beat old Solomon, who had a table that stretched from one end of Palestine to the other. Their invitations are not given for certain dinners on certain days, but for weeks and months. "There now, there's a good fellow, you'll dine with us till Christmas; we've got a new messman, and the claret is fresh from Dublin." I accepted the invitation, and intend paying it off by instalments of a week at a time;—no constitution could stand their hospitality for a longer period without a little repose. I am now resting on my oars, and getting quit of a slight unsteadiness of the hand in the mornings, which made the eating of an egg as difficult an achievement as any of the labours of Hercules. In about a month I shall be equal to another visit, but in the meantime I will just take a little memorandum of what occurred while I remained with them, by way of keeping their memory green in my soul. The first day nothing remarkable occurred during dinner. The colonel was in the chair, and a jollier-looking president it has never been my luck to meet with. Large, soldierly, and somewhat bloated, he formed a famous combination of the Bacchus subduing lions and conquering India, and the same Bacchus leering into a flagon and bestriding a cask. I am bound to confess, that the latter part of this resemblance is suggested to me by the sign-post of this very decent hostel in which I write, where a prodigious man, without any particular superfluity of costume, is represented sitting on a puncheon of vast size, with a face so red, so round, so redolent of mirth, and with such a glance of irresistible whim in his eye—I'll bet a hundred to one the painter of that sign has had the honour of an interview with the gallant Colonel O'Looney. There never was a man more popular in a regiment. On parade or at mess he was equally

at home. Not one of those *mere* boon companions who swallow potatoes pottle-deep, and are fit for nothing else, but a man armed at all points, one who "the division of a battle knows," as well as the flavour of a vintage. He seemed somewhere about fifty years of age, with a considerable affectation of the youth about him. The baldness of his crown was scrupulously concealed by combing the long straggling side locks over it; and his allusions were extremely frequent to those infernal helmets which turned a man's hair grey in the very prime of boyhood. He had never left the regiment, but gradually climbed his way up from a humble cornetcy to his present lofty rank, without however losing the gaiety which had made him so much liked and courted in the first years of his noviciate. Such was the colonel when I saw him ten days ago presiding at mess. His tones were delicious to listen to. The music of five hundred Iri-lanen distilled into one glorious brogue, would give but a faint idea of his fine rich Tipperary, —and all so softened by the inimitable good-nature of his expression! — Upon my honour, a story, without his voice to tell it with, loses almost all its value. When the bottles began their round, the usual hubbub commenced; but after one or two routine humpers, my attention was attracted by a conversation at the foot of the table.

"Faith an' yese quite right," said the Colonel in answer to some observation, "in what ye say about marriage. There's a stark-staring scarcity of the commodity. Here have we been stationed now in this city of York for six weeks, and divil a young fellow of us all has picked up an heiress yet. Now, mind me, when I was here about thirty years ago, it was a very different story. We had something or other to laugh at every day in the way of the ladies,—either a start off to Gretna Green, or a duel, or a horse-whipping. But now, by the sowl of me, there's no sort of amusement to be had at all."

"Pray, Colonel, are there any heiresses in this neighbourhood at present?" drawled forth a young cornet.

"Faith, surely," replied the Colonel, "ye ought to be on the lookout for that yerself. I've enough to do to pick up information on my own account."

"I merely wanted to benefit a little by your experience," rejoined the other.

"Experience? is it *that* ye're wanting? Well, I'll just tell you a bit of a secret. That same experience is the very devil in a man's way when he thinks of doing the civil thing to a young lady that has the misfortune to be rich. Young fellows like you are trusted by guardians and mothers, and cattle of that sort, and even by the damsel herself, because they see no danger in a youth with so little experience. I found it so myself when I joined the regiment first. Never was known such a set of fine frank open-hearted returs as I found all the young darlings at every party I went to. No shyness, no fears, no hurrying away at my approach in case I should ask them to dance with me; but now that I have had about thirty years of this same practice in the art of courtship, there's no such thing as getting near the sweet returs even to whisper a word. Every mother's son—daughter I mane—of them, goes away as soon as possible from such a dangerous devil as a young fellow with so many years experience. Mothers and aunts throw themselves into the gap to cover their retreat, and lug me off to the card-table that they may keep their eyes on me all the night. Ach, when we were stationed here in the glorious eighteen hundred, mothers and aunts never troubled their heads about such a sweet little inexperienced lambkin as I was."

"But you were talking of heiresses, Colonel," said the cornet, hiding a laugh at the jolly commander's attributing the change which he perceived in the reception he met with from the ladies to any thing rather than its right cause, "you were talking of heiresses, were there many of them in this neighbourhood at that time?"

"Och, plinty; they either were or

pretended to be; so the honour of carrying them off was all the same, ye know. Whenever an officer got three days' leave of absence, he was sure to bring back a wife with him; the postillions on the north road grew as rich as nabobs, and their horses as thin as lathes: all that a girl had to do was to say she was an heiress; nobody ever asked her what it was of; whether an estate or a lawsuit—off she was to the ould blacksmith before the week was out, and married as fast and sure as her mother. Then came the cream of the joke, for there was always some insolent brother, or cousin, or discarded sweetheart, to shoot immediately on your return, so that the fun lasted very often as long as the honey-moon."

"And how many of the officers were lucky enough to get married?"

"Och, every one of them, I tell ye, except myself and Jack O'Farrell. Did I ever tell ye how nearlly owld Jack and I were buckled?"

"No, Colonel," cried a great many voices, "let us hear."

"Gintly, my lads, gintly. I'll tell ye first of my friend Jack. I'll take a little time to think of it before I tell ye my own adventure." Here the Colonel sighed, and said something about agonized feelings and breaking hearts, which contrasted so ridiculously with his hilarious countenance and Herculean figure, that we could not avoid bursting into a very hearty laugh. The Colonel, after appearing a little discomposed, for I believe he considers himself no contemptible

in the art of pathetic story-telling, began in our laugh, tossed off

a bumper and began. "Jack O'Farrell was the most gallant-looking fellow I ever saw—great red whiskers, shoulders like the side of a house, bright fiery eyes, and a gash from a shillelah across his brow, that made him look a handsome copy of the devil, as a soldier should. He was a Galway man, the best-tempered fellow that ever was seen in the world, and had been out five times before he was twenty. One of them was with his uncle, fighting Dick Callaghan of Oonamorlich, (he was shot afterwards by Sir Niel Flanagan in the Thirteen Acres;) so, said Jack—'I only took him in the shoulder, for it's unchristian to kill one's rela

tions.' Jack came across, and joined us in this very town. In a moment he won every heart at the mess-table; he drank four bottles of claret, thirteen glasses of brandy and water, and smoked two-and-twenty cigars; and then saw the chaplain safe to his lodgings, as if he had been his brother; it did us all good to see such a steady fellow. Well, just at this time, we were in the heart of running away with the women, fighting the men, and playing the devil entirely; and Jack resolved to be equal with the best of us. There was to be a ball, a public ball of some sort or other at the County Hall, and I saw my friend Jack particularly busy in making his preparations. He packed up his carpet bag, dressing-case, and a brace of horse-pistols, and having got a week's leave of absence the day before the dance. 'And what's all this you're doing, Jack?' said I. I've been so long away from owld Ireland, and rattled so much about the world, that I've lost the Irish intirely, or I would try to give you an imitation of Jack's brogue, but that's impossible for a tongue that has the trick of the En

The Colonel luckily did not remark how some of us were amused with this apology, for not being able to speak like an Irishman, and went on—

~~'And what's all this you're doing, Jack?' said I.~~

'Dolu?' an' what should I be doin'?' says he, 'but puttin' up my weddin' garments?'

'Your wedding?' says I; 'are you going to be married, Jack?'

'Faith, an' I hope so,' says he; 'or what would be the use o' this wonder o' the world?' holding up a beautiful coloured silk nightcap between his finger and thumb.

'And who is the lady, you sowl?'

'How the devil should I know?' said Jack. 'I haven't seen her, nor asked her yet; but I suppose there'll be plenty at this ball. I'm goin' to have a post-chaise at the door, an' I'll bet ye'll shew ye Mrs Cornet O'Farrell before ye're a week owlder.'

'Done,' and 'done!' we said; and it was a wager.

'Jack and I went into the ball-room together.

'I wonder if Mrs John O'Farrell

is here,' said Jack, as he looked round among the ladies.

'Faith,' said I, 'it's not for me to answer ye; ye had better ask them; but I truly hope Mrs Cornet O'Looney is not in this collection, for such a set of scare-crows I never'—

—'Ooch, ullaloo, man, hold your tongue; it's not for the beauty of them one cares, but just the fame of the thing, to have carried off an heiress; and an heiress Mrs O'Farrell must be, that's a sure case: for ye see, barrin' my pay and a small thrifle I owe my creditors besides, I shall have nothing to support the young O'Farrells, let alone the wife and the maid.'

'Just at this time a rich owld sugar merchant, with a whole posse of daughters, and other ladies, came bustling into the room.

'There now, Jack,' said I, 'now's your time. Here comes owld Pusby the sugar merchant from London, and half a dozen heiresses pinned to his apron. Off with ye, man. Ye can't go wrong: take the very first that will have ye. I tell ye, he's rich enough to cover the Bog of Allan with melted gold.'

'Then he's just the sort of fellow I want—so, wi' ye'r lave, I'll go and do the needful to the tall young woman in blue. If he gives her only a thousand a foot, she'll be a very comfortable companion in a post-chaise.'

'Jack was introduced in all due form, and in a minute was capering away in the middle of the floor as if he were stamping hay; and thinking all the time of the chariot at the door and Gretna Green. His partner seemed very much pleased with his attentions. She simpered and curtsied to all Jack's pretty speeches, and I began to be rather alarmed about the bet. She was very tall, very muscular-looking and strong, and seemed a good dozen of years older than the enraptured Jack. If she had been twenty years older than his mother it would have been all the same, provided she had been an heiress, for at that time, as I tell ye, we were the only two bachelors left who had not picked up a wife with prodigious reputations for money, and Jack was determined to leave me behind in the race. After he had danced with her four or five

different sets, he came up to me in raptures. 'Isn't she a dear sweet sowl?' said Jack, 'and such a mowld for grenadiers! She's a Scotchwoman too, and that's next door to an Irishman anyhow.'

"If she's a Scotchwoman," said I, 'you must be sure of your ground—they haven't so many heiresses among the hills as in the fat fields of England. What's her name?'

"There now," said he, slapping his leg, 'ain't I a pretty fellow? I've danced with her half the night, and niver asked her what her name is. I'll go and ask her this moment.' And accordingly he marched up to her once more, and carried her off in triumph as his partner.

"Pray, Madam, may I make so bowld," he began, 'as to ask you what yer name may be—for owld Mr Fushy spakes so much wi' the root of his tongue that I can't understand a word he would minton.'

"My name," replied the lady, 'is Miss Sibilla M'Scrae of Glen Buckie and Ben Scart.'

"And a very pretty name too, upon my honour," said Jack; 'what size may Glen Buckie be?—you'll excuse me.'

"Oo, in our family we never can tell to a mile or twa what the size of ony o' the estates may be—but I believe it's about seventy-five thousand acres of land, besides the four lakes and the river.'

"Seventy-five—*thousand* did ye say?" exclaimed Jack, quite overcome by his good fortune; 'and I hope yer family's well, ma'am. How did ye lave all yer brothers and sisters?'

"I haena got ony brothers, and my sisters are pretty weel, I thank you.'

"An' I'm very glad to hear *that*. Do ye happen to know what my name is? I am John O'Farrel Esquire, of Ballynamora, in the county of Galway, of a very ancient family—and what do ye think of the name, ma'am?'

"Oo, it just seems a very pretty name.'

"Do ye raelly think so? An' how would ye like to have it yourself?'

"I think it would just do as well as ony other.'

"Och then, my dear Miss M'Scrae,

you're just the sort of cratur I wanted—I've a post-chaise at the door.'

"Indeed?'

"Yes, indeed, my charmer, and a pair of pistols in it too.'

"Indeed?" again replied the lady, looking very conscious all the time.

"Aye! and a sweetheart in this ball-room that will go off with me to Gretna Green this moment.'

"Dear me—and wha is the happy leddy?'

"An' who the devil should it be, but just yer own self, Miss Sibilla M'Scrae?'

"Me, sir," said the lady, endeavouring to blush; 'are you serious? Ye should na trifle wi' a young lass's feelings.'

"The devil take all thrifles of the sort—I'm serious, my darling, and I'll prove it—will ye go off with me this instant?'

"Had we no better wait till we've had the supper, sir? Ye know we've paid for't in the ticket.'

"Faith, an' there's some sinse in that; and will you be riddy the moment after?'

"The lady blushed, and looked her consent, and Jack was in raptures all the time of supper, meditating on the four lakes and the river, and the seventy-five thousand acres of land. Supper at last was ended, and a new dance formed. Jack, who had by no means neglected either the champagne or his partner, whispered into her ear, 'Are ye all riddy now, my sweet Sibilla? the horses must be tired waiting.'

"Weel, since ye insist upon't, I'm all ready enough—only my shawl is in the leddy's robing room.'

"Is it, faith?" said Jack; 'then I'll go for it this moment.' He was back with the speed of lightning, threw a shawl over her shoulders, and without attracting any observation, handed her down stairs into the post-chaise, jumped in after her, and rattled off as fast as the horses could gallop.

"Soon after this the old sugar merchant and all his train prepared to take their departure. I waited to hand them to their carriage, but the little fat old woman, his wife, came rushing into the room, kicking up such a terrible dust—'Och!' cried she—'Oh dear! oh dear! Somebody

has taken off my shawl—real Ingy—worth eighty guineas every shilling—there's a thief in the room!—only think!'

"Every thing was thrown into the greatest confusion; some of the ladies fainted, and ye niver saw such an uproar in yer lives. At last, it was discovered, when every lady had taken her own shawl, that the only one unclaimed was that which had been worn by Miss Sibilla McScrae. That lady herself was nowhere to be found; search was made for her everywhere in vain. The little old woman stormed as if she was practising for bedlam.

" 'This comes,' she cried, 'of having beggarly Scotch governesses that wear cotton shawls. I've suspected she would come to no good ever since she has been so intimate with the potticary's boy.'

" 'Potticary's boy!' thought I, 'faith, this is beyond a joke entirely—I must be after Jack;' so I slipped away from the confusion, got into a post-chaise and four, and set off in pursuit of O'Farrel, hoping to overtake him in time to save him from marrying an heiress without a penny, who wore nothing but cotton shawls. In the meantime, information had been given that the lady was seen stepping into a post-chaise, accompanied by a tall man in a cloak, with very red whiskers—'Oh, pursue them! pursue them!' cried Mrs Fusby—'the wretch has stolen my Ingy shawl, and gone off with the potticary's boy—I know him by the description—his hair is as red and coarse as unrefined at twopence a-pound.' Nothing would satisfy her rage but instantly giving chase. A magistrate was disturbed from his slumbers, an information of the robbery laid before him, and in a very short time a couple of constables were scouring down the road with a warrant to apprehend the suspected delinquents.

"Here were we all tearing along—Jack and his lady—myself—and the two thief-takers,—never was there such a race in the memory of man. I found I was gaining on the lovers every stage, and when I got to a village on this side of Durham, I found I had overshot my mark, and actually got before them. I discovered there were two roads to the

place, and that as it was the only point for miles and miles where they could change horses, they must come to it by the longer road, which it seemed they must have taken. Being quite satisfied with this, I ordered myself a comfortable breakfast, and patiently waited their arrival. I had laid an embargo on all the horses, so I was certain they could not get on without my knowledge. Just as I was sitting down to my stewed fowl and beef-steaks, I saw their carriage rattle up to the inn; and in a few minutes after, another chariot—postilions hot—horses all of a tremble—drove up furiously to the door. 'Who the devil can this be?' thought I, for ye see I knew nothing at all about the thief-takers—'Will this be another couple, I wonder?' But when I saw two coarse, strong, blackguard-looking fellows get out, I could not tell what to make of the whole business. Out of the first carriage came Jack in his plain clothes—for I forgot to tell ye he did not go to the ball in his uniform—looking very tired and sleepy—and handed out his huge raw-boned partner, whose beauty was by no means increased by her night's frolic. I did not exactly know how to proceed; so I sat down to my breakfast, and enjoying the thoughts of surprising Jack; and consulting with myself how to break the matter to him in the pleasantest manner. But my cogitations were broken off by hearing Jack, who was in the next room to me, only divided by a thin partition, saying, 'Well, gentlemen—the devil take howld of yer sows!—what do ye want with me?'

" 'Only a little private talk with you, sir—that's all,' said one of the men in return.

" 'Niver mind yer private talks—say your say, and be quick about it, or by the piper that—'

" 'Come, come, no nonsense, master,' said the man; 'you know well enough what we be come about, I daresay—did ye ever hear of one Mr Fusby, sir?'

" 'Oho!' said Jack, 'so ye're come about that, are ye? An' ye'll stop us from goin' on to the ind of our journey?'

" 'Yes—back you must go with us to York—them there is very serious charges'—

• “ ‘Och, d—n the charges—I’ll pay all yer charges—ye may stop here and ate and drink like a couple of corporals—but this very day I’ll find my way into Scotland.’

“ ‘We’ll see about that,’ replied the man, sulkily. ‘We thought you might have been trusted without the irons, but the gentleman seems anxious for the fetters. Out with them, Tom!’—to his companion.

“ ‘Fetters!’ said Jack; ‘to be sure I am anxious for the fetters; and the owld Blacksmith will fix them as tight as a Bishop.’

“ ‘Bishop’s a rare good ’un, no doubt, sir,’ said the man; ‘but we can do that as well.’

“ ‘Do *that*? Do what, ye spalpeens?’

“ ‘Why, splice you, and this here lady together, sir; she’s an accomplice after the act.’

“ ‘After what act, ye brute baste? We’re not married yet.’

“ ‘No, nor won’t be this bout. Come, out with the darbies, Tom; we ha’n’t time to be palavering here all day.’

“ ‘Hark ye, gentlemen,’ said Jack, growing more and more enraged and astonished, ‘this window is pretty high, thank God, and will break a gentleman’s neck very prettily; so I advise ye to be off, and out of hearing, before I can crack this egg, or, by the poker, your wives may buy their mourning.’

“ ‘Come, come,’ replied the man, no ways daunted, ‘we must have no more of your blarney; we are up to all such tricks. You are suspected of stealing Mrs Fusby’s property.’

“ ‘Is it you they mane, my dear?’ said Jack to the lady. ‘Ye may go back, my men, as fast as ye please, and tell the little fat owld woman, the sugar-seller’s wife, with my compliments, that Miss Sibilla M’Serae, of Glen Buckie and Ben Scart, is not her property at all; and is very much obliged to her for her care, but will keep what she has got.’

“ ‘Will keep what she stole off with?’

“ ‘Just so,’ said Jack, nodding his head.

“ ‘And do you confess,’ continued the man, ‘that she has got the article with her?’

“ ‘Ye may say so, when ye write

home to yer friends; and a very pretty article too, don’t ye think so, my dear?’ said Jack, drawing himself up, and looking as pleased as Punch.

“ ‘And you won’t give it up?’ said the man.

“ ‘By no manes.’

“ ‘Then we must force you.’

“ ‘Och, must ye?’ said Jack; ‘and I’m particularly obliged to ye for yer kindness.’

“ ‘I now heard a scuffle; and two heavy falls, rapidly succeeding each other, made me recognise Jack’s one, two. In a moment I rushed into the room, nearly killed with laughter at all the conversation, and there I found Jack, his nostrils widened with passion, and his whiskers redder than usual, standing over the two unfortunate strangers, who were groaning most piteously on the floor. The moment he saw me, he burst into one of his wildest shouts of joy. — ‘Och, only look here, O’Looney, my darlint; these two gentlemen with the bloody faces are friends of Mr Fusby, and are sent off to stop our journey to Gretna Green.’

“ ‘And I’m very glad to hear it, Jack,’ said I.

“ ‘I call you to witness, sir,’ said one of the men, getting up, and putting a handkerchief to his eye; ‘we are deforced in the execution of our duty. I order you to assist us in the King’s name.’

“ ‘Faith will I, willingly,’ said I.

“ ‘Jack upon this was almost choked with passion. He stood and scowled at us all, and then folding his arms across his chest, asked, as quietly as he could—‘An’ tell me now, gentlemen, what it is ye really want?’

“ ‘We want possession of your body. This here is our authority,’ said the constable.

“ ‘My body?—Ye hell-dog, are ye a set of doctors? and do ye think I’m a corpse?’

“ ‘No,’ said the man, ‘we don’t take you for no such thing. It’s likely you know more of doctors and corpses nor we do. Ain’t you a pottercarrier’s boy?’

“ ‘Pottercarrier! D’y’e mane an apothecary? and do ye take me for his boy? *me, me*, John O’Farrell, Esquire, that is so soon to be proprietor of seventy-five thousand

acres of land, besides Lord knows how many lakes and rivers? Och, ye infernal scoundrels, I'll physic ye.'

"Saying this, he advanced to murder the two men, but I stopt him, and said, 'Listen to me, Jack; you shall not go to Gretna Green this time. She's nothing but a governess, that taches little girls to spell, and ate bread and butter without dirtying their fingers.'

"Who do ye mane, O'Looney?—Miss Sibilla M'Scrae of Glen Buckie and Ben Seart?"

"Yes, faith do I," said I, "and no other. Ask her."

"Jack turned round to the lady, and said, 'Pray, madama, do ye tache little girls to ate bread and butter and spell without dirtying their fingers? Are ye not one of the heiresses of all the fine land and water you towld me off?' The lady, though I suppose she felt her position a little uncomfortable, was not very easily frightened, and brazened it as bold as a statue.

"'To be sure,' she said, 'I'm governess to the wee children at Mr Fusby's, and learn them hoo to speak English. Ye never askit me that. But I'm heiress, for a' that, to Glen Buckie and Ben Seart.'

"'And what may the rent-roll be, madam?' said Jack, looking rather more peaceable.

"'Oo, 'deed, the rent-roll's just nothing, for it's a' bill grund, excep' the moss.'

"Jack made a low bow, took her by the hand, and led her to the policemen. 'Gentlemen,' he said, 'let me present you with the lady that has caused all this uproar, and Mrs Fusby is quite welcome to her property again.'

"'That won't do, sir,' said the man, who now began to recover his confidence. 'Here we are sent out after this lady and you, on suspicion of your having stolen a piece of goods.'

"'And a pretty piece of goods she is,' said Jack, 'to talk to me of her seventy-five thousand acres of land! Take her, I say.'

"'Yes, we'll take her into cus-

tody, and you too, in spite of your fine talking. She's thought to have stolen Mrs Fusby's shawl last night in the ball room; and by the description, that's it lying on the sofa.'

"'Whew!' said Jack, who now discovered the mistake. 'Och, I see it all now—this bates Bannagher cuttily. Why, ye villains, I took the shawl.'

"'I call you to witness, sir, he confesses the robbery,' said the man, addressing himself to me.

"'Keep the tongue in your head, ye rapscallion!' continued Jack. 'How the devil should I know whose shawl it was? I took the first that came. I tell ye, that on the word of a gentleman and an officer'—

"'O, sir,' said the man, 'we are all officers here—police-officer, or medical officer, it's all the same, I reckon.'

"I now saw the whole business and was like to die with laughing at the man continuing to believe Jack the apothecary's apprentice. However, I undertook to be answerable for Jack's appearance, and he and I returned in one chaise to York. The matter was easily explained to Mrs Fusby, and even Miss Sibilla was forgiven. I'm not quite sure what became of her afterwards; but I suppose she eloped with somebody else, for the example of our regiment made a flyaway match indispensable among all ranks of the people. I won my wager off Jack, who told me, that all the way down he had been thinking, that if he made all possible allowances for the number of her sisters—saying even she had seventy-four of them—he would still step into possession of a snug little farm of a thousand acres, besides his share of the four lakes and the river. Now, wasn't that a narrow escape from the blacksmith?"

"Yes—and now, Colonel," said we all in a breath, "tell us your own adventure?"

Colonel O'Looney sighed, and shook his head. "No, no, my lads, no more stories to-night—I'll keep mine for some other occasion. In the meantime, pass round the bottles, and keep them constantly moving."

THE FALL OF TURKEY.*

THE long duration and sudden fall of the Turkish Empire is one of the most extraordinary and apparently inexplicable phenomena in European history. The decay of the Ottoman power had been constantly the theme of historians; their approaching downfall, the unceasing subject of prophecy for a century; but yet the ancient fabric still held out, and evinced on occasions a degree of vigour which confounded all the machinations of its enemies. For eighty years, the subversion of the empire of Constantinople had been the unceasing object of Moscovite ambition; the genius of Catherine had been incessantly directed to that great object; a Russian prince christened after the last of the Paleologs expressly to receive his throne, but yet the black eagle made little progress towards the Danube; the Mussulman forces arrayed on its banks were still most formidable, and a host arrayed under the banners of the Osmanleys, seemingly capable of making head against the world. For four years, from 1808 to 1812, the Russians waged a desperate war with the Turks; they brought frequently 150,000, sometimes 200,000 men into the field; but at its close they had made no sensible progress in the reduction of the bulwarks of Islamism: two hundred thousand Mussulmans had frequently assembled round the banners of the Prophet; the Danube had been stained with blood, but the hostile armies still contended in doubtful and desperate strife on its shores; and on the glacis of Schumla the Moscovites had sustained a bloodier defeat than they ever received from the genius of Napoleon. In the triumph of the Turks at that prodigious victory, the Vizier wrote exultingly to the Grand Seigneur, that such was the multitude of the Infidel heads which he had taken, that they would make a bridge

for the souls of the Faithful from earth to heaven.

But though then so formidable, the Ottoman power has within these twenty years rapidly and irrecoverably declined. The great barrier of Turkey was reached in the first campaign of the next war, the Balkan yielded to Russian genius in the second, and Adrianople, the ancient capital of the Osmanleys, became celebrated for the treaty which sealed for ever the degradation of their race. On all sides the provinces of the Empire have revolted: Greece, through a long and bloody contest, has at length worked out its deliverance from all but its own passions; the ancient war-cry of Byzantium, *Victory to the Cross*, has been again heard on the Egean Sea;† and the Pacha of Egypt, taking advantage of the weakness consequent on so many reverses, has boldly thrown off the yoke, and advancing from Acre in the path of Napoleon, shewn to the astonished world the justice of that great man's remark, that his defeat by Sir Sidney Smith under its walls made him miss his destiny. The victory of Koniah prostrated the Asiatic power of Turkey; the standards of Mehemet Ali are rapidly approaching the Seraglio; and the discomfited Sultan is driven to take refuge under the suspicious shelter of the Russian legions. Already the advanced guard of Nicholas has passed the Bosphorus; the Moscovite standards are floating at Scutari; and, to the astonishment alike of Europe and Asia, the keys of the Dardanelles, the throne of Constantine, are laid at the feet of the Czar.

The unlooked for rapidity of these events, is not more astonishing than the weakness which the Mussulmans have evinced in their last struggle. The Russians, in the late campaign, never assembled 40,000 men in the field. In the battle of the 11th June,

* Travels in Turkey, by I. Slade, Esq. London, 1832.

† When the brave Canaris passed under the bows of the Turkish admiral's ship, to which he had grappled the fatal fireship, at Scio, the crew in his boat exclaimed "*Victory to the Cross!*" the old war-cry of Byzantium.—GORDON'S *Greek Revolution*, i. 274.

which decided the fate of the war, Diebitsch had only 26,000 soldiers under arms; yet this small force routed the Turkish army, and laid open the far-famed passes of the Balkan to the daring genius of its leader. Christendom looked in vain for the mighty host which, at the sight of the holy banner, was wont to assemble round the standard of the Prophet; the ancient courage of the Osmanleys seemed to have perished with their waning fortunes; hardly could the Russian outposts keep pace with them in the rapidity of their flight; and a force, reduced by sickness to twenty thousand men, dictated peace to the Ottomans within twenty hours' march of Constantinople. More lately, the once dreaded throne of Turkey has become a jest to its ancient provinces; the Pasha of Egypt, once the most inconsiderable of its vassals, has compelled the Sublime Porte, the ancient terror of Christendom, to seek for safety in the protection of Infidel battalions; and the throne of Constantine, incapable of self-defence, is ultimately destined to become the prize for which Moscovite ambition and Arabian audacity are to contend on the glittering shores of Scutari.

But if the weakness of the Ottomans is surprising, the supineness of the European powers is not less amazing at this interesting crisis. The power of Russia has long been a subject of alarm to France, and having twice seen the Cossacks at the Tuilleries, it is not surprising that they should feel somewhat nervous at every addition to its strength. England, jealous of its maritime superiority, and apprehensive—whether reasonably or not is immaterial—of danger to her Indian possessions, from the growth of Russian power in Asia, has long made it a fixed principle of her policy to coerce the ambitious designs of the Cabinet of St Petersburg, and twice she has saved Turkey from their grasp. When the Russians and Austrians, in 1786, projected an alliance for its partition, and Catherine and Joseph had actually met on the Wolga to arrange its details, Mr Pitt interposed, and by the influence of England prevented the design: and when Diebitsch was in full march for Constantinople, and the insurrection of the Janissaries

only waited for the sight of the Cossacks to break out, and overturn the throne of Mahmoud, the strong arm of Wellington interfered, put a curb in the mouth of Russia, and postponed for a season the fall of the Turkish power. Now, however, every thing is changed;—France and England, occupied with domestic dissensions, are utterly paralysed; they can no longer make a shew of resistance to Moscovite ambition; exclusively occupied in preparing the downfall of her ancient allies, the Dutch and the Portuguese, England has not a thought to bestow on the occupation of the Dardanelles, and the keys of the Levant are, without either observation or regret, passing to the hands of Russia.

These events are so extraordinary, that they almost make the boldest speculator hold his breath. Great as is the change in external events which we daily witness, the alteration in internal feeling is still greater. Changes which would have convulsed England from end to end, dangers which would have thrown European diplomacy into agonies a few years ago, are now regarded with indifference. The progress of Russia through Asia, the capture of Erivan and Erzeroum, the occupation of the Dardanelles, are now as little regarded as if we had no interest in such changes; as if we had no empire in the East threatened by so ambitious a neighbour; no independence at stake in the growth of the Colossus of northern Europe.

The reason is apparent, and it affords the first great and practical proof which England has yet received of the fatal blow, which the recent changes have struck, not only at her internal prosperity, but her external independence. England is now powerless; and, what is worse, the European powers know it. Her Government is so incessantly and exclusively occupied in maintaining its ground against the internal enemies whom the Reform Bill has raised up into appalling strength; the necessity of sacrificing something to the insatiable passions of the Revolutionists is so apparent, that every other object is disregarded: the allies by whose aid they overthrew the constitution, have turned so fiercely upon them, that they are forced to

strain every nerve to resist these domestic enemies. Who can think of the occupation of Scutari, when the malt tax is threatened with repeal? Who care for the thunders of Nicholas, when the threats of O'Connell are ringing in their ears? The English Government, once so stable and steadfast in its resolutions, when rested on the firm rock of the Aristocracy, has become unstable as water since it was thrown for its support upon the Democracy: its designs are as changeable, its policy as fluctuating, as the volatile and inconsiderate mass from which it sprung; and hence its menaces are disregarded, its ancient relations broken, its old allies disgusted, and the weight of its influence being no longer felt, projects the most threatening to its independence are without hesitation undertaken by other States.

Nor is the supineness and apathy of the nation less important or alarming. It exists to such an extent as clearly to demonstrate, that not only are the days of its glory numbered, but the termination even of its independence may be foreseen at no distant period. Enterprises the most hostile to its interests, conquests the most fatal to its glory, are undertaken by its rivals not only without the disapprobation, but with the cordial support, of the majority of the nation. Portugal, for a century the ally of England, for whose defence hundreds of thousands of Englishmen had died in our own times, has been abandoned without a murmur to the revolutionary spoliation and propagandist arts of France. Holland, the bulwark of England, for whose protection the great war with France was undertaken, has been assailed by British fleets, and threatened by British power; and the shores of the Scheldt, which beheld the victorious legions of Wellington land to curb the power of Napoleon, have witnessed the union of the Tricolor and British flags, to beat down the independence of the Dutch provinces. Constantinople, long regarded as the outpost of India against the Russians, is abandoned without regret; and, amidst the strife of internal faction, the fixing of the Moscovite standards on the shores of the Bosphorus, the transference of the finest harbour in the world to a growing maritime

power, and of the entrepot of Europe and Asia to an already formidable commercial state, is hardly the subject of observation.

The reason cannot be concealed, and is too clearly illustrative of the desperate tendency of the recent changes upon all the classes of the Empire. With the Revolutionists the passion for change has supplanted every other feeling, and the spirit of innovation has extinguished that of patriotism. They no longer league in thought, or word, or wish, exclusively with their own countrymen; they no longer regard the interests and glory of England, as the chief objects of their solicitude; what they look to is the revolutionary party in other States; what they sympathize with, the progress of the Tricolor in overturning other dynasties. The loss of British dominion, the loss of British colonies, the downfall of British power, the decay of British glory, the loss of British independence, is to them a matter of no sort of regret, provided the tricolor is triumphant, and the cause of revolution is making progress in the world. Well and truly did Mr Burke say, that the spirit of patriotism and Jacobinism could not coexist in the same State; and that the greatest national disasters are lightly passed over, provided they bring with them the advance of domestic ambition.

The Conservatives, on the other hand, are so utterly desperate in regard to the future prospects of the Empire, from the vacillation and violence of the Democratic party who are installed in sovereignty, that external events, even of the most threatening character, are regarded by them but as dust in the balance, when compared with the domestic calamities which are staring us in the face. What although the ingratitude and tergiversation of England to Holland have deprived us of all respect among foreign States? That evil, great as it is, is nothing to the domestic embarrassments which overwhelm the country from the unruly spirit which the Whigs fostered with such sedulous care during the Reform contest. What although the empire of the Mediterranean, and ultimately our Indian possessions, are menaced by the ceaseless growth of Russia; the measures which Go-

vernment have in contemplation for the management of that vast dominion, will sever it from the British Empire before any danger is felt from external foes; and long ere the Moscovite eagles are seen on the banks of the Indus, the insane measures of the Ten Pounders will have banished the British standards from the plains of Hindostan.

Every thing, in short, announces that the external weight and foreign importance of Great Britain are irrecoverably lost; and that the passing of the Reform Bill has truly been the death-warrant of the British Empire. The Russians are at Constantinople! the menaces, the entreaties of England, are alike disregarded; and the ruler of the seas has submitted in two years to descend to the rank of a second-rate power. That which a hundred defeats could have hardly effected to old England, is the very first result of the innovating system upon which new England has entered. The Russians are at Constantinople! How would the shade of Chatham, or Pitt, or Fox thrill at the announcement! But it makes no sort of impression on the English people: as little as the robbery of the Portuguese fleet by the French, or the surrender of the citadel of Antwerp to the son-in-law of Louis-Philippe. In this country we have arrived, in an inconceivably short space of time, at that weakness, disunion, and indifference to all but revolutionary objects, which is at once the forerunner and the cause of national ruin.

But leaving these mournful topics, it is more instructive to turn to the causes which have precipitated, in so short a space of time, the fall of the Turkish Empire. Few more curious or extraordinary phenomena are to be met with in the page of history. It will be found that the Ottomans have fallen a victim to the same passion for innovation and reform which have proved so ruinous both in this and a neighbouring country; and that, while the bulwarks of Turkey were thrown down by the rude hand of Mahmoud, the States of Western Europe were disabled, by the same frantic course, from rendering him any effectual aid. How well in every age has the spirit of Jacobinism and revolutionary passion aided the

march, and hastened the growth of Russia!

The fact of the long duration of Turkey, in the midst of the monarchies of Europe, and the stubborn resistance which she opposed for a series of ages to the attacks of the two greatest of its military powers, is of itself sufficient to demonstrate that the accounts on which we had been accustomed to rely of the condition of the Ottoman Empire were partial or exaggerated. No fact is so universally demonstrated by history as the rapid and irrecoverable decline of barbarous powers, when the career of conquest is once terminated. Where is now the Empire of the Caliphs or the Moors? What has survived of the conquests, one hundred years ago, of Nadir Shah? How long did the Empire of Aurengzebe, the throne of the Great Mogul, resist the attacks of England, even at the distance of ten thousand miles from the parent state? How then did it happen that Turkey so long resisted the spoiler? What conservative principle has enabled the Osmanleys so long to avoid the degradation which so rapidly overtakes all barbarous and despotic empires; and what has communicated to their vast empire a portion of the undecaying vigour which has hitherto been considered as the grand characteristic of European civilisation? The answer to these questions will both unfold the real causes of the long endurance, and at length the sudden fall, of the Turkish Empire.

Though the Osmanleys were an Asiatic power, and ruled entirely on the principles of Asiatic despotism, yet their conquests were effected in Europe, or in those parts of Asia in which, from the influence of the Crusades, or of the Roman institutions which survived their invasion, a certain degree of European civilisation remained. It is difficult utterly to exterminate the institutions of a country where they have been long established; those of the Christian provinces of the Roman Empire have in part survived all the dreadful tempests which for the last six centuries have passed over their surface. It is these remnants of civilisation, it is the institutions which still linger among the vanquished people, which have so long preserved the Turkish

provinces from decay ; and it is these ancient bulwarks, which the innovating passions of Mahmoud have now destroyed.

1. The first circumstance which upheld, amidst its numerous defects, the Ottoman Empire, was the rights conceded on the first conquest of the country by Mahomet to the *dere beys* or ancient nobles of Asia Minor, and which the succeeding Sultans have been careful to maintain inviolate. These *dere beys* all capitulated with the conqueror, and obtained the important privileges of retaining their lands in perpetuity for their descendants, and of paying a *fixed tribute* in money and men to the Sultan. In other words, they were a hereditary noblesse ; and as they constituted the great strength of the empire in its Asiatic provinces, they have preserved their privilege through all succeeding reigns. The following is the description given of them by the intelligent traveller whose work is prefixed to this article :—

"The *dere beys*," says Mr. Slade, "literally lords of the valleys, an expression peculiarly adapted to the country, which presents a series of oval valleys, surrounded by ramparts of hills, were the original possessors of those parts of Asia Minor, which submitted, under feudal conditions, to the Ottomans. Between the conquest of Bursa and the conquest of Constantinople, a lapse of more than a century, chequered by the episode of Tamerlane, their faith was precarious ; but after the latter event, Mahomet II. bound their submission, and finally settled the terms of their existence. He confirmed them in their lands, subject, however, to tribute, and to quotas of troops in war ; and he absolved the head of each family for ever from personal service. The last clause was the most important, as thereby the Sultan had no power over their lives, nor consequently, could he their heirs, that despotic power being lawful over those only in the actual service of the Porte. The families of the *dere beys*, therefore, became neither impoverished nor extinct. It would be dealing in truisms to enumerate the advantages enjoyed by the districts of these noblemen over the rest of the empire ; they were *oties* in the desert : their owners had more than a life interest in the soil, they were born and lived among the people, and, being hereditarily rich, had no occasion to create a private fortune, each year, after the tribute due was levied. Whereas, in a *pashalick*, the people are strained every year to double or treble the amount of the impost, since the pasha, who pays for his situation, must also be enrich-

ed. The devotion of the dependents of the *dere beys* was great : at a whistle, the Car'-osman-Oglous, the Tchapan-Oglous, the Ellezar-Oglous, (the principal Asiatic families that survive,) could raise, each, from ten thousand to twenty thousand horsemen, and equip them. Hence the facility with which the Sultans, up to the present century, drew such large bodies of cavalry into the field. The *dere beys* have always furnished, and maintained, the greatest part ; and there is not one instance, since the conquest of Constantinople, of one of these great families raising the standard of revolt. The *pishas* invariably have. The reasons, respectively, are obvious. The *dere bey* was sure of keeping his possessions by right ; the *pasha* of losing his by custom, unless he had money to bribe the Porte, or force to intimidate it.

These provincial nobles, whose rights had been respected during four centuries, by a series of twenty-four sovereigns, had two crimes in the eyes of Mahmoud II. they held their property from their ancestors, and they had riches. To alter the tenure of the former, the destination of the latter, was his object. The *dere beys*—unlike the *seraglio* dependents, brought up to distrust their own shadow—had no causes for suspicion, and therefore became easy dupes of the grossest treachery. The unbending spirits were removed to another world, the flexible were despoiled of their wealth. Some few await their turn, or, their eyes opened, prepare to resist oppression. Car'-osman Oglou, for example, was summoned to Constantinople, where expensive employments, forced on him during several years, reduced his ready cash ; while a follower of the *seraglio* resided at his city of Magnesia, to collect his revenues. His peasants, in consequence, ceased to cultivate their lands, from whence they no longer hoped to reap profit ; and his once flourishing possessions soon became as desolate as any which had always been under the gripe of *pashas*."

This passage throws the strongest light on the former condition of the Turkish Empire. They possessed an *hereditary* noblesse in their Asiatic provinces ; a body of men whose interests were permanent ; who enjoyed their rights by succession, and, therefore, were permanently interested in preserving their possessions from spoliation. It was their feudal tenantry who flocked in such multitudes to the standard of Mahomet when any great crisis occurred, and formed those vast armies who so often astonished the European powers, and struck terror into the boldest hearts in Christendom. These hereditary nobles, however, the bones of

the empire, whose estates were exempt from the tyranny of the Pashas, have been destroyed by Mahmoud. Hence the disaffection of the Asiatic provinces, and the readiness with which they opened their arms to the liberating standards of Mehemet Ali. It is the nature of innovation, whether enforced by the despotism of a sultan or a democracy, to destroy in its fervour the institutions on which public freedom is founded.

2. The next circumstance which contributed to mitigate the severity of Ottoman oppression was the privileges of the provincial cities, chiefly in Europe, which consisted in being governed by magistrates elected by the people themselves from among their chief citizens. This privilege, a relic of the rights of the *Municipia* over the whole Roman Empire, was established in all the great towns; and its importance in moderating the otherwise intolerable weight of Ottoman oppression was incalculable. The Pashas or temporary rulers appointed by the Sultan had no authority, or only a partial one in these free cities, and hence they formed nearly as complete an asylum for industry in Europe as the estates of the dere boys did in Asia. This important right, however, could not escape the reforming passion of Mahmoud; and it was accordingly overturned.

"In conjunction with subverting the dere boys, Mahmoud attacked the privileges of the great provincial cities, (principally in Europe,) which consisted in the election of *ayans* (magistrates) by the people, from among the notables. Some cities were solely governed by them, and in those ruled by pashas, they had, in most cases, sufficient influence to restrain somewhat the full career of despotism. They were the protectors of *rayas*, as well as of Mussulmans, and, for their own sakes, resisted exorbitant imposts. The change in the cities where their authority has been abolished (Adrianople, *c. g.*) is deplorable; trade has since languished, and population has diminished. They were instituted by Solyman (the lawgiver), and the protection which they have invariably afforded the Christian subjects of the Porte, entitles them to a Christian's good word. Their crime, that of the dere boys, was being possessed of authority not emanating from the Sultan.

"Had Mahmoud II. intrusted the government of the provinces to the dere boys, and strengthened the authority of the *ayans*, he

would have truly reformed his empire, by restoring it to its brightest state, have gained the love of his subjects, and the applauses of humanity. By the contrary proceeding, subverting two bulwarks (though dilapidated) of national prosperity—a provincial nobility and magistracy—he has shewn himself a selfish tyrant."

3. In addition to an hereditary nobility in the dere boys, and the privileges of corporations in the right of electing their *ayans*, the Mussulmans possessed a powerful hierarchy in the *ulema*; a most important body in the Ottoman dominions, and whose privileges have gone far to limit the extent of its despotic government. This important institution has been little understood hitherto in Europe; but they have contributed in a most important manner to mitigate the severity of the Sultan in those classes who enjoyed no special protection.

"In each of the Turkish cities," says Mr Slade, "reside a *muphti* and a *mollah*. A knowledge of Arabic, so as to be able to read the Koran in the original, is considered sufficient for the former, but the latter must have run a legal career in one of the *medreses*, (universities of Constantinople.) After thirty years probation in a *medreseh*, the student becomes of the class of *mukhtars*, (doctors at law,) from which are chosen the *mollahs*, comprehended under the name of *ulema*. Students who accept the inferior judicial appointments can never become of the *ulema*.

"The *ulema* is divided into three classes, according to a scale of the cities of the empire. The first class consists of the *cazi-askers*, (chief judges of Europe and Asia,) the *Stamboul effendis*, (mayor of Constantinople;) the *mollahs* qualified to act at Mecca, at Medina, at Jerusalem, at Bagdat, at Salonica, at Aleppo, at Iannacous, at Prussa, at Cairo, at Smyrna, at Cogni, at Galata, at Scutari. The second class consists of the *mollahs* qualified to act at the twelve cities of next importance. The third class at ten inferior cities. The administration of minor towns is intrusted to *cadis*, who are nominated by the *cazi-askers* in their respective jurisdictions, a patronage which produces great wealth to these two officers.

"In consequence of these powers the *mollah* of a city may prove as great a pest as a needy pasha; but as the *mollahs* are hereditarily wealthy, they are generally moderate in their perquisitions, and often protect the people against the extortions of the pashas. The *cadis*, however, of the minor

towns, who have not the advantage of being privately rich, seldom fail to join with the aga to skin the serpent that crawls in the dust.'

"The mollahs, dating from the reign of Solymán—zenith of Ottoman prosperity—were not slow in discovering the value of their situations, or in taking advantage of them; and as their sanctity protected them from spoliation, they were enabled to leave their riches to their children, who were brought up to the same career, and were, by privilege, allowed to finish their studies at the medresseh in eight years less time than the prescribed number of years, the private tuition which they were supposed to receive from their fathers making up for the deficiency. Thus, besides the influence of birth and wealth, they had a direct facility in attaining the degree of mullah, which their fellow-citizens and rivals had not, and who were obliged in consequence to accept inferior judicial appointments. In process of time the whole monopoly of the ulema centred in a certain number of families, and their constant residence at the capital, to which they return at the expiration of their term of office, has maintained their power to the present day. Nevertheless, it is true that if a student of a medresseh, not of the privileged order, possess extraordinary merit, the ulema has generally the tact to admit him of the body: woe to the crumb to which he goes as mullah, since he has to create a private fortune for his family. Thus arose that body—the peerage of Turkey—known by the name of ulema, a body uniting the high attributes of law and religion; distinct from the clergy, yet enjoying all the advantages connected with a church paramount, free from its shackles, yet retaining the perfect odour of sanctity. Its combination has given it a greater hold in the state than the dere beys, who, though posessing individually of more power, founded too on original charters, sunk from a want of union."

The great effect of the ulema has arisen from this, that its lands are safe from confiscation or arbitrary taxation. To power of every sort, excepting that of a triumphant democracy, there must be some limits; and great as the authority of the Sultan is, he is too dependent on the religious feelings of his subjects to be able to overturn the church. The consequence is that the vacouf or church lands have been always free both from arbitrary taxation and confiscation; and hence they have formed a species of mortmain or entailed lands in the Ottoman dominions, enjoying privileges to which the other parts of the empire, excepting the

estates of the dere beys, are entire strangers. Great part of the lands of Turkey, in many places amounting to one-third of the whole, were held by this religious tenure; and the device was frequently adopted of leaving property to the ulema in trust for particular families, whereby the benefits of secure hereditary descent were obtained. The practical advantages of this ecclesiastical property are thus enumerated by Mr Slade.

"The vacouf (mosque lands) have been among the best cultivated in Turkey, by being free from arbitrary taxation. The mektebs (public schools) in all the great cities, where the rudiments of the Turkish language and the Koran are taught, and where poor scholars receive food gratis, are supported by the ulema. The medressahs, imarets, (hospitals,) fountains, &c. are all maintained by the ulema; add to these the magnificence of the mosques, their number, the royal sepulchres, and it will be seen that Turkey owes much to the existence of this body, which has been enabled, by its power and its vast landed estate, to resist royal cupidity. Without it, where would be the establishments above mentioned? Religious property has been an object of attack in every country. At one period, by the sovereign, to increase his power; at another, by the people, to build fortunes on its downfall. Mahomet IV. after the disastrous retreat of his grand vizir, Cihaz Muezzin, from before Vienna, 1683, seized on the riches of the principal mosques, which arbitrary act led to his deposition. The ulema would have shewn a noble patriotism in giving its wealth for the service of the state, but it was right in resisting the extortion, which would have served as a precedent for succeeding sultans. In fine, rapid as has been the decline of the Ottoman empire since victory ceased to attend its arms, I venture to assert, that it would have been tenfold more rapid but for the privileged orders—the dere beys and the ulema. Without their powerful weight and influence—effect of hereditary wealth and sanctity—the Janissaries would long since have cut Turkey in shivers, and have ruled it as the Mamelukes ruled Egypt."

"Suppose, now, the influence of the ulema to be overturned, what would be the consequence? The mollahs, like the pashadicks, would then be sold to the highest bidders, or given to the needy followers of the scraggio. These must borrow money of the bankers for their outfit, which must be repaid, and their own purses lined, by their talents at extortion."

It is one of the most singular proofs of the tendency of innovation to

blind its votaries to the effects of the measures it advocates, that the ulema has long been singled out for destruction by the reforming Sultan, and the change is warmly supported by many of the inconsiderate Franks who dwell in the East. Such is the aversion of men of every faith to the vesting of property or influence in the church, that they would willingly see this one of the last barriers which exist against arbitrary power done away. The power of the Sultan, great as it is, has not yet ventured on this great innovation; but it is well known that he meditates it, and it is the knowledge of this circumstance which is one great cause of the extreme unpopularity which has rendered his government unable to obtain any considerable resources from his immense dominions.

4. In every part of the empire, the superior felicity and well-being of the peasantry in the mountains is conspicuous, and has long attracted the attention of travellers. Clarke observed it in the mountains of Greece, Mariti and others in Syria and Asia Minor, and Mr Slade and Mr Walsh in the Balkan, and the hilly country of Bulgaria. "No peasantry in the world," says the former, "are so well off as that of Bulgaria. The lowest of them has abundance of every thing—meat, poultry, eggs, milk, rice, cheese, wine, bread, good clothing, a warm dwelling, and a horse to ride. It is true he has no newspaper to kindle his passions, nor a knife and fork to eat with, nor a bedstead to lie on; but these are the customs of the country, and a pacha is equally unhappy. Where, then, is the tyranny under which the Christian subjects of the Porte are generally supposed to groan? Not among the Bulgarians certainly. I wish that in every country a traveller could pass from one end to the other, and find a good supper and a warm fire in every cottage, as he can in this part of European Turkey."* This description applies generally to almost all the mountainous provinces of the Ottoman Empire, and in an especial manner to the peasants of Parnassus and Olympia, as described by Clarke. As a contrast to this de-

lightful state of society, we may quote the same traveller's account of the plains of Romelia. "Romelia, if cultivated, would become the granary of the East, whereas Constantinople depends on Odessa for daily bread. The burial-grounds, choked with weeds and underwood, constantly occurring in every traveller's route, far remote from habitations, are eloquent testimonials of continued depopulation. The living too are far apart; a town every fifty miles, and a village every ten miles, is close, and horsemen meeting on the highway regard each other as objects of curiosity. The cause of this depopulation is to be found in the pernicious government of the Ottomans."† The cause of this remarkable difference lies in the fact, that the Ottoman oppression has never yet fully extended into the mountainous parts of its dominions; and, consequently, they remained like permanent veins of prosperity, intersecting the country in every direction, amidst the desolation which generally prevailed in the pashalicks of the plain.

5. The Janissaries were another institution which upheld the Turkish Empire. They formed a regular standing army, who, although at times extremely formidable to the Sultan, and exercising their influence with all the haughtiness of Praetorian guards, were yet of essential service in repelling the invasion of the Christian Powers. The strength of the Ottoman armies consisted in the Janissaries, and the delhis and spahis; the former being the regular force, the latter the contingents of the dere beys. Every battle-field, from Constantinople to Vienna, can tell of the valour of the Janissaries, long and justly regarded as the bulwark of the empire; and the Russian battalions, with all their firmness, were frequently broken, even in the last war, by the desperate charge of the delhis. Now, however, both are destroyed; the vigorous severity of the Sultan has annihilated the dreaded battalions of the former—the ruin of the dere beys has closed the supply of the latter. In these violent and impolitic reforms is to be found

the immediate cause of the destruction of the Turkish Empire.

Of the revolt which led to the destruction of this great body, and the policy which led to it, the following striking account is given by Mr Slade :

"Every campaign during the Greek war a body was embarked on board the fleet, and landed in small parties, purposely unsupported, on the theatre of war : none returned, so that only a few thousand remained at Constantinople, when, May 30, 1826, the Sultan issued a *hatti scherrif* concerning the formation of 'a new victorious army.' This was a flash of lightning in the eyes of the Janissaries. They saw why their companions did not return from Greece; they saw that the old, hitherto abortive, policy, dormant since eighteen years, was revived; they saw that their existence was threatened; and they resolved to resist, confiding in the prestige of their name. June 15, following, they reversed their soup-kettles, (signal of revolt,) demanded the heads of the ministers, and the revocation of the said firman. But Mahmoud was prepared for them. Hussein, the aga of the Janissaries, was in his interests, and with him the *yamaks*, (garrisons of the castles of the Bosphorus, the Gallipolis, and the Topchis. Collecting, therefore, on the following morning, his forces in the Atmeidan, the sand-jack *scherrif* was displayed, and the *ulema* seconded him by calling on the people to support their sovereign against the rebels. Still, noways daunted, the Janissaries advanced, and summoned their aga, of whom they had no suspicion, to repeat their demands to the Sultan, threatening, in case of non compliance, to force the scraggio gates. Hussein, who had acted his part admirably, and with consummate duplicity, brought them to the desired point—open rebellion—flattering them with success, now threw aside the mask. He stigmatized them as infidels, and called on them in the name of the prophet, to submit to the Sultan's clemency. At this defection of their trusted favourite chief, their smothered rage burst out; they rushed to his house, razed it in a moment, did the same by the houses of the other ministers, applied torches, and in half an hour Constantinople streamed with blood beneath the glare of flames. Mahmoud hesitated, and was about to conciliate; but Hussein repulsed the idea with firmness, knowing that to effect conciliation, his head must be the first offering. 'Now or never,' he replied to the Sultan, 'is the time! Think not that a few heads will appease this sedition, which has been too carefully fomented by me,—the wrongs of the Janissaries too closely dwelt on, thy character too blackly stained, thy treachery too minutely dissect-

ed,—to be easily laid. Remember that this is the second time that thy arm has been raised against them, and they will not trust thee again. Remember, too, that thou hast now a son, that son not in thy power, whom they will elevate on thy downfall. Now is the time! This evening's sun must set for the last time on them or us. Retire from the city, that thy sacred person may be safe, and leave the rest to me.' Mahmoud consented, and went to Dolma Bachtche, (a palace one mile up the Bosphorus,) to await the result. Hussein, then free to act without fear of interruption, headed his *yamaks*, and vigorously attacked the rebels, who, cowardly as they were insolent, offered a feeble resistance, when they found themselves unsupported by the mob, retreated from street to street, and finally took refuge in the Atmeidan. Here their career ended.

A masked battery on the hill beyond opened on them, troops enclosed them in, and fire was applied to the wooden buildings. Desperation then gave them the courage that might have saved them at first, and they strove with madness to force a passage from the burning pile; part were consumed, part cut down; a few only got out, among them five colonels, who threw themselves at the aga's feet, and implored grace. They spoke their last."

Five thousand fell under this grand blow; twenty-five thousand perished throughout the whole empire. The next day a *hatti scherrif* was read in the mosques, declaring the Janissaries infamous, the order abolished, and the name an anathema.

This great stroke made a prodigious sensation in Europe, and even the best informed were deceived as to its effects on the future prospects of the Ottoman Empire. By many it was compared to the destruction of the Strelitzes by Peter the Great, and the resurrection of Turkey anticipated from the great reform of Mahmoud, as Moscow arose from the vigorous measures of the Czar. But the cases and the men were totally different. Peter, though a despot, was practically acquainted with his country. He had voluntarily descended to the humblest rank, to make himself master of the arts of life. When he had destroyed the Prætorian guards of Moscow, he built up the new military force of the empire, in strict accordance with its national and religious feelings, and the victory of Pultowa was the consequence. But what did Sultan Mahmoud? Having destroyed the

old military force of Turkey, he subjected the new levies which were to replace it to such absurd regulations, and so thoroughly violated the political and religious feelings of the country, that none of the Osmanleys who could possibly avoid it would enter his ranks, and he was obliged to fill them up with mere boys, who had not yet acquired any determinate feelings—a wretched substitute for the old military force of the empire, and which proved totally unequal to the task of facing the veteran troops of Russia. The impolicy of his conduct in destroying and rebuilding, is more clearly evinced by nothing than the contrast it affords to the conduct of Sultan Amurath, in originally forming these guards.

“Strikingly,” says Mr Slade, “does the conduct of Mahmoud, in forming the new levies, contrast with that of Amurath in the formation of the Janissaries; the measures being parallel, inasmuch as each was a mighty innovation, no less than the establishment of an entire new military force, on the institutions of the country. But Amurath had a master mind. Instead of keeping his new army distinct from the nation, he incorporated it with it, made it conform in all respects to national usages; and the success was soon apparent by its spreading into a vast national guard, of which, in later times, some thousands usurped the permanence of enrolment, in which the remainder, through indolence, acquiesced. Having destroyed these self-constituted battalions, Mahmoud should have made the others available, instead of outlawing them, as it were; and, by respecting their traditional whims and social rights, he would easily have given his subjects a taste for European discipline. They never objected to it in principle, but their untutored minds could not understand why, in order to use the musket and bayonet, and manœuvre together, it was necessary to leave off wearing beards and turbans.”

“But Mahmoud, in his hatred, wished to condemn them to oblivion, to eradicate every token of their pre-existence, not knowing that trampling on a grovelling party is the surest way of giving it fresh spirit; and trampling on the principles of the party in question, was trampling on the principles of the whole nation. In his ideas, the Oriental usages in eating, dressing, &c. were connected with the Janissaries, had been invented by them, and therefore he proscribed them, prescribing new modes. He changed the costume of his court from Asiatic to European; he ordered his soldiers to shave their beards, recommending his courtiers to follow

the same example, and he forbade the turban,—that valued, darling, beautiful head-dress, at once national and religious. His folly therein cannot be sufficiently reprobated: had he reflected that Janissarism was only a branch grafted on a wide-spreading tree, that it sprung from the Turkish nation, not the Turkish nation from it, he would have seen how impossible was the more than Herculean task he assumed, of suddenly transforming national manners consecrated by centuries,—a task from which his prophet would have shrunk. The disgust excited by these sumptuary laws may be conceived. Good Mussulmans declared them unholy and scandalous, and the Asiatics, to a man, refused obedience; but as Mahmoud’s horizon was confined to his court, he did not know but what his edicts were received with veneration.”

“If Mahmoud had stopped at these follies in the exercise of his newly-acquired despotic power, it would have been well. His next step was to increase the duty on all provisions in Constantinople, and in the great provincial cities, to the great discontent of the lower classes, which was expressed by firing the city to such an extent that in the first three months six thousand houses were consumed. The end of October, 1826, was also marked by a general opposition to the new imposts; but repeated executions at length brought the people to their senses, and made them regret the loss of the Janissaries, who had been their protectors as well as tormentors, inasmuch as they had never allowed the price of provisions to be raised. These disturbances exasperated the Sultan. He did not attribute them to the right cause, distress, but to a perverse spirit of Janissarism, a suspicion of harbouring which was death to any one. He farther extended his financial operations by raising the *mini* (land-tax) all over the empire, and, in ensuing year, by granting monopolies on all articles of commerce to the highest bidder. In consequence, lands, which had produced abundance, in 1830 lay waste. Articles of export, as opium, silk, &c. gave the growers a handsome revenue when they could sell them to the Frank merchants, but at the low prices fixed by the monopolists they lose, and the cultivation languishes. Sultan Mahmoud kills the goose for the eggs. In a word, he adopted in full the policy of Mehemet Ali, which supposed the essence of civilisation and of political science to be contained in the word *taxation*; and having driven his chariot over the necks of the dere boys, and of the Janissaries, he resolved to tie his subjects to its wheels, and to keep them in dire slavery. Hence a mute struggle began throughout the empire between the Sultan and the Turks, the former trying to reduce the

latter to the condition of the Egyptian fellahs, the latter unwilling to imitate the fellahs in patient submission. The Sultan flatters himself (1830) that he is succeeding, because the taxes he imposed, and the monopolies he has granted, produce him more revenue than he had formerly. The people, although hitherto they have been able to answer the additional demands by opening their hoards, evince a sullen determination not to continue doing so, by succeeding gradually from their occupations, and barely existing. The result must be, if the Sultan cannot compel them to work, as the Egyptians, under the lashes of task-masters, either a complete stagnation of agriculture and trade, even at a low ebb in Turkey, or a general rebellion, produced by misery."

The result of these precipitate and monstrous innovations strikingly appeared in the next war with Russia. The Janissaries and dere beys were destroyed—the Mussulmans everywhere disgusted; the turban, the national dress—the scymitar, the national weapon, were laid aside in the army; and instead of the fierce and valiant Janissaries wielding that dreaded weapon, there was to be found only in the army boys of sixteen, wearing caps in the European style, and looked upon as little better than heretics by all true believers.

"Instead of the Janissaries," says Mr. Stule, "the Sultan reviewed for our amusement, on the plains of Ramiis Tehistlik, his regular troops, which were quartered in and about Constantinople, amounting to about four thousand five hundred foot, and six hundred horse; though, beyond being dressed and armed uniformly, scarcely meriting the name of soldiers. What a sight for Count Orloff, then ambassador extraordinary, filling the streets of Pera with his Cossacks and Circassians! The Count, whom the Sultan often amused with a similar exhibition of his weakness, used to say, in reference to the movements of these successors of the Janissaries, that the cavalry were employed in holding on, the infantry knew a little, and the artillery galloped about as though belonging to no party. Yet over such troops do the Russians boast of having gained victories! In no one thing did Sultan Mahmoud make a greater mistake, than in changing the mode of mounting the Turkish cavalry, which before had perfect seats, with perfect command over their horses, and only required a little order to transform the best irregular horse in the world into the best regular horse. But Mahmoud, in all his changes, took the mask for the man, the

riind for the fruit. European cavalry rode flat saddles with long stirrups; therefore he thought it necessary that his cavalry should do the same. European infantry wore tight jackets and close caps; therefore the same. Were this blind adoption of forms only useless, or productive only of physical inconvenience, patience; but it proved a moral evil, creating unbounded disgust. The privation of the turban particularly affected the soldiers; first, on account of the feeling of insecurity about the head with a fez on; secondly, as being opposed to the love of dress which a military life, more than any other, engenders."

"Mahmoud," says the same author, "will learn that in having attacked the customs of his nation,—customs descended to it from Abraham, and respected by Mohammed,—he has directly undermined the divine right of his family, that right being only so considered by custom,—by its harmonizing with all other cherished usages. He will learn, that in having wantonly trampled on the unwritten laws of the land, these traditional rights which were as universal household gods, he has put arms in the hands of the disaffected, which no rebel has hitherto had. Neither Ali Pasha nor Passavan Oglou could have appealed to the fanaticism of the Turks to oppose the Sultan. Mehmet Ali can and will. Ten years ago, the idea even of another than the house of Osman reigning over Turkey would have been heresy: the question is now openly broached, simply because the house of Osman is separating itself from the nation which raised and supported it. Reason may change the established habits of an old people; despotism rarely can."

How completely has the event, both in the Russian and Egyptian wars, demonstrated the truth of these principles! In the contest in Asia Minor, Paskewitch hardly encountered any opposition. Rage at the destruction of the Janissaries among their numerous adherents—indignation among the old population, in consequence of the ruin of the dere beys, and the suppression of the rights of the cities—lukewarmness in the church, from the anticipated innovations in its constitution—general dissatisfaction among all classes of Mahometans, in consequence of the change in the national dress and customs, had so completely weakened the feeling of patriotism, and the Sultan's authority, that the elements of resistance did not exist. The battles were mere parades—the sieges little more than the summoning of fortresses to surrender. In

Europe, the ruinous effects of the innovations were also painfully apparent. Though the Russians had to cross in a dry and parched season the pathless and waterless plains of Bulgaria; and though, in consequence of the unhealthiness of the climate, and the wretched arrangements of their commissariat, they lost 200,000 men by sickness and famine in the first campaign, yet the Ottomans, though fighting in their own country, and for their hearths, were unable to gain any decisive advantage; and in the next campaign, when they were conducted with more skill, and the possession of Varna gave them the advantage of a seaport for their supplies, the weakness of the Turks was at once apparent. In the battle of the 11th June, the loss of the Turks did not exceed 4000 men, the forces on neither side amounted to 40,000 men, and yet this defeat proved fatal to the empire. Of this battle, our author gives the following characteristic and graphic account:

"In this position, on the west side of the Kouleyscha hills, Diebitsch found himself at daylight, June 11th, with thirty-six thousand men and one hundred pieces of cannon. He disposed them so as to deceive the enemy. He posted a division in the valley, its right leaning on the cliff, its left supported by redoubts; the remainder of his troops he drew up behind the hills, so as to be unseen from the ravine; and then, with a well-grounded hope that not a Turk would escape him, waited the grand vizir, who was advancing up the defile totally unconscious that Diebitsch was in any other place than before Silistria. He had broke up from Pravodi the day before, on the receipt of his despatch from Schumla, and was followed by the Russian garrison, which had been reinforced by a regiment of hussars; but the general commanding it, instead of obeying Diebitsch's orders, and quietly tracking him until the battle should have commenced, harassed his rear. To halt and drive him back to Pravodi caused the vizir a delay of four hours, without which he would have emerged from the defile the same evening, and have gained Schumla before Diebitsch got into position.

"In the course of the night the vizir was informed that the enemy had taken post between him and Schumla, and threatened his retreat. He might still have avoided the issue of a battle, by making his way transversely across the defiles to the Kamptchik, sacrificing his baggage and cannon; but deem-

ing that he had only Roth to deal with, he, as in that case was his duty, prepared to force a passage; and the few troops that he saw drawn up in the valley on gaining the little wood fringing it, in the morning, confirmed his opinion. He counted on success; yet, to make more sure, halted to let his artillery take up a flanking position on the north side of the valley. The circuitous and bad route, however, delaying this manœuvre, he could not restrain the impatience of the delhis. Towards noon, 'Allah, Allah her,' they made a splendid charge; they repeated it, broke two squares, and amused themselves nearly two hours in carving the Russian infantry, their own infantry, the while, admiring them from the skirts of the wood. Diebitsch, expecting every moment that the vizir would advance to complete the success of his cavalry—thereby sealing his own destruction—ordered Count Pahlen, whose division was in the valley, and who demanded reinforcements, to maintain his ground to the last man. The Count obeyed, though suffering cruelly; but the vizir, fortunately, instead of seconding his adversary's intentions, quietly remained on the eminence, enjoying the gallantry of his delhis, and waiting till his artillery should be able to open, when he might descend and claim the victory with ease. Another ten minutes would have sufficed to envelope him; but Diebitsch, ignorant of the cause of his backwardness, supposing that he intended amusing him till night, whereby to effect a retreat, and unwilling to lose more men, suddenly displayed his whole force, and opened a tremendous fire on the astonished Turks. In an instant the rout was general, horse and foot; the latter threw away their arms, and many of the nizâm ed-ditt were seen clinging to the tails of the delhis' horses as they clambered over the hills. So complete and instantaneous was the flight, that scarcely a prisoner was made. Redschid strove to check the panic by personal valour, but in vain. He was compelled to draw his sabre in self-defence: he fled to the Kamptchik, accompanied by a score of personal retainers, crossed the mountains, and on the fourth day re-entered Schumla.

This eventful battle, fought by the cavalry on one side, and a few thousand infantry on the other, decided the fate of Turkey;—immense in its consequences compared with the trifling loss sustained, amounting, on the side of the Russians, to three thousand killed and wounded; on that of the Turks, killed, wounded, and prisoners, to about four thousand. Its effect, however, was the same as though the whole Turkish army had been slain."

We have given at large the stri-

king account of this battle, because it exhibits in the clearest point of view the extraordinary weakness to which a power was suddenly reduced which once kept all Christendom in awe. Thirty-six thousand men and a hundred pieces of cannon decided the fate of Turkey; and an army of Ottomans forty thousand strong, after sustaining a loss of four thousand men, was literally annihilated. The thing almost exceeds belief. To such a state of weakness had the reforms of Sultan Mahmoud so soon reduced the Ottoman power. Such was the prostration, through innovation, of an empire, which, only twenty years before, had waged a bloody and doubtful war with Russia, and maintained for four campaigns one hundred and fifty thousand men on the Danube.

6. Among the immediate and most powerful causes of the rapid fall of the Ottoman Empire unquestionably must be reckoned the Greek Revolution, and the extraordinary part which Great Britain took in destroying the Turkish navy at Navarino.

On this subject we wish to speak with caution. We have the most heartfelt wish for the triumph of the Cross over the Crescent, and the liberation of the cradle of civilisation from Asiatic bondage. But with every desire for the real welfare of the Greeks, we must be permitted to doubt whether the Revolution was the way to effect it, or the cause of humanity has not been retarded by the premature effort for its independence.

Since the wars of the French Revolution began, the condition and resources of the Greeks have improved in as rapid a progression as those of the Turks have declined. Various causes have contributed to this.

"The Islanders," says Mr. Slade, "it may be said, have always been independent, and in possession of the coasting trade of the empire. The war attendant on the French Revolution gave them the carrying trade of the Mediterranean; on the Euxine alone they had above two hundred sail under the Russian flag. Their vessels even navigated as far as England. Mercantile houses were established in the principal ports of the continent of Europe; the only duty on their commerce was five per cent. *ad valorem*, to the Sultan's custom-houses. The great demand of the English merchants for

Turkish silk, when Italian silk, to which it is superior, was difficult to procure, enriched the Greeks of the interior, who engrossed the entire culture. The continental system obliged us to turn to Turkey for corn, large quantities of which were exported from Macedonia, from Smyrna, and from Tinsu, to the equal profit of the Grecian and Turkish agriculturists. The same system also rendered it incumbent on Germany to cultivate commercial relations with Turkey, to the great advantage of the Greeks, who were to be seen, in consequence, numerous frequenting the fairs at Leipsic. Colleges were established over Greece and the islands, by leave obtained from Sultan III.; principally at Smyrna, Scio, Salonica, Yanina, and Hydra, and the wealthy sent their children to civilized Europe for education, without opposition from the Porte, which did not foresee the mischief that it would thereby gather.

"In short, the position of the Greeks, in 1810, was such as would have been considered visionary twenty years previous, and would, if then offered to them, have been hailed as the completion of their desires. But the general rule, applicable to nations as well as to individuals, that, in object, however ardently aspired after, when attained, is chiefly valued as a stepping-stone to higher objects, naturally affected them: the possession of unexpected prosperity and knowledge opened to them further prospects, gave them hopes of realizing golden dreams, of revenging treasured wrongs—skewed them, in a word, the vista of independence."

These causes fostered the Greek Insurrection, which was secretly organized for years before it broke out in 1821, and was then spread universally and rendered unquenchable by the barbarous murder of the Greek patriarch, and a large proportion of the clergy at Constantinople, on Easter Day of that year. The result has been, that Greece, after seven years of the ordeal of fire and sword, has obtained its independence; and by the destruction of her navy at Navarino, Turkey has lost the means of making any effectual resistance on the Black Sea to Russia. Whether Greece has been benefited by the change, time alone can shew. But it is certain that such have been the distractions, jealousies, and robberies of the Greeks upon each other since that time, that numbers of them have regretted that the dominion of their country has passed from the infidels.

But whatever may be thought on

this subject, nothing can be more obvious than that the Greek Revolution was utterly fatal to the naval power of Turkey; because it deprived them at once of the class from which alone sailors could be obtained. The whole commerce of the Ottomans was carried on by the Greeks, and their sailors constituted the entire seamen of their fleet. Nothing, accordingly, can be more lamentable than the condition of the Turkish fleet since that time. The catastrophe of Navarino deprived them of their best ships and bravest sailors; the Greek revolt drained off the whole population who were wont to man their fleets. Mr Slade informs us that when he navigated on board the Capitan Pasha's ship with the Turkish fleet in 1829, the crews were composed almost entirely of landsmen, who were forced on board without the slightest knowledge of nautical affairs; and that such was their timidity from inexperience of that element, that a few English frigates would have sent the whole squadron, containing six ships of the line, to the bottom. The Russian fleet also evinced a degree of ignorance and timidity in the Euxine, which could hardly have been expected, from their natural hardihood and resolution. Yet, the Moscovite fleet, upon the whole, rode triumphant; by their capture of Anapa, they struck at the great market from whence Constantinople is supplied, while, by the storming of Sizepolis, they gave a *point d'appui* to Diebitsch on the coast within the Balkan, without which he could never have ventured to cross that formidable range. This ruin of the Turkish marine by the Greek Revolution and the battle of Navarino, was therefore the immediate cause of the disastrous issue of the second Russian campaign; and the scale might have been turned, and it made to terminate in equal disasters to the invaders, if five English ships of the line had been added to the Turkish force; an addition, Mr Slade tells us, which would have enabled the Turks to burn the Russian arsenals and fleet at Swartopol, and postponed for half a century the fall of the Ottoman Empire.

Nothing, therefore, can be more instructive than the rapid fall of the

Turkish power; nor more curious than the coincidence between the despotic acts of the reforming Eastern Sultan and of the innovating European democracies. The measures of both have been the same; both have been actuated by the same principles, and both yielded to the same ungovernable ambition. The Sultan commenced his reforms by destroying the old territorial noblesse, ruining the privileges of corporations, and subverting the old military force of the kingdom; and he is known to meditate the destruction of the Mahometan hierarchy, and the confiscation of the property of the church to the service of the public treasury. The Constituent Assembly, before they had sat six months, had annihilated the feudal nobility, extinguished the privileges of corporations, uprooted the military force of the monarchy, and confiscated the whole property of the church. The work of destruction went on far more smoothly and rapidly in the hands of the great despotic democracy, than of the Eastern Sultan; by the whole forces of the State drawing in one direction, the old machine was pulled to pieces with a rapidity to which there is nothing comparable in the annals even of Oriental potentates. The rude hand even of Sultan Mahmoud took a lifetime to accomplish that which the French democracy effected in a few months; and even his ruthless power paused at devastations, which they unhesitatingly adopted amidst the applause of the nation. Despotism, absolute despotism, was the ruling passion of both; the Sultan proclaimed the principle that all authority flows from the Throne, and that every influence must be destroyed which does not emanate from that source; "The Rights of Man" publicly announced the sovereignty of the people, and made every appointment, civil and military, flow from their assemblies. So true it is that despotism is actuated by the same jealousies, and leads to the same measures on the part of the sovereign as the multitude; and so just is the observation of Aristotle. "The character of democracy and despotism is the same. Both exercise a despotic authority over the better class of

citizens ; decrees are in the first, what ordinances and arrests are in the last. Though placed in different ages or countries, the court favourite and democrat are in reality the same characters, or at least they always bear a close analogy to each other ; they have the principal authority in their respective forms of government ; favourites with the absolute monarch, demagogues with the sovereign multitude.*

The immediate effect of the great despotic acts in the two countries, however, was widely different. The innovations of Sultan Mahmoud being directed against the wishes of the majority of the nation, prostrated the strength of the Ottomans, and brought the Russian battalions in fearful strength over the Balkan. The innovations of the Constituent Assembly being done in obedience to the dictates of the people, produced for a time a portentous union of revolutionary passions, and carried the Republican standards in triumph to every capital of Europe. It is one thing to force reform upon an unwilling people ; it is another and a very different thing to yield to their wishes in imposing it upon a reluctant minority in the state.

But the ultimate effect of violent innovations, whether proceeding from the despotism of the Sultan or the multitude, is the same. In both cases they totally destroy the frame of society, and prevent the possibility of freedom being permanently erected, by destroying the classes whose intermixture is essential to its existence. The consequences of destroying the dere beys, the ayans, the Janissaries, and ulema in Turkey, will, in the end, be the same as ruining the church, the nobility, the corporations, and landed proprietors in France. The tendency of both is identical, to destroy all authority but that emanating from a single power in the state, and of course to render that power despotic. It is immaterial whether that single power is the primary assemblies of the people, or the Divan of the Sultan ; whether the influence to be destroyed is that of the church or the ulema, the dere beys or the nobility. In either case

there is no counterpoise to its authority, and of course no limit to its oppression. As it is impossible, in the nature of things, that power should long be exercised by great bodies, as they necessarily and rapidly fall under despots of their own creation, so it is evident that the path is cleared, not only for despotism, but absolute despotism, as completely by the innovating democracy as the resistless Sultan. There never was such a pioneer for tyranny as the Constituent Assembly.

It is melancholy to reflect on the deplorable state of weakness to which England has been reduced since revolutionary passions seized upon her people. Three years ago, the British name was universally respected ; the Portuguese pointed with gratitude to the well-fought fields, where English blood was poured forth like water in behalf of their independence ; the Dutch turned with exultation to the Lion of Waterloo, the proud and unequalled monument of English fidelity ; the Poles acknowledged with gratitude, that, amidst all their sorrows, England alone had stood their friend, and exerted its influence at the Congress of Vienna to procure for them constitutional freedom ; even the Turks, though mourning the catastrophe of Navarino, acknowledged that British diplomacy had at length interfered, and turned aside from Constantinople the sword of Russia, after the barrier of the Balkan had been broke through. Now, how woful is the change ! The Portuguese recount, with undisguised indignation, the spoliation of their navy by the Tricolor fleet, then in close alliance with England ; and the fostering, by British blood and treasure, of a cruel and insidious civil war in their bosom, in aid of the principle of revolutionary propagandism : the Dutch, with indignant rage, tell the tale of the desertion by England of the allies and principles for which she had fought for a hundred and fifty years, and the shameful union of the Leopard and the Eagle, to crush the independence and partition the territories of Holland : the Polish exiles in foreign lands dwell on the heart-

* Arist. de Pol.

rending story of their wrongs, and narrate how they were led on by deceitful promises from France and England to resist, till the period of capitulation had gone by: the Eastern nations deplore the occupation of Constantinople by the Russians, and hold up their hands in astonishment at the infatuation which has led the mistress of the seas to permit the keys of the Dardaneiles to be placed in the grasp of a Slavonic ambition. It is in vain to conceal the fact, that by a mere change of Ministry, by simply letting loose revolutionary passions, England has descended to the rank of a third-rate power. She has sunk at once, without any external disasters, from the triumphs of Trafalgar and Waterloo, to the disgrace and the humiliation of Charles II. It is hard to say whether she is most despised or insulted by her ancient allies or enemies; whether contempt and hatred are strongest among those she aided or resisted in the late struggle. Russia defies her in the East, and, secure in the revolutionary passions by which her people are distracted, pursues with now undisguised anxiety her long-cherished and stubbornly-resisted schemes of ambition in the Dardanelles; France drags her a willing captive at her chariot-wheels, and compels the arms which once struck down Napoleon to aid her in all the mean revolutionary aggressions she is pursuing on the surrounding states; Portugal and Holland, smarting under the wounds received from their oldest ally, wait for the moment of British weakness to wreak vengeance for the wrongs inflicted under the infatuated guidance of the Whig democracy. Louis XIV., humbled by the defeats of Blenheim and Ramillies, yet spurned with indignation at the proposal that he should join his arms to those of his enemies, to dispossess his ally, the King of Spain; but England, in the hour of her greatest triumph, has submitted to a greater degradation. She has deserted and insulted the nation which stood by her side in the field of Vittoria; she has joined in alliance against the power which bled with her at Waterloo, and deserted in its last extremity the ally whose standards waved triumphant with her on the sands of Egypt.

The supineness and weakness of

Ministers in the last agony of Turkey, has been such as would have exceeded belief, if woful experience had not taught us to be surprised at nothing which they can do. France acted with becoming foresight and spirit; they had an Admiral, with four ships of the line, to watch Russia in the Dardaneiles, when the crisis approached. What had England? *One ship of the line* on the way from Malta, and a few frigates in the Archipelago, were all that the mistress of the waves could afford, to support the honour and interests of England, in an emergency more pressing than any which has occurred since the battle of Trafalgar. Was the crisis not foreseen? Every man in the country of any intelligence foresaw it, from the moment that Ibrahim besieged Acre. Can England only fit out one ship of the line to save the Dardanelles from Russia? Is this the foresight of the Whigs, or the effect of the Dock yard reductions? Or has the Reform Act utterly annihilated our strength, and sunk our name?

It is evident that in the pitiful shifts to which Government is now reduced, foreign events, even of the greatest magnitude, have no sort of weight in its deliberations. Resting on the quicksands of popular favour; intent only on winning the applause or resisting the indignation of the rabble; dreading the strokes of their old allies among the Political Unions; awakened, when too late, to a sense of the dreadful danger arising from the infatuated course they have pursued; hesitating between losing the support of the Revolutionists and pursuing the anarchical projects which they avow; unable to command the strength of the nation for any foreign policy; having sown the seeds of interminable dissension between the different classes of society, and spread far and wide the modern passion for innovation in lieu of the ancient patriotism of England; they have sunk it at once, and apparently for ever in the gulf of degradation. By the passions they have excited in the Empire, its strength is utterly destroyed, and well do foreign nations perceive its weakness. They know that Ireland is on the verge of rebellion; that the West Indies, with the torch and the tomahawk at

their throats, are waiting only for the first national reverse to throw off their allegiance; that the splendid Empire of India is shaking under the democratic rule to which it is about to be subjected on the expiry of the Charter; that the dock-yards, stripped of their stores to make a shew of economy, and conceal a sinking revenue, could no longer fit out those mighty fleets which so recently went forth from their gates, conquering and to conquer. The foreign historians of the French revolutionary war deplored the final seal it had put upon the maritime superiority of England, and declared that human sagacity could foresee no possible extrication of the seas from her resistless domination; but how vain are the anticipations of human wisdom! The fickle change of popular opinion subverted the mighty fabric; a Whig Ministry succeeded to the helm, and before men had ceased to tremble at the thunder of Trafalgar, England had become contemptible on the waves!

From this sad scene of national degradation and decay, from the melancholy spectacle of the breaking up, from revolutionary passion and innovation, of the greatest and most beneficent Empire that ever existed upon earth, we turn to a more cheering prospect, and joyfully inhale from the prospects of the species those hopes which we can no longer venture to cherish for our own country.

The attention of all classes in this country has been so completely absorbed of late years by the progress of domestic changes, and the march of revolution, that little notice has been bestowed on the events we have been considering; yet they are more important to the future fate of the species, than even the approaching dismemberment of the British Empire. We are about to witness the overthrow of the Mahometan religion; the emancipation of the cradle of civilisation from Asiatic bondage; the accomplishment of that deliverance of the Holy Sepulchre, for which the Crusaders toiled and bled in vain; the elevation of the Cross on the Dome of St Sophia, and the walls of Jerusalem.

That this great event was approaching has been long foreseen by

the thoughtful and the philanthropic. The terrors of the Crescent have long since ceased: it received its first check in the Gulf of Lepanto: it waned before the star of Sobieski under the walls of Vienna, and set in flames in the Bay of Navarino. The power which once made all Christendom tremble, which shook the imperial throne, and penetrated from the sands of Arabia to the banks of the Loire, is now in the agonies of dissolution: and that great deliverance for which the banded chivalry of Europe fought for centuries, and to attain which millions of Christian bones whitened the fields of Asia, is now about to be effected through the vacillation and indifference of their descendants. That which the courage of Richard Cœur de Lion, and the enthusiasm of Godfrey of Bouillon, could not achieve; which resisted the arms of the Templars and the Hospitallers, and rolled back from Asia the tide of European invasion, is now in the act of being accomplished. A more memorable instance was never afforded of the manner in which the passions and vices of men are made to work out the intentions of an overruling Providence, and of the vanity of all human attempts to prevent that ceaseless spread of religion which has been decreed by the Almighty.

That Russia is the power by whom this great change was to be effected, by whose arm the tribes of Asia were to be reduced to subjection, and the triumph of civilisation over barbaric sway effected, has long been apparent. The gradual but unceasing pressure of the hardy races of mankind upon the effeminate, of the energy of Northern poverty on the corruption of Southern opulence, rendered it evident that this change must ultimately be effected. The final triumph of the Cross over the Crescent was secure from the moment that the Turcoman descended to the plains of Asia Minor, and the sway of the Czar was established in the deserts of Scythia. As certainly as water will ever descend from the mountains to the plain, so surely will the stream of permanent conquest, in every age, flow from the northern to the southern races of mankind.

But although the continued opera-

tion of these causes was evident, and the *ultimate* ascendent of the religion of Christ, and the institutions of civilisation, over the tenets of Mahomet, and the customs of barbarism, certain; yet many different causes, till within these few years, contributed to check their effects, and to postpone, apparently, for an indefinite period, the final liberation of the Eastern world. But the weakness, insanity, and vacillation of England and France, while they will prove fatal to them, seem destined to subject the East to the sway of Russia, and renew, in the plains of Asia, those institutions of which Europe has become unworthy. The cause of religion, the spread of the Christian faith, has received an impulse from the vices and follies, which she never received from the sword, of Western Europe. The infidelity and irreligion of the French philosophers have done that for the downfall of Islamism which all the enthusiasm of the Crusaders could not accomplish. Their first effect was to light up a deadly war in Europe, and array the civilized powers of the world in mortal strife against each other; but this was neither their only nor their final effect. In this contest, the arms of civilisation acquired an unparalleled ascendancy over those of barbarism; and at its close, the power of Russia was magnified fourfold. Turkey and Persia were unable to withstand the Empire from which the arms of Napoleon rolled back. The overthrow of Mahometanism, the liberation of the finest provinces of Europe from Turkish sway, flowed at last, directly and evidently, from the rise of the spirit which at first closed all the churches of France, and erected the altar of Reason in the choir of

Notre Dame. We are now witnessing the conclusion of the drama.—When England descended from her high station, and gave way to revolutionary passions; when irreligion tainted her people, and respect for the institutions of their fathers no longer influenced her government, she, too, was abandoned to the consequences of her vices; and from her apostasy, fresh support derived to the cause of Christianity. French irreligion had quadrupled the military strength of Russia: but the English navy still existed to uphold the tottering edifice of Turkish power. English irreligion and infidelity overturned her constitution, and the barrier was swept away.

The British navy, paralysed by democracy and divisions in the British islands, can no longer resist Moscovite ambition, and the prostration of Turkey is in consequence complete. The effects will be fatal to England; but they may raise up in distant lands other empires, which may one day rival even the glories of the British name. The Cross may cease to be venerated at Paris, but it will be elevated at St Sophia: it may be ridiculed in London, but it will resume its sway at Antioch. Considerations of this kind are fitted, if any can, to console us for the degradation and calamities of our own country: they shew, that if one nation becomes corrupted, Providence can derive, even from its vices and ingratitude, the means of raising up other states to the glory of which it has become unworthy: and that from the decay of civilisation in its present seats, the eye of Hope may anticipate its future re-urrection in the cradle from whence it originally spread its blessings throughout the world.

THE SKETCHER.

No. II.

I CONCLUDED my last paper with a panegyric on Gaspar Poussin, that first of landscape-painters, and explained the principle of composition, by the practical exercise of which he acquired such power over the space of his canvass. Hence his pencil was delightfully free, for its wildest play was directed by an intuitive knowledge, or made perfect, harmonious, and congruous in all its parts, by the application of his simple rule. Nor is this principle applicable to landscape only—it is the principle of the art, and will be found more or less in every work of known excellence.

I have examined many pictures and parts of pictures, and have ascertained that much of their beauty, *quoad* composition, depends upon the accidental or purposed use of this principle.

Once I recollect tormenting myself with a difficulty in the composition of a picture I was painting, and could not satisfy my eye. By a dash of the brush I hit it at last, but at that time knew not why; since my discovery I have examined the work, and find it was true to the rule.

Now, it is well to know the rule beforehand; and I am very confident that any painter or sketcher who will take the trouble to examine nature and pictures, and bear in mind what I have stated in my last paper, will see the why and wherefore of beauties that he before imperfectly felt, will be enabled to admire them the more, and with some certainty of success correct the lines of his compositions.

Perhaps I should not have known Gaspar Poussin so well, had I not many years ago, while I was yet young in art, studied the prints from his works published by Pond and others. I never can forget the impression these made upon me; I had never before seen any thing at all to satisfy me; but here, and yet they were not his best compositions, was the poetry of landscape. Here was shade and shelter, seclusion and accessibility, combined; the earth was rescued as it were from the deformity of "the curse" inflicted upon

it, and from the viler tyranny of your capability Browns. Some of the original pictures subsequently fell into my possession, and I had the opportunity of comparing them continually with the prints. I happened likewise to have a set of these prints, the only perfect set I have ever seen, with a printed catalogue, and containing about six more subjects than are now met with in the common book of these plates in their retouched state. The work contains a few from Claude, one from Salvator Rosa, one from Rembrandt, one from Giacomo Cortesi detto il Borgognone, one from Filippo Lauri,—the rest are, professedly, from Gaspar Poussin; I say professedly, because my long acquaintance with the works of that master, has led me to be somewhat nice and discriminating, and to reject some out of the number; of which are,—one with cattle in the water, published by Pond, in 1744, as in the possession of the Honourable Horace Walpole; one published 1741, by Knapton, in the collection of the Right Honourable Lord James Cavendish,—reclining figures with a dog and goats in the foreground,—in the second distance a town and bridge, (which latter I do not at this moment recollect ever to have seen in a picture by Gaspar Poussin;) one in the collection of the Right Hon. the Earl of Suffolk, 1741, by Knapton, a composition of distracted parts, with a preposterous rock, and figures shooting; one published by Pond, 1743, in the collection of Robert Price, Esq., in which is a river and figures bathing, two strange figures near two tall trees; this I take to be by N. Poussin.

As this work, in its incomplete state, and with the plates retouched, is still very commonly met with, and may be very cheaply purchased, it may be as well to refer the reader to an examination of some of the plates; and I have no doubt he will be thoroughly convinced of the truth of my observations on the principle of art contained in them.

Let us then take the first that

comes to hand. The book is before me. Here is a noble scene. The plate is published by Pond, October 25, 1742, in the collection of Her Grace the Duchess of Kent—*Vivares sculp.* This is, in truth, a most poetical piece. In its general forms it is of the simplest kind. It is rather a close scene, a home among the mountains. Nearly in the centre rises a rocky summit—the lines so rise and fall to the foreground as to make this mountain *the* view. The parts of which it is made flow into each other so playfully, and apparently with intricacy, that there is the greatest variety in them, yet all with perfect congruity.

All the parts are again kept together by the unity of the view or subject, constituting them merely as parts contained under the great simple leading lines. A little way down the mountain is an old town, rising out of, or rather growing out of the rock; below it and around it on every side is a thick wood, (the trees, as usual with him, of no great growth,) that leads down to a ravine, the depth of which is hid by the foreground, a broken bank, which descends in a line, corresponding, in a contrary direction, to the general rising lines of the hill. From hidden sources, water is pouring over the broken ground, to form a mountain torrent below, and by various passages finds its way into the ravine. The lines of the rock and wood, lead your eye directly into this deep ravine, into which some figures are looking and pointing, as if something unseen but by themselves attracted their attention. Thus curiosity is raised, and a desire to look into the depth, and an interest created by the incident. There is a path leading within, but is lost, and at the edge where it is lost are the figures mentioned. There are other paths about the picture, which, though broken from the eye, connect themselves with this, and communicate to the town and every part of the scene, for there is no part utterly inaccessible. There are, in all, five figures, two on the edge of the path in its descent, looking into the ravine, one more in the foreground pointing to them; on a path above are two more ascending in friendly converse. How well the accessibility of the whole is kept up by these two fi-

gures! Three are turned towards the ravine, but the two more distant are quietly winding round to the summit, thus connecting the height with the depth; and the figures are so placed, that the eye cannot but connect them with each other; that is, the two above and the one nearer the foreground are directors or pointers to the two immediately above the ravine. Here is scope enough for sweet sequestered retirement—no lack of green boughs, cool shade, and sheltering rock—all is silvan quiet, and repose,—all the free boon and gift of beneficent nature to love and friendship. The mountain freedom of the scene is delightful; you would not question the freshness, and purity, and sweet life of the air, that, as an unseen spirit, animates with gentle breath and motion the whole scene, and influences the hearts of all that are under its protection.

But let me speak of the art of composition by which so much is effected, for that is the main thing to which I would direct the reader's attention. As in the other picture remarked upon in my last paper, so here, the highest point is in trees rising immediately from the bank of the foreground; and as in that instance, as is the distance from the height of the picture to the top of the tree, so is that of the lower part of the bank from the bottom, the space below being filled up with mere herbage, and large leaves in shade. The next highest point is the opposite side of the picture, which is similarly broken in its height and depth, by the sky above and bushes below. But though these are the highest points, they are not the principal; their height is only to give greater depth to the ravine. Between them rises, as the principal object, the rocky summit, which, with all its subordinate parts, including the ravine, forms the picture. The eye, then, is directed by the subtending character of the lines, immediately from this height to a point under it, where are the pointing figures, formed by the figures, and some light upon the adjacent bank, and corresponding, in its distance from the bottom, to the space above, occupied by the sky. There are more distant hills, on the one side, rising above the fall of the line of the

mountain, on the other side, somewhat more towards the corner of the picture, and falling into that general mass; and this is so managed, for the purpose of raising a tree that breaks the woody range between the two points. The clouds incline to the mountain mass, and immediately above an elevated tower is the lower space of the clouds, as was the notch in the clouds of the picture described in my list. To enclose the town, and, as it were, give it a unity in itself, there is a rise and fall in the wood, so that the highest part of the buildings is immediately above the lowest point of that circular range. The grouping of the masses of foliage in the wood is precisely on the same principle. The beautifully broken bank forming the foreground runs down remarkably to the figures under the high point of the mountain; and from thence, at a similar angle, the line is carried up on the other side of the picture, so as to make that point, where are the two figures looking into the ravine, important, by which the eye may measure the height of the whole. The light trees, on a grassy bank rising out of the foreground, bending over the ravine, and corresponding, as it were, with the foliage on the opposite bank, act on the same principle, enclose the ravine, and direct the eye into the deep shaded woody hollow.

Having discussed the art of composition of this great master, as exemplified in two of his pictures, let me now pay a tribute of praise to those faithful engravers who admirably performed their task, and enabled us to examine so well the excellence of the painter which themselves so felt. Their works should be, like school books, in every one's hand who would learn at once both the rudiments and excellences of the art. It is true their style of engraving has, in a great measure, been superseded, not surpassed; for all can admire high finish, few execution.

This plate, from which I have made my remarks, and which is still before me, is by Vivares. Examine the texture of every part; it is not mere light and shade, it is rocky and leafy, or mixed just as and where it should be. How free the foliage, how characteristic of the master! and how admirable is the general keeping where exactness of tint and light and shade is not intended, and, previous to modern inventions, was scarcely practicable; yet, with what ease the imagination incorporates with what is given, all that is omitted! My acquaintance with the works of Gaspar, instead of making me less relish the labours of these engravers, renders me more sensible of their great merit. I see Gaspar the better through them, and them through Gaspar. And is not this praise? There is no vain toil and labour after effect, and no visible sacrifice, no attempt to astonish, for *that* the original painter in *his* copy of the modesty of nature avoided; and his engravers seem to have known this. All is even, flowing, easy, apparently unambitious, but worked evidently with an intense feeling of the mind and intention of the master. There is no mechanical stiffness, no dexterous display of handiwork, no flourishes of the graver.* Vivares was, I believe, self-taught; that is, at least, he was not bred to the art. Nor was his employer Poud an artist, or in "the Trade." He was, I think, an attorney, and Vivares a tailor. It was on carrying home some clothes to an engraver that he was struck with a copperplate; whenever he repeated these visits of business, he requested a sight of the plates in progress; and conceived at length the idea that he could do the same; he tried and succeeded. His etchings, and indeed these plates are mostly etched, having but little of the mark of the graver in them, are exquisite, light, free, and wonderfully expressive of the character of every object. Though a tailor, etch-

* It is curious that few among the great painters were the sons of painters, and originally intended for the profession, but appeared to it by an all-powerful genius or taste, a peculiar gift. Raphael is almost the only one that was the son of a painter. Andrea del Sarto was a tailor's son; Tintoret the son of a dyer; Michael Angelo de Caravaggio, of a mason; Correggio (il divino), of a ploughman; Guido, of a musician; Domenichino, of a shoemaker; Albano, of a mercer.

ing was his best needle-work. His second nature acquired by the needle was better than his first. The arts are infinitely indebted to the engravers of the plates in this work published by Pond and others. They all had excellent feeling,—Vivares, Wood, Chatelain, and Mason. And yet they all differ from each other in their manner and handling; Chatelain is perhaps the broadest, Vivares the most exact in the detail and individual character of objects. But they all seem to have worked together in happy fellowship, and to have improved by attending to, and occasionally adopting, the peculiar merits of each other. How strange that men living in the heat and turmoil, and sooty atmosphere, of some obscure parts of the crowded and reeking metropolis, who, perhaps, scarcely saw nature in her green, variegated, and refreshing beauty, should at once, as it were *quodam intuitu*, have such feeling for romantic landscape, throwing off from them the infectious low vulgarity that so thickly surrounded them! It is more wonderful than the lover's love at first sight, for it is falling in love at the portrait merely. But so it was. Well, then, were these men justly appreciated? No. Are they justly appreciated now? No. I have conversed with some well-known and admired artists both in painting and engraving, who were ignorant of their works. It is strange that mere mechanical labour should be more admired than expressive execution, wherein the mind works with and directs the hand. Ignorance ever likes the display, the flourish,—would prefer the caperings of a human baboon, to the sweet and gentle movement of the Graces.

First came Woollet, with his surprising dexterity in the use of the graver. He introduced, it is true, more tone, but then texture was lost. For loose, free, flexible foliage, you had tinfoil, hard-cut leafage, moulded, metallic. However, his style pleased, and the public taste has never yet gone back to the admiration of his betters. And even among professed connoisseurs, is it not strange that eyes that can enjoy the beautiful etchings of K. du Jardin, Berghem, Rembrandt, Waterloo, and many others, should not fully enjoy

the free expressive handling of such men as Vivares, Chatelain, Wood, and Mason? But certain it is, the progress has been onward in a wrong direction, in imitation rather of Woollet. Tone, not character and texture of objects, has been mostly attended to. And it must be confessed, Lowry's improvements, inventions of rulers, and diamond points, &c., have given modern artists a wonderful facility, and astonishing things they are now thereby enabled to do in all that concerns tone. But still it is too much tone—too exclusively tone; and I question, in looking at our present day's engravings, if, after the first surprise, we are not disappointed that so little is left to the imagination. We want to fill up a little in tone and colour; we want to think of the pictures; for engraving does not profess to be in itself a perfect work, but to give you some idea of another. Where too much is done, that other work to which it should refer, is abstracted from the contemplation of the mind's eye. We want to think of the original pictures, and the engravings, by doing too much, will not let us. Nay, they too often set us wrong, and sacrifice colour, (I speak not in the engraver's technical meaning of the word as of tone,) and we have often masses of soot for green shade, and, what is worse, for air.

I will not deny that the art of engraving has wonderfully advanced, but the art of etching has retrograded. We have poor scholars in the latter, — excellent masters in the former art. And, it must be owned, that the improvements in engraving are admirably calculated to represent the works of modern artists, whose aim is more to surprise than permanently to please; they would take you by storm, not attract you by gentle persuasion. They must vie with each other, like tumblers at a fair, to perform astonishing feats, do wonderful things, unattempted things, "*cose non dette mai in prosa ne in rima.*" Trickery and gambol have succeeded to former nobler simplicity; display and show is every thing, and yet there is oftentimes poverty enough—a gorgeous poverty—a staring, flaunting, vulgar, bedizened meanness—with which, to the common eye, unobtrusive excellence

would bear no comparison, and, indeed, would suffer materially from any juxtaposition, like modesty in evil company.

But these improvements in the machinery of the engraver, are admirably calculated to do justice to presuming efforts, sometimes the aim of men of real and great genius, and better it were they were always of those of none. Would I wish these improvements had never been invented? By no means. I admire much they do, not all they do, but that arises from the misuse of them. The public taste has run mad after effects, wonders, and novelties, and will perform or look to little else. And this is particularly vile in landscape, in which we want true pastoral in the painter, and the characteristic execution of our old etchers.

How could I wish the improvements never had been invented, when I see how accurately they represent the effects of Turner, his skies,—his town views, their stir, and bustle, and vapour; all which, I nevertheless think, astonish too much, and I confess I seldom look at them twice. But this may be a defect in me, and my taste may exclusively look for *landscape*, and *effects* are not *landscapes*. Nay, it must be a fault when effects are made the principal, which should only be the adjunct to the subject, as the manner of shewing it off. This manner may be too obtrusive for the subject; it strikes me as very often so, especially in landscapes that pretend to the superior merit of composition. Still I delight in the power, however the application of it may offend. We do not want every thing in art to be this vapoury softness, contrasted with sudden sharp lights and spots of utter blackness, or either of these in opposed masses. Give me, however, the real landscape-painters, and their admirers and translators, the etchers as of old. I will stand stupified a few required moments at works of the other character, and then contentedly retire to be pleased in my own way. My taste is as yet too healthy, I trust, to require strong and sudden excitement. My eye is not under paralysis requiring the galvanic shock. Yet I would not depreciate facilities, and delight in the prospect of their proper direction, and in the means

of disseminating taste more generally; for taste wages perpetual war with vulgarity, and vulgarity is a step in the ladder of bad morals. The public ought, therefore, to be congratulated on the acquisition of the cheap one-shilling numbers of the engravings from pictures in the National Gallery. I rather lament a loss, than repine at the acquirement of a new power. I want more characteristic engravers, whose uncontaminated fingers have not yet been irremediably dipt in the sooty Acheron. In both painting and engraving, the vigorous masculine energy of the old artists is no more. There is an affectation of the exquisite. For the simple dignified walk, we have the pironette; and put on manliness by the stamp and the frown. The real poverty of limb and motion is attempted to be hid under the fluster and flicker of silk and satin; all which is detestable. Taste is first indignant, and though the price of admission has been paid, quits the tawdry theatre and its trickeries, and walks away in disgust to some refreshing, cool, inoffensive, unobtrusive dell, (that has chanced to have escaped the beautifier,) and listening to the lecture of some eloquent brook, culls “sermons from stones, and good from every thing.”

The theatrical has corrupted even our engravers. The finikin nicety, the tinsel, the glare, the stare, the start, the maudlin affectation of feeling, are all transferred to another art. Some men of undoubted genius have led the way to this, and I cannot but think against their better judgments. They have been too ambitious of shewing their own manual skill, not of transferring to the plate the great ideas of their originals. They become vitiated by this evil desire, and like our political panders, had rather please the mass, “the people,” by shewing them the falsities which alone their senseless heads can admire, than secure to themselves a future and more permanent fame, by teaching them what they *ought* to admire. Now, in this respect, I cannot but think Raphael Morghen himself to have been a delinquent, *e. g.* the magnificent Transfiguration. Are we not offended with the soft powder-puff clouds,—the minikin theatrical cottony and

gauzy texture of all the upper part of that print? The divine Raphael is never weak and flimsy. Look at his cartoons, and think of the absurd mode in which other translators present them. How vigorous in execution are the originals—how broad—how far from all that is minute and little! The mind, under the great idea to be impressed, impatient of the laborious minute, hurried on the hand to stamp the grand character; yet how incongruous to their greatness is the littleness to miniature them in every part, by exquisite finish! Yet such attempts are made, as if the great character were unfelt, unseen. Cannot we be content to see the energy of St Paul preaching, without counting every hair on his head?

But I am stepping out of my proposed walk, which was to discuss landscape—however my remarks illustrate what I would assert of landscape-engraving. Is it right to have the same finikin execution for all works? The light Berghem, the free and flowing pencil of Gaspar, the dash and savageness of Salvator Rosa—are they all to be of the same handling? Yet, such is too often the practice. Tone alone is studied. Now, in the prints published by Pond and others, in the work I have noticed, there is but little tone, just enough to preserve harmony throughout, that nothing shall stare and offend; the rest is left to the imagination. Luckily, perhaps, the art had not then reached the fascinating, tempting power; therefore, we have execution, masterly, free, and appropriate to every surface and object, *and to the general character of the picture*, which is as essential as to the parts.

In a former number of *Maga* I was delighted that due praise had been bestowed on the very original genius of a native artist, the Father of wood-engraving in England, the poetical, moral Bewick,—the English *Aesop* of wood-engravers. There is always a pleasure in recording merit—more especially if it has been overlooked; and besides the pleasure of rescuing such men as Vivares, and his co-workers, from oblivion, I am sure that in directing public attention to their beautiful etching—for in their etching lies their great excellence—I am inviting attention to that which

will afford great delight, and give a taste and relish for the arts, not duly felt, where such works are not yet admired. Indeed, the very recommendation of the art of etching, enforced thereby, is well worthy the attention of sketchers, candidates for my brotherhood, who will learn by the observation of the works I have praised, and by the practice of the same art, to see the distinct beauties of all the forms in nature, and to ascertain their characteristic execution. Etching is perhaps the best practice in drawing, is a sure corrective of the slovenly hand; for every thing must be designed, where there can be no happy accident, no splash of the brush to hide defects.

As to a sketcher, it is most material to be well acquainted with the principle of composition. I shall venture to return to my favourite Gaspar to exemplify the magic power of lines, for which, as well as for many other excellences—some of which I may occasionally touch upon at another time—he cannot be too much studied. Once, a pedestrian tourist in Italy, and making excursions from a convent, near Vico Varo, I chanced to follow a path which led me among the mountains; on a sudden, I came upon a scene, that I instantly recognised to be the subject of one of Gaspar Poussin's pictures, one in my own possession. I had copied the picture; every passage in it was therefore familiar to me. I knew it instantly, by a large building on a hill, behind which was probably a small town; but only this one range of building was visible from the point where I stood. In this building, which was large, there was scarcely any alteration; the general run of the lines of the country he had preserved: his additions were however important, and all tending to perfect the composition;—*the principle* was manifest. Let me describe shortly the picture as it is. It is, as most of his pictures are, a scene among the mountains. On a hill which breaks into the sky is the building, rather large, as commanding its district; it is situated a little to the left of the centre. The ground falls on both sides of it more gently towards the left edge of the picture, and is there seen through the open space left by the foliage of a tree

that rises to the top of the canvass; but the fall from the building to the centre is more precipitous, and dips into a woody dingle or pass, whence the ground rises again on the other side of the picture, where it becomes more broken, and is much covered with small wood, the rocks rising from it, and interspersed among the foliage, and somewhat near the right extremity of the canvass, is elevated into a rocky summit, of a bold character, which falls again towards the edge of the picture, so that you are not to imagine any higher ground. There are then two summits, the last mentioned the highest, and that on which the building is placed; they face, and appear to hold communication with each other. Between them is the dell, or small pass, filled up with trees, not distinguishable by their stems, but by their masses of foliage; and you can just distinguish a path among them. This connects the two parts. In the centre, above the dip connecting the two hills, is placed a more distant mountain, occupying just so much space as would fill up the interval, if the lines were to be continued; and again, under this dip, a bank gently rises, on which is a small sitting figure, and by him a few scarcely marked sheep, or goats; on this bank, to the right, are larger trees, and are the foreground, that throw off into proper distance the wood of the rocky hill behind them. The lines of these trees incline down again among broken ground, so as to be under the mass of rock. Below this ground is a road, and two figures near the right side, and walking out of the picture, one rather looking back; they are conversing; they are graceful figures. Connected with this road, at the bottom of the picture, is a mass of mere herbage, part of the foreground, from which grows the great tree on the other side of the picture.

Now, what were the alterations made by Gaspar? I must have stood nearly on the very spot where he made his sketch; the building proved this to me. He had, in the first place, somewhat altered the round and smooth character of the hills; he made that rocky and broken which, when I saw it, was a smooth green down. The wood was his own; I presume there never had been any

there,—certainly none growing among rocks, for rocks there were none, and they are not easily removed; and the bold rocky elevation was an entire addition, for there the hill in nature was smooth and rounded. The distant hill likewise, filling up the space between the two points, was his own. Between the building and the rocky elevation was a gradual dip, as I have described it; between this, above, he had put in his masses of cloud. The whole composition is extremely simple, and the scene very beautiful, as if quite upon the skirts of fairy-land; and the figures looked as if they had made frequent excursions into it, and perhaps were then bent on a special embassy to the "good people." The colouring is very simple, just what it ought to be to suit such a subject,—not too rich, but fresh, and in ever-changing variety and interchange of dark cool greens, and browns of the rocky soil, blending with the yellower tints of the more open unwooded broken ground. The cast of the colour is soft, yet refreshing; but looking at it at a little distance, you would say it had no effect. It had nothing striking; it was not painted for an exhibition room, where children of maturer growth and age go to unlearn their natural taste, and be amused with glare, as the minor children are amused when they look into their cut glass plaything, and shake, with new wonder, the shifting bits of many-coloured tin and sand. The picture has little of what is called effect; if it had, the placid charm of the whole scene would have been broken. Peace would have fled from the bold intrusion. The shelter would have been insecure. Here is a retreat with unrestrained ease; you could wander all over it, and rest with satisfaction recumbent in any part; you are not confined or shut in, for you see distant mountains which all belong to your domain, are all in the title-deeds of the fairy gift, and you have range enough. That building, to which a path will lead you, not too conspicuous, but a home-path, such as might have been trodden by yourself and a few friends, (for the good people, if they visit you, come lightly, and wear not the downiest herbage with their delicate

feet,) is, you well know, your enchanted castle, where all things may be had for wishing for them; and there your own sweet Amanda, lovely with her flowing glossy locks, is looking from the balcony, watching and waiting your return from the working world, (where you have foolishly gone to be made sensible of the difference,) and holding in her gentle hand a most delicious sherbet, the pure extract of nepenthe, that grows plentifully in all the region. Nay, do not count the windows; on the other side, and facing the blue mountain, they may be many, and bright as Aladdin's, yet pay no tax for their number or dimensions. You know there must be sweet views, all of a character with this, over the brow of each hill; and, peradventure, when you have drank your draught, you will invite your Amanda to wander down into the dells over the hill. The whole terrene is guarded by a "genius loci;" the air all about it is balmy and enchanted.

Most of Gaspar Poussin's pictures have water; here is none. But you doubt not that there is plenty on the other side of the height, falling over rocks down to the bottom, and there lying for a while in placid pools with trees reflected in them. You know it must be so, because it was the territory to which Gaspar had free access, and where he made all his sketches, and must contain within its range all the enchanting beauties he faithfully transferred to the canvass. Now, gentle sketcher, do not be offended, but I doubt if you would have stood two seconds at the spot, unless you be gifted with such creative pencil as his, that, like the harlequin wand, can transpose and convert at pleasure. There was little to attract but the building. You can imagine Gaspar with his creative eye, half-shut to reject from his vision all that was disagreeable in this scene from nature, and with his mind's eye on the alert, doing the whole thing in a few seconds. His tree in the corner he was sure of; he had hundreds of studies of the most graceful at home, knew every turn of their growth and nature, was familiar with all earth's best foliage, and knew the tales the balmy airs breathed and whispered among them; and they

are all told in his enchanting landscapes. Happy are you if you can but read the language in which he has put them down! It is worth your learning.

Now, gentle sketcher, when you take your portfolio among the mountains, into the woods and wilds, you must learn so to half-shut your eyes, like Gaspar, that you may have the power to reject; then set your imagination free, cut the strings of tight-laced formality, and walk elastic as if you had just taken a salad of nepenthe.

What did Mr Price (late Sir Ure-dale Price) mean by his assertion, that the buildings of Gaspar Poussin are not picturesque, but that the character of his landscape is so? Now, this remark of his, in conjunction with a few other remarks interspersed in his works, leads me to conclude that I do not understand his *picturesque*, or that he contradicts himself. Perhaps the term is of no definite meaning. "*Is it not a little remarkable,*" says he, "*that of the two most celebrated of mere landscape-painters, Gaspar and Claude, the one who painted wild, broken, picturesque nature, should hardly have any of those buildings which are allowed to be picturesque, and that the other, whose attention to all that is soft, engaging, and beautiful is almost proverbial, should comparatively have but few pictures without them?*" And how does he account for it? Why, thus: "that it was Gaspar's love for the picturesque in natural objects, that made him select the unpicturesque in his buildings as a contrast. Not a bit of it—his buildings are as much broken by their projections and additions, and various parts, as his rocks, from which they appear to have grown naturally, to have been thrown up by some magic command when the mass of the earth was all pulp, and as if all had been baked together. Ruins would not, as I stated in my last paper, have suited the sentiment of his pictures."

But this remark of Mr Price's is vexatious. It throws me out in my conjectures upon the meaning of his picturesque. What then are Gaspar's, what the common Italian buildings? In architectural rules, they are of too humble pretensions, and apparently too much without design, to

be, *secundum artem*, allowed to be beautiful, as objects *per se*. What, then, are they? "*Observe*," says he, "his elegant, but unbroken and unornamented buildings." Then, besides the sublime, and beautiful, and the picturesque, there is the elegant—or is the elegant a kind of beauty, or one quality of it? So may be the picturesque, and, in fact, therefore not something distinct. I am, I confess, thrown out. If he would call the picturesque whatever is not beautiful nor sublime, yet paintable, (pardon the horrid word,) well; but it does not define, amid a great variety, any particular character. Then, again, the something that painters delight in means nothing, for they delight in multifarious things. We are sadly inventive in theories for lack of mere names. There are, in nature and in art, besides the sublime and beautiful, ten thousand gradations and shades of forms and sentiments, that all, in the imperfection of our nomenclature, want names; who even can name the tints he makes upon his palette out of three colours? If picturesque belongs to all these exceptions, they must surely include Gaspar's buildings; if not, and picturesque includes in that one term the pigsties, the dunghills, and the human brutes of Ostade, and Claude's temples, it is a mere *ignis fatuus* that will lead the sketcher into quagmires. There are no worse, no more unsatisfactory disputes, than about words. Let the sketchers avoid them; the caution may not be amiss, for I have observed that they are a discussing disputatious race; each is a gourmand in his own way, and is ever open-mouthed in the praise of his own favourite "bits." Price on the Picturesque should nevertheless be read. He is very entertaining, deals handsomely in keen useful satire, and sets off his good sense by an easy unaffected style. But I cannot help thinking the ingenious old gentleman has taken the pains to draw up poor naked truth out of her well to throw her into a river. I must positively see Foxley, the favoured spot where he brought his theories to practice. I have a great desire to visit it in company with Ignoramus, that these matters might be better cleared up, and that I might digest instruction, which I might deal

out again to the rising generation of sketchers. The worthy baronet was once so kind as to give me an invitation, though not personally known to him; for, in a correspondence with him on his, I believe yet unpublished, work on "*Accent and Quantity*," I contrived to hook in some remarks on Art. I laid before him this discovery of mine of Gaspar Poussin's principle of composition, with the truth of which he was satisfied. I was very near Foxley, when some unforeseen circumstance unexpectedly called me away. I think it necessary to say I have not seen this place, because I suspect there must be much in the grounds to call forth the admiration of the sketcher; and it must be particularly worth while to see a place where the picturesque is professedly exemplified, and that, too, according to the models of the old masters in painting. I regret much never having seen Foxley with him; he was an enthusiast, a shrewd sensible writer, and must have talked as he wrote. The personification of his own picturesque, his occasional pugnacity, is delightful, for it shews his whole heart and soul was in the matter. But I hope to see it with Ignoramus. I may then before-hand, and off-hand, suggest, that without reference to roughness, which is but an accidental quality to picturesqueness, is the appropriateness of all parts of a picture to each other and to the whole; if the objects be rough, that they shall be generally so; if smooth, generally smooth; *occasionally* admitting, as in music, slight discords. With this view every thing is paintable, or picturesque, if the painter will but recollect that all shall be appropriate, or suitable, rough to rough, smooth to smooth, gentle to gentle, turbulent to turbulent—in short, congruity. There is congruity in Gaspar, in Claude, in Salvator, in Berghem, in Cuyt, in Wilson, in Gainsborough, yet there is scarce a part in any picture of any of these that you could transfer to the picture of another; though all the objects and style of touching them are right in their own places, and have their own peculiar beauty from this appropriateness; transferred, they would be incongruous patches. Take for instance a picture by Ruysdael, and one of Gaspar Poussin;

transfer to the latter the angular foliage of the former, amid the easy, bending, graceful foliage of the latter, and *vice versa*; you will be vexed at the incongruous confusion. What is the beauty of Gainsborough's donkeys and gipsies, (they were great favourites with Mr Price,) but in their being seen just where you would expect to find them? The scene has no aim beyond such associates, (and it is not a very high aim.) But send your Gaspar to Varnishando to have *his* figures cleaned out, and paint in with your own hand—or, if you please, get Landseer to do the thing, if he would not fear the profanation—these gipsies and donkeys, you would very shortly yourself request to be “written down an ass.” In all the various subjects within the reach and aim of art, from the sublime to the low, there are certain principles of composition of lines, and of light, and shade, and colour, all under modifications according to the sentiment to be expressed, common to all, and it is this common law that makes them all the property of one art. Mr Price lets loose sleek coach-horses into a rough field, and preferring in such a scene the rough donkeys, concludes, wrongly, that the horses, though much the finer animals, are not picturesque. They are not picturesque *there*, because they are not appropriate to all about them. These sleek, highly groomed, beautiful animals, are out of their places; the background for them should be the stall, or some such other as may belong to them; with appropriate backgrounds they would make pictures. And are not Wouverman's sleek animals, and ladies hawking, as picturesque as Gainsborough's gipsies and donkeys? You would not put Watteau's court-like figures amid Gainsborough's scenes? Transfer the donkeys to the bower, and the coquettes to the thickets, and you would deserve to wear Bottom's head for ever; for, like him, you would have “dreamed a dream that hath no bottom.”

The fact is, more exact imitation is pleasing; the transferring objects, subject to continual change, from their places in nature to a perpetuity on canvass, the fixing of something transient, is sure to delight the eye and mind, that ever regret that all

things are fleeting. Whatever is faithfully represented, and has no accompanying dissonant objects, will be sure to be picturesque, if picturesque be what is paintable; and thus the painter, subjecting all to the common laws of the art, will work upon our natural love of imitation, and excite in us pleasure, by the representation of objects in themselves ugly, sometimes even disgustingly so. But, in these cases, we more admire the art, the beauty of tone, of colour, and light, and shade, that give a sentiment to the whole picture, sometimes foreign to, or not necessarily arising out of, the objects represented; and in these cases the apparent subject is subordinate to one, that is to be felt. The painter, working with light, and shade, and colour, has the power to heighten, or to obscure, to enrich, or to subdue. And under this power many emotions may be excited, that shall have reference to the objects represented. Oftentimes these objects are not the first things that strike the mind; we are pleased, independently of them; and, when we see them there, transfer to them the pleasurable sensations that really arise without them. When the sentiment arises from tone and colour, a very high subject, and extreme beauty of composition, one in its own nature so powerful as to force and fix the mind to it, would detract from the effect intended by the painter. This is exemplified by Rembrandt; the most faithful representation of really beautiful objects would dissolve, by their commanding presence, the mystery and magic that pervades his chiaroscuro. By the impression effected by the tone and colour, you are put quite out of the expectation of elegance or beauty; you would as soon think of finding the Venus or Antinous in an Egyptian catacomb. You would wonder how the laughter-loving goddess came there, and in the warmth of imagination, if of a chivalric spirit, might fancy you were breaking a spear with the enchanter who placed her there, and find that you had only poked a hole through the panel with your umbrella. The superstition, the mystery of Rembrandt, is the *great subject*; the objects must be under its influence, not above it; they must have no power of their own, but be-

come awful for that which is about them, and in them, for they breathe an atmosphere of preternatural power. There is a magic circle that separates the spectator from all that is within it; he would not, nor can he, pass it, nor can he avert his eye from the mystical fascination. This great painter took care that there should be nothing superior to this cheer of tone and colour. As long as all is congruous, and no one thing is present to destroy the delusion, we might say all is picturesque. On that view of the term, opposite are equally the picturesque, rough or smooth, for it depends on congruity. Let us see two pictures of a contrary character; perhaps we may term them both picturesque.

Here is a little Ruysdael of the simplest subject—a scene on a dead flat. In the centre stands a common cotter's house, with a few home orchard-like trees about it; the ground is suitable to it, uneven and undressed, on which are a few sheep and a figure standing by them; there are one or two paths leading to and about the house, and in one sloping down to the foreground is a figure, probably the inhabitant of that house or of a neighbouring one, (for, by the gable-end of another, you see that man has not fixed his dwelling on this uninviting spot in solitude.) There is a neighbourhood of human society. The figure is bearing a basket, and is accompanied by a dog, that appears hastening onwards as to a well-known home. These figures are beautifully painted by Adrian VanderVelde. The sky is rather lowering, and evening is fast coming on; the landscape is consequently of a low tone. The sentiment intended is domestic. Evening fall, the returning rustic, the companion dog, the house with the thin smoke rising from it, the clustering masses of the foliage, as if all within them were thinking of retiring, the leaves of curling into repose, and the birds in their nests, convey the mind's eye to that which is not depicted on the panel—the blessed home, the shelter within which are kindling warm all the dear charities of life. You see the good wife, notable, busy; and the children night-capped, half peeping from their beds—the comfort and the joy of home; and even the very

sheep, you may observe, have their lambs by their sides. You must feel humane and thankful to Providence that has thrown his blessings even on the dreary moor, and has enclosed these within the charmed circle of endearment,—the cotter's home. The homely objects, the tone and colour, all correspond with this one sentiment; and *they*, all the objects, become picturesque.

Now here is another picture, by a master of the same school, even born within a year of the other. In this, too, the figures are put in by the same Adrian VanderVelde. How very different is the character, and how contrasted the objects! The painter is Vander Heyden. The scene is a garden, a highly dressed garden, adorned with much architectural embellishment, fit walk for queenly beauty; consequently there is much dressed formality about it; the lines are straight, the walks smooth and tempting to the silken foot. Here are parterres and balustrades around the garden, interrupted in their length only by steps that lead down perhaps to another similar garden, in which fountains may be playing. There are two figures in scarlet, and courtly dresses, leaning over the balustrades, whose talk may be of Troubadours, and ladies' love. From under a beautiful arch is walking the Queen of the Garden, in stately dignity, appropriately dressed, with a train of attendants. Some favourite dogs are sporting in the sunshine that streams through the archway. If there be any thing that might be objected to, I should say the trees are rather too much the trees of a common garden, want more gracefulness of form, and better execution; but they are not so deficient in this respect as positively to offend, but enough so to shew that they might have been in more perfect congruity. In this picture the sentiment is of court refinement, of dignified grace and delicacy, of dreams of ladies' love and romantic adventure. It is a scene where the sun acts but the part of Gold Stick, or G and Chamberlain, and throws his gilding beams to illuminate the smoothed carpet of verdure, or terrace walk, ere the foot of the royal beauty reach it, and partially withdraws them to form sweet shade for her

refreshment. Are not all the particulars in this, as in the other piece, picturesque? Or if you could exchange the stately architecture for the cotter's hut, would the hut be a picturesque object still, but misplaced?

Both these pictures, so unlike each other, have, however, this excellence in common, that they convey some sentiment. Too often pictures are mere imitation without any, and then they afford but little pleasure to a cultivated taste. Some of Gainsborough's pictures have this defect. One small one is in my recollection, rescued from the fault by the introduction of some figures reclining on a sunny bank, near a village; and you know the repose is gentle and sweet, the moment you are aware of the presence of a country maiden under a tree in the shade, the sun partially only illuminating the neck, and head somewhat bent downwards in sweet modesty. But the mere donkies and gipsies, however they may please from their position, as an imitation, and by the truth of the accompanying scenery, are but fit companions for each other, and the sooner the eye leaves them to themselves the better.

What can be more annoyingly vulgar than Moreland's pictures of this kind?—where there is not an atom of sentiment—where all that is not mud and dulness is disgusting—where the execution does not by its truth make up for its slovenliness, and consequently there is no delu-

sion—where a misplaced flickering freedom of brush scatters about the liquid clay indiscriminately over trees and ground—where the colours are all crude and unmeaning—where the figures are of the basest low vulgarity, the man a wretch, the woman a fool and a slattern, and the brute more endeared and endearing than the human pigs. You would swear the man at first sight had been committed as a thief and a vagrant, and whipped: he is a low villain, beats his wife, and kicks his children, and you have pity for neither. Such things are detestable. But they have been called picturesque; and pigs, under the privilege of that word, have been admitted into drawing-rooms and boudoirs. They have been, however, at length turned out, and the rooms purified. The devils that had got into the collectors and connoisseurs, have at length entered into the swine, and hurried them down in precipitous flight; and it is to be hoped they will never return; would that many a Dutch *boor* had followed them! Your pig pictures are eye-sores, give one a *stye* in the eye, that mars the vision, and renders it unfit for the perception of beauty—and so ends my criticism on them. Spring is coming; I shall then be the practical sketcher, and let who will go with me to the brooks and hills;—but perhaps I may yet send to Maga one or two more Preliminary Essays.

April 3, 1833.

THE PARENT OAK.

THE Oak of Old England for ages had stood,
The Parent and Pride of the far-spreading wood,
And it waved in its glory o'er corn field and glade,
And our forefathers happy sat under the shade.

O! the old Parent Oak was a Monarch to see,
The hand of good Alfred it planted the tree,
And the best and the bravest, the warrior and sage,
Were the Priests of its glory in youth and in age.

And once, when the storm of wild anarchy spread,
And the blood of a king and the loyal was shed,
In its sheltering branches a Monarch it bore,
And our fathers they hallow'd and loved it the more.

O the old Parent Oak! from its branches it flung
Its acorns around, whence a progeny sprung,
That took root in the soil Heaven bless'd with its dew,
And forests of freedom in vigour upgrew.

And they bore on the ocean full bravely their might,
And their stout hearts of oak braved the storm and the fight,
And the halls of Old England's dominion uprear'd,
Where Liberty spoke, and where Law was revered.

In arches of triumph the branches were spread,
Where Religion might hallow the living and dead—
And the blessing-taught people long cherished with awe,
The structures of peace, and of learning, and law.

O! the old Parent Oak, as the forests upgrew,
Was fresh in its age, and rejoiced in the view;
And lifted its head, in its power and its pride,
And shook the wild storms from its branches aside.

O! who would have thought that a change would come o'er
The heart of a people, to reverence no more
The Oak of Old England,—to deem themselves wise,
When all that their fathers most lov'd they despise!

Once more the mad tempest of anarchy pour'd
Its wrath o'er the earth, as in thunders it roar'd;
And the demons of hell were let loose in the storm,
And howl'd out their watchword of mischief, "Reform."

The hurricane bellow'd, the lightnings shot round,
And far forests blazed, or lay low on the ground:
And the storm demons yell'd in their fury, and pass'd,
But the Oak of Old England stood firm in the blast.

Then rebels and regicides stood round the tree,
And its proud top unscathed they rejoiced not to see,
And they niggardly envied the cost and the care,
To preserve it uninjured—and hoped it was bare.

And they swore though the red lightning's bolt spared to kill
 The old noble limbs that were flourishing still—
 That the Tree of Old England no longer should shoot,
 And cried in their madness, "The axe to the root!"

"The axe to the root!" in their fury they cried;
 And who should have guarded the precincts, replied,
 "The axe to the root!" and obey'd the command,
 And struck the first blow with his parricide hand.

O wide was the wound, for Ingratitude's stroke
 Aim'd deep to the heart, at the true heart of Oak;
 And the trunk and the branches shrunk back with a moan,
 And the Monarch of England then shook on his throne.

Then the Rebels their voices threw up to the sky,
 And the Grey-beard Arch Traitor his cordage threw high,
 And the limbs of the Tree that were proudest he bound,
 And called on the Unions to pull to the ground.

And though round them the stout cords were craftily flung,
 And the traitors pull'd hard, still the limbs closer clung
 To the old Parent trunk, still they clung with their might,
 Though bruised by the force, and stript bare to the sight.

'Then loud was the blasphemy, insult, and mirth,
 "Cut it down to the ground, for it cumbereth the earth!"
 Cut it down, though all England should shake with the shock,
 And the blood of a King shall soon water its block!"

Has the fury of demons "the people" possess'd?
 Are there none may the hands of the traitors arrest?
 Yes—stout hearts and brave, shall still stand round the tree,
 To the Bard of France that have bow'd not the knee.

Though the axe has cut deep accurs'd treachery aim'd,
 And the trunk of the Monarch of forests be main'd,
 Its proud branches injured, and yet doom'd to fade,
 Let us trust that the hand of the spoiler is stay'd;

'That the old Oak of England is still sound at heart,
 That its honours, now fading, shall never depart;
 It may tempests defy, in new vigour arise,
 And burst in its glory once more to the skies;

'That the eye that o'erruleth the thunders may shed
 The sunshine of Peace on its still verdant head,
 And if victims must fall—that the Traitor lie low,
 'Neath the trunk of the tree where he struck the first blow.

THE LIFE OF A DEMOCRAT—A SKETCH OF HORNE TOOKE.

THE man who told the Legislature that History was but an old almanack, laid himself deeply under the suspicion of speaking in the spirit of a political trader who had trafficked in every market, tried every party, gained something by every change, and to whom the only chance of public character for each year depended on the oblivion of the year that went before. But there are others who look upon History with more honour, perhaps, because with less fear, who, with the ancient sage, regard it as the light of nations, the noblest form of experience, the most vigorous, pure, and wholesome teacher of those principles, without which most nations are made to be undone, and to merit being undone. It has another value, in its power of extracting good from evil. In the hand of History, public vice is capable of administering a moral as important as the highest virtue. The anatomy of the political profligate is of the first utility as a political warning; the scaffold on which the hypocrite and the traitor decay, becomes a school of morals; and by the light even from corruption, the honest and the pure are guided through the darkness and intricacies of the time.

We live in a fortunate period for this view of things. If patriotism does not abound, there is at least no deficiency of pretence; hypocrisy and faction flourish with a luxuriance that forbids all fear of our wanton subjects for the most contemptuous example. No period since the profligate days of Charles the Second was more fitted to supply that impulse which urges to public integrity by displaying the extreme of public guilt; that Spartan wisdom, which teaches us to abhor excess, by shewing the living evidence of its disgrace and deformity.

The birth of Democracy in England, dates as far back as the middle of the reign of George the Third. Wilkes headed the first insurrection of the evil principle. He was the true model of a democratic leader: in fortune a bankrupt; in private life eminently licentious,—in public, ut-

terly unprincipled. He had but one quality for party, an unbridled determination to go as far as he could, even to the verge of the scaffold. He insulted the King, he scoffed at the laws, he trampled on the legislature. His prize was the most boundless popularity. His partisans acknowledged that he was stained with every personal vice, but he was only the more endeared to party. The men who would not have trusted him on his oath, or confided a shilling to his keeping, linked themselves to his chariot wheels, and huzzaded him into power. In the midst of personal degradation, he stood at the height of an infamous popularity. Atheist, seducer, libeller, and outlaw, Wilkes was the idol of the rabble.

The man of whose life we now give a sketch, was altogether an inferior personage, of more obscure station, means, and talents, of feeble public impression, of more tardy popular effect, but inflamed by the same passion for popularity, and toiling for its possession with the evenness of perseverance of an industry not to be baffled, and the furious violence of an appetite not to be gorged. Wilkes created the democracy; but it is from the time of John Horne Tooke that we date the peculiar shape and spirit of democracy in our day, the inveterate malignity, cruel sneer, and atrocious scorn, that make the power of the populace but another name for the ruin of all above it in intelligence, industry, and virtue; all change but an anticipation of overthrow; all popular privilege but the direct step to sweeping and bloody revolution.

John Horne Tooke was born in 1736, the son of a poulterer in Newport Market, in Westminster. Humble as was this origin, it did not prevent his being sent to Westminster School, from that to Eton, at neither of which he obtained any distinction, further than that of being contemporary at the latter with Lord North, and a succession of men afterwards known in public life. An accident at this period had nearly deprived the

world of his labours. A boy with whom he was at play, accidentally struck the point of a knife into his eye, and deprived it of sight. The defect was not visible in after life, but the sight was never restored. At this period, though his scholarship was reluctant, he occasionally discovered some of the ready shrewdness which characterised his conversation in manhood. At Eton, the seat of aristocracy, when a circle of the boys, boasting of their own origin, proceeded to question Horne on his parentage, he silenced them at once by saying that his father was "an eminent *Turkey* merchant;" an answer which, in the existing state of the Levant trade, implied peculiar opulence. At a village school in Kent, he had played truant and returned home, to the great displeasure of his father. On being angrily asked the cause of this act of disobedience, he said that "his master was utterly unfit to instruct *him*, for though perhaps he might know what a verb or a noun was, he understood nothing about a preposition or conjunction; and so finding him an ignorant fellow, he had thought it best to leave him."

At nineteen, he was sent to St John's, Cambridge; his name was among the Triposes in 1758, among others with Beadon, afterwards Master of Jesus College, and Bishop of Bath and Wells. Soon after this period, Horne, either pressed by circumstances, or led by caprice, became usher in a school kept by one Jennings at Blackheath. But this life he found too irksome, and at the request of his father, who seems to have been an honest and decent man, he took deacon's orders, and served a curacy in Kent, where he got the ague. He now gave up the curacy, and began to think of another profession more suited to his restless and ambitious mind. He entered his name at the Inner Temple in 1756, and there became acquainted with Dunning and Kenyon, two men who had a considerable influence on his future career. The three fellow-students associated much together, and Horne might be presumed to have the advantage of his companions, from his having been educated at the two principal schools of England, and being a graduate of one

of her proudest colleges, while Dunning and Kenyon were the pupils of nameless provincial schools, and were never at college; yet Dunning rose to the first rank as counsel, and to the Peerage, and Kenyon died Chief Justice of the King's Bench. At the time of their intimacy with Horne, the three were ludicrously poor. They dined often, during the vacation, at a little eating-house near Chancery Lane, where, he afterwards used to tell, "Dunning and myself were generous, for we gave the girl who waited on us a penny a-piece. But Kenyon, who always knew the value of money, sometimes rewarded her with a halfpenny, and sometimes with a promise."

But he was not destined to make the experiment of this precarious, though tempting profession. His father was unluckily determined to see him a churchman. In 1760 he took priest's orders, and soon after was inducted into the living of New Brentford, purchased by his father. Its value, between two and three hundred pounds a-year, was a sufficient income at the time, and this income he enjoyed for eleven years. During one or two of the earlier years of this period, he travelled as tutor with a son of Elwes, the well-known miser. His conduct in his living was not indecorous. He probably had no great liking for the simple duties of a station so opposed to his eager, jealous, and restless temper; but the world was quiet, public affairs seemed beyond his reach, and he had not yet acquired the foolish and culpable habit of volunteering on all occasions of public disturbance. It has been a subsequent matter of wonder, that he was during this period avowedly hostile to the system and pretensions of Popery, and not less to the dissenters. But the true solution is, that the topics were then profitless, that the laurels of popularity were to be gathered in other fields, and that his time for publicity had not yet arrived. He had even narrowly escaped being appointed a King's chaplain.

The beginning of the reign of George the Third affords an admirable lesson of the true spirit of faction. If a patriot ever sat upon the throne of England, that patriot was

George the Third. Handsome, honourable, virtuous, unwearied in business, zealous for his country, and signaling his first steps to power by boons to the liberty of the nation, he seemed made for popularity; it might appear impossible for political virulence to have assailed the King. No public distress gave it an excuse; the kingdom had never known such a continuance of prosperity. No infliction of Heaven had subdued her harvests, no luckless war had embittered the spirit of her people. Yet faction burst out with a fury which might almost prefigure the violence of the desperate days of France. In the midst of perpetual additions to the strength of the Constitution, the cry was suddenly raised that the Constitution was on the point of ruin. With opulence pouring on the country, from every quarter of the globe, the cry was, that the Empire was on the brink of bankruptcy. What was the source of all this frenzy? Lord Bute was Minister, and Wilkes was his enemy. The libeller began his war, and was checked. The check was sufficient to canonize him with the ragged patriotism of the suburbs. The roar was raised round Lord Bute, and from Lord Bute it reached the throne.

It was in this tempestuous atmosphere that Horne Tooke first plumed his political wing. The "injuries" of Wilkes, and the "tyranny" of Bute, were his theme. His first contribution in the cause was a song on the release of the demagogue from his well-deserved confinement in the Tower. His next effort was a pamphlet, of such overcharged virulence, that for a long time he could not find a publisher, even among the tools of faction, daring enough to print it. It at length appeared, but under a condition, that if it were prosecuted, the author should come forward. The author desired little more. It was evident that the bastard popularity of Wilkes made him unhappy, roused his rivalry, and determined him to try whether by adopting his audacity he might not be heir to his fame. This pamphlet was a piece of vulgar ribaldry on Lords Bute and Mansfield: it was entitled "The Petition of an Englishman; with which are given a copperplate of the *Croix de St. Pillory*, and a true and accurate plan of some part of Kew Gardens." The

pamphlet is addressed "to the right honourable, truly noble, and truly Scottish, Lords Mortimer and Jefferies." Nothing can be more trifling and contemptible in point of authorship than this performance, but its insolence may be supposed to have made up for its meagre mediocrity. The two Lords are supposed to have established a new Order in the kingdom, an order of knighthood, of the pillory. "The boon I beg of you," says the scribbler, "is to be admitted a knight companion of this honourable order; and that you would in consequence of this my request, speedily issue forth a particular warrant for me to be invested with this noble *Croix de pillory*. Some such institution as the above mentioned has long been wanting in this kingdom.

"And since by you, my Lords, the English name is now melted down to Britain, and liberty, wrested from our hands, is, with great propriety, trusted to the keeping of Scotch justices and court boroughs, leave us not naked of every honourable distinction; give us this badge in lieu of what you have taken from us, that we may afford a striking proof to some future Montesquieu, how true it is, that the spirit of liberty may survive the constitution; and that, though it is possible for an infamous royal favourite, by corruption of, and with the assistance of, an iniquitous prerogative judge, to harass and drive insulted liberty from our arms; yet still she finds a refuge from which she never can be expelled—a freeman's heart."

We shall close this verbiage with his character of Wilkes, which even the notorious habits of the man did not prevent him from publishing. "It is not sufficient that he pay an *inviolable regard* to the laws; that he be a man of the *strictest and most unimpeached honour*; that he be endowed with superior abilities and qualifications; that he be blessed with a *benevolent, generous, noble, free* soul; that he be *inflexible, incorruptible, and brave*; that he prefers infinitely the public *welfare* to his own *interest*, peace, and safety; that his life be ever in his hand, ready to be paid down cheerfully for the liberty of his country; and that he be dauntless and unwearied in her service—all this avails him nothing." Yet

those outrages on truth and public knowledge went down with faction as fact, and Wilkes was a martyr. One brief passage, which was truth, must be given. It shews what sacrifices will be made to the insane avarice of popular agitation. "Even I, my countrymen, who now address myself to you,—I, who am at present blessed with peace, with happiness, and independence, a fair character and an easy fortune, am at this moment forfeiting them all."

For this scandalous performance, in which he was palpably angling for prosecution, he was not punished. It may have been thought too contemptible to attract the resentment of Ministers. And the accident of his undertaking the care of the son of a Mr Taylor in his neighbourhood, on a tour of Italy, for a time withdrew him from his pursuit of fine and pillory. But the first step which he took on his arrival in France, shewed how completely he was already disqualified for his sacred profession. He threw off his black coat, figured in the most gaudy habiliments of that gaudy time and country, and was a coxcomb even in the land of coxcombs. The list of his wardrobe, which he consigned to the care of Wilkes at Paris, on his return to England in the following year, is a satisfactory display of the giddy and indecorous vanity of the man. "DEAR SIR,—According to your permission, I leave with you

- 1 Suit of scarlet and gold cloth !
- 1 Suit of white and silver cloth !
- 1 Suit of blue and silver camblet !
- 1 Suit of flowered silk !
- 1 Suit of black silk.
- 1 Black velvet surtout.

If you have any fellow-feeling, you cannot but be kind to them, since they too, as well as yourself, are outlawed in England; and on the same account, their superior worth. I am, my dear sir, your very affectionate humble servant, JOHN HORNE."

He had sought an intercourse with Wilkes, immediately on his arrival in Paris; and through a letter from one Cotes, who is characteristically described as a "politician and wine-merchant, who had recently become a bankrupt, by his steadily supporting the cause of patriotism,"—"patriotism" having always a prodigious propensity to cheat its creditors,—he

was received with peculiar favour. Wilkes promised to correspond with him,—an honour which Horne appreciated so highly, that he commenced the correspondence by this general and most extraordinary disburthening of his soul.

"To JOHN WILKES, Esq. Paris.

"Montpelier, Jan. 3, 1766.

"Dear Sir,—I well recollect our mutual engagement at parting, and most willingly proceed to fulfil my part of the engagement.

"You are now entering into a correspondence with a parson, and I am greatly apprehensive lest that title should disgust; but give me leave to assure you, I am not *ordained* a hypocrite. It is true, I have suffered the *infectious* hand of a bishop to be waved over me, *whose imposition*, like the sop given to Judas, is only a *signal for the devil to enter*!

"I allow that, usually at that touch, fugiant pudor, verumque, fidesque; in quorum subeunt locum fraudes, dolique, insidiaeque, &c. &c.; but I hope I have escaped the contagion; and if I have not, if you should at any time discover the *black spot* under the tongue, pray, kindly assist me to conquer the prejudices of education and profession."

With these sentiments, it cannot be doubted that he was completely equipped for a popular career.

But the *dénouement* of this profligate confidence was incomparably in keeping. Horne, in the pride of knowledge, had shewn in a paragraph of the letter, that he was acquainted with Wilkes's attempt to obtain the Turkish embassy, and also the negotiation with the Rockingham Ministry, for a sum to be paid to him by its members, as hushmoney, or a bribe to keep him out of the country. Those intrigues were the secrets of Wilkes's soul, and he was equally surprised and indignant at their coming upon him in the shape of a commonplace correspondence with a rambling parson. In his wrath, he disdained to continue the correspondence; but in his craft, which never slept, he determined that the letter should be forthcoming against the writer. Horne, mortified at the neglect, on his return through Paris, took an opportunity of enquiring

"why his letter had been left unanswered." Wilkes made some jesting excuse. Horne, now first conscious that he had fallen into slippery hands, demanded his letter. Wilkes had his answer ready: "He had never received it." The treachery was palpable; but the glory even of having been tricked by the "Man of the People," was too important to the rising patriot, to be cast away for any personal insult, and the parties separated with the blandest cordiality. Horne had no sooner arrived in London, than he found his letter everywhere staring him in the face. Wilkes had shewn it to every body, with a direct menace, that if the writer made any disturbance on the subject, it should *appear in print*, and thus minister to his universal fame.

The next event was the Brentford Election, in which the outlaw offered a fresh insult to the laws and decencies of his country. The life of Wilkes still remains to be written. It ought to be the tribute of some man of talent and principle to the wisdom of his country. No work could be more effective as a moral lesson to the men who persist in believing that popular opinion has even the simplest faculty of deciding between vice and virtue, that the selfishness of party shrinks from the utmost baseness in its favourites, or that the mob ever look for any other qualities in its leaders than effrontery, daring defiance of every feeling that honest men revere, and the ruffian hardihood that is to be abashed by no sense of shame, no respect for law, and no homage for religion.

John Wilkes was born in London, the son of a distiller. His father seems to have been so strongly tinged with politics, that he dreaded the taint of slavery, which it was the fashion of the time to attribute to the English Universities. Wilkes was therefore sent to accomplish himself at Leyden, in the land of William and liberty; and his father's opulence enabled him subsequently to travel with some distinction on the continent, where he was on terms of intercourse with several of the English nobility. On his return he married a woman of fortune, settled at Aylesbury, became an active advocate for the Militia Bill, then a highly unpopular topic; and, after act-

ing for some time as a captain in the Buckinghamshire militia, was, by Lord Temple, lord-lieutenant of the county, appointed to the command of the corps. Wilkes commenced his political career in 1754 as candidate for Berwick, where he failed. His residence at Aylesbury, however, had given him weight there, and for this borough he sat in two successive Parliaments. But his restless and reckless spirit was not to be satisfied with the tardy progress of Parliamentary honours, as he soon became fully convinced that he had not powers for the Senate. He sought an easier channel to the abject distinctions that he loved, and became an echo of the popular outcry against the Ministry. Lord Chatham had just been forced to give way before the favouritism of Lord Bute. This was the popular version. Lord Chatham had been driven from power by his own imperiousness; by the utter difficulty of finding a Cabinet with whom he could act, for he would be despotic or nothing; and by the awakened indignation of the King, who must have surrendered to him all but the sceptre. England had long honoured him, for she had never seen a more successful Minister. In the early years of his government his name was triumph, but all his great qualities were already tarnished by the spirit of dictation. Prompt, sagacious, and bold, no man was ever more distinctly moulded for command. But his pride drew an impassable line between him and all public men. He could condescend to no associate. He tolerated no alliance. All authority must be concentrated in his person. He at length urged his claims to a height which would have made the King a citizen, the Cabinet a tool, and the government a dictatorship. He fell; and he revenged himself by assailing the Cabinet through the sides of the country, and labouring to make the King feel the loss of the Minister by his power of stimulating the popular hostility to the throne, and sanctioning the outrage of the Colonies against the Empire.

It is painful to be compelled thus to desecrate the tomb where the man of fame and genius lies. But it should be more painful to dis-

guise the truth. The more brilliant the name, the more important the example. The mighty mind of Chatham, humiliated and rendered useless for a great portion of his public career by a single fault, supplies a moral to all the future weakness of ambition. If a combination of qualities unrivalled in English political history, the highest eloquence, the most commanding foresight, the most vigorous and daring activity of mind, should have sunk into the clientship of a factious opposition, and the advocacy of an illegitimate revolt; if Chatham could stoop from wielding the destinies of England to the patronage of the mob; how sensitively should the inferior race of statesmen shrink from the crime, if they would escape the condemnation!

Wilkes, ineffective in Parliament, and characterless in society, made his attack from behind the press. There he fought under cover. The virulence of the charge was unchecked by personal fear, and its extravagance suffered no drawback from the detected habits of the accuser. In the North Briton, established in 1762, the King was the object of perpetual contempt; the Ministry, the Judges, every man of honour and eminence in the kingdom, were successively held up to the popular hatred. Wilkes at length became the object of private retribution, and brought two duels upon himself by his intolerable calumnies, with various personal insults by the injured; but his popularity received an accession from every fresh instance of either his crime or his punishment. He had been hitherto simply the partisan of the multitude, he was now the champion; what he had done was heightened by what he had suffered; and the brand of public justice was now the only instrument wanting to place him at the summit of patriot supremacy. This was not long wanting. No man had laboured with a more evident determination to bring down the wrath of the laws on his own head. The pursuit was hourly of too much importance to his fame, and even to his finances, to be now remitted. He rapidly succeeded in inviting at once a prosecution by the Attorney-general, a dismissal from his regiment, an ex-

pulsion from one Parliament, and an address to the King for his prosecution, from its successor; the whole closing with outlawry and exile.

But the attachment of the multitude, proverbially fickle in all that belongs to the true servant of the country, can exhibit the most memorable constancy, where its object is stigmatized by every offence that degrades the human character. Wilkes was found persevering, audacious, and violent. Such qualities saved him from being forgotten for a moment. On the dissolution of Parliament, he was summoned from France, where he had taken refuge from the laws, to be proposed as member for Middlesex. Horne now found himself, at last, in a position to snatch at least a fragment of that notoriety which had so long and so largely been monopolized by Wilkes. With all the consciousness that he had already been scorned and insulted, he applied himself to the service of the insulter with the most unbridled zeal, advanced or staked his credit for the expenses of the election, submitted to the more serious sacrifice of involving his cloth in electioneering transactions, and finally had the triumph, more disgraceful still, of bringing at least to the doors of Parliament, as member for the great metropolitan county, a man stigmatized by the grossest imputations.

But Wilkes enjoyed an unequivocal triumph alike in his success and in his defeat. He lived on public disturbance. In reviewing the events of those days, it has been conceived, that it would have been wiser to have despised this man, and suffered him to sink into oblivion, than to have lifted him into perpetual notice by public infliction. Yet it may also be conceived, that to overlook the offender, is to join with him in his offence; that the vigour of justice is strongly connected with the vindication of the laws; that men like Wilkes live in an element of public agitation; and that with nature, interest, and necessity for his stimulants, his cultivation of the arts of public evil would be exhausted but with his life.

The law now laid its grasp upon him. He was arrested by a warrant from Lord Mansfield. He was de-

clared by the House of Commons "unduly elected," and a new writ was issued, February 3, 1769. His partisans again returned him. The election was again immediately declared void. He was elected a third, and even a fourth time. Irritated by this obstinacy, the Government at length found a new candidate, Luttrell, (Lord Truham,) who undertook the hazardous task of resisting the popular frenzy. Through infinite personal obloquy, and some personal danger, Luttrell fought his way to the end of the poll, in which, however, he gained but 296 votes, while his antagonist had 1143. He was thrown out by the return of the Sheriffs, but received by the House; who resolved, April 14, "that the election of John Wilkes was void, and that the Honourable Henry Lawes Luttrell ought to have been returned, and now was duly elected a knight of the shire for the county of Middlesex." By this act of decision, Wilkes was excluded at last; but the populace were rendered more clamorous than ever. That the House of Commons should hesitate to receive, on the authority of the mob of Middlesex, an outlaw, a man whom that very House of Commons had addressed the King to punish as an offender against the common decencies of life, seemed, to the legislators of the streets, the most intolerable tyranny. But if the House could not be assailed, vengeance might fall upon its instruments. Luttrell instantly became an object of the most reckless popular fury. He was assailed in innumerable libels, attacked by actual force, and at length placed in circumstances so personally perilous, that the Government appointed him to the staff in Ireland, apparently for the single purpose of withdrawing him from the ferocity of his political enemies. This fury was carried so far, that Horne's interference to rescue him, in one instance, from what seemed inevitable murder, was long after regarded as a species of tergiversation, an insincerity of election principle, a treason to party, which it cost him many an inveterate speech and extravagant action to wipe away. But the new patriot had now gained his first point. He was from this moment in full occupation. Five succes-

sive elections gave a prolific promise of bitterness, legal, political, and personal, sufficient to establish the least industrious trader in publicity for life. Horne availed himself of his opportunity with the vigour of a mind, which felt, that on its exertion at this crisis, depended all its stock of future fame. A riot in St George's Fields, which required the interference of the military, and in which blood was shed, naturally offered itself as a matchless topic for the ambition of this indefatigable thirster after popular honours. On the trial of Gillam, the magistrate, who had given the order to fire, Horne laboured with more than party enthusiasm; public justice was too tame for his sense of wrong, the forms of law were too tardy for his sense of duty. He haunted members of Parliament for a pledge to bring the subject before the House; he hunted out witnesses; he ran from house to house in search of every document that could touch upon the question; he kept the press in continual play; he even exhibited himself in the personal service of a warrant on some of the presumed offenders. He failed in all points but the one for which all were attempted, notoriety. He was now publicly looked on as a kind of travelling counsel to every man who thought himself capable of being made an object of public commiseration, a walking depository of grievances; an advocate general for all the empty querulousness, extravagant irritations, and unmeasured antipathies of the multitude. The Duke of Bedford had become unpopular by his alliance with the Grafton Ministry. To wound him was deemed a meritorious object. A party was raised against his influence in the corporation of Bedford. This at least was no national quarrel; no menace of the overthrow of public rights; no overstretching of the privileges of Parliament. With this dispute, Horne could have no more cause of personal interference than with the politics of Abyssinia. Yet into this he plunged headlong, talked, wrote, and bustled, with the restlessness of a patriot struggling to avert the last hours of his country; and finally, by his labours, reaped the preeminent distinction of being elect-

ed, by seventeen votes to eleven, one of the burgesses of the town of Bedford!

A still more singular evidence of this gratuitous love of being always before the public eye, was shortly to be given, in the attack on the Right Hon. George Onslow. This gentleman, who, when in opposition, had taken on him the common burden of party, and supported Wilkes, was now an official under the Grafton Ministry. Any defection from the supporters of the "Great Patriot," was an irredeemable offence to the title; and Horne took the first opportunity of a public meeting of the freeholders of Surrey, for which county Mr Onslow was one of the members, to attack him in the most direct terms, "as a man incapable of keeping his word." But this attack, which had at least the virtue of openness, was followed by an anonymous accusation, which, if it could have been sustained, must extinguish the adversary as a public person. A letter appeared in the Public Advertiser, charging Mr Onslow, as one of the Lords of the Treasury, with the sale of a government office in the Colonies, for a thousand pounds, to be paid into the hands of a woman of profligate character. The letter further stated, that the transaction having come to the ears of Lord Hillsborough, then one of the Secretaries of State, that noble lord had insisted on the dismissal of the seller.

To this charge, Onslow immediately gave the most direct and indignant denial in the same paper, demanding the name of the author, on a threat of prosecution of the printer. As substantiating his denial, he gave at the same time a letter from the person by whom the thousand pounds had been paid, (for so far the transaction was founded,) begging of him, as a public officer, to ascertain for her whether she had not been duped, as she now fairly enough suspected, by some swindler, assuming the authority of the Treasury. Those letters speedily produced an answer, which was only a still more bitter repetition of the charge. The printer, Woodfall, was now applied to for the writer's name. His reply was "The Rev. Mr. Horne; and he has authorized me to tell you so." On-

slow immediately took his action boldly by a civil suit, in which the merits of the charge must be thoroughly sifted, and the verdict turn, not simply upon the injuriousness of the libel, but upon the *falsehood*. His damages were laid at £10,000.

The trial took place at Kingston, April 6, 1770, before the celebrated Blackstone. But here the defendant's counsel availed himself of a technical difficulty, a difference in the single word "Esq.," between the printed letter and what the printer declared to have been the wording of the original. This original, however, was no longer capable of being produced, it having been destroyed. The judge considered, that "as the declaration had been on the *tenor*, and not on the *purport*, the change of a single word was fatal." The plaintiff was nonsuited accordingly. But Onslow, though repelled by this legal artifice, was determined to persevere until his vindication was complete. The King's Bench was moved for a new trial, on the ground of "misdirection on the part of the judge." It was granted, and the cause was set down for hearing at the next Surrey Assizes. On this occasion Lord Mansfield was the judge. The "defamatory words" spoken before the freeholders, against one of their representatives, "were added to the counts." The judge strongly charged the jury on the "scandal of the libel," and a verdict was returned of four hundred pounds damages. But Horne was not yet weary of the struggle. He had even found a new temptation for its continuance. He openly avowed his hostility to the judge. He felt that he had now the hope of entangling himself with an antagonist altogether of a higher class; a great Ministerial leader, instead of a subordinate official; a man of rank, of talent, and character—eloquence, and knowledge—which had naturally placed him at the head of professional eminence, and as naturally congregated round him all the bitterness of disappointed rivalry, all the malice of conscious inferiority, and all the vulgar national jealousy which could see nothing in this celebrated personage, but that he was a *Scotchman*. To shed the stain of a single misconception in point of

law on Lord Mansfield's ermine, was worth any effort. This fretful litigation was continued. In November of the same year, a rule was moved for, in the Common Pleas, to shew cause why the verdict should not be set aside, on the grounds of "misdirection of the judge." The case was argued by Sergeant Glynn before the twelve judges. The judgment was adjourned till the next term, and on April 17, 1771, the judges declared in favour of the defendant, thus setting aside the verdict. Such is the "glorious uncertainty" of the law.

Onslow's character was vindicated by the obvious dread of his accuser to meet him fairly on the merits of the charge; secondly, by the charge of Lord Mansfield and the verdict of the jury; and thirdly, by the testimony of Lords Hillsborough, and Pownall, Secretary to the Board of Trade, both of whom disclaimed all idea of his having had any share in the traffic alleged. But still, Horne was not satisfied. At the next election he brought a new candidate, the Hon. W. Norton, afterwards Lord Grantley, into the field. Horne was an unsparing canvasser. The new candidate was a man of connexion and influence, and Onslow was finally forced to give way. It is painful to the natural love of justice to see political virulence and personal venom indulged with even a temporary triumph. But such is the history. Onslow's expenditure in the just vindication of his character, amounted to not less than fifteen hundred pounds. Horne's expenditure to extinguish it, was not above two hundred. But Onslow was *not* ruined; and the demagogue was deprived of the keenest portion of his triumph after all.

Those were disturbed times, but their disturbance only shews the power of evil which may exist in individuals.

No period of English history had presented a fairer picture of national good fortune, than the twenty years from the accession of the King in 1760. With all the external and internal relations of the Empire in the highest state of security,—British commerce spreading through every region of the globe,—general plenty in the country,—the population increa-

sing,—immense fortunes constantly starting up,—all the sinews of public strength in full and healthy exercise,—fame, opulence, and independence, the characteristics of the land,—England displayed a combination of national prosperity unexampled in even the happier periods of her history. Yet, if we turn from the authority of facts to the representations of popular oratory; from the truths that meet every man in the visible state of things, to the sworn opinions of party; from the actual conduct of Government, to its libels in the lips of tavern legislation, we must look upon England as treading on the verge of remediless ruin; her liberties broken down into a helpless state of degradation, that made it scarcely worth a patriot's labour, if not utterly beyond his hope, to restore them: her laws but the formality of corruption, her government but the mingled abomination of a pension list, a sinecure, and a tyranny: her King but the alternate jest and dread of the Cabinet; the slave of a secret influence, and yet the headlong originator of measures, which he forced on a council of poltroons: the Empire bankrupt in commerce and constitution, prostrated by a traitorous Ministry to the contempt of all nations, and with only strength enough remaining to lift up her hands, fettered as they were, in deprecation of the lash of the oppressor. Yet the multitude actually believed those absurdities, or acted as if they believed them. It was to no purpose that their falsehood was shewn by the simplest evidence of facts; that the malice and monstrous nature of the fiction was clearly shewn; that men of talents and honour pointed to the notorious habits of the disturbers; and, while they hung them on the highest gibbet of public infamy, and shewed their whole base anatomy stripped by the hand of public justice, for the purposes of public example, demanded if such were to be the chosen authorities of the nation? Character was out of the question; the power of alluring the populace by the tale of their undoing, and by the maledictions showered upon the high-born and high-placed conspirators in this imaginary league of ruin, atoned for all loss of character in the tellers of the tale. If Wilkes had been steeped

in the blackest stream of personal infamy, this shower would have whitened him into the most unequivocal candidness of patriotism. He had attained a rank which the populace would not suffer any evidence to degrade. The man who was not ready to give up the evidence of his senses on this subject, was voted an enemy to his country.

Yet it is difficult to discharge Government of a dangerous supineness at this period. The individual may live down calumny; a Government must strike it down. It has not time to await the tardy arrival of popular moderation. The country may be destroyed, while its defenders are lingering for the natural process of public remorse. The Ministry ought to have grasped the faction at once. They ought to have crushed the serpent before it rose to that size and strength, which had nearly involved every thing dear to the nation in its folds. The arts of the popular leaders laid the foundations of a sullen and desperate aversion to order. The most absurd extravagances, all that was imaginary in the declamation of the mob orators, soon became real by the adoption of their counsels. The tavern bitterness flowed into the streets, and the streets gave it form in the shape of open contests with the King's authority. The wordy taunts against the administration of justice, which cost the taunters but a tavern toast, were put in action by the populace in a general defiance of the laws; and the contemptuous predictions of the general dismemberment of the Empire, were eagerly borrowed by the Colonies as a model for that totally unjustifiable quickness of quarrel, and lawless and gratuitous revolt, which arrayed America in arms against the most lenient, generous, and honourable Government of the globe.

This be on the head of faction. Whatever suffering, tumults, and bloodshed, stained the annals of the reign for twenty years, was its work. It is idle to say, that without public causes to sustain the disturber, we can do nothing. We demand those causes in the present instance; we deny that any existed but in its own furious and guilty cravings for overthrow. Nothing is more false, than the conception that public evils are

independent of individual excitement. The history of every period of public calamity in Europe points out some actual leader of the evil, some profligate originator of the discontent which afterwards spread suffering through the community, some culprit gatherer of the materials of public mischief, and some notorious inoculator of political pestilence. Thus the cry of measures, and not men, has in all periods been justly denounced as a folly or a subterfuge, the voice of infatuation or of hypocrisy. In all instances, the *Man* is the object either to be sustained, or to be stricken. Even the French Revolution, forced into sudden light, as it seemed to be, by the uproused resentments of a whole people, would never have been conceived, if a Voltaire had been crushed in his first blasphemies against God and man; nor ever have matured its guilt to the overthrow of the Legislature and the King, if the hand of justice had grasped Mirabeau in his first licentious assaults on morals, and public subordination; nor ever have covered itself with blood that no time can wash away, if Robespierre had been hanged for his first murder. But the maxim is equally unquestionable on the other hand, that the salvation of a country may depend on individual character. The whole course of human experience, ancient as well as modern, shews, that in all the great trials of states, the crisis has chiefly turned upon the efforts of an individual. Even the formation of public character, broad as its institute may seem, and apparently spreading beyond the opportunities and talents of any single mind, has often been as distinctly moulded by that single mind, as if it had been an image of clay shaped by his hand.

In what a crowd of instances have we seen the energy of one man shoot life into millions; the intrepidity of a solitary hero rekindle the broken courage of a nation; the words of some god of eloquence spread like sunlight over the chillness and dejection of his country! The wisdom, virtue, suffering, intellect of the man, diffused strength through the countless multitude, like the power of vegetation through the desert, till all was living and productive. And this

view of things is confirmed by its suitability to the obvious design of Providence in society. For what purpose has society been formed, but for the formation of *individual* character; for the increased vigour, resource, and elevation of the mental and moral nature of the man? The purpose of empires, and all other great aggregates of mankind; the whole ultimate object of Government, in all its shapes of public subordination and national rule; the whole vast and complicated machinery by which the frame of nations is sustained, is simply for the purpose of purifying the intellectual, physical, and religious standard of the species; of heightening the elevation of man, as an accountable being; as training the individual for the virtues, duties, and trusts of an endless progress in a more illustrious state of existence. And the conception is as strongly stimulating and cheering to all the nobler parts of our nature, as the contrary is enfeebling, indolent, and humbling. If the individual is persuaded that nothing can be done, till it is done by *all*, nothing will ever be done. But where he feels, that at least the future possibility may exist of achieving public good by his single effort; where he has possessed himself of the persuasion, that in the perilous days of his country, even he may be summoned from his obscurity, not for the vain indulgence of passion, avarice, or love of display, but to be made the instrument of some great public act of preservation, to illustrate some high moral by his fortitude under unjust suffering, or to marshal the scattered spirits of the Empire by his triumphant ability and stainless virtue; there is no rank of resolute excellence which such a man may not attain. The very feeling may turn poverty, obscurity, and difficulty, into a school, not merely of the most philosophic contentment, but of the noblest and most determined vigour. Every hour may be but an exercise of those qualities which, if opportunity should yet demand them, may yet shine forth in the broadest scale of public restoration. All the great things of the world have been done by a noble and wise enthusiasm. But enthusiasm, in its noblest sense, is only

the strong and wise conviction of the individual mind, that it possesses the power to achieve or to deserve.

If such is the law of good, such, too, must be the law of evil. There must be a parent guilt, without which the evil would never have come to the birth; and it is the first duty of every Government that deprecates revolution, to waste neither its time nor its force in general speculations on opinion, but to fix on the revolutionist at once, to bar up his path without delay, and deciding that *there* is centred the public danger, extinguish it, by the most direct punishment of the criminal within the power of the law. The feeble tampering of the Grafton Cabinet with the offences of Wilkes, or rather the virtual impunity which suffered him for years to insult the Government, was the source of a series of discontents and disaffections not exhausted at this hour. The moral still exists, and the necessity is as strong as ever.

Wilkes, his injuries, rights, and even his virtues! continued to be the paramount theme. Every fresh degradation only endeared him to popularity; the darker his personal excesses became, the brighter he shone in the eyes of partisanship; his rejection from Parliament was invaluable as a topic of civic eloquence; his bankruptcy was a merit, his flight a proof of honour, until common halls, aggregate meetings, and superb banquets, rung with the panegyric of the man and the wrongs of the martyr. At a meeting held in the Mile-End assembly rooms, Horne, as the full pledge of his patriotic conviction that liberty of speech was totally fettered, extinguished, annihilated, in this land of slaves, moved and carried the following Address to the King:—

“Your Majesty’s servants have attacked our liberties in the most vital part; they have torn away the very heartstrings of the Constitution; and have made those very men the instruments of our destruction, whom the laws have appointed as the immediate guardians of our freedom.” Then followed a sop to Opposition. “Yet, although we feel the utmost indignation against the factious! the honest defenders of our rights and constitution will ever claim our

praise. But that the liberties of the people have been most grossly violated by the corrupt influence of Ministers since the days of Sir Robert Walpole, is too notorious to require either illustration or comment." Such was the declared ruin of English freedom sixty years ago!

One perpetual and glaring source of popular folly is popular vanity—the desire of the low to force themselves into petty consequence—the love of the mean for meagre opportunities of appearing in contact with persons above them—and the general gratification of vulgar minds in insulting the rank, birth, and education, which are beyond their reach. Petitions now flowed in upon the monarch from every nameless name, to cashier his Cabinet, remodel his principles, and, above all, to dissolve his Parliament,—that Parliament which had been guilty of the unpardonable crime of refusing to take the purity and statesmanship of Wilkes, in aid of its councils. The London corporation at last joined the general chase of fame, and a "humble address, remonstrance, and petition" was presented by the Lord Mayor and Sheriff, which was received by his Majesty with the displeasure due to its vulgar and unprovoked insolence. This address had the hardihood to state, "that under the *same secret and malign influence*, which, through every successive administration, had defeated every good, and suggested every bad intention, the majority of the House of Commons had deprived the people of their dearest rights. They had done a deed more ruinous in its consequences, than the levying of ship-money by Charles the First, or the dispensing power assumed by James the Second! a deed which must vitiate all the future proceedings of Parliament; for the acts of the Legislature itself can no more be valid without a legal House of Commons, than without a legal Prince on the throne."

Thus, after having declared that the King merited the fate of Charles or James, and placed exile or the scaffold before his view, the address pronounced sentence upon the Parliament. The whole Legislative and Executive being thus summarily extinguished—Lords and Commons being beheaded or banished—the regu-

lation of affairs advantageously would devolve upon the wisdom of the Lord Mayor and Aldermen. Shall we be surprised that the monarch returned the reproof, that their presumptuous and foolish paper was "disrespectful to himself, injurious to his Parliament, and irreconcilable with the principles of the Constitution?" An address, presented in a few days after by both Houses of Parliament, repeated the royal sentiment, characterising the civic representations as "the insidious suggestions of ill-designing men, who were in reality undermining the public liberty, under the specious pretence of zeal for its preservation."

Horne was, as usual, in full employment during the progress of this transaction. He was said to have drawn up the address (from which but an extract of its long and turbulent declamation has been given); but he was more unequivocally occupied in despatching accounts of its reception to the public papers, in one of which, after stating some supposed mark of contempt exhibited by his Majesty to the deputation, he added the line—"Nero fiddled while Rome was burning." For this libellous allusion a prosecution was commenced in the King's Bench, but suddenly and unaccountably dropped. The Ministry had not yet learned that the "Man of the People" is beyond all appeals to his sense of gratitude, that lenity with him is but another name for weakness, and that the only true access to his heart is through his fears.

Beckford's famous address followed. Its narrative is worth a slight detail; if it were only for the purpose of relieving a pompous tool of the weight of his illegitimate renown—of stripping off the lion's skin—of ungilding the monument raised to civic insolence by civic absurdity.

On the 23d of May, in the same year, so perseveringly did party follow up its attacks, a second deputation, headed by the Lord Mayor, attended at St James's, to remonstrate with his Majesty on the tenor of his former answer, which they declared to be, along with the general acts of Government, "against the clearest principles of the Constitution, and the result of the insidious attempts of evil counsellors to perplex, con-

found, and shake" the rights of the people. The address concluded with a renewed demand for the dissolution of Parliament, and the removal of Ministers. The King's reply was firm and dignified. "He should have been wanting to the public, as well as to himself, if he had not expressed his dissatisfaction at the late address. His sentiments on that subject continued the same; and he should ill deserve to be considered as the Father of his People, if he should suffer himself to make such a use of his prerogative, as he could not but think inconsistent with the interest, and dangerous to the constitution of the kingdom."

As it was of course anticipated that a deputation which approached with insults would be sent back with disgrace, a further and extraordinary insult was prepared already in the shape of a reply. In the midst of the Court, Beckford, instead of withdrawing, with the usual etiquette of respect to his Sovereign, approached the King, and, to the universal astonishment and indignation, delivered the following Jacobin harangue:—

"Most gracious Sovereign,—Will your Majesty be pleased so far to condescend, as to permit the Mayor of your loyal City of London, to declare in your royal presence, in behalf of his fellow-citizens, how much the bare apprehension of your Majesty's displeasure would at all times affect their minds. The declaration of that displeasure has already filled them with inexpressible anxiety and with the deepest affliction.

"Permit me to assure your Majesty, that your Majesty has not, in all your dominions, any subjects more faithful, more dutiful, or more ready to sacrifice their lives and fortunes in the maintenance of the true honour and dignity of your Crown. We do, therefore, with the greatest humility and submission, most earnestly supplicate your Majesty, that you will not dismiss us from your presence, without expressing a more favourable opinion of your faithful citizens, and without some comfort, at least some prospect of redress." Thus far the affectation of loyalty went, the gist of this hypocritical civility being simply a request that his Majesty would swallow his own words. But the more

daring insult lay behind. "Permit me, Sir," added the civic censor, "to observe, that whoever has already dared, or shall hereafter endeavour, by false insinuations and suggestions, to alienate your Majesty's affections from your loyal subjects in general, and from the City of London in particular, is an enemy to your Majesty's person and family, a violator of the public peace, and a betrayer of our happy constitution, as it was established at the glorious Revolution."

Beckford was instantly lifted up by the Common Council wouder into a hero. The Corporation had found one among them who could recite an arrogant paper to the King, and every man of the whole conflux of ignorance and assumption felt himself elevated accordingly. But Horne felt no inclination to keep any secret which deprived him of the most trilling tribute to his vanity. Beckford, in the full triumph of having uttered an impudent reply on the impulse of the moment, had suddenly passed away from faction and the world together. He died, luckily for such popularity as is to be gained by such arts, before the exultation of the crowd had time to grow sober. In that delirium a monument had been voted to him by the Corporation, and on that monument, a memorial alike of bad feeling and barbarous taste, still stands the effigy of this puppet lecturer of kings, with the "Reply" engraven on the stone. But the authorship was not long left to decorate the alderman's memory. Horne was determined that no civic jay should be plumed with any feathers which he could claim. He declared himself as the writer, and often pathetically lamented the ill fortune, or applauded the self-denial, by which "he who had obtained a statue for another, had sought none for himself."

But a still more hazardous spirit of faction was yet to be displayed. The value of the maxim, that "the beginnings of popular strife are as 'the lettings out of water,'" old as it is, never found a stronger illustration, than in the times which were now come. The ill-judged impunity that had suffered a handful of demagogues to go on from year to year, exaggerating every trivial public pressure, inflaming every slight

discontent, envenoming every casual offence, and giving shape to every imaginary evil, was now beginning to reap its retribution in a series of despotie designs, upon all that constituted the honour and strength of England. Wilkes had hitherto been simply a struggler for place, Horne a struggler for notoriety; both excluded from the pursuit of an honourable ambition, both had grasped at their vulgar objects by a vulgar celebrity. But the ground was at length sinking under their feet. Neither had been able to force the Ministry even to notice them, farther than by penalties sufficient to vex, but too feeble to restrain. Still they possibly had some conception that they actually influenced something above the politicians of the streets, that their wisdom was not confined to the echoes of Guildhall, nor their power to a toast in a tavern. A sudden change in the Ministry at last opened their eyes. To their utter astonishment they found that the Grafton administration was broken into fragments, without a blow from their weapons; and a new Cabinet raised on its ruins, without an appeal to their influence. The Rockingham and Shelburne parties had been successively panegyriized by them, under the palpable impression, that the King *must* choose either; and that under the wing of either their needy patriotism might alike profitably repair its ruffled feathers. But, to their measureless wonder, a Ministry started up before their eyes, unconnected with either party, supremely contemptuous of the clamour of the tribunes of Brentford, and looking for its office only to the Throne, and for its popularity only to its vigorous government of the Empire. The North Ministry was formed, and the demagogues found that their hope of making or unmaking Ministers by the old tactique was at an end.

A new expedient was therefore necessary, and it was adopted. France has long assumed the merit of invention in all things good or evil. The clubs which overthrew first her Monarchy and then her Republic, were unquestionably a display of the spirit of ruin on the largest scale yet witnessed by the world. Yet the invention was *not* French, but British. The fifteen hundred clubs of France which gave

the law to King, Church, and People, may repose for their fame with posterity on the vastness of their evil, and the absurdity of their pretexts; on the ferocious dexterity of their massacres, and the contemptible impotence with which they finally yielded up the fruits of their triumph; on their having scaled, with a giant's step, the heights of atheism, rebellion, and regicide, and then laid down their necks under the heel of a military Usurper. But their model was fabricated in the metropolis of England. In 1770, the "Society for supporting the Bill of Rights" was formed at the London Tavern, reckoning among its members the Rev. John Horne, Sergeant Glynn, whom the mob had brought in as member for Middlesex; Sir Francis Blake Delaval, Aldermen Sawbridge and Oliver, members for London; and Wilkes, now an alderman; and the character of the club may be estimated from the paper in which they announced themselves, and which, among a list of resolutions, hinging on the ever-popular topic of Parliamentary corruption, and Ministerial tyranny, contained the following outline of their labours:—

"You shall consent to *no supplies* without a previous redress of grievances.

"You shall endeavour to restore *Annual Parliaments*.

"You shall promote a pension and place bill, enacting, that any member who receives a *place*, pension, contract, lottery ticket, or *any other emolument whatsoever* from the Crown; or enjoys profit from any such place, pension, &c., shall not only vacate his seat, but be *absolutely ineligible* during his continuance under such undue influence.

"You shall *impeach the Ministers* who advised the violation of the rights of the freeholders in the Middlesex election, and the military murders in St George's Fields.

"You shall make strict enquiry into the conduct of Judges, touching juries.

"You shall *attend to the grievances* of our fellow-subjects in Ireland, and second the complaints which they may bring to the Throne.

"You shall endeavour to restore to America the essential rights of taxation, by representatives of their own free election, repealing the acts

passed in violation of that right since the year 1763; and the universal exercise, so notoriously incompatible with every principle of British liberty, which has been lately substituted in the Colonies, for the laws of customs."

Thus a junta of tavern legislators were at once to provide for the State, to bring Ministers to the scaffold, if they could, for high crimes and misdemeanours to their august tribunal, and to undertake the patronage of every clamour from Ireland, America, or the world's end. But ridiculous as this assumption of empire was, it had its effects in increasing the public tendency to set the laws at defiance. Every newspaper which had forced the tardy justice of Government to take steps against its proprietors, was sustained by the panegyrics and the pecuniary assistance of the club, and of course displayed its merits by farther aggression. But a crisis was coming, which was to try the club itself. Money is the grand touchstone of men, and even of patriots. The fund which had magnanimously undertaken the protection of the rights of human kind, began rapidly to slide into less exalted occupations, and a large share of its resources was suddenly found to be devoted to the compounding of Wilkes's personal debts! This exposition naturally excited some surprise among the subscribers; murmurs rose; still it was on the point of being followed by another of even a more *patriotic* nature, the purchase of a large annuity for Wilkes, which would have indulged him with the luxuries so highly deserved by his long career of public and private virtue. The club of shield-bearers, the advanced guard of freedom all round the world, the Sacred band of rights and wrongs, the terror of Cabinets, and the cashierers of Kings, was on the point of being metamorphosed into a threadbare committee of almsgathering, to enable Mr Wilkes to live at the expense of the public. The burlesque was too gross for the gravity of the most deliberative shopkeeper of Brentford. The impolicy of appealing to the patriotism of the hedges and highways for any thing beyond cheap uproar and gratuitous indignation against all Ministers, past, present, and fu-

ture, was felt in every fibre of party. Horne thought that his hour to strike was come. He had served Wilkes too humbly not to hate him; he had known him too confidentially for respect; and he now contemplated the fall of his fame too glowingly to suffer him to forget that party knows neither fidelity nor friendship. He instantly broke off his old connexions, abandoned the club, denounced it as an *U-fermanic tool*, formed a new club, with a new name, "The Constitutional Society," from which all who bore the Shibboleth of Wilkes were forcibly shut out; and, as the whole operation would be thrown away without publicity, this grand revolution, this demolition of the dynasty of Wilkes, and erection of the empire of purity, protestation, and Horne, on its ruins, was proclaimed to all mankind in a furious newspaper correspondence.

The progress of this high proceeding furnished the talkers, the laughers, and the scorers, with perpetual occupation for six months. The whole would deserve the most minute detail of contemptuous history, for the whole was an exposure of character invaluable to the despiser of ostentatious virtue, and hypocritical zeal for the public cause. The first blow was given by a letter in the "Public Advertiser" of October the 31st, scoffing at Wilkes's presidency of a meeting of the Westminster mob, assembled, in the line of their duty, simply for the impeachment of the Prime Minister! To be laughed at in the performance of an office so legitimate, and so appropriate to the wisdom of five thousand cobblers and tailors, must have been galling to the natural pride of the distinguished functionary in the chair; but to feel that the blow was aimed by one who had hitherto distinguished himself only by an inflexible determination not to be cast off, at once the most menial of friends and the most friendly of menials, was the envenomed point of the injury. Wilkes instantly launched an indignant letter at the head of the writer, with the motto from CHURCHILL—

"Ah me! what mighty evils wait
The man who meddles with a State,
Whether to strengthen or oppose,
Falsæ are his friends, and firm his foes."
The motto was meant for Horne;

who, immediately after, was set upon by two of Wilkes's *Sbirri*, under the appropriate names of "Scourge," and "Cat-o'-nine-tails," and denounced as the assailant of the "Man of the People."

Horne had now obtained probably all that his soul thirsted for, an opportunity of appearing in the columns of a public print. He lost no time, availed himself copiously of his opportunity, gathered his whole store of wrath, and launched a letter of the density of a pamphlet, upon the formidable antagonist, who, however, had already trampled him under his feet. It may throw some light on the dignity of both combatants, to give the charges which Horne admits to have been made against himself.

"The Westminster business I shall reserve for my future letter, because it is one of the pretended causes of difference. The other charges I think are—1. That I subscribed to the Society of the Bill of Rights, but *never paid one shilling*. 2. That I have received amazing sums for Mr Sergeant Glynn's election; *ten guineas each*, from most of his friends. 3. That I have received *subscriptions* for the Widow B's appeal. 4. That I have received *subscriptions* for Gilman's trial. 5. That I have received *subscriptions* for the affair of the weavers in Spitteld-fields.

"Those five charges I understand to be of a public nature. After which there is a charge upon me of a *private fraud*, in a story about Mr Foote's pamphlet and Messrs Davis the booksellers."

Such were the subjects that privately engrossed the minds of those models of public principle; such were the consultations of their closets, while in common halls and newspapers they held forth as the grand correctors of imperial abuses, the impregnable defenders of national rights, the perfection of patriot genius, disdainful of all lower concerns than the overthrow of royal oppression, the revival of constitutions, and the general elevation of the human mind into the loftiest stature of independence. Yet, in what does this correspondence differ from the developments that might be expected in the breaking up of a low gaming-house, charges and recriminations of

the meanest artifice, the most contemptible motives, the most restless and degrading corruption? It is no thing to the purpose, that Horne undertook to defend himself from those attacks, or even that he declared Wilkes to have been actuated by the direct spirit of falsehood. What must have been the condition of the intercourse that could give even the shadow of an existence to such charges? What must have been the consciousness of either party, when the character of the one could render such charges probable, or the other be compelled to a long, circuitous, and intricate defence for the purpose of saving himself from universal scorn? Nothing can be more evident than that under the surface of their public achievements there was a vast quantity of pecuniary transaction; that however rough or rapid the current of their patriotism flowed, there was a solid deposit of mere worldly matter below, which stirred not, which received continual augmentations, and which, however unsuspected by the fools who thought that every patriot was born with a contempt for meaner things than regicide, was deeply known, and keenly looked to by the chosen few. At length the secrets of the prison-house had come to light, and Horne now admitted that he had often privately charged Wilkes with converting the club into an instrument of supplying himself with "laced liveries and French valts, with charet and coaches." He had even ventured the length of suggesting that the 1790 verdict which an influential jury had given against Lord Halifax, should be applied to the payment of his debts. But this advice was only one among a thousand instances of his ignorance of human nature. It does not appear that a single shilling of the sum ever lightened the obligations of the representative of Middlesex to the credulity of the people.

But if Wilkes's purse was impracticable, his pen was ready. He hurled a weight of attack on his late friend, which neither truth nor skill could resist, and with a single crush extinguished his popularity. Horne resisted with all the pugnacity of his nature; he harangued, wrote, protested, besought, subscribed, canvassed, and all in vain. His antago-

nist was now grinding him to powder. It was in vain that Horne pathetically pleaded his services as an agitator. "I have," exclaimed he, "regularly and indefatigably been the *drudge* of almost every popular election, prosecution, and public business. For three years past, my time has been entirely, and my income almost wholly, applied to public measures." But the public were hard-hearted. No tears were shed for the agonies of an overworked patriot. The partisans of Wilkes were furiously indignant at the revolt of one whom they ranked among the meanest of his followers; a bustling *parson*, a subsidiary in a black coat! The sounder portion of the community were amused by seeing two men, for whom they had an equal scorn, stripping each other naked to the world, lavishing mutual reproach, and instead of floating side by side on the popular stream, ludicrously struggling to sink each other into the most mazy depths of ignominy. The quarrel left Horne all but undone; he was on the verge of despair. The outcry was fully raised, and it was against him. He was hunted down with that utter contempt of right, truth, and reason, which characterises the deliberations of the multitude. Between the personal merits of the combatants there could be no comparison, for Wilkes had long since defied slander, yet Horne was now the universal victim. His name was mingled with every epithet of civic obloquy; he was libelled, caricatured, and insulted, while to burn him in effigy became at once a popular sport, and a grave exercise of popular justice.

Another man might have been shamed out of the absurdity of this worthless career, or have felt the degradation of stooping to the tribunal of the streets, or have discovered that there were duties manlier and more honourable than the perpetual chase of a miserable name. But Horne was not of that school. He had bound himself to the wheel, and he was resolved to roll on with it through every rut and pool of the journey. He now recommenced his series of letters to Wilkes, and devoted himself to the dignified and productive task of blackening the man, whom he had employed years in

blazoning as a paragon to the world. Of those letters we shall give some extracts. To give the whole, would be but to copy some of the most tedious, feeble, and enigmatical epistles in the language; for, among the popular follies which have been idly transmitted to our time, was that of conceding to Horne Tooke the praise of a skilful use of the pen. His conceptions are singularly destitute of all that constitutes style, of all grace, animation, condensed pungency, or classic allusion. He is never betrayed into dignity of sentiment, or even into vigour of phrase; his manner is uniformly dry, desultory, and unimaginative; evidently endured in its own day only for its bitterness to his personal opponents, and endurable in ours only for its exposure of the arrogance, violence, and venom alike of the assailant and the defender.

In his first letter he had said to Wilkes: "It is not my intention here to open any account with you on the score of private character; in that respect the public have kindly pressed an *act of insolvency* in your favour; you have delivered up your all, and no man can fairly now make any demand."

Wilkes's reply is expressive: "You say, it is not your intention to open any account with me on the score of private character, &c. I believe, indeed, *you* will not choose to open any account on the score of private character. A gentleman in holy orders, whose hand appears to testify his belief of the articles of the Church of England, the *least moral*, the *least conscientious* of men, whose life has passed in a *constant direct opposition* to the purity and precepts of the Gospel, whose creed, from the first article of it to the last, is known to be *non credo!* such a person, with wonderful *prudence*, chooses 'not to open any account on the score of private character!'" He concludes by bidding him write his other letters before Mid-summer-day, as "I may by that time be engaged in the discharge of the sheriff's oath, not that which *you falsified!*"

Horne had now obtained an excuse for talking of himself, and he employed it remorselessly. His reply was not a defence, the natural refuge of a man unjustly accused, but a recrimination. "In the year 1765, I re-

paired to Italy; passing through Paris, I delivered some letters to you. Though this was the first time we ever saw each other, you exacted from me, with very earnest entreaty, a promise of correspondence. * * * I wrote from Montpellier, and lest, from my appearance, you should mistake my situation, and expect considerable services from me, I thought it proper to inform you, I was a poor country clergyman, whose situation, notwithstanding his zeal, would never enable him to do any thing considerable either to you or the public. * * * Receiving no answer, I did not repeat my folly; and upon a second visit to you at Paris, on my return from Italy to England, in 1767, I saw reasons sufficient never more to trust you with a single line; for I found that all the *private letters* of your friends were *regularly pasted in a book, and read over indiscriminately, not only to your friends and acquaintance, but to every visitor.*

"In this second visit at Paris, you reproached me for not keeping my promise of correspondence, and *swore* you had *not received* my letter. I was very well contented, though I *did not believe* your excuse, and hugged myself in the reflection that I had furnished you with only *one opportunity of treachery.* This letter you *copied some months before, and shewed it about to numbers of people, with a menace of publication, if I dared to interrupt you.*" Yet scandalous as this conduct on the part of Wilkes was, this was the man whom he put forward as the most fitting representative for a great English county, the man whom he had "reason sufficient never to trust with a single line," whom he "hugged himself" with having empowered to commit "but *one treachery,*" whom he did not believe on his word, whom he did not believe "though he *swore.*" This man, whom he describes as base, mean, treacherous, a liar, profligate, and perjured,—this "insolvent in character," he acknowledges to have perpetually urged on the electors of Middlesex, and laboured with all his might to bring into the council of the nation. But let him speak for himself.

"I found you in the most hopeless state, an outlaw, plunged in the

deepest distress, overwhelmed with *debt and disgrace,* forsaken by all your friends, and *shunned by every thing that called itself a gentleman!* at a time when every honest man, who could distinguish *between you* and your cause, and who feared no danger, yet feared the ridicule attending a probable defeat. I leave you, by repeated elections, the legal representative of Middlesex, an alderman of London, and about *thirty thousand pounds* richer than when I first knew you." It was evident that Wilkes's original scorn of his correspondence had rankled in his breast in the midst of all his electioneering amity. Years of intercourse had passed since that very contemptuous treatment, but politics had skinned over the wound, only to leave it festering below. Such is the sincerity of patriot friendship. Wilkes's thirty thousand pounds were an equally distinguishing test of patriot sincerity.

So much for the principles of the two champions of popular opinion. We find the two grand renovators of political morality, the two flaming vindicators of the injured majesty of the laws, and the sullied integrity of government, describing each other as infamous in the deepest degree, as scandals to society, as willing to employ the most hideous, profane, and revolting means for "*the Cause.*" But the cause of truth and honour, and just contempt and condemnation of such articles of Democratic belief, was to have an additional and indignant triumph, when the pecuniary part of those transactions came to be discussed. However, we must first give a specimen of the easy scorn which Wilkes scattered on his furious adversary.

"To the Rev. Mr Horne—I thank you for the entertainment of your sixth letter. The idea of an *unfaithful echo*, although not quite new, is perfectly amusing; but, like Bayes, you love 'to elevate and surprise.' I wish you would give me the list of echoes of this kind, which you heard in your travels through France and Italy. I have read of only one such, in a neighbouring kingdom; which, if you ask, 'How do you do?' answers, 'Pretty well, I thank you.' The sound of your *unfaithful echo* can be paralleled only by Jack Home's

with a *stilly* sound, in the Tragedy of Douglas.

* The torrent, rushing o'er it bly bank-
Infuses *silence* with a *stilly* sea.

I have heard of the babbling, the mimic, and the shrill echo; the discovery of an unfaithful echo was served for Mr Horne.* He then reverts to a charge of his intending to put one of his dependents into a city office, which charge Horne had made on his own authority. "*Every thing* you have advanced relative to the town-clerkship and Mr Reynolds, *you well know to be wholly a lying imposture of your own.* I declare the whole of this accusation against me is *one entire falsehood!* No courtier seems to me to enjoy the *luxury of lying* equal to the *Minister of Breadford.*"

Wilkes thus gives a large opinion, which all the world know he afterwards completely falsified. "As to the chamberlainship, you and many others have warmly and frequently pressed me to offer my services in case of a vacancy. My answer has regularly been "*I never will accept it!*" Of course, he accepted it without hesitation, and enjoyed it to the end of his life. Horne's reply now opens the revolutionary budget, and explains the terms on which patriotism drives its trade. "Whilst you were candidate for the city of London, a subscription was opened on the 19th of March, 1758, for the payment of your debts, the trustees for which were Messrs Oliver, &c. The public cannot be said to have contributed. The whole amount of the subscription, up to Feb. 1769, was L.1116, 7s. 7d. Your debts at that time were supposed to be about L.5000. Two shillings and sixpence in the pound were therefore offered to such as would accept a composition, with a promise, that, if the dividend should be greater, they who accepted the two and sixpence should receive their proportion. As fast as something was paid, something was likewise *added daily to the list of your debts*; and instead of increasing the dividend, it was discovered that two and sixpence was more than could be paid! Your best friends, even those who were most able and generous, despaired of the possibility of extricating you. Another subscrip-

tion, however, was opened for your election expenses; this subscription amounted to L.1227, 3s. You were chosen for the county of Middlesex, and soon after, in this desperate situation of your private affairs, were sentenced to two years' imprisonment, and two fines of L.1000. Privilege gave some respite from your debts; but notwithstanding this, and the generosity of individuals, it was found exceedingly difficult to furnish you even a daily support.

"Most of those who were so generous to you at that time, have since been the objects of your *bitterest resentment.* The best method then found for a little knot of public-spirited men to procure you a necessary subsistence, was to have very frequent meetings at the King's Arms' tavern in Cornhill, where each paid a little more than the reckoning, and when the overplus amounted to about ten pounds, it was regularly *sent to you!*"

To this eleemosynary existence was the proud patriot contented to submit. But the charge proceeds. Every day brought fresh difficulties and disgrace on Mr Wilkes, and yet he was the only person who all the while *felt no distress*, denied himself *no expense*, was neither sensible to, nor apprehensive of, any disgrace. * * * * The friends of the cause more anxious to cover, if possible, or to lessen the *infamy*, of which he was careless. The *breach of trust!* committed by him towards the Foundling Hospital began to make a noise; being found on enquiry to be too true, it demanded their earliest attention. Two gentlemen immediately advanced L.200 to the hospital, and engaged themselves to pay the remainder. The whole sum due from Mr Wilkes to the Foundling Hospital amounted to L.990, 1s. 3d.

He then states that the Society for the support of the Bill of Rights originated in Wilkes's expulsion from Parliament; and as the loss of privilege was equivalent to leaving this hopeless debtor in prison for life, the first object of the club was to free him from his creditors. "His debts had now risen from L.6000 to L.14,500. Besides this there were two fines of L.1000 each, and, besides the expenses of repeated elections, support was to be provided for him

during two years in prison. The subscription of the club amounted to L.3023. At the third meeting of the society, L.300 were given to Mr Wilkes. At the ninth meeting, it appeared that L.4553 had been expended in the composition of debts, and a further sum of L.2500 was ordered to be issued for the farther discharge of his debts." L.300 more were also voted to Wilkes. "Any man who reads this account will naturally suppose, that Mr Wilkes must have felt and expressed the warmest gratitude to a Society like this, which in so short a time had performed such wonders in his favour. Whoever shall suppose so, will be *much mistaken*; he *abhorred* the Society and its members. * * * * He entertained a false notion, that had not this Society been instituted, he should have received all the ready money subscribed by the Society *into his own hands*. * * * * What they applied to the discharge of his debts, he considered as a *kind of robbery*, and hated them for their care of him, as profligate young heirs do the guardians who endeavour to save them from destruction. * * * *

A few weeks after this vote, Mr Wilkes obtained a verdict against Lord Halifax, with L.4000 damages. I waited on him, and endeavoured to persuade him that he was bound in honour, in honesty, and in policy, to send those L.4000 to the London tavern, in aid towards the payment of his debts. I represented to him the poverty of our bank, which was in debt. I endeavoured to make him sensible that L.4000 at that time, would go farther in compounding his debts, than L.10,000 would some time afterwards. I shewed him the reputation he would gain by this act of *common honesty and policy*, and that he would encourage the public to subscribe towards him, &c. I laboured in vain! *ready cash* made Mr Wilkes deaf to my arguments. He would not *send a penny* to the Society, for the discharge of his *own debts*; though it was not many weeks since the Society had, in one year, voted him the best part of a thousand pounds for his support. * * * *

The accounts stand thus:—

Debts of Mr Wilkes discharged, above . . . L12,000

To Mr Wilkes, for his support,	1,000
To his election expenses,	2,973
To his two fines,	1,000

And by all his list of claims he still remained indebted L.6,821, 13s. * * * Mr Wilkes, in perfect idleness and security, four times elected member for Middlesex, twice alderman of London, and a gainer of L.30,000! is the person to impute to me an interested design. * * * * I told him, that, his debts being once discharged, I would venture to answer for it, that he should have a clear annuity of L.600. Mr Wilkes still pressed for *ready money*, and said it would be doing him more kindness to give him the money, and trust for the remainder of his debts to the *chapter of accidents*."

Under all these opprobrious charges, which must have utterly sunk into the lowest humiliation any man but a counsellor of the rabble, Wilkes not simply retained his popularity, but made fresh accessions to it hour by hour. He alternately denied, laughed at, and execrated Horne. All his adherents did the same. Horne was flung from hand to hand. The inferior disturber felt that he had grappled with his master, and he probably often wished that he had long before shrunk from the desperate paths of vulgar popularity. But it was now too late. There was no retirement for him. He had cut down the bridge between himself and the pursuits and enjoyments of private life. He could hope for nothing in his professional career, but the disgust due to a man who had almost totally abandoned it; his fame was henceforth to be found in stooping to the most miserable dabbings, with the most miserable remnants of party. His final letter to his conqueror is incomparable as an evidence of the actual suffering (still more obvious from its affected gaiety) which rewarded the foolish and factitious ambition of this beaten canvasser for the voices of the populace. The letter begins by adverting to the recent extraordinary success of Wilkes and his followers at the city election.

"Give you joy, sir. The parson of Brentford is at length defeated. He no longer rules with an absolute

away over the city of London. * * *
 * * * The poor parson has been buffeted in the hustings, where he did not appear, and hissed out of play-houses which he never entered; he has been sung down in the streets, and exalted to a conspicuous corner with the Pope and the Devil in the print-shops; and finally, to complete the triumph over this mighty adversary, you have caused him to be burnt in effigy."

Those indignities had for the most part actually occurred; and Horne's mention of them shewed only how deep the sting had struck him. The contest was now at an end. The result of six months' scribbling on both sides was simply to exhibit both the combatants in the most contemptible point of view: the one, as insanely craving for notoriety at all risks; the other, as scandalously craving for money under all pretences: the one, a popularity-pauper; the other, a subscription pauper: each equally ready to reveal the most confidential transactions; each equally unhesitating in the use of the most unmanly, contumelious, and repulsive charges; each dealing in language which is, by common consent, excluded from the intercourse of gentlemen; and each equally acknowledging his close intimacy with the other, at the moment while he privately pronounced him to be the meanest and most unprincipled of mankind.

Here, for the present, we pause. Horne was, from this period, to commence a new career. He had hitherto fought under the shield of Wilkes; he was now to expose himself in bitter and angry nakedness to the law. His apprenticeship to disturbance was at an end. His quarrel with his master was but the breaking up of his indentures. He was now to plunge into speculation for himself. He was no longer to lurk in the rear of tumult, and live by picking up a paltry reputation among the hangers-on of party. He was now to start forward alone, and with the courage of rashness, and the wisdom of vanity, achieve his triumph in fine and imprisonment, live in the perpetual anxieties of public prosecution, and close his days a dependent on the bounty of his friends.

The portion of his life which we

have yet to trace, is still more pregnant with interest and example than that which we have given. It displays a more striking time, distinguished by higher displays of character, and rendered still more conspicuous by the superiority of the cause of truth and honour; the rise of those eminent men, whom the struggles of the period prepared, providentially prepared, for the salvation of the Empire in the fearful trials of the French Revolution.

In the quarrel with Wilkes, Horne was utterly defeated. He deserved his defeat, for his ignorance of human nature. He had attempted to overthrow the antagonist by a display of his personal vileness to the people. But this was an appeal to feelings that never existed, by arguments which partisanship has never understood. To declare Wilkes base and perfidious, a betrayer of private confidence, an offender against personal morals, a criminal against every principle of friendship, decency, and honour, was an utter waste of words. Party demanded to find in their champion, boldness, insolence, and tenacity; and they never demand more. No stain has power to avert their eyes from the man whom they discover to be fit for their purpose. An advocacy at once subtle and daring, fills up the whole measure of their choice; and the broadest outpouring of moral indignation upon his head, the keenest scorn of the whole family of honour and honesty, the deepest brand which contemptuous virtue can burn upon him, is recognised only as an additional claim on their allegiance. Horne should have had the sagacity to know that party thinks of nothing in a man but the use to which it can turn him; that it is proof against all moral disgust where it can discover devotion to its cause; that to blacken a demagogue, only gives him an increased hold on the popular heart; that to offer him up on the altar of manly scorn, only consecrates him in the popular confidence; that to shew him utterly unworthy of a place in society, only purchases for him a surer refuge in that mass of passion, envy, avarice, and revenge, which ferments into the politics of the multitude, and poisons the Commonwealth with ostentatious patriotism.

LOCH AWE.

WHAT sudden summer ! One week ago the Highlands were black and bare ; they are now green and glorious ; happy the grazing cattle on a thousand hills, the nibbling sheep, and the loud throated birds in the umbrageous woods. Umbrageous ! aye, though the ancient forests be all moss-sunk, or shorn by the sweeping scythe on the mountains, beautiful are the coppices on the uplands, bedropt here and there with majestic single trees, oak or sycamore, and darkened not unfrequently by the pine-grove. Magnificent regions of joyous sunniness, with their still undulations sublimely streaked with shadows for ever shifting, yet all seeming still. There is not a breath of wind. The clouds are moving aloft, but the Loch is without a ripple, invisible almost to the eye ; but our heart that loves it, knows it is there, and enjoys in a visionary dream all its doubled islands. Flushed are all the cataracts—silent lines of silver sparkling down the cliffs. The peace is perfect, and life and nature breathe in spiritual union, as if one and the same soul animated us and our gracious Mother Earth, own sister to benignant Heaven.

And we are sitting once more, after an interval of many long years, under the old Stone-cross on the heather-hill above Cladich ! Unforgotten one image submitted to our gaze ! As the “ old familiar faces ” reappear, the past is as the present, and we feel restored to our prime. God bless thee, Cruachan, one of the noblest of Scotland’s mountain-kings ! Thy subjects are princes, and gloriously are they arranged around thee, stretching high, wide, and far away, yet all owning allegiance to their sovereign, though faintly are seen in the blue distance their aerial heads. Large as is the Lake, sea-arm-like, it shrinks in thy shadow ; and dwindled down into a hut seems now even the ruins of Kilchurn, the sublimest castle in all the Highlands. Eastward turn our eyes, and lo ! another dynasty reigning over their own domain, Bein - Laoidh, Bein - a - Chleidh, and Meal-nan-Tighearnan !

Between lies the valley of the Orchaigh, with its holms and meadows, rich in pasture and corn-lands, and gleaming in the darkest day—but now all is bright—with “ spots of stationary sunshine,” round many a peasant’s cot. Miles off, and hidden from our senses, yet we see and hear its lucid murmurs as it wimples through hanging shaw, birks, alders, and willows, and then flows lingeringly along, in silence and shadow, round the church-tower and churchyard of Dalmally—almost an island—churchyard paved with antique sculptured tombstones brought from Inishail, or the “ Lovely Isle,” for such is the meaning of the Gaelic.

Sroia-Miolchoin ! on thy steep side frowns no more the stronghold of the M’Gregors. Long ago, the last chieftain of the red-haired race married a daughter of the Lord of Loch Awe, who murdered the bridegroom in his bed, and took possession of his mountains. Hardly now is to be traced the site of the chieftain’s mansion, once tree-hidden in wild Gleann-Sreatha ! At the glen-head, now but a shieling beneath the foot of Bean Mac Moraidh. Thither from the forest of Dallness sometimes strays a red-deer, and there sometimes may you hear the eagle’s cry. But do not think it his till you see a speck in the sky ; for it may be but the bark of the hill-fox, or the bleat of a goat in the wilderness.

Ossian, they say, sang the origin of Loch Awe.

“ Bera the aged dwelt in the cave of the rock. She was the daughter of Griannan the sage : long was the line of her fathers, and she was the last of her race. Large and fertile were her possessions : hers the beautiful vales below, and hers the cattle which roamed on the hills around. To Bera was committed the charge of that awful spring, which, by the appointment of fate, was to prove so fatal to the inheritance of her fathers, and to her fathers’ race.

“ Before the sun should withdraw his beams, she was to cover the spring with a stone, on which sacred and mysterious characters were impressed. One night this was forgot

by the unhappy Bera. Overcome with the heat and chase of the day, she was seized with sleep before the usual time of rest. The confined waters of the mountains burst forth into the plain below, and covered that large expanse, now known by the name of the Lake of Awe. The third morning Bera awaked from her sleep. She went to remove the stone from the spring; but behold no stone was there! She looked to the inheritance of her tribe;—she shrieked! The mountain shook from its base! Her spirit retired to the ghosts of her fathers in their light and airy halls."

Comparisons, so far from being odious, are always suggested to our hearts by the spirit of love. We behold in our imagination Four Lochs—Loch Awe—Loch Lomond—Windermere, and Killarney—these two being lakes. The longest is Loch Awe, which looks like a river. But cut off, with the soft scythe or sickle of fancy, twenty miles of the length of the mottled snake, who never coils himself up except in misty weather, and who is now lying outstretched in the sunshine, and the upper part, the head and shoulders, are a loch. Pleasant are his many hills, and magnificent his one mountain. For you see but Cruachan. He is the master-spirit. The setting and the rising sun do him homage. Peace loves—as now—to dwell within his shadow—but high up among his precipices are the halls of the storms. Green are the shores as emerald, and far up the heights "the smiling power of cultivation lies." But the dark heather—that has not yet begun to evolve its purple bloom—sleeps in sombre shadow over wide regions of dusk, and there is an austere character in the cliffs. Moors and mosses intervene between holms and meadows, and those black spots are stacks of last year's peats—not huts, as you might think—but those other specks are huts, somewhat browner—few roofed with straw, almost all with heather—though the better houses are slated—nor is there in the world to be found slate of a more beautiful pale green colour than in the quarries of Ballahulish. The scene is vast and wild; yet so much beauty is interfused, that at such an hour as this, its cha-

racter is almost that of loveliness; the rude and rugged is felt to be rural, and no more; and the eye gliding from the cottage gardens on its banks, to the islands on the bosom of the Loch, loses sight of the mighty masses heaved up to the heavens, while the heart forgets that they are there, in its sweet repose. The dim-seen ruins of castle or religious house, secluded from all the stir that disturbed the shore, carries back our dreams to the olden time, and we awake from our reveries of "sorrows suffered long ago," to enjoy the apparent happiness of the living world.

Loch Lomond is not so much like an arm of the sea, as the sea itself—a Mediterranean. Along its shores might you voyage in your swift schooner, with shifting breezes, all a summer's day, nor at sunset, when you draught anchor, have seen half the beautiful wonders of the Fairy Flood. It is many-isled; and some of them are in themselves little worlds, with woods and hills, "where roam the spotted deer." Houses are seen looking out from among old trees, and children playing on the greensward that slopes safely into deep water, where in rushy havens are drawn up the boats of fishermen, or of wood cutters who go to their work on the mainland. You might live all your life on one of those islands, and yet be no hermit. Hundreds of small bays indent the shores, and some of a majestic character take a fine bold sweep with their towering groves, enclosing the mansion of a Colquhoun or a Campbell at enmity no more, or the turreted castle of the rich alien, who there finds himself as much at home as in his hereditary hall, Sassenach and Gaël now living in gentle friendship. What a prospect from the Point of Firkin! The Loch in its whole length and breadth—the magnificent expanse unbroken, though bedropt, besprinkled, with unnumbered isles—and the shores diversified with jutting capes and far-shooting peninsulas, enclosing sweet separate seclusions, each in itself a loch, the mighty mother of them all being indeed a sea. Ships might be sailing there, the largest ships of war; and there is anchorage for fleets. But the clear course of the lovely Leven

is rock-crossed and intercepted with gravelly shallows, and guards Loch-Lomond from the white-winged roamers that from all seas come crowding into the Firth of Clyde, and sometimes, as they glide along, carry their streaming flags above the woods of Ardgowan. And there stands Ben. What cares he for all the multitude of other lochs his gaze commands—what cares he even for the salt-sea-foam tumbling far away off into the ocean? All-sufficient for his love is the loch at his feet. How serenely looks down the Giant! Is there not something very sweet in his sunny smile? Yet were you to see him frown—as we have seen him—your heart would sink; and what would become of you—if all alone by your own single self, wandering over the wide moor that glooms in utter houselessness between his corrieis and Glenfalloch—what if you were to hear the strange mutterings we have heard, as if moaning from an earthquake among quagmires, till you felt that the sound came from the sky, and all at once from the heart of night that had strangled day burst a shattering peal that might waken the dead—for Benlomond was in wrath, and vented it in thunder?

Perennially enjoying the blessing of a milder clime, and repaying the bounty of nature by beauty that bespeaks perpetual gratitude—merry as May, rich as June, shady as July, lustrous as August, and serene as September, for in her meet the characteristic charms of every season, all delightfully mingled by the happy genius of the place commissioned to pervade the whole from heaven, most lovely yet most majestic, we breathe the music of thy name, in our morning orison, and start in this sterner solitude at the sweet syllabing of Windermere, Windermere! Translucent thy waters as diamond without a flaw. Unstained from source to sea are all the streams soft issuing from their silver springs among those beautiful mountains. Pure are they all as dew—and purer look the white clouds within their breast. These are indeed the Fortunate Groves! Happy is every tree. Blest the "Golden Oak," which seems to shine in lustre of his own, "unborrowed from the sun." ~~Fatter~~ ^{Fatter} for the flower-tangled grass of those wood-encircled pas-

tures than any meads of Asphodel. Thou needst no isles on thy heavenly bosom, for in the sweet confusion of thy shores are seen the images of many isles, fragments that one might dream had been gently loosened from the land, and had floated away into the lake till they had lost themselves in the fairy wilderness; nor can any eye there distinguish substance from shadow, or know what it really sees in that serenest commingling of air, water, earth, and sky! But though thou needst them not, yet hast thou, O Windermere! thine own steadfast and enduring isles—her called the Beautiful—and islets not far apart that seem born of her—for theirs the same expression of countenance—that of celestial calm—and, holiest of the sisterhood, one that still retains the ruins of an oratory, and bears the name of the Virgin Mother Mild, to whom prays the mariner when sailing along, in the moonlight, Sicilian seas.

Killarney! From the village of Cloghercen issued an uncouth figure, who called himself the "Man of the Mountain;" and pleased with Pan, we permitted him to blow his horn before us up to the top of Mangerton, where the Devil, 'tis believed, scooped out the sward beneath the cliffs into a Punch-bowl. No doubt he did, and the Old Potter wrought with fire. 'Tis the crater of an extinct volcano. Charles Fox, Weld says, and Wright doubts, swam round the Pool. Why not? 'Tis not so cold as the Polar Sea. We swam across it—as Muck-cocky, were he alive, but he is dead, could vouch; and felt braced like a drum. What a panorama! Our first feeling was one of grief that we were not an Irishman. We knew not where to fix our gaze. Surrounded by the dazzling bewilderment of all that multitudinous magnificence, the eye, as if afraid to grapple with the near glory—for such another day never shone from heaven—sought relief in the remote distance, and slid along the beautiful river Kenmare, insinuating itself among the recesses of the mountains, till it rested on the green glimmer of the far-off sea. The grandeur was felt, far off as it was, of that iron-bound coast. Coming round with an easy sweep, as the eyes of an eagle may do, when hanging mo-

tionless aloft he but turns his head, our eyes took in all the mighty range of the Reeks, and rested in awe on Carran Tual. Wild yet gentle was the blue aerial haze over the glimpses of the Upper Lake, where soft and sweet, in a girdle of rocks, seemed to be hanging, now in air and now in water, for all was strangely indistinct in the dim confusion, masses of green light that might be islands with their lovely trees; but suddenly tipt with fire shone out the golden pinnacles of the Eagle's Nest; and as again they were tamed by cloud-shadow, the glow of Purple Mountain for a while enchained our vision, and then left it free to feast on the forests of Glena, till wandering at the capricious will of fancy, it floated in delight over the woods of Mucruss, and long lost among the trembling imagery of the water, found lasting repose on the steadfast beauty of the silvan isle of Inisfallen.

Whew! we have been most intolerably poetical; but shall make instant amends by being just as prosaic. Where are we? Beneath the old Stone-cross near the eighth new milestone, on the high-road leading from Inverary to Dalmally.

We feel it is six o'clock. We see the short finger and the long one—shadows on that huge horologe. At three, under the opening eyelids of the morn, we left the beech-woods of Inverary Castle; and a voice within us now whispers to descend into Cladich. What is this? An Inn! a new birth—for seventeen years ago the spital was but a hut, though clean the earth-floor, and comfortable the heather-bed, on which, roused at daylight by the old soldier, we sat upright and enjoyed “our morning,”—a gurgle of Glenlivet. The smack is at this moment on our palate—it has never left it since the summer of the battle of Waterloo—and imagination has now awakened it from its slumber.

House full? Why, there is surely a nyuck where one may eat a quartern loaf and a dozen of eggs, without disturbing anybody, our worthy fellow—eh? But with your leave, we shall walk into this parlour, for “a well-known voice salutes our ear,” and we have a knack of making ourselves welcome wherever we go, except perhaps among the

sulkiest of the Whigs. But our friend Stentor is a Radical; for his downright honesty we respect him, and for his father's sake, who was a sad sump, and got into a scrape about some pike-heads, we cannot look on him without affection. What the devil is the matter with the sneek? But a slight kick will do it—there, *open sesame!* We call that a cure for the gout.

The uproar reminds us of the animated description of the arrival of Marmion at the English van, when the adverse battles were about to close on Flodden. “North! North! North! Christopher North! Christopher for ever! Kit to all eternity!” The house is thunderstruck, the village astounded, the parish alarmed, and rumour flies eastward and westward, southward and northward, from Loch Edderline to Loch Tulla, from Oban to Blatacheurin. True, that Ducrow can stand on six horses, but we cannot sit comfortably on more than one chair; and when so many gentlemen pray that we may be seated, we should be nonplussed entirely, were it not that we observe something shaped like a pulpit or sentry-box, and therein we set up our rest. A party after our own heart. Not a contributor among them, except he be strictly anonymous indeed; not a literary loungee in booksellers' shops; not a man who at a confectioner's would be “sae bairnly as to sup ream;” but a set of fine, honest, independent, strapping young fellows, all following respectable professions, and now enjoying their annual summer holidays on Loch Awe side. That they should all know us, and love and venerate us—which, to be sure, is an instance of necessary connexion between cause and effect—cannot but be pleasant to our feelings, especially as they have not begun, which is only another word for finished, breakfast. They have come bounding, we find, from Tynedrum, some twenty miles, like so many stags. Give us any honest man's surname, and we undertake to add his Christian name, nine times out of ten. The face of a Peter is always as distinct as possible from that of a Hugh, and neither of them ever bears any resemblance to that of a James or a John, which again are as unlike as peas and beans. In

five minutes we are as familiar with their names as we were at the first moment with their characters, and the reign of fun and fellowship is established on a permanent footing for the week. We can eat any man of our years, weight, and inches, in Great Britain—nay, we fear not to give a decade, a stone, and a hand. Hard boiled eggs are not hard on the stomach, they are only heavy, and the heavier the better; for on a light stomach no man can work. Yet 'tis prudent to mix them with light boiled ones, by alternate swallows. Nothing can be more vulgar than to keep count of eggs. What signifies it whether you eat half-a-dozen more or less? The simple rule with them, as with every thing else, is, "stop ere you are sta'd." Is there no Ossian to sing the Feast of Shells? Quarter of an hour ago the parlour was like a baker's shop—or rather of a retail-dealer of all victuals. The board now how bare! With many a grateful "hech" we return thanks; and our motion for the production of Glenlivet is carried by acclamation. The smiling landlord enters in full tail with the tower on a tray, and each man in steady succession, from old Kit to young Bob, with a quiet eye, inhales the essence of all the elements—air, earth, water, and fire—for what else is Glenlivet?

Gathering in front of the inn, amidst the village stare, we all equip ourselves, each after his own fashion. The party splits into twos and threes, and we ourselves keep together in one, being Zimmermannishly disposed, and anxious in solitude to sport the melancholy Jacques. One set are off for Loch Avich, where the trouts are so fat that they are always fried in their own oil. Another, fond of the trotting burnies, have agreed to try the Ara, flowing by the door on its nine-mile rocky course, full of plenteous pools, and river-like ere it reaches the Castle. A third are for the Ferry, bound to Bunawe, in hopes of a salmon. And a fourth will try their luck in the Loch, somewhere about Port Sonachan, and as far down, perhaps, as the wooded shores of Ballimeanach. But we all agree to meet by sunset at Larach-a-ban—to compare baskets—~~and~~ to enjoy, with Christopher North in the chair, a moral jollifica-

tion, and an intellectual gaudemus. ♪

We saunter solitarily down the wooded banks and braes of the cheerful rill that wimples its way to the Loch—but nothing is farther from our mind than any thought of angling—for we desire to yield ourselves up gradually and gently into the power of an enchanted world of old remembrances, and mirthful as we have been and are still, a prophetic intimation of stealing sadness is felt by our heart even in the very warbling of that little bird. But Tonalld at our heel, respectfully requests a "sneeshing," and we hand him the mull. Chewing is an unchristian habit, Tonalld, but as we see from that swelling in your cheek that with you it has become second nature, there is some shag.

Our boat is somewhat clumsy, and as we pull away, clanks like a steam-engine. So much the better, for the echoes in the hush are as if many other unseen boats were issuing out of the wooded bays all along the loch. Let them but shew themselves, and we will race the best of them for a pot of heather-honey and a gallon of the creatur. Innis Dubh, how are you, my boy? Well may men call you the Black Island, for you are like the floating palace of King Coal. Nay—not so black either, for the diamonds are yet unmelted on the heather. O bees! you will rue your gluttony when you set sail homewards across the water—many a yellow-winged stripling will be gorged by the scaly dragons. Aye, we must tarry for a few minutes on Inishail. Still it does indeed deserve the name of the "Lovely Isle," for there is a surpassing sweetness in the glow and breath of its herbage, but not so much as one single tree. Never saw we such brackens! Why, they are as high as our head. "Their groves of sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon," but fairer far, and so would say that shower of butterflies could they speak, to the eyes of our heart, the groves of the proud lady-fern. Public worship, we remember our dear good old father in God, Dr Joseph Macintyre, telling us, was performed in the chapel of the convent till the year 1736; but there is no chapel now—but a few feet of the utter ruin visible above the foundation,

grass-grown and cheerful with gowans. What are these heaps of stones? And can that mound be the almost obliterated foundation of the outer wall? Preaching and praying on Sabbaths here there are none; but the Highlanders devoutly love their old burial-places, and this is still used, sometimes, for interment. Bodies have been brought a hundred miles to be buried here; thine was, young Angus of the yellow locks—from the great city—according to a dying request made in thy native tongue to a wild and withered-looking man, who suddenly stood from afar by thy bed-side, and said that he had come there at the bidding of a dream. Of old, this The Fair Isle was the principal burial-place of the highest of the hill-born; and the state of some of these tomb-stones indicates great antiquity; like coffin-lids. Nor are they without suitable rude ornaments. There is a sort of fret-work—strange figures of one hardly knows what, mould-eaten and moss-woven, but they look like flowers. Aye, we remember it well—that is the form of a warrior with his two handed sword. But there are no inscriptions—perhaps there never were—“the fame of their name,” it might have been thought, would never die within the shadow of Cruachan—but chiefs lie there, all dust and no bones, like ravens and eagles that perished in their pride and became part of the thin soil on knolls and cliffs. Aye — nobody knows any thing now of the McNaughtons of Fraoch Eilan, and the Campbells of Inbheraw. Yet there, on the south side of what once was the Chapel, lies a large flat stone, with the family arms in high relief, which, they say, is the cemetery of the Campbells. Two warriors bearing a shield—surmounted by a diadem. What a multitude of rabbits! a perfect rotten burgh is the Lovely Isle.

A young bird in its first flight could almost fly from Inishail to Fraoch Eilan. Not in the whole wide world, we venture to say, is there a more beautiful islet. Small as it is, it wants nothing—on one side the rocks rise abrupt from the deep water, on the other a shrubby slope, shewing here and there an old stump or wreathed-root, softly

carries down its loveliness some way into the shallows, through which, at this moment, we see large trouts lying on the greensward. Tall trees,—some of them pines—ennoble the still stately ruin of the McNaughtons' Castle — and there, we are happy to see, still alive and cheerful, the large ash that has been growing for ages from the foundation of what was once the hall, and proudly lends its shade to the window-niches, (rooks! none of your impertinence,) without intercepting the sunshine from the matted ivy. We like gulls. In some weathers they are a clamorous clan, even during summer, on quiet islands on inland lochs; but to-day they are all silent as their shadows. Not that they are afraid of the water-eagle, who has built his nest for many and many a year on the top of that sole remaining chimney, for he never dreams of hurting a feather of their heads, and besides, neither he nor his lady is at home; but one might believe the creatures are enjoying the day's serenity, and are loath to disturb it even by the flapping of their wings. One or two only are wheeling about, and now they have alighted, and walking up and down, seem almost as large as lambs. Loch Awe is a darling haunt indeed for all manner of wild-fowl—teal, widgeon, divers, white-ducks, shell-drakes, kitty wakes, pit-kairnies (sea swallows), and millions of anonymous creatures very fair to look on; but there is ample room for them all, for Loch Awe is more than thirty miles long, and then the river is but a short one that unites it with the sea.

This isle, according to tradition, was the Hesperides of the Highlands. Delicious apples grew here, but were guarded by an enormous serpent. “The fair Mego,” says poetry, “longed for the delicious fruit of the isle; Fraoch, who had long loved the maid, goes to gather the fruit. By the rustling of the leaves, the serpent was awakened from his sleep. It attacked the hero, who perished in the conflict. The monster was destroyed. Mego did not long survive the death of her lover.” No fruit grows here now, but hips and haws in their season, and, we believe, some wild strawberries. Why not put in a few score currant and

gooseberry bushes? Such small fruit is most refreshing, especially *grozets*, and that they would bear well there can be no doubt, for it would require a better botanist than we are to name all these blossoms.

Last time we were here, "a sma' still" was at work in a cozy crevice formed by these two inclining rocks. A more industrious creature never saw we than that "prime worm." The spirit it produced was almost unbearable; indeed, till he was christened, no man with impunity could tackle to such a heathen. He laid you on the broad of your back in two glasses. Rashly confiding in our head and heart, without drawing our breath, we took off a quail, and from about ten minutes after that moment (nine o'clock of a summer evening) till what had the appearance of sunrise, and no doubt was so, we were without consciousness of the existence of this wicked world. Yet, to do our enemy justice, we awoke without the slightest touch of a headach, and our tongue, as we took a look at it in the water, was red as a rose in June.

Now, let us re-embark, Tonal— and lie on our oars beneath the Goose's Rock. Sassenach is a mean-sounding language—in Gaelic 'tis written *Creag-agheoidh*, but when pronounced, the word is indescribably different from any thing that might be expected by a Lowland eye looking at that silent congregation of letters. The silvan shadow above our heads is *Bein-bhuridh*, a portion of *Cruachan*. This used of old to be one of our favourite stations, and our ingenious friend John Fleming has done it justice, with a fine poetical feeling, in one of his Views, engraved by our ingenious friend Joseph Swan, for the *Select Views of the Lakes of Scotland*, a publication which deserves the patronage of the public, and we are happy to hear receives it, for it is true to the character of the Highlands, and we remember with delight the shadow of this scene on paper, even with the glorious reality before our eyes. Colonel Murray, too, of Ochertyre, has finely shewn us Loch Awe, almost from this very same point, in his lithographic *Scenes of the Highlands and Islands*; and these two works, both wonderfully cheap, are worth all the printed

Guides, and better far, (they have likewise their own instructive letter-press,) excepting one we are leisurely writing ourselves, and which shall be published as soon as the "Trade," now like a drooping poppy, again lifts up its languid head in the Row, and the reading Public grows impatient to purchase, in two volumes, that choice poetical prose in which, with the exception of a few envious ninnies, it is admitted by mankind that we egregiously excel. But how can we prate thus, in presence of Kilchurn? We have seen it like a great ghost; and once, on a night-like day, during a thunderstorm, when it rose fitfully out from the blackness, at every wide yellow flash of the sheeted lightning that seemed fiercely levelled at its time-beaten bulk; but now the ruin looks calm in decline, and happy in the sunshine, to be insensible that it is mouldering away. There it stands in the very centre of the picture—and there is an impressive massiveness about the old chief, in spite of the dilapidation of his towers and turrets. Aye—we have just a peep of the farm-house in the near wood, the hospitable farm-house of Can-a-chraoich, where with those pleasant old ladies, the Miss M'Intyres—now no more—we have whiled away whole evenings listening to their traditional lore. Very rich, seen from this stance, is the vale of Crechay—still silvan in spite of the furnaces of the iron-works at Bunawe. The white square church-tower of Dalmally has more an English than a Scottish look, and we could for a moment believe ourselves in Westmoreland. High, and far up and away is winding yonder the wild road to Tyndrum. The mountain in the farthest distance can be no other than the conical *Bein-Laoidh*, or Mountain of the Hind; *Bein-a-Chleidh* (but what that means we forget, for we have little Erse) nobly occupies the middle background, and seems in the sunshine more than usually precipitous; and he whose stature reaches the sky must be—yes it is—we recognise him by that chasm—*Meal-na-Tighearan*, or the Mountain of the Chieftains. What a mystery is—a Whole!

Half an hour's imperceptible motion—with an indistinct and inter-

mittent sound in our ears of the clug—clug—dip—dip—of the cars, and we are at a landing-place on the peninsula, where on a rocky but not high elevation, near the junction of the Orclay, the Ruin welcomes us with a solemn but no melancholy smile. 'Tis now connected with the shore by an extended alluvial plain, frequently flooded; but we see at once that the rocky site of the castle was at one time an island. The waters of the Loch have so far subsided by the wearing away of the bed of the Awe, while the depositions formed by the mountain-torrents were accumulating, that when the rivers are in spate, 'tis often an island still, and we have seen it through the driving mists and cloud-rack surrounded by billows as big as if this were indeed an arm of the sea. Castle Kilchurn, Colichour, or Caolchairn, had gone considerably into disrepair before the middle of the last century; the great tower was repaired and garrisoned in 1745; but after that period, having been damaged by lightning, it was allowed to go to ruin. Perhaps 'twas as well—for why should stone and lime last for ever? If old castles were all to be taken care of, where would there be any ruins? And, besides, under reform, whether destructive or preservative, they are in danger of becoming mongrel modern-antiques, the abhorrence of gods and men. What tremendous strength in that Keep! six feet thick at least the walls, in which there is a secret passage, leading, no doubt, to some dismal place where toads may have been sitting for centuries with jewels on their heads, and as fat as puffins, for they attain longevity on the vapours of a dungeon, and in the heart of a black live for ever. Roof and floors are all gone, for time, though slower, is sure as fire. Yet some thirty years since, or thereabouts, the castle was not only habitable, but inhabited by an old woman, who showed us tapestry in a bedroom fit for a honey-moon. If we recollect rightly, there was an iron door in the charter-room, though, we daresay, within no deeds; and on the wall of the armoury were hanging skull-cap and mail-shirt, and other relics of the olden time. For Colonel Murray says truly, these towers must have been no less admired than feared

in the days when the nobles of Glenorchy were foremost in the ranks of the Knights Templars, and when that influence, which is now felt in the Cabinet, and is seen in the encouragement of the arts of peace, was exhibited in the number of men-at-arms, and their many majestic castles, while their banners floated in the Balloch, Finlarig, Glenorchy, Barcaldine, and Loch Awe.

We cannot make even a guess at the distance between Kilchurn and the Mause of Dalnally. It has seemed but a step. Nay—were we to tell the public this—our veracity would be more than suspected—why, we have walked hither without our crutch! We must have a private class for grown-up bachelors, and give lessons in dancing—in the gallopade. So—there's the step that would have astonished Prince Swartzenburgh; but we must beware of pirouetting into the church.

'Tis a very beautiful little building, and were we to encourage old remembrances, we could weep. But to keep them at a distance, suppose we fire off our pocket-pistol. There—was a most romantic echo. As the Glenlivet gurgled out into the recipient old man, we heard a faint reflective shadow of the pleasant sound from the Hill of Hinds. There will seem nothing incredible in that to those who have read Mr Wordsworth's verses on the Naming of Places. A young lady, called Joanna, laughs; and all the mountains in Westmoreland, Lancashire, and Cumberland, take up the lady's voice, and there is a general guffaw. Now, as Joanna, though a wild creature, had been brought up, we presume, in civilized society, we are justified in asserting that her laugh at its loudest could not have been louder than the gurgle of Glenlivet into our mouth from that of our pocket-pistol. That reflection will enable the public to give credence to the natural phenomenon now recorded in our note-book.

Yes—the beautiful little church is beautifully situated indeed, and we wish it had been Sabbath, that we might have taken some sermon. It is built upon the site of the ancient place of worship, which was Druidical; so its name seems to tell, "Clachan Disort," the "Place of the

High God." We remember the old church—not the place of worship of the Druids—for that was before our time—but the old church in which Dr Joseph did duty many a year before the day when, with a smile and a tear on his fine honest intelligent warm-hearted face, he looked up at this building, and hardly knew if he ought to bless it, so dear to him in his piety had been the humble house of God, in which he had ministered from youth upwards. Here is the burying-place of the Breadalbanes; but it has been disused, we believe, since their removal to Taymouth. Wherever the burial-place be, may its gates be opened at long intervals, and grow rusty on their hinges, for we like the name of Ormelie. Here are gravestones from Luishail—as we said before—richly sculptured with devices of flowered and wreathed work, with figures of warriors helmeted and mailed, as in the age of the Crusades; and here is a rude stone, with anvil, hammer, pincers, and a galley, initials D. M. N., of one who, in his day (1410), was a famous fabricator of arms and armour, and ancestor of the Macnabs of Barachastailan. "Non omnis moriar" in this world, was the desire of Duncan; and the fame of the dirk-maker blossoms and smells strong, even as he did himself when living, in the very dust.

And now we trudge it along the high-road, while Tonalld goes down to Castle-haven to bring round the boat, towards the Mount of Brough-na-Store, the threshold of Glen-Urcha. Here Burke stood encaptured, and held up his hands at the Highlands. Cowper once cried,

"Oh! for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade!"

Oh! for a lodge, cry we, on this heaven-kissing hill, with all Loch Awe at our feet!

There would seem to be two kinds of time, physical and metaphysical; with the latter you may do what you will—cram an age into an instant—the former is found to be very fractious, and to bear a strong family resemblance to that obstinate existence-space. As a mile is a mile, though you remove the milestone,

so is a minute a minute, though you lose your reckoning; and all attempts to make it otherwise is uphill work. But the metaphysical triumphs over the physical, and no wonder, since mind is superior to matter any day of the year. An hour ago of physical time we were standing on the platform of Brough-na-Store; and any one who had chanced to see us progressing from the eminence towards the margin of the Loch, would have had no doubt that they had at last seen a land tortoise. Yet not more than one metaphysical minute has elapsed since we began to crawl water-wards, and here we are sitting at the bow-oar with our backs in the direction of Port Sommachan. The bow-oar—that is, the Crutch. A month ago—as you must remember—we used it as a landing net on the banks of the Tweed, and now it is found handy in another kind of aquatic on the bosom of Loch Awe. Of course we handle it by the end that on shore indents the gravel; and it proves—in our fists—so powerful an impeller, that we have to husband our strength, and even occasionally to back water, to prevent ourselves from turning Tonalld round, or at least diverging from our right course in the direction of the Pass of the Brander. How magnificently and scientifically all those mountains are conducting their retreat! That demonstration looks as if they had a mind to encamp at evening in the moor of Rannoch. Always row away—when you can—from the head of a loch, and the army of mountains will seem marching away from you—as they are now doing—perhaps with colours flying and music playing, as if about to fall back on a position, where they purpose to offer pitched battle before the rising of the stars.

H! a capful of wind—nay, a sudden flaw that makes our galley heel and our kilts rustle. We had forgot that we are in kilts, but are reminded of the fact by Favonius. A general breeze is springing up—and though for the present whispering from "a" the airts the wind can blow," will soon settle, we see, in a North-Easter, and in an hour or less we shall be at the Ferry. Ship oars, Tonalld—let us hoist every inch of

canvass, and away, goose-winged, right before the wind. There—she is masted in a jiffy—and now for the sails. No need for either standing or running rigging—our check-shirt will do for a foresail—let it blow great guns, the Crutch (whata stick!) will stand the storm, nor ever be sprung so as to require being fished; and that tartan jacket of yours, Tonal—though rather ragged—will make a passable mainsail. *There she has it*—Tonal! Why, we cannot be going under nine knots! But hang her—she's luffing—up with that thoft, Tonal, and fling it to us in the stern-sheets. That'll do, my boy! we shall take out a patent for our rudder—why you could steer her with your little finger! If luishail does not slip her anchor and get under weigh, we shall cut her in two, right in mid-ships, and astonish the rabbits. What! you were never before now, Tonal, in a schooner? She is called the Water-witch, Tonal; and dang it, if we don't challenge Cowes. "Prythee, why so wan, fond lover—prythee, why so wan?" You would not have us take in a reef in our foresail? Whew! check-shirt blown overboard! Sit still, you lubber—we're in a squall—and if the live ballast shift to larboard we capsize. These holes in the mainsail are most providential, for the wind escapes through them like water from a sieve. If your jacket goes, Tonal, we must hoist our kilt—that oar makes a far superior figure as a mast—we call that flying, Tonal—and lo! not a cable's length ahead on our weather-beam—the Ferry!

There—we have run her up alongside of the jetty—and are once more safe and sound on terra firma. Proctor—our good fellow—how are you—how is the Missus and the Graces? What do you mean, you Southron, by that smile on your jib? Oho! we see how it is—here stands Christopher North on the margin of Loch Awe, in front of the inn at Larach-a-ban—except for his kilt, in a state of nature—yea, verily, *in puris naturalibus*—for a squall, d'ye see, carried away our fore-sail, Proctor—and in the excitement of such a crisis, the fact of its being our shirt had wholly escaped our recollection. Thanks, Tonal, for our jacket—now all's

right, and we are impatient to salute the ladies.

The public-house at Cladich will be found a comfortable howf to those who know how to make themselves comfortable; and at Port Sonnachan, we understand, the accommodation is excellent, and the view of the lake very good, which perhaps is no very great matter. We ourselves like a pleasantly situated inn, but are easily satisfied in that particular, and cannot say that we care much about looking out of a window, when there is a table in the room with catables and drinkables and readables close at hand, and perhaps an agreeable family-party. An inn should not absolutely turn its blind back on a loch or river, but 'tis unreasonable to demand of it that it shall command all the wood, water, and mountain in the neighbourhood, and also in the distance. Glims and glimpses there must be from parlour and bedroom; but we say to it, "Give all thou canst, and let us dream the rest." People there are who must be always staring; but strong in our inward sense of the sublime and beautiful, we are in no ways dependent on our eyes. The situation of the inn at Larach-a-ban is delightful. Here it stands, about a mile to the south of Hayfield, (many a pleasant day have we passed there,) on a rising ground, commanding a magnificent view of a great part of the Loch. Our dear friend Goldie—pleasant man and accomplished angler—calls it "the Elleray of Loch Awe." Quite in the style of a minister's manse, white-washed and slated, with some trees immediately behind it—a modest grove. The door, as all doors should be in regular houses, built for accommodation and not for the gratification of a foolish fancy for the picturesque, is in the centre; and the room to the right, in which we are now sitting, is the principal apartment, and the perfection of snugness. Behind it is a small dormitory, (ours,) with one window looking to the Modest Grove. To the left of the door is another neat parlour. Up stairs, above our apartment, is the Lascelles-bedroom, so called from a gentleman of that name, who, from Liverpool, annually visits Loch Awe, some-

times with two fine lads, his sons, one of whom sings like a nightingale, and the father is allowed on all hands to be the best angler that was ever seen in Scotland. On the opposite side—up-stairs—is the barrack-room, now famous on Loch Awe-side as the dormitory of our excellent friends Tom Allan and Tom Sprot. Canvass curtains are hung in different parts of this room from the roof, to screen one individual from another when at their toilette. The kitchen range is in a small addition made to the back of the house—the only plan for quiet—and so are the sleeping apartments of the family—so that when all have gone to roost, we can well believe that you might hear a mouse stirring. We have been thus particular, because, should we lick these pages into the shape of an article, our account of Larach-a-ban may meet the eyes of some of our English brethren of the angle, who may have been deterred from venturing into the Highlands by stories, often too true, of the miserable accommodation at some of the most wretched of our out-of-the-way hut-inns. Here they will find every thing equal to their heart's desire. We hold that a public is, in all essentials, a private-house, and with that feeling shall say no more of the family, than that husband, wife, and daughters are as well-mannered and pleasant people as we ever met with; that they all vie with each other in making their guests happy; that every thing in the house is good; and that the charges are so moderate that we should be uneasy to think of them, were we not assured that our host and hostess were too sensible culpably to neglect their own interests. We have walked all Scotland through—"lowland and highland, far and near"—but never yet found pleasanter quarters than at Larach-a-ban.

In proof of the truth of what we are jotting, here comes lunch. We breakfasted, as we have told you, about seven o'clock, and 'tis now two. More ravenous we have often been; the state of our appetite may be expressed by the not unhomeric epithet, sharp-set. Here is a cut of pickled salmon—ham and eggs—and a cold shoulder of lamb. The lambing-season has been pretty good on Loch Awe-side—far better than in

the forest. What think you of this cheese? Double Gloucester—and in condition to a mite. Nor does the butter and bread (would-be gentility simpers bread and butter) look unworthy of butter's brother. This is a *guty* bottle of "Barclay's Particular." Can you draw a cork with your silk handkerchief? So—'tis by sleight of hand. We question if there be a livelier hour in the four-and-twenty than—Two. The stomach of a man of a well-regulated mind is then prompt without being importunate; and we cannot give a more convincing proof of that in our own case than by carrying on this journal of ours in the vicinity of that Lunch. The fried eggs are beginning to look rather stiffish, and the ham crinkled at the turned up edges; but it is probable we shall not pay our respects to them at this juncture; and the truth is, we are waiting for a salad. There it comes—borne in breast high by as pretty and amiable a young woman as one may see on the longest day of the year, and our only fear is that her smile may sweeten the vinegar. Wait a few moments—my child—till we have helped ourselves to lamb—those pretty fingers plucked the salad—let them place it on our plate—the one in the middle if you please—love—like a green rosette—bless your sweet eyes—now some water-cresses wet from the spring—you need not wait—dearest—but in a few minutes look in to see what the old man is about—good bye—Beauty. Loch Awe! she is, in good truth, the loveliest of all thy Naiads.

Despatch is the soul of business. Our faults are too numerous to be mentioned, and were they to be all jotted down, and summed up, fearful would be the amount of the items. But indolence would not be found in the catalogue. Our occupations may be sometimes thought trivial, but we are never idle; human eye never saw us paring our nails. Finished our article on the Greek Anthology Monday afternoon at seven—dined—drank tea—played the fiddle—paid our farewell visit—and were off in the mail at nine for Glasgow. Found ourselves on board a steamer at the Broomielaw, a little after three on Tuesday morning—having had little better than half an hour in the coach-office for refresh-

ment, which we found prepared according to the spirit of our instructions in a confidential letter to old Joe. In twelve hours we made Inverary, and disembarked from the Clyde. That delightful river may lose its name at any point people choose to say, but not the less is it the same river, and in Loch Fyne we acknowledge but a continuation of the Clyde. We have sailed several times round the world, and cannot charge our memory with lovelier scenery than one glides through all along the Kyles of Bute. We laid in a few poetical images during our transit which we hope to turn to account in our Great Poem, and something more substantial than images, but made no regular meal. You will find it an admirable way of staving off hunger, when travelling by land or voyaging by water, or even sitting at home, every five minutes or so to take a wine-biscuit, about once every two hours to add a bit of ham, and once every four, the leg, or wing, or breast of a cold fowl, without incurring the slightest risk of spoiling your appetite for dinner. You thus prevent that uneasy sense of emptiness which is apt to grow into a gnawing at the stomach, especially with literary people like us of sedentary habits, when kept long in the open air, and exposed to any unusual exercise. At four we mounted a shelt, and took a survey of some of the finest woods about the Castle; at six we found ourselves sitting on the summit of Dunnequech. The ascent is rough and steep and long, nor should we have essayed and effected it without a stronger inducement than mere love of the picturesque. There lay the very self-same stones in the same position in which we had left them; we knew them in a moment, though weather-stained and sprinkled with moss-stars. We raised the lid—as of a coffin—say rather of a cellar—and there he lay, unchanged by twenty years' immurement, a—MAGNAN OF GLENLIVET. We were affected even to tears. Cautiously did we lift him up from his tomb, and tenderly did we press him to our heart. Was it fancy? But we thought he returned the pressure! Sealed was he with our own seal, and we knew that his sleep had been inviolate. The ful-

ness of time was come, and we drew his cork. The air was balm. Oh! what an aroma! not so sweet

“Sabeian odours from the spicy shores of
Arabia the blest.”

Imagine a bouquet composed of one of each kind of all the most fragrant flowers that ever grew in Paradise, and you may have some faint idea of that perfume. We felt as if about to faint. But summoning up all our strength and resolution, we raised him from our breast to our lips, and pantingly inhaled the divine inspiration. The taste trembled from temple to toes. 'Twas like the infusion of a new life. The spirit of the Highlands became mingled with our inner being, though we were Lowland born, and, to our delighted astonishment, we began to speak Gaelic like a native. Call it not intoxication—away with the vulgar word—we grew into an eagle; and we soared. The sky seemed our home, our companions the clouds, and we wished it had been meridian, and not the decline of day, that without winking we might have outstared the sun. Homer, Milton, Shakspeare, seemed poor poets. An Epic poem and several tragedies composed themselves in our mind, charmed us with their stupendous grandeur, and for ever disappeared.

It was near nine when we returned to the Inn, which we found in a state of general consternation; for shelt had preceded us, and it was feared we had been flung, and might have been dragged in the stirrups. They said we “looked raised,” and they were right; we were raised to the highest heaven of invention, and conceived a gigantic plan of draining the sea. As a preliminary step, we discerned the necessity and the means of destroying the power of the moon. For we saw intuitively, as if we had been in a state of somnambulism produced by animal manipulative magnetism, that we must begin with putting an end to tides, before one of our eight million Irishmen should be suffered to flourish a spade. We became masters of the mystery of evaporation. The globe all dry, we saw at once the new Order of Things—and were ourselves elected “sole monarch of the universal earth.” The landlord

for a while thought we talked wildly, but he and all the house soon became converts to our opinion. They were dragged captive in triumph at our chariot-wheels. Our eloquence was irresistible—

“Winged with red lightning and impetuous rage;”

we were shewn to bed by a great number of people bearing torches; and we awoke at cock-crow, alas! in the disenchanting composure of common humanity, and thought, with a slight sensation of shame, of the summit of Dunnequech.

From three to five this day have we not been stirring our stumps?

We know not which of the three sisters is the most engaging—but now that they have cleared decks, let us open this parcel of books, (the post-gig from Inverary to Oban is a great convenience to the inmates of Lach-a-ban,) and see if it contains any thing worth perusal. Two thin volumes of verses published at Boston, America—with a letter—let us see—from the author's brother—our amiable and enlightened friend Henry McLellan, now at Liverpool, it would seem, about to embark for his native land; and pleasant be his voyage, and happy his return. We have been very fortunate in our American friendships, and for their sakes love the New World. Aye—there is feeling and fancy here—he writes like a Scotsman,—and does not his name tell the land of his ancestors? We can get by heart any little poem that touches it, at two readings; and laying the open pamphlet—it is no more—on its face on the table—we shall recite to Mary, Anne, and Elizabeth. Fair creatures, listen to “The Church-Bell.”

Hark! the toiling Sabbath bell
Sounding far o'er hill and dell!
It inviteth high and low
To the house of prayer to go.
It inviteth wrinkled age
To attend the sacred page.
It invites the blushing bride,
And the bridegroom at her side,
—Hermit, tottering o'er his staff,
Schoolboy, with his jocund laugh,
Soldier, clad in garb of gold,
Seaman, noble, frank, and bold,
Statesman, with the anxious look,
Scholar, brooding o'er his book,

Merchant, musing o'er his gains,
Pauper, fretting o'er his pains,
And in every human ear,
Rings that summons to appear.

Win thy thoughts from Earth away,
Let them be with Heaven to-day.
Think not now of sordid gold,
Nor of gaudy flags, unrolled,
Nor of learned books, the lore
Prized by Pagan men of yore,
Nor thy vessels tossed at sea,
Nor thy lands so dear to thee,
But unto thy God repair,
To his holy place of prayer.

The difference is indescribable—and, as far as the mere words go, slight—between poetry and no-poetry—but people who are no-poets never know that—nor can you convince them that their clippings are merely poor verses. These simple and natural lines we have now recited are very touching, and trite as the subject is, please, by appealing directly to feelings that in perpetual flow are welling in every human heart. Trite—trivial—commonplace—what senseless, soulless use is often made of these words! Birth, marriage, death, are the commonest occurrences in the lot of man. You read of them in all the newspapers—but also in Shakspeare. Who ever wearied of the Lord's Prayer? Many touches are sprinkled up and down these poems, descriptive, we perceive, of the features of American scenery, that bespeak no unskilful hand; and many mild meditations

“The harvest of a quiet eye,
That broods and sleeps on its own heart.”

There is, we think, an affecting tone of cheerfulness and solemnity in the following strain; we are heedless of any slight verbal defects in the expression of sentiments so consolatory and ennobling; nor can we read it without affectionate respect for the character of the writer, who must be a good man.

BURIAL OF A PILGRIM FATHER, IN 1630.

We anxiously hollowed the frozen ground,
And heaped up this lonely barrow,
For the Indian lurked in the woods around,
And we feared his whistling arrow.

When the surf on the sea-beach heavily beat,
When the breeze in the wilderness mut-
tered,

We deemed it the coming of hostile feet,
Or a watch-word cautiously uttered.

Above, frowned the gloom of a winter's eve,
And around, the thick snow was falling;
And the winds in the dreary branches did
grieve
Like spirits to spirits calling.

As we looked on the spotless snowy sheet.
O'er the grave of our brother sweeping,
It seemed to us all an emblem meet
Of him, beneath it sleeping.

As we gazed, we forgot our present pain;
And followed our brother's spirit,
Unto that fair heaven we hope to gain,
Which the good after death inherit.

And we left the dust of our brother to lie
In its narrow habitation;
With the trust that his spirit had flown on
high,
And taken its glorious station.

The empty concerns of human Life,
Its vanity and its glory,
Shall no more vex his ear with strife
Nor cheat with its specious story.

Many American men of genius have delighted to sing the praises of the Pilgrim Fathers; nor can we imagine a better subject for a national poem. Our brethren will surely not suffer it to be written on this side of the Atlantic. Could our voice reach him, we should recommend it to Bryant. There is much beauty in Isaac M'Lellan's "Song sung at the Anniversary Celebration of the Charitable Mechanic Association, Boston, October 7, 1830."

Long the Indian's flitting can
Glanced around this lonely shore.
And the humming rivers bore
Only his small bark.

On the hill, and in the wood,
Long the red-man's cabin stood;
All was lifeless solitude,
Desolate and dark.

But the pious Pilgrim came:
Science kindled her pure flame;
And the Indian fled in shame;
And the Desert smiled.

Then Invention shaped the tree;
Launched the ship upon the sea;
Reared these dwellings of the Free;
Brightened all the Wild!

At the Evening's mellow close
Mustered here the savage foes;
—When the Morning sun arose
Cities filled the land!

Bowed the old Woods in the Waste,
Rose the dome, divinely chaste;
When Mechanic Skill and Taste
Waved their golden wand.

At the border of the flood,
In the bosom of the wood,
On the mountain bleak and rude,
Rose the homes of men.

Piety knelt to her God;
Plenty bless'd the fruitful sod;
Valour broke Oppression's rod;
Science triumph'd then.

Bless us—Proctor—my good fellow—we have forgot to tell you that eight of the hungriest men you perhaps ever saw, are to dine with us at sunset! Why, you receive the intelligence with all the serenity of a martyr. You must kill a cow, Mrs Proctor—pray, ma'am, by the hands of what high-priest may have been traced on the wall of this lobby or *trans* these enigmatical Egyptian hieroglyphics? Ho! ho! Salmo Ferox. Twenty-two pounds and a half, you say; these other semblances are gentry of the same kidney;—and the original must have had gizzards like the Irish Gulleroos. Taken by Mr Lascelles! We are sorry he is not here now—for we have seen all the greatest philosophers, orators, poets, and pugilists of the age, but should have more real satisfaction in shaking hands with the greatest of all living anglers. These enormous fish, you say, Proctor, are found in all parts of the deeper quarters of the loch—rarely rise at a fly—and are taken only by such tackling as you have now in your hand—eight large double hooks on wire-twist, sufficient for a shark—baited with a trout the size of a herring—the trolling-line of twine, sixty or eighty yards long? What devils! and M. Lascelles has killed a greater number of them than any man in Britain? Aye—one of his finest specimens stuffed and in the Manchester museum? You please us by telling us that he has fished all the best streams and lakes of England and Ireland, and says that not one of them all could hold up its head with

Loch Awe. That the smaller trout-fishing is his great delight, and the grey trout trolling merely made an accessory to it in passing from one part of the loch to another, is of itself enough to confirm us in the conviction that he is an illustrious *artiste*. Those flies are of his dressing? They are exquisite. And his whole arrangement of feathers, downs, silks, &c. &c. beyond all praise—eh—splendid? And he brought down a beautiful boat of his own from Liverpool with every thing complete about her? and his sons—you say—are fine fishermen? Why you make us sad, Mr Proctor. We are dwindling—dwindled into the most absolute and abject insignificance of any creeping thing that crawls on the face of the earth, or on the heads of its inhabitants. We are no angler—not we; and as for sons—we are too plainly an aged bachelor—Proctor—barren as that block. But shove off—only don't laugh—and we shall try a cast or two along the Hayfield shores.

Mr Lascelles says that Chevalier of Temple Bar is the only man that understands the proper shape and proportion of a rod? True. This is one of Chevallier's Tip-toppers. Thank you—we always use our own flies, though we admire those of our friends—and we have found this imp with the green body, half black heckle, and brown mallard wings, in all waters and at all seasons very bloody. We generally make a few circles in the air—so—ere we drop the devils. You seem rather surprised—why the old buck can handle his tool pretty tidily for one of the antique school;—and hang it—we wish this admirable Crichton, this miraculous Lascelles, were here—in his own boat the Liverpoolian;—were he to give us five—why we'd play him the game of twenty for a greasy chin, and a gallon of Glenlivet. Lie on your oars—for we know the water. The bottom of this shallow bay—for 'tis nowhere ten feet—in places sludgy, and in places firm almost as the greensward—for we have waded it—of yore—many a time up to our chin—till we had to take to our fins—there! Mr Yellowlees was in right earnest, and we have him as fast as an otter. There he goes snoring and snoring along as

deep as he can—steady, boys, steady—and seems disposed to pay a visit to Rabbit Island. There is a mystery in this we do not very clearly comprehend—the uniformity of our friend's conduct becomes puzzling—he is an unaccountable character. He surely cannot be an eel. Yet for a trout he manifests an unnatural love of mud on a fine day. Row shoreward—Proctor—do as we bid you—she draws but little water—run her up bang on that green brae—then hand us the crutch—for we must finish this affair on terra firma. Loch Awe is certainly a beautiful sheet of water. The islands are disposed so picturesque—we want no assistance but the crutch—here we are with elbow-room, and on stable footing—and we shall wind up—retiring from the water-edge, as people do at a levee, with their faces towards the King. Do you see them yellowing, you Tory? What bellies! Why we knew by the dull dead weight that there were *three*—for they kept all pulling against one another, nor were we long in discovering the complicated motion of triplets. Pounders each—same weight to an ounce—same family-wallopp—all bright as stars. Never could we endure angling from a boat. What loss of time in getting the whappers wiled into the landing net. What loss of peace of mind in letting them off, when their snouts, like those of Chinese pigs, were within a few yards of the gunwale, and when, with a last convulsive effort, they whaumped themselves over with their splashing tails, and disappeared for ever. Now for five flies. Wind on our back—no tree within an acre—no shrub higher than the bracken—no reed, rush, or water-lily in all the bay—what hinders that we should, what the Cockneys call *whip* with a dozen? We have set the loch a-feed. Epicure and glutton alike are rushing to destruction. Trout of the most abstemious habits cannot withstand the temptation of such exquisite evening fare; and we are much mistaken if here be not an old dotard, a lean and slippery pantaloon, who had long given up attempting vainly to catch flies, and found it is much as he could do to overtake the slower sort of worms. Him we shall not return to his na-

tive element, to drag out a pitiable existence, but leave him where he lies, to die—he is dead already—

“For he is old and miserably poor!”

Two dozen in two hours we call fair sport,—and we think they will average not less, Proctor, than a pound. Lascelles and North against any two in all England. We beseech you—only look at yonder noses. Thick as frogs—as powheads. There—that was lightly dropt among them—each fatal feather seeming to melt on the water like a snow-flake. We have done the deed, Proctor—we have done the deed. We feel that we have *five*. Observe how they will come to light, in succession, a size larger and larger, with a monster at the tail-fly. Even so. To explain the reason why, would perplex a master of arts. Five seem about fifty, when all dancing about together in an irregular figure, but they have sorely ravelled our gear. It matters not; for it must be wearing well on to eight o'clock, and we dine at sunset.

Why keep so far out from shore? We are not bound for Cladich, but Larach-a-ban. Whirr! Whirr! Whirr! *Salvo Ferox*, as sure as a gun. The maddened monster has already run out ten fathom of chain-cable. His spring is not so sinewy as a salmon's of the same size, but his rush is more tremendous, and he dives like one of the damned in Michael Angelo's Last Judgment. All the twelve barbs are gorged, and not, but with the loss of his torn-out entrails, can he escape dry death. Give us an oar—or he will break the rope—there—we follow him at equal speed stern-foremost—but canny—canny—for if the devil doubles upon us, he may play mischief yet by getting under our keel. That is noble. There he sails some twenty fathom off, parallel to our pinnace, at the rate of six knots—and bearing—for we are giving him the *butt*—right down up-

on Larach-a-ban, steady, as if towards spawning ground in the genial month of August, but never again shall he enjoy his love. See—he turns up a side like a house. We shrewdly suspect he is pretending to be dead, and reserving his strength for a last struggle at the shore. Aye—that is indeed a most commodious landing-place, and the hypocrite, ere he is aware of water too shallow to hide his back-fin, will be walloping upon the yellow sand. A dolphin! a dolphin! large enough to carry on his shoulders a little green fairy aquatic Arion, harp in hand, and charming the Naiads with a dulcet song.

“Hurra! hurra! hurra! Christopher for ever!” We look around; and lo! the Cladich breakfast-party waving their bonnets round their heads at our enormous capture. When they talk about it in Glasgow, it will be thought a *goggg*. Let us weigh the monster—up with him by the gills—and fasten him to our pocket steel-yard. He had there well-nigh broken our back. TWENTY-SEVEN POUND JUMP!!! Nay—nay—nay, boys—no crowning, no crowning of the old man. Yet, if you will have it so—we forgive the enthusiasm of youth. That is classical, and with joy we submit our brows to the Parsley Wreath. All we want now is a Pindar. And nothing will pacify you, you madcaps, but to bear us, shoulder-high, up to Larach-a-ban? And you are so kind as to cry that bone never bore a nobler burthen? What will Lascelles say when he hears of our triumph! It will go hard to break his heart. No—he is a fine generous creature, we are told, envious of no other great man's reputation, though justly jealous of his own. O thou glorious setting sun! slow sinking behind the crimson ridge of old Cruachan, thou seemest to say in that solemn light of thine, celestial monitor—

CHRISTOPHER, REMEMBER THOU ART MORTAL!

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